

# HAMLET

Ophelia. Act IV. Scene vii.

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# THE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY

SIR HENRY IRVING &  
FRANK A. MARSHALL

WITH INTRODUCTIONS AND NOTES BY  
VARIOUS SHAKESPEAREAN SCHOLARS

AND

AN ACCOUNT OF RECENT SHAKESPEAREAN INVESTIGATIONS  
BY PROFESSOR C. H. HERFORD, LITT.D.

3093  
*Illustrated by Gordon Browne and others*

CHECKED - 1913

VOLUME IX-X



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THE GRESHAM PUBLISHING COMPANY LTD.

66 Chandos Street, Covent Garden, London

*Printed in Great Britain*

1922

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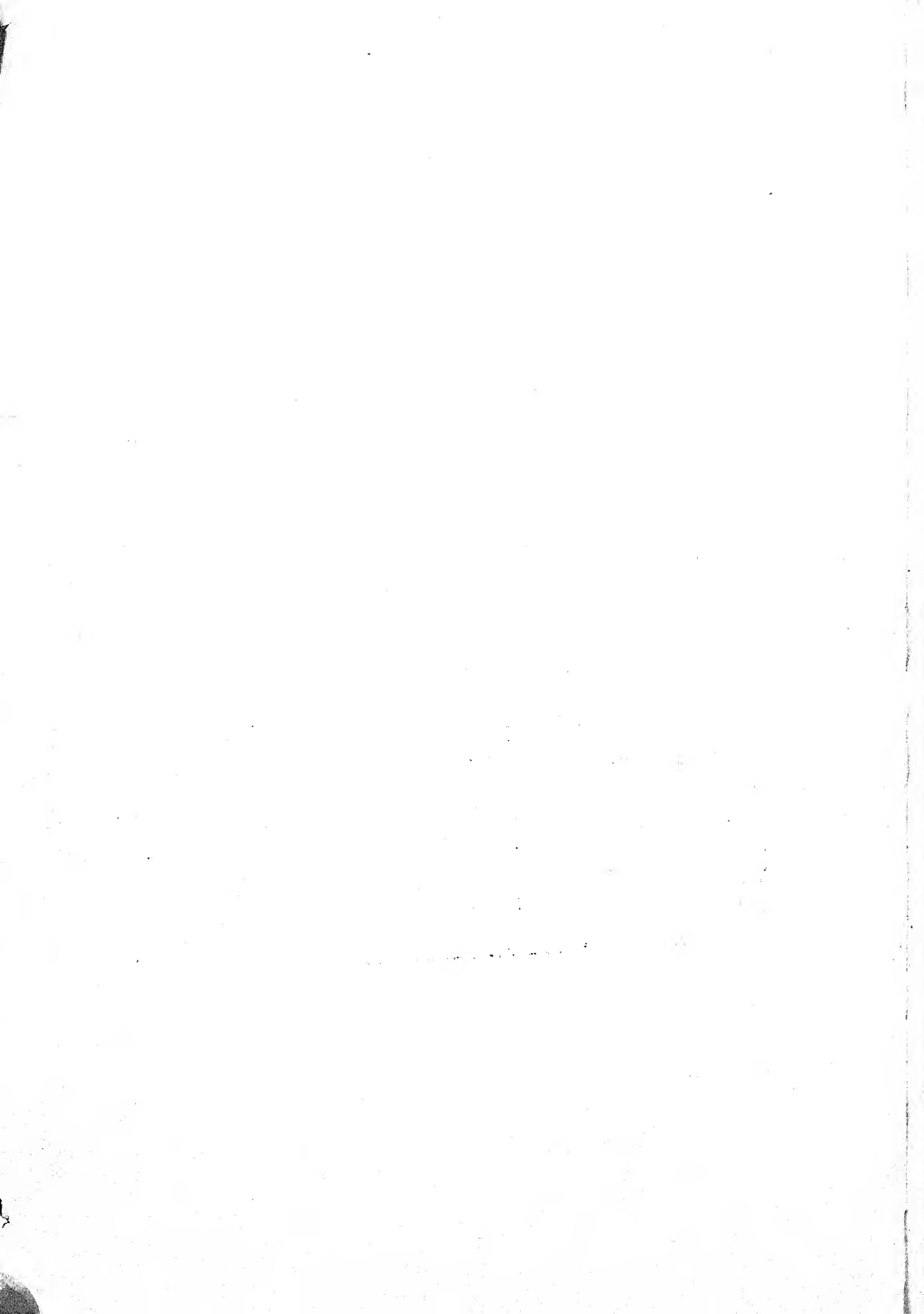


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OTHELLO  
THE MOOR OF VENICE

Acc. No.	
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## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUKE OF VENICE.

BRABANTIO, a Senator.

Other Senators.

GRATIANO, brother to Brabantio.

LODOVICO, kinsman to Brabantio.

OTHELLO, a noble Moor in the service of the Venetian state

CASSIO, his lieutenant.

IAGO, his ancient.

RODERIGO, a Venetian gentleman.

MONTANO, Othello's predecessor in the government of Cyprus.

Clown, servant to Othello.

DESDEMONA, daughter to Brabantio and wife to Othello.

EMILIA, wife to Iago.

BIANCA, mistress to Cassio.

Sailor, Messenger, Herald, Officers, Gentlemen, Musicians, and Attendants.

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SCENE—The first act in Venice; during the rest of the play, at a seaport in Cyprus.

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HISTORIC PERIOD: May, 1570.

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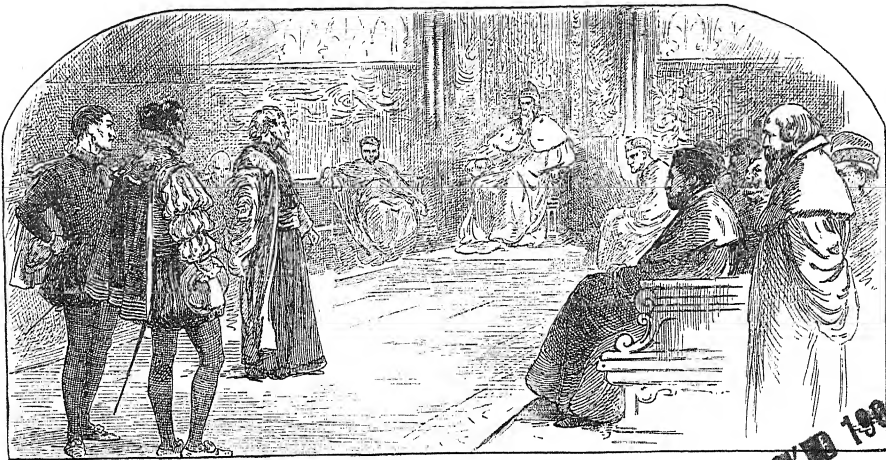
### TIME OF ACTION.

Mr. P. A. Daniel gives the following time-analysis: three days, with one interval.

Day 1: Act I. in Venice.—Interval: voyage to Cyprus.

Day 2: Act II. }

Day 3: Acts III. IV. and V. } in Cyprus.



Brabantio. Here is the man, this Moor.—(Act I. 3. 71.)

CHECKED 1986

# OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.

## ACT I.

SCENE I. Venice. A street.

*Enter RODERIGO and IAGO.*

*Rod.* Tush, never tell me; I take it much unkindly  
That thou, Iago,—who hast had my purse  
As if the strings were thine,—shouldst know  
of this,—

*Iago.* 'S blood, but you will not hear me:  
If ever I did dream of such a matter,  
Abhor me.

*Rod.* Thou told'st me thou didst hold him  
in thy hate.

*Iago.* Despise me, if I do not. Three great  
ones of the city, s  
in personal suit to make me his lieutenant,  
off-capp'd to him;—and, by the faith of man,  
know my price, I'm worth no worse a place:  
it he, as loving his own pride and purposes,  
rades them, with a bombast circumstance  
orribly stuff'd with epithets of war;  
nd, in conclusion,  
nsuits my mediators; for, "Certes," says he,  
have already chose my officer."

And what was he?

Forsooth, a great arithmetician,  
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine, 20

[A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife;]  
That never set a squadron in the field,  
Nor the division of a battle<sup>1</sup> knows  
More than a spinster; [unless the bookish  
theoric,

Wherein the toged consuls can propose<sup>2</sup>  
As masterly as he: mere prattle, without  
practice,

Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had th'  
election:

And I—of whom his eyes had seen the proof  
At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds  
Christian and heathen—must be be-lee'd<sup>3</sup> and  
calm'd

By debtor-and-creditor,<sup>3</sup> this counter-caster;]  
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be, 30

<sup>1</sup> Battle = army.

<sup>2</sup> Be-lee'd, i.e. put on the lee-side of, and so dependent on.

<sup>3</sup> Debtor-and-creditor, referring to the system of double entry, which we owe to Italy.

And I—God bless the mark!—his Moorship's  
ancient.<sup>1</sup> 33

*Rod.* By heaven, I rather would have been  
his hangman.

*Iago.* Why, there's no remedy; 't is the  
curse of service,  
Preferment goes by letter<sup>2</sup> and affection,  
And not by old gradation, where each second  
Stood heir to the first. Now, sir, be judge  
yourself,

Whether I in any just term am affin'd 39  
To love the Moor.

*Rod.* I would not follow him, then.

*Iago.* O, sir, content you;  
I follow him to serve my turn upon him:  
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters  
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark  
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,  
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,  
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,



*Iago.* O, sir, content you;  
I follow him to serve my turn upon him.—(Act i. 1. 41, 42.)

For naught but provender; and, when he's  
old, cashier'd:

Whipme such honest knaves. Others there are,  
Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,  
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves;  
And, throwing but shows of service on their  
lords, 52

Do well thrive by them, and, when they've  
lin'd their coats,<sup>3</sup>

Do themselves homage: these fellows have  
some soul;

And such a one do I profess myself.

[For, sir,

It is as sure as you are Roderigo,

Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:  
In following him, I follow but myself;  
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,  
But seeming so, for my peculiar end: ] 60

For when my outward action doth demon-  
strate

The native act and figure of my heart  
In compliment extern, 't is not long after  
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve  
For daws to peck at: I am not what I am.

*Rod.* What a full<sup>4</sup> fortune does the thick-lips  
owe,<sup>5</sup>

If he can carry 't thus!

*Iago.* Call up her father,  
Rouse him:—make<sup>6</sup> after him, poison his de-  
light,

<sup>1</sup> *Ancient* (F. *enseigne*) = ensign or standard-bearer.

<sup>2</sup> *Letter*, i.e. recommendation.

<sup>3</sup> *Lin'd their coats* = "feathered their nests," in the modern phrase.

<sup>4</sup> *Full* = rich.

<sup>5</sup> *Owe*, own.

<sup>6</sup> *Make* = go.

Proclaim him in the streets; [incense her kinsmen:

And though he in a fertile climate dwell, 70  
Plague him with flies;] though that his joy be joy,

Yet throw such changes of vexation on't,  
As it may lose some colour.

*Rod.* Here is her father's house; I'll call aloud.

*Iago.* Do; with like timorous accent and dire yell

As when, by night and negligence, the fire  
Is spied in populous cities.

*Rod.* What, ho, Brabantio! Signior Brabantio, ho!

*Iago.* Awake! what, ho, Brabantio! thieves! thieves! thieves!

Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags! 80

Thieves! thieves!

*BRABANTIO appears above, at a window.*

*Bra.* What is the reason of this terrible summons?

What is the matter there?

*Rod.* Signior, is all your family within?

*Iago.* Are your doors lock'd?

*Bra.* Why, wherefore ask you this?

*Iago.* Zounds, sir, you're robb'd; [for shame, put on your gown;

Your heart is burst,<sup>1</sup> you have lost half your soul;

Even now, now, very now, an old black ram  
Is tupping your white ewe.] Arise, arise;

Awake the snorting citizens with the bell, 90  
Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you:

Arise, I say.

*Bra.* What, have you lost your wits?

*Rod.* Most reverend signior, do you know my voice?

*Bra.* Not I: what are you?

*Rod.* My name is Roderigo.

*Bra.* The worse welcome:  
I've charg'd thee not to haunt about my doors:  
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say  
My daughter is not for thee; and now, in  
madness,

Being full of supper and distempering draughts,

Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come 100  
To start my quiet;—

*Rod.* Sir, sir, sir,—

*Bra.* But thou must needs be sure  
My spirit and my place have in them power  
To make this bitter to thee.

*Rod.* Patience, good sir.

*Bra.* What tell'st thou me of robbing? this  
is Venice;

My house is not a grange.

*Rod.* Most grave Brabantio,  
In simple and pure soul I come to you. 107

*Iago.* Zounds, sir, you are one of those that  
will not serve God, if the devil bid you. [Be-  
cause we come to do you service, and you  
think we are ruffians, you'll have your daughter  
cover'd with a Barbary horse;] you'll have  
your nephews neigh to you; you'll have cour-  
sers for cousins, and gennets for Germans.

*Bra.* What profane wretch art thou?

*Iago.* [Impudently] I am one, sir, that comes  
to tell you your daughter and the Moor are  
[now making the beast with two backs].

*Bra.* Thou art a villain.

*Iago.* You are—a senator.

*Bra.* This thou shalt answer: I know thee,  
Roderigo. 120

*Rod.* Sir, I will answer any thing. [But, I  
beseech you,

If't be your pleasure and most wise consent,  
As partly I find it is, that your fair daughter,  
At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night,  
Transported, with no worse nor better guard  
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,  
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor,—

If this be known to you, and your allowance,<sup>2</sup>  
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs;  
But, if you know not this, my manners tell me  
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe  
That, from<sup>3</sup> the sense of all civility, 132

I thus would play and trifle with your reverence:  
Your daughter,—if you have not given her  
leave,—

I say again, hath made a gross revolt;  
Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,  
In an extravagant and wheeling stranger  
Of here and every where.] Straight satisfy  
yourself:

<sup>1</sup> Burst, broken into.

<sup>2</sup> Allowance, approval.

<sup>3</sup> From, contrary to.

If she be in her chamber or your house,  
Let loose on me the justice of the state 140  
For thus deluding you.

*Bra.* Strike on the tinder, ho!  
Give me a taper!—call up all my people!—  
This accident is not unlike my dream:  
Belief of it oppresses me already.—  
Light, I say! light! [*Exit above.*]

*Iago.* Farewell; for I must leave you:  
It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,  
To be produc'd—as, if I stay, I shall—  
Against the Moor: for, I do know, the state—  
However this may gall him with some check—  
Cannot with safety cast<sup>1</sup> him; for he's em-  
bark'd 150

With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars,  
Which even now stand in act, that, for their  
souls,

Another of his fathom they have none  
To lead their business: in which regard,  
Though I do hate him as I do hell-pains,  
Yet, for necessity of present life,  
I must show out a flag and sign of love,  
Which is indeed but sign. That you shall  
surely find him,

Lead to the Sagittary the raised search; 159  
And there will I be with him. So, farewell.  
[*Exit.*]

*Enter, below, BRABANTIO, and Servants with torches.*

*Bra.* It is too true an evil: gone she is;  
And what's to come of my despised time  
Is naught but bitterness.—Now, Roderigo,  
Where didst thou see her?—O unhappy girl!—  
With the Moor, say'st thou?—Who would be  
a father!—  
How didst thou know 'twas she?—O, she  
deceives me

Past thought!—What said she to you?—Get  
more tapers;

Raise all my kindred.—Are they married,  
think you?

*Rod.* Truly, I think they are.

*Bra.* O heaven!—How got she out!—O  
treason of the blood!— 170  
Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters'  
minds

By what you see them act.—Is there not  
charms 172

By which the property<sup>2</sup> of youth and maidhood  
May be abus'd? Have you not read, Roderigo,  
Of some such thing?

*Rod.* Yes, sir, I have indeed.

*Bra.* Call up my brother.—O, would you  
had had her!—

Some one way, some another.—Do you know  
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

*Rod.* I think I can discover him, if you  
please 179

To get good guard, and go along with me.

*Bra.* Pray you, lead on. At every house  
I'll call;

I may command at most.—Get weapons, ho!

And raise some special officers of night.<sup>3</sup>—

On, good Roderigo;—I'll deserve your pains.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II. *The same. Another street.*

*Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Attendants with torches.*

*Iago.* Though in the trade of war I have  
slain men,

Yet do I hold it very stuff o' the conscience  
To do no contriv'd murder: I lack iniquity  
Sometimes to do me service: nine or ten times  
I had thought t' have jerk'd him<sup>4</sup> here under  
the ribs.

*Oth.* 'T is better as it is.

*Iago.* Nay, but he prated,  
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms  
Against your honour,

That, with the little godliness I have,  
I did full hard<sup>5</sup> forbear him. But, I pray  
you, sir, 10

Are you fast married? Be assur'd of this,

That the magnifico is much below'd;

And hath, in his effect, a voice potential

As double as the duke's: he will divorce you;

Or put upon you what restraint and grievance

The law—with all his might t' enforce it on—

Will give him cable.<sup>6</sup>

*Oth.* Let him do his spite:  
My services which I have done the signiory

<sup>2</sup> *Property*, natural inclinations.

<sup>3</sup> *Officers of night*, i.e. the watch. <sup>4</sup> *Him*, i.e. Roderigo.

<sup>5</sup> *Full hard*, with difficulty.

<sup>6</sup> *Cable*, i.e. scope.

<sup>1</sup> *Cast* = cast off, dismiss.



Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,—

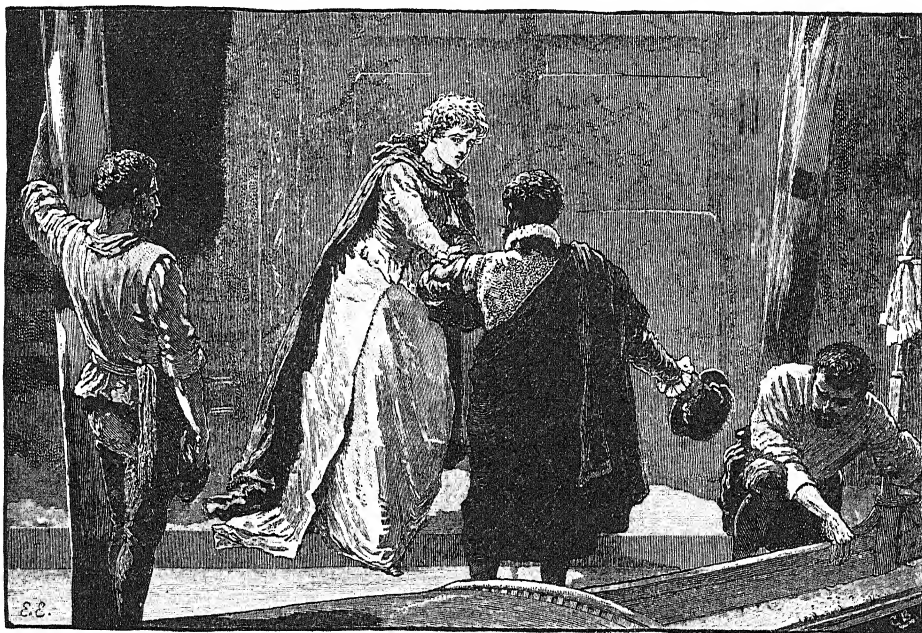
Which, when I know that boasting is an honour, 20

I shall promulgate,—I fetch my life and being  
From men of royal siege;<sup>1</sup> and my demerits<sup>2</sup>  
May speak, unbonneted, to as proud a fortune  
As this that I have reach'd: for know, Iago,

But that I love the gentle Desdemona,  
I would not my unhoused<sup>3</sup> free condition  
Put into circumscription and confine  
For the sea's worth. But, look! what lights  
come yond?

*Iago.* Those are the raised father and his  
friends: 29

You were best go in.



*Rod.* your fair daughter,  
At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night,

Transported, with no worse nor better guard  
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier—(Act i. 1. 123-126.)

*Oth.* Not I; I must be found:  
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul 31  
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

*Iago.* By Janus, I think no.

*Enter CASSIO, and certain Officers with torches.*

*Oth.* The servants of the duke, and my  
lieutenant.—  
The goodness of the night upon you, friends!  
What is the news?

*Cas.* The duke does greet you, general;

And he requires your haste-post-haste appear-  
ance  
Even on the instant.

*Oth.* What is the matter, think you?

*Cas.* Something from Cyprus, as I may  
divine:

[It is a business of some heat: the galleys 40]  
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers  
This very night at one another's heels;  
And many of the consuls, rais'd and met,  
Are at the duke's already:] you have been  
hotly call'd for;

<sup>1</sup> *Siege* (F. *siège*), rank, station.

<sup>2</sup> *Demerits*, deserts.

<sup>3</sup> *Unhoused*, i. e. free, unmarried.

When, being not at your lodging to be found,  
The senate sent about three several quests  
To search you out.

*Oth.* 'Tis well I am found by you.  
I will but spend a word here in the house,  
And go with you. [*Exit.*]

*Cas.* Ancient, what makes he here?

*Iago.* Faith, he to-night hath boarded a  
land carrack:<sup>1</sup> 50

If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

*Cas.* I do not understand.

*Iago.* He's married.

*Cas.* To who?

*Re-enter OTHELLO.*

*Iago.* Marry, to—Come, captain, will you  
go?

*Oth.* Have with you.

*Cas.* Here comes another troop to seek for  
you.

*Iago.* It is Brabantio:—general, be advis'd;  
He comes to bad intent.

*Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, and Officers with  
torches and weapons.*

*Oth.* Holla! stand there!

*Rod.* Signior, it is the Moor.

*Bra.* Down with him, thief!  
[*They draw on both sides.*]

*Iago.* You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for  
you.

*Oth.* Keep up your bright swords, for the  
dew will rust them.—

Good signior, you shall more command with  
years 60

Than with your weapons.

*Bra.* O thou foul thief, where hast thou  
stow'd my daughter?

Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her;  
For I'll refer me to all things of sense,  
If she in chains of magic were not bound,  
Whether a maid so tender, fair, and happy,  
So opposite to marriage that she shunn'd  
The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,  
Would ever have, to incur a general mock,  
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom  
Of such a thing as thou,—to fear,<sup>2</sup> not to  
delight. 71

<sup>1</sup> Carrack, a large merchant vessel.

<sup>2</sup> To fear, i.e. [a thing] to cause fear.

[Judge me the world, if 't is not gross in sense  
That thou hast practis'd on her with foul  
charms; 73

Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs or  
minerals

That waken motion:—I'll have 't disputed  
on;

'T is probable, and palpable to thinking.]

I therefore apprehend and do attach<sup>3</sup> thee

For an abuser of the world, a practiser

Of arts inhibited and out of warrant.—

Lay hold upon him: if he do resist, 80

Subdue him at his peril.

*Oth.* Hold your hands,

Both you of my inclining, and the rest:

Were it my cue to fight, I should have known  
it.

Without a prompter.—Where will you that I  
go

To answer this your charge?

*Bra.* To prison; till fit time  
Of law, and course of direct session,  
Call thee to answer.

*Oth.* What if I do obey?

How may the duke be therewith satisfied,  
Whose messengers are here about my side,  
Upon some present business of the state  
To bring me to him?

*First Off.* 'T is true, most worthy signior;  
The duke's in council, and your noble self,  
I'm sure, is sent for.

*Bra.* How! the duke in council!  
In this time of the night!—Bring him away;  
Mine's not an idle cause: the duke himself,  
Or any of my brothers of the state,  
Cannot but feel this wrong as 'twere their  
own; 97

For if such actions may have passage free,  
Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen  
be. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A council-chamber.*

*The DUKE and Senators sitting at a table;  
Officers attending.*

*Duke.* There is no composition<sup>4</sup> in these  
news  
That gives them credit.

<sup>3</sup> Attach, arrest.

<sup>4</sup> Composition, i.e. consistency.

[*First Sen.* Indeed, they're disproportion'd;  
My letters say a hundred and seven galleys.

*Duke.* And mine, a hundred and forty.

*Sec. Sen.* And mine, two hundred:  
But though they jump not<sup>1</sup> on a justaccount,—  
As in these cases, where the aim<sup>2</sup> reports,  
'Tis oft with difference,—yet do they all  
confirm

A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

*Duke.* Nay, it is possible enough to judgment:

I do not so secure<sup>3</sup> me in the error, 10  
But the main article I do approve  
In fearful sense.

*Sailor.* [*Within*] What, ho! what, ho! what,  
ho!

*First Off.* A messenger from the galleys.

*Enter a Sailor.*

*Duke.* Now,—what's the business?

*Sail.* The Turkish preparation makes for  
Rhodes;

So was I bid report here to the state  
By Signior Angelo.

*Duke.* How say you by this change?

*First Sen.* This cannot be,

By no assay of reason: 'tis a pageant,  
To keep us in false gaze. When we consider  
Th' importancy of Cyprus to the Turk; 20  
And let ourselves again but understand,  
That as it more concerns the Turk than  
Rhodes,

So may he with more facile question bear it,  
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,<sup>4</sup>  
But altogether lacks the abilities

That Rhodes is dress'd in:—if we make  
thought of this,

We must not think the Turk is so unskilful  
To leave that latest which concerns him  
first,

Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,  
To wake and wage a danger profitless. 30

*Duke.* Nay, in all confidence, he's not for  
Rhodes.

*First Off.* Here is more news.]

<sup>1</sup> *Jump not*, i.e. do not agree.

<sup>2</sup> *Aim*, conjecture.

<sup>3</sup> *Secure me in*, &c., i.e. "I do not rely so much on the  
mistake (with regard to their numbers) as not to . . ." &c.

<sup>4</sup> *Brace*, preparation.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,  
Steering with due course toward the isle of  
Rhodes,

Have there inointed them with an after fleet.

*First Sen.* Ay, so I thought.—How many,  
as you guess?

*Mess.* Of thirty sail: and now they do re-stem  
Their backward course, bearing with frank  
appearance

Their purposes toward Cyprus.—Signior Mon-  
tano,

Your trusty and most valiant servitor, 40  
With his free duty recommends<sup>5</sup> you thus,  
And prays you to believe him.

[*Duke.* 'Tis certain, then, for Cyprus.—  
Marcus Luccicos, is not he in town?

*First Sen.* He's now in Florence.

*Duke.* Write from us to him; post-post-  
haste dispatch.]

*First Sen.* Here comes Brabantio and the  
valiant Moor.

*Enter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, RODERIGO,  
and Officers.*

*Duke.* Valiant Othello, we must straight  
employ you

Against the general enemy Ottoman.—

[*To Brabantio*] I did not see you; welcome,  
gentle signior; 50

We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.

*Bra.* So did I yours. Good your grace,  
pardon me;

Neither my place, nor aught I heard of  
business,

Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the  
general care

Take hold on me; for my particular grief  
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature

That it engulfs and swallows other sorrows,  
And it is still itself.<sup>6</sup>

*Duke.* Why, what's the matter?

*Bra.* My daughter! O, my daughter!

*Duke and Sen.* Dead?

*Bra.* Ay, to me;

She is abus'd, stol'n from me, and corrupted

<sup>5</sup> *Recommends*, commends himself to you.

<sup>6</sup> *Still itself*, i.e. never changes.

By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks; 61

For nature so preposterously to err,  
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,  
Sans witchcraft could not.

*Duke.* Whoe'er he be that, in this foul proceeding,

Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself,  
And you of her, the bloody book of law  
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter  
After your own sense; yea, though our proper son 69

Stood in your action.

*Bra.* Humbly I thank your grace.  
Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it seems,

Your special mandate, for the state-affairs,  
Hath hither brought.

*Duke and Sen.* We're very sorry for't.

*Duke.* [*To Othello*] What, in your own part, can you say to this?

*Bra.* Nothing, but this is so.

*Oth.* Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,

My very noble and approv'd good masters,—  
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,  
It is most true; true, I have married her:  
The very head and front of my offending 80  
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,

And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace;  
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,

Till now some nine moons wasted, they have us'd

Their dearest<sup>1</sup> action in the tented field;  
And little of this great world can I speak,  
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;  
And therefore little shall I grace my cause  
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,

I will a round<sup>2</sup> unvarnish'd tale deliver 90  
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,

What conjuration, and what mighty magic,—  
For such proceeding I am charg'd withal,—  
I won his daughter.

*Bra.* A maiden never bold;

Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion  
Blush'd at herself; and she—in spite of nature,  
Of years, of country, credit, every thing—  
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on!  
It is a judgment main'd and most imperfect,  
That will confess perfection so could err 100  
Against all rules of nature; [and must be driven  
To find out practices of cunning hell,  
Why this should be.] I therefore vouch again,  
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,

Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect,  
He wrought upon her.

*Duke.* To vouch this, is no proof,  
[Without more wider and more overt test  
Than these thin habits and poor likelihoods  
Of modern<sup>3</sup> seeming do prefer against him.]

*First Sen.* But, Othello, speak: 110  
Did you by indirect and forced courses  
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?

Or came it by request, and such fair question  
As soul to soul affordeth?

*Oth.* I do beseech you,  
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,  
And let her speak of me before her father:  
If you do find me foul in her report,  
The trust, the office, I do hold of you,  
Not only take away, but let your sentence  
Even fall upon my life.

*Duke.* Fetch Desdemona hither.

*Oth.* Ancient, conduct them, you best know the place.— 121

[*Exeunt Iago and Attendants.*]

And, till she come, as truly as to heaven  
I do confess the vices of my blood,  
So justly to your grave ears I'll present  
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,  
And she in mine.

*Duke.* Say it, Othello.

*Oth.* Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;  
Still question'd me the story of my life,  
From year to year,—the battles, sieges, fortunes,  
That I have pass'd. 131  
I ran it through, even from my boyish days  
To the very moment that he bade me tell it:  
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,  
Of moving accidents by flood and field;

<sup>1</sup> Dearest = chief.

<sup>2</sup> Round, plain.

<sup>3</sup> Modern = trivial.

Of hair-breadth scapes i' th' imminent deadly  
breach;  
Of being taken by the insolent foe,  
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,  
And portance<sup>1</sup> in my travels' history: 139  
Wherein of antres<sup>2</sup> vast and deserts idle,<sup>3</sup>  
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads  
touch heaven,

It was my hint to speak, [—such was the process;  
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,  
The Anthropophagi,<sup>4</sup> and men whose heads  
Dogrow beneath their shoulders.] This to hear  
Would Desdemona seriously incline:  
But still the house-affairs would draw her  
thence;  
Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,



Oth. she thank'd me;  
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,

I should but teach him how to tell my story,  
And that would woo her.—(Act i. 3. 163-166.)

She'd come again, and with a greedy ear 149  
Devour up my discourse:—which I observing,  
Took once a pliant hour; and found good means  
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart  
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,  
Whereof by parcels<sup>5</sup> she had something heard,  
But not intently:<sup>6</sup> I did consent;  
And often did beguile her of her tears,  
When I did speak of some distressful stroke

That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,  
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:  
She swore,—in faith, 't was strange, 't was  
passing strange; 160  
'T was pitiful, 't was wondrous pitiful:  
She wish'd she had not heard it; yet she wish'd  
That heaven had made her such a man: she  
thank'd me;  
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,  
I should but teach him how to tell my story,  
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I  
spake:  
She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd;  
And I lov'd her that she did pity them.

<sup>1</sup> Portance, demeanour, bearing.

<sup>2</sup> Antres, caverns.

<sup>3</sup> Idle = untilled.

<sup>4</sup> Anthropophagi, i.e. man-eaters.

<sup>5</sup> By parcels, i.e. by pieces.

<sup>6</sup> Intently = consecutively.

This only is the witchcraft I have us'd:—  
Here comes the lady; let her witness it. 170

*Enter DESDEMONA with IAGO and Attendants.*

*Duke.* I think this tale would win my  
daughter too.—

Good Brabantio,  
Take up<sup>1</sup> this mangled matter at the best:  
Men do their broken weapons rather use  
Than their bare hands.

*Bra.* I pray you, hear her speak:  
If she confess that she was half the wooer,  
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame  
Light on the man!—Come hither, gentle mis-  
tress:

Do you perceive in all this noble company  
Where most you owe obedience?

*Des.* My noble father,  
I do perceive here a divided duty: 181  
To you I'm bound for life and education;  
My life and education both do learn me  
How to respect you; you're the lord of duty,—  
I am hitherto your daughter: but here's my  
husband;

And so much duty as my mother show'd  
To you, preferring you before her father,  
So much I challenge that I may profess  
Due to the Moor my lord.

*Bra.* God b' w' you!—I have done.—  
Please it your grace, on to the state-affairs:  
I had rather to adopt a child than get it.—  
Come hither, Moor: 192

I here do give thee that with all my heart  
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart  
I would keep from thee.—[For your sake, jewel,  
I am glad at soul I have no other child;  
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,  
To hang clogs on them.]—I have done, my lord.

[*Duke.* Let me speak like yourself; and lay  
a sentence,<sup>2</sup>

Which, as a grise<sup>3</sup> or step, may help these lovers  
Into your favour. 201

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended  
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes de-  
pended.

To mourn a mischief that is past and gone  
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.

What cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes,  
Patience her<sup>4</sup> injury a mockery makes.  
The robb'd that smiles steals something from  
the thief;

He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.

*Bra.* So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile;  
We lose it not, so long as we can smile. 211  
He bears the sentence well that nothing bears  
But the free comfort which from thence he  
hears;

But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow  
That to pay grief must of poor patience borrow.  
These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,  
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal:<sup>5</sup>  
But words are words; I never yet did hear  
That the bruis'd heart was pierced through  
the ear.—

I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs  
of state. ] 220

*Duke.* The Turk with a most mighty pre-  
paration makes for Cyprus:—Othello, the  
fortitude of the place is best known to you;  
[and though we have there a substitute of most  
allowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a sovereign  
mistress of effects,<sup>6</sup> throws a more safer voice  
on you: ] you must therefore be content to  
slubber the gloss of your new fortunes with  
this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

*Oth.* The tyrant custom, most grave senators,  
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war  
My thrice-driven bed of down: I do agnize<sup>7</sup>  
A natural and prompt alacrity 233  
I find in hardness; and do undertake  
This present war against the Ottomites.  
Most humbly, therefore, bending to your state,  
I crave fit disposition for my wife;  
Due reference<sup>8</sup> of place and exhibition;  
With such accommodation and besort<sup>9</sup> 239  
As levels with her breeding.

*Duke.* If you please,  
Be't at her father's.

*Bra.* I'll not have it so.

*Oth.* Nor I.

*Des.* Nor I; I would not there reside,  
To put my father in impatient thoughts

<sup>4</sup> Her, i.e. fortune's.

<sup>5</sup> Are equivocal, i.e. tell both ways.

<sup>6</sup> Mistress of effects—which produces great results.

<sup>7</sup> Agnize, recognize.

<sup>8</sup> Reference, i.e. assignment.

<sup>9</sup> Accommodation and besort=suitable accommodation.

<sup>1</sup> Take up, &c.,=make the best of a bad business.

<sup>2</sup> Sentence, maxim.

<sup>3</sup> Grise (L. gressus), step.

By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,  
To my unfolding lend your prosperous ear;  
And let me find a charter in your voice,  
To assist my simpleness.

*Duke.* What would you, Desdemona?

*Des.* That I did love the Moor to live with him,  
My downright violence and storm of fortunes  
May trumpet to the world: my heart's sub-  
du'd 251

Even to the very quality of my lord:  
I saw Othello's visage in his mind;  
And to his honours and his valiant parts  
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.  
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,  
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,  
The rites for which I love him are bereft me,  
And I a heavy interim shall support  
By his dear absence. Let me go with him.

*Oth.* Your voices, lords: beseech you, let  
her will 261

Have a free way.

[Vouch with me, heaven, I therefore beg it not,  
To please the palate of my appetite;  
Nor to comply with heat—the young affects  
In me defunct—and proper satisfaction;  
But to be free and bounteous to her mind:  
And heaven defend your good souls, that you  
think

I will your serious and great business scant  
For she is with me: no, when light-wing'd  
toys 269

Of feather'd Cupid seel<sup>1</sup> with wanton dullness  
My speculative and offic'd instruments,  
That my disports corrupt and taint my busi-  
ness,

Let housewives make a skillet<sup>2</sup> of my helm,  
And all indign and base adversities  
Make head against my estimation!]

*Duke.* Be it as you shall privately determine,  
Either for her stay or going: th' affair cries  
haste,  
And speed must answer it.

*First Sen.* You must away to-night.

*Oth.* With all my heart.

*Duke.* At nine i' the morning here we'll  
meet again.— 280

Othello, leave some officer behind,

And he shall our commission bring to you;  
With such things else of quality and respect  
As doth import<sup>3</sup> you.

*Oth.* So please your grace, my ancient;  
A man he is of honesty and trust:  
To his conveyance I assign my wife,  
With what else needful your good grace shall  
think

To be sent after me.

*Duke.* Let it be so.—

Good night to everyone.—[*To Brabantio*] And,  
noble signior,

If virtue no delighted<sup>4</sup> beauty lack, 290  
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

*First Sen.* Adieu, brave Moor; use Desde-  
mona well.

*Bra.* Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes  
to see:

She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

[*Exeunt Duke, Senators, Officers, &c.*]

*Oth.* My life upon her faith!—Honest Iago,  
My Desdemona must I leave to thee:  
I prithee, let thy wife attend on her;  
And bring them after in the best advantage.—  
Come, Desdemona; I have but an hour 299  
Of love, of worldly matters and direction,  
To spend with thee: we must obey the time.

[*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.*]

*Rod.* Iago,—

*Iago.* What say'st thou, noble heart?

*Rod.* What will I do, thinkest thou?

*Iago.* Why, go to bed, and sleep.

*Rod.* I will incontinently drown myself.

*Iago.* If thou dost, I shall never love thee  
after. Why, thou silly gentleman!

*Rod.* It is silliness to live when to live is  
torment; and then have we a prescription to  
die when death is our physician. 311

*Iago.* O villanous! I have look'd upon the  
world for four times seven years; and since I  
could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an  
injury, I never found man that knew how to  
love himself. Ere I would say, I would drown  
myself for the love of a guinea-hen, I would  
change my humanity with a baboon.

*Rod.* What should I do? I confess it is my  
shame to be so fond; but it is not in my virtue  
to amend it. 321

<sup>1</sup> Seel=blind.

<sup>2</sup> Skillet, a cooking-pan.

<sup>3</sup> Import, concern.

<sup>4</sup> Delighted, i.e. which delights.



*Iago.* Virtue! a fig! 't is in ourselves that we are thus or thus. [Our bodies are gardens; to the which our wills are gardeners: so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce; set hyssop, and weed-up thyme; supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract<sup>1</sup> it with many; either to have it steril with idleness, or manured with industry; why, the power and corrigible<sup>2</sup> authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions: but we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts; whereof I take this that you call love to be a sect<sup>3</sup> or scion.

*Rod.* It cannot be.

*Iago.* It is merely a lust of the blood and a permission of the will. Come, be a man: drown thyself! drown cats and blind puppies. I have profess'd me thy friend, and [I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness;] I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow thou the wars; defeat thy favour<sup>4</sup> with an usurp'd beard; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor,—put money in thy purse,—nor he his to her: it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration;<sup>5</sup>—put but money in thy purse.—These Moors are changeable in their wills:—fill thy purse with money: [—the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida.<sup>6</sup> She must change for youth: when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice:] she must have change, she must: therefore put money in thy purse.—If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst: if sanctimony and a frail vow betwixt an erring barbarian and a supersubtle Venetian be not too hard for my

wits and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way: seek thou rather to be hang'd in compassing thy joy than to be drown'd and go without her.

*Rod.* Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue? 370

*Iago.* Thou art sure of me:—go, make money:—I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor: my cause is hearted;<sup>7</sup> thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him: if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, me a sport. [There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered.] Traverse;<sup>8</sup> go; provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

*Rod.* Where shall we meet i' the morning?

*Iago.* At my lodging. 382

*Rod.* I'll be with thee betimes.

*Iago.* Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?

*Rod.* What say you?

*Iago.* No more of drowning, do you hear?

*Rod.* I am chang'd: I'll go sell all my land. [Exit.

*Iago.* Thus do I ever make my fool my purse;

For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,

If I would time expend with such a snipe,  
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor;  
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets

'Has done my office: I know not if 't be true;  
But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,  
Will do as if for surety. He holds me well;<sup>9</sup>  
The better shall my purpose work on him.  
Cassio's a proper man: let me see now; 398  
To get his place, and to plume up<sup>10</sup> my will  
In double knavery—How, how?—Let's see:—  
After some time, t' abuse Othello's ear  
That he is too familiar with his wife:—  
He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,<sup>11</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Distract, diversify.    <sup>2</sup> Corrigible, which can correct.

<sup>3</sup> Sect, cutting: a gardener's term.

<sup>4</sup> Defeat thy favour, i.e. change thy looks.

<sup>5</sup> Answerable sequestration, i.e. corresponding withdrawal from her present attitude.

<sup>6</sup> Coloquintida, colocynth or bitter-apple.

<sup>7</sup> Hearted=rooted in the heart.

<sup>8</sup> Traverse, a military term=march.

<sup>9</sup> Holds me well, has a good opinion of me.

<sup>10</sup> Plume up=make to triumph.

<sup>11</sup> Dispose, bearing, demeanour.

To be suspected; fram'd to make women false.  
The Moor is of a free and open nature,  
That thinks men honest that but seem to be so;  
And will as tenderly be led by the nose

As asses are.

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I have't;—it is engender'd:—hell and night  
Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's  
light. [Exit.]

## ACT II.

SCENE I. *A seaport town in Cyprus.  
A platform.*

*Enter MONTANO and two Gentlemen.*

*Mon.* What from the cape can you discern  
at sea?

*First Gent.* Nothing at all: it is a high-  
wrought flood;

I cannot 'twixt the heaven and the main  
Descry a sail.

*Mon.* Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud  
at land;

A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements:  
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,

What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on  
them,

Can hold the mortise?<sup>1</sup> What shall we hear  
of this?

*Sec. Gent.* A segregation<sup>2</sup> of the Turkish fleet:  
For do but stand upon the foaming shore, 11  
The chiding billow seems to pelt the clouds;  
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and mon-  
strous mane,

Seems to cast water on the burning Bear,  
And quench the guards<sup>3</sup> of th' ever-fixed pole:  
I never did like molestation<sup>4</sup> view  
On the enchafed flood.

*Mon.* If that the Turkish fleet  
Be not enshelter'd and embay'd, they're  
drown'd;  
It is impossible they bear it out.

*Enter a third Gentleman.*

*Third Gent.* News, lads! our wars are done.  
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the  
Turks, 21  
That their designment halts: a noble ship of  
Venice

Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance  
On most part of their fleet. 24

*Mon.* How! is this true?

*Third Gent.* The ship is here put in,  
A Veronesa; Michael Cassio,  
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor Othello,  
Is come on shore: the Moor himself at sea,  
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

*Mon.* I'm glad on't; 't is a worthy governor.

*Third Gent.* But this same Cassio,—though  
he speak of comfort 31  
Touching the Turkish loss, yet he looks sadly,  
And prays the Moor be safe; for they were  
parted

With foul and violent tempest.

*Mon.* Pray heavens he be;  
For I have serv'd him, and the man commands  
Like a full soldier. Let's to the seaside, ho!  
As well to see the vessel that's come in  
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello,  
Even till we make the main and th' aerial blue  
An indistinct regard.

*Third Gent.* Come, let's do so; 40  
For every minute is expectancy  
Of more arrivance.

*Enter CASSIO.*

*Cas.* Thanks to the valiant of this warlike  
isle,  
That so approve the Moor! O, let the heavens  
Give him defence against the elements,  
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea!

*Mon.* Is he well shipp'd?

*Cas.* His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his  
pilot  
Of very expert and approv'd allowance; 49  
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,  
Stand in bold cure.<sup>5</sup>

[Within] A sail, a sail, a sail!

<sup>1</sup> Mortise, a term in carpentry—the joint of two timbers.

<sup>2</sup> Segregation, dispersion. <sup>3</sup> Guards=stars. See note 74.

<sup>4</sup> Molestation, disturbance.

<sup>5</sup> In bold cure, in a good way of being cured.

*Enter a fourth Gentleman.*

*Cas.* What noise? 52

*Fourth Gent.* The town is empty; on the brow o' the sea

Stand ranks of people, and they cry "A sail!"

*Cas.* My hopes do shape him for the governor.  
[*Guns within.*]

*Sec. Gent.* They do discharge their shot of courtesy:

Our friends at least.

*Cas.* I pray you, sir, go forth, And give us truth who 't is that is arriv'd.

*Sec. Gent.* I shall. [*Exit.*]

*Mon.* But, good lieutenant, is your general wiv'd? 60



*Third Gent.* News, lads! our wars are done.  
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,  
That their designment halts.—(Act II. 1. 20-22.)

*Cas.* Most fortunately: he hath achiev'd a maid

That paragons description and wild fame;  
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,  
And in th' essential<sup>1</sup> vesture of creation  
Does tire the ingener.<sup>2</sup>

*Re-enter second Gentleman.*

How now! who has put in?

*Sec. Gent.* 'T is one Iago, ancient to the general.

*Cas.* 'Has had most favourable and happy speed:

Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,

The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,—  
Traitors ensteep'd<sup>3</sup> to clog the guiltless keel,—  
As having sense of beauty, do omit 71  
Their mortal natures, letting go safely by  
The divine Desdemona.

*Mon.* What is she?

*Cas.* She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,

Left in the conduct of the bold Iago;  
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts  
A se'nnight's speed.—Great Jove, Othello  
guard,  
And swell his sail with thine own powerful  
breath, 78

That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,

<sup>1</sup> *Essential*, i.e. true, unadorned.

<sup>2</sup> *Ingener*, artist.

<sup>3</sup> *Ensteep'd*, sunk under the water, submerged.

Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,  
Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,  
And bring all Cyprus comfort!—O, behold,

*Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, RODERIGO,  
and Attendants.*

The riches of the ship is come on shore!  
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees.—  
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,  
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,  
Enwheel<sup>1</sup> thee round!

*Des.* I thank you, valiant Cassio.  
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

*Cas.* He is not yet arriv'd: nor know I  
aught 89

But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

*Des.* O, but I fear—How lost you company?

*Cas.* The great contention of the sea and skies  
Parted our fellowship:—but, hark! a sail.

[*Within*] A sail, a sail! [*Guns within.*]

*Sec. Gent.* They give their greeting to the  
citadel:

This likewise is a friend.

*Cas.* See for the news.—  
[*Exit Gentleman.*]

Good ancient, you are welcome:—[*To Emilia*]  
welcome, mistress:—

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,  
That I extend my manners;<sup>2</sup> 't is my breeding  
That gives me this bold show of courtesy.

[*Kissing her.*]

*Iago.* Sir, would she give you so much of  
her lips 101

As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,  
You'd have enough.

*Des.* Alas, she has no speech.

*Iago.* In faith, too much;

I find it still, when I have list to sleep:

Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,  
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,  
And chides with thinking.<sup>3</sup>

*Emil.* You have little cause to say so.

*Iago.* Come on, come on; you're pictures  
out of doors, 110

Bells in your parlours, wild-cats in your  
kitchens,

Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,  
[*Players in your housewifery, and housewives  
in your beds.*]

*Des.* O, fie upon thee, slanderer!

*Iago.* Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk:

[*You rise to play, and go to bed to work.*]

*Emil.* You shall not write my praise.

*Iago.* No, let me not.

*Des.* What wouldst thou write of me, if  
thou shouldst praise me?

*Iago.* O gentle lady, do not put me to't;  
For I am nothing, if not critical. 120

*Des.* Come on, assay.—There's one gone to  
the harbour?

*Iago.* Ay, madam.

*Des.* I am not merry; but I do beguile  
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.—

Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

*Iago.* I am about it; but, indeed, my in-  
vention

Comes from my pate as birdlime does from  
frize,—

It plucks out brains and all: but my Muse  
labours,

And thus she is deliver'd.

If she be fair and wise,—fairness and wit,  
The one's for use, the other useth it. 131

*Des.* Well prais'd! [*How if she be black  
and witty?*]

*Iago.* If she be black, and thereto have a wit,  
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.

*Des.* Worse and worse.

*Emil.* How if fair and foolish?

*Iago.* She never yet was foolish that was fair;  
For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

*Des.* These are old fond paradoxes to make  
fools laugh i' the alehouse. What miserable  
praise hast thou for her that's foul and foolish?

*Iago.* There's none so foul, and foolish  
thereunto, 142

But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.

*Des.* O heavy ignorance!—thou praisest the  
worst best.] But what praise couldst thou  
bestow on a deserving woman indeed,—one  
that, in the authority of her merit, did justly  
put on<sup>4</sup> the vouch of very malice itself?

*Iago.* She that was ever fair, and never  
proud; 149

<sup>1</sup> *Enwheel*, compass.

<sup>2</sup> *Extend my manners*, i.e. not merely salute, but go so  
far as to kiss.

<sup>3</sup> *With thinking*, i.e. in thought, not aloud.

<sup>4</sup> *Put on*, challenge.

Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;  
Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay;  
Fled from her wish, and yet said "Now I may;"  
She that, being anger'd, her revenge being  
nigh,

Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly;  
She that in wisdom never was so frail  
To change<sup>1</sup> the cod's head for the salmon's tail;  
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her  
mind;

See suitors following, and not look behind;  
She was a wight, if ever such wight were,—

*Des.* To do what? 160

*Iago.* To suckle fools and chronicle small  
beer.<sup>2</sup>

*Des.* O most lame and impotent conclusion!  
—Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be  
thy husband.—How say you, Cassio? is he  
not a most profane and liberal counsellor?

*Cas.* He speaks home, madam: you may  
relish him more in the soldier than in the  
scholar.

*Iago.* [*Aside*] He takes her by the palm: ay,  
well said, whisper: with as little a web as  
this will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio.  
Ay, smile upon her, do; I will gyve thee in  
thine own courtship.<sup>3</sup> You say true; 't is so,  
indeed: if such tricks as these strip you out  
of your lieutenantry, it had been better you  
had not kiss'd your three fingers so oft,  
[which now again you are most apt to play  
the sir<sup>4</sup> in. Very good; well kiss'd! an ex-  
cellent courtesy! 't is so, indeed. Yet again  
your fingers to your lips? would they were  
clyster-pipes for your sake!] [*Trumpet within.*]

—The Moor! I know his trumpet. 180

*Cas.* 'T is truly so.

*Des.* Let's meet him, and receive him.

*Cas.* Lo, where he comes!

*Enter OTHELLO and Attendants.*

*Oth.* O my fair warrior!

*Des.* My dear Othello!

*Oth.* It gives me wonder great as my con-  
tent

To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!  
If after every tempest come such calms,  
May the winds blow till they have waken'd  
death!

And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas  
Olympus-high, and duck again as low 190  
As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die,  
'T were now to be most happy; for, I fear,  
My soul hath her content so absolute,  
That not another comfort like to this  
Succeeds in unknown fate.

*Des.*

The heavens forbid  
But that our loves and comforts should in-  
crease,

Even as our days do grow!

*Oth.*

Amen to that, sweet powers!—  
I cannot speak enough of this content;  
It stops me here; it is too much of joy: 199  
And this, and this, the greatest discords be

[*Kissing her.*]

That e'er our hearts shall make!

*Iago.* [*Aside*] O, you are well tun'd now!  
But I'll set down the pegs that make this  
music,

As honest as I am.<sup>5</sup>

*Oth.*

Come, let us to the castle.—  
News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks  
are drown'd.

How does my old acquaintance of this isle?—  
Honey, you shall be well-desir'd in Cyprus;  
I've found great love amongst them. O my  
sweet,

I prattle out of fashion, and I dote  
In mine own comforts.—I prithee, good Iago,  
Go to the bay and disembark my coffers:

Bring thou the master to the citadel; 211

He is a good one, and his worthiness

Does challenge much respect.—Come, Desde-  
mona,

Once more well met at Cyprus.

[*Exeunt Othello, Desdemona, and  
Attendants.*]

*Iago.* Do thou meet me presently at the  
harbour. Come hither. [If thou be'st valiant,  
—as, they say, base men being in love have  
then a nobility in their natures more than  
is native to them,]—list me. The lieutenant  
to-night watches on the court-of-guard:—first,

<sup>1</sup> To change, &c., the whole line means, to make a bad  
exchange. See note 84.

<sup>2</sup> Chronicle small beer, literally, make out tavern reck-  
onings=keep accounts.

<sup>3</sup> Courtship, courtesy.

<sup>4</sup> The sir, the gallant.

<sup>5</sup> As honest, &c., a mild oath=by my honesty.

I must tell thee this—Desdemona is directly in love with him. 221

*Rod.* With him! why, 't is not possible.

*Iago.* Lay thy finger thus,<sup>1</sup> and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me with what violence she first lov'd the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical lies: and will she love him still for prating? let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed; and what delight shall she have to look on the devil? [When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be—again to inflame it, and to give satiety a fresh appetite—loveliness in favour, sympathy in years, manners, and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in: now, for want of these requir'd conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abus'd, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted,—as it is a most pregnant<sup>2</sup> and unforc'd position,—who stands so eminent in the degree of this fortune as Cassio does? a knave very voluble; no further conscionable than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? why, none; why, none: a slipper<sup>3</sup> and subtle knave; a finder of occasions; that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself: a devilish knave! Besides, the knave is handsome, young, and hath all those requisites in him that folly and green minds look after: a pestilent-complete knave; and the woman hath found him<sup>4</sup> already.]

*Rod.* I cannot believe that in her; she's full of most bless'd condition.<sup>5</sup>

*Iago.* Bless'd fig's-end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes: if she had been bless'd, she would never have lov'd the Moor: bless'd pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

*Rod.* Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy. 261

*Iago.* Lechery, by this hand; an index and

obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. [They met so near with their lips, that their breaths embrac'd together. Villanous thoughts, Roderigo! when these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion: pish!]<sup>6</sup>—But, sir, be you ruled by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay 't upon you: Cassio knows you not:—I'll not be far from you: do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting<sup>6</sup> his discipline; or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

*Rod.* Well.

*Iago.* Sir, he is rash, and very sudden in choler, and haply may strike at you: provoke him, that he may; for even out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny; whose qualification<sup>7</sup> shall come into no true taste again but by the displanting of Cassio. [So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer them; and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.]

*Rod.* I will do this, if I can bring it to any opportunity. 290

*Iago.* I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel: I must fetch his necessities ashore. Farewell.

*Rod.* Adieu.

[Exit.

*Iago.* That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it;

That she loves him, 't is apt, and of great credit: The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not—Is of a constant-loving noble nature; And I dare think he'll prove to Desdemona A most dear husband. Now, I do love her too; 300

Not out of absolutelust,—though peradventure I stand accountant for as great a sin,—But partly led to diet my revenge, For that I do suspect the lusty Moor Hath leap'd into my seat: the thought whereof Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards;

<sup>1</sup> Thus, on thy lips, for secrecy.

<sup>2</sup> Pregnant, natural.

<sup>3</sup> Slipper, slippery.

<sup>4</sup> Found him, i.e. has found him out.

<sup>5</sup> Condition, character, disposition.

<sup>6</sup> Tainting=discrediting.

<sup>7</sup> Qualification, pacification. See note 91.

And nothing can or shall content my soul  
Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife;  
Or failing so, yet that I put the Moor  
At least into a jealousy so strong 310  
That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,  
If this poor trash of Venice,<sup>1</sup> whom I trash<sup>2</sup>  
For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,<sup>3</sup>  
I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip;  
Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb,—  
For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too;  
Make the Moor thank me, love me, and re-  
ward me,  
For making him egregiously an ass, 318  
And practising upon his peace and quiet  
Even to madness. 'T is here, but yet confus'd:  
Knavery's plain face is never seen till us'd.

[*Exit.*][SCENE II. *A street.*]

*Enter a Herald with a proclamation; People following.*

*Her.* It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere<sup>4</sup> perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph; some to dance, some to make bon-fires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction<sup>5</sup> leads him: for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptial:—so much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices<sup>6</sup> are open; and there is full liberty of feasting from this present hour of five till the bell have told eleven. Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus and our noble general Othello!

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE III. *A hall in the castle.*

*Enter OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and Attendants.*

*Oth.* Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night:  
Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop,  
Not to outsport discretion.  
*Cas.* Iago hath direction what to do;  
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye

Will I look to 't.

*Oth.*

Iago is most honest.

Michael, good night: to-morrow with your earliest

Let me have speech with you.—[*To Desdemona*] [Come, my dear love,— 3  
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue;  
That profit's yet to come 'tween me and you.—] 3  
Good night.

[*Exeunt Othello, Desdemona, and Attendants.*]*Enter IAGO.**Cas.* Welcome, Iago; we must to the watch.

*Iago.* Not this hour, lieutenant; 't is not yet ten o' the clock. Our general cast us thus early for the love of his Desdemona; who let us not therefore blame: [he hath not yet made wanton the night with her; and she is sport for Jove.]

*Cas.* She's a most exquisite lady.*Iago.* And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

*Cas.* Indeed, she's a most fresh and delicate creature. ] 21

*Iago.* What an eye she has! methinks it sounds a parley to provocation.

*Cas.* An inviting eye; and yet methinks right modest.

*Iago.* And when she speaks, is it not an alarum to love?

*Cas.* She is, indeed, perfection.

*Iago.* Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoop of wine; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants that would fain have a measure to the health of black Othello.

*Cas.* Not to-night, good Iago: I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

*Iago.* O, they are our friends; but one cup: I'll drink for you. 39

*Cas.* I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified<sup>7</sup> too, and, behold, what innovation it makes here: I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

*Iago.* What, man! 't is a night of revels: the gallants desire it.

<sup>1</sup> *This, &c., i.e. Roderigo.* <sup>2</sup> *Trash, i.e. restrain, hold in.*<sup>3</sup> *Putting on=instigation.* <sup>4</sup> *Mere, utter.*<sup>5</sup> *Addiction, natural inclination.*<sup>6</sup> *Offices, i.e. the servants' offices or rooms.*<sup>7</sup> *Qualified, diluted with water.*



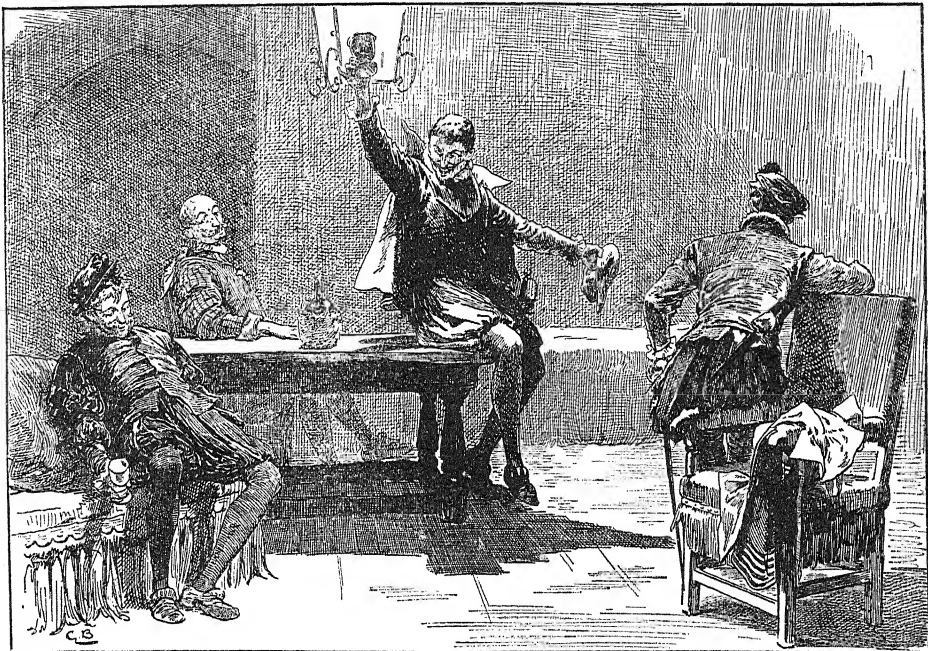
*Cus.* Where are they?

*Iago.* Here at the door; I pray you, call them in. 48

*Cus.* I'll do't; but it dislikes me. [*Exit.*]

*Iago.* If I can fasten but one cup upon him, With that which he hath drunk to-night already,

He'll be as full of quarrel and offence  
As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick  
fool Roderigo,  
Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side  
out,  
To Desdemona hath to-night carous'd



*Iago.* [*Sings*] And let me the canakin clink, clink;  
And let me the canakin clink:  
A soldier's a man;  
A life's but a span;  
Why, then, let a soldier drink.—(Act ii. 3. 71-75.)

Potations pottle-deep; and he's to watch:  
Three lads of Cyprus—noble swelling spirits,  
That hold their honours in a wary distance,  
The very elements<sup>1</sup> of this warlike isle— 59  
Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,  
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this  
flock of drunkards,  
Am I to put our Cassio in some action  
That may offend the isle:—but here they come:  
If consequence<sup>2</sup> do but approve my dream,  
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

<sup>1</sup> The very elements, i.e. the quintessence; or, as others explain it, = "as quarrelsome as the elements (fire and water)."

<sup>2</sup> Consequence, i.e. what follows.

*Re-enter CASSIO, followed by MONTANO, Gentlemen, and Servant with wine.*

*Cus.* 'Fore God, they have given me a rouse<sup>3</sup> already.

*Mon.* Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, as I am a soldier.

*Iago.* Some wine, ho! 70

[*Sings*] And let me the canakin clink, clink;

And let me the canakin clink:

A soldier's a man;

A life's but a span;

Why, then, let a soldier drink.

Some wine, boys!

<sup>3</sup> Rouse, a large glass = (as we say), "enough to drink."

*Cas.* 'Fore God, an excellent song.

*Iago.* I learn'd it in England, where, indeed, they are most potent in potting: your Dane, your German, and your swag-belli'd Hollander,—Drink, ho!—are nothing to your English. 81

*Cas.* Is your Englishman so expert in his drinking?

*Iago.* Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be fill'd.

*Cas.* To the health of our general!

*Mon.* I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you justice.<sup>1</sup> 90

*Iago.* O sweet England!

[*Sings*] King Stephen was a worthy peer,  
His breeches cost him but a crown;  
He held them sixpence all too dear,  
With that he call'd the tailor down.  
He was a wight of high renown,  
And thou art but of low degree:  
'T is pride that pulls the country down;  
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.

Some wine, ho! 100

*Cas.* Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

*Iago.* Will you hear 't again?

*Cas.* No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place that does those things.—Well,—God's above all; and there be souls must be saved; and there be souls must not be saved.

*Iago.* It's true, good lieutenant.

*Cas.* For mine own part,—no offence to the general, nor any man of quality,—I hope to be saved. 111

*Iago.* And so do I too, lieutenant.

*Cas.* Ay, but, by your leave, not before me; the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs. [*Drops his handkerchief; in trying to pick it up, falls on his knees.*]—Forgive us our sins!—Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk: this is my ancient;—this is my right hand, and this is my left:—I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough. 120

*All.* Excellent well.

*Cas.* Why, very well, then; you must not think, then, that I am drunk. [*Exit.*]

*Mon.* To the platform, masters; come, let's set the watch.

*Iago.* You see this fellow that is gone before;—

He is a soldier fit to stand by Cæsar  
And give direction: and do but see his vice;  
'T is to his virtue a just equinox.<sup>2</sup>  
The one as long as th' other: 't is pity of him.  
I fear the trust Othello puts him in, 131  
On some odd time of his infirmity,  
Will shake this island.

*Mon.* But is he often thus?

*Iago.* 'T is evermore the prologue to his sleep:

He'll watch the horologe a double set,<sup>3</sup>  
If drink rock not his cradle.

*Mon.* It were well  
The general were put in mind of it.  
Perhaps he sees it not; or his good nature  
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio, 139  
And looks not on his evils: is not this true?

*Enter RODERIGO.*

*Iago.* [*Aside to Roderigo*] How now, Roderigo!  
I pray you, after the lieutenant; go.

[*Exit Roderigo.*]

*Mon.* And 't is great pity that the noble Moor  
Should hazard such a place as his own second  
With one of an ingraft<sup>4</sup> infirmity:  
It were an honest action to say  
So to the Moor.

*Iago.* Not I, for this fair island:  
I do love Cassio well; and would do much  
To cure him of this evil—But, hark! what  
noise? [*Cry within*,—"Help! help!"

*Re-enter CASSIO, driving in RODERIGO.*

*Cas.* You rogue! you rascal!

*Mon.* What's the matter, lieutenant?

*Cas.* A knave to teach me my duty! 151  
I'll beat the knave into a twiggen<sup>5</sup> bottle.

*Rod.* Beat me!

*Cas.* Dost thou prate, rogue?

[*Striking Roderigo.*]

<sup>2</sup> *Equinox*, i.e. equal, counterpart.

<sup>3</sup> "He will lie awake for two rounds of the clock," i.e. twenty-four hours.

<sup>4</sup> *Ingraft*, rooted.

<sup>5</sup> *Twiggen*, wicker.

<sup>1</sup> *I'll do you justice*, i.e. I'll pledge you.

*Mon.* Nay, good lieutenant;  
[*Staying him.*]

I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

*Cas.* Let me go, sir,  
Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.<sup>1</sup>

*Mon.* Come, come, you're drunk.

*Cas.* Drunk! [*They fight.*]

*Iago.* [*Aside to Roderigo*] Away, I say; go  
out, and cry a mutiny! [*Exit Roderigo.*]

Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen;—

Help, ho!—Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—  
sir;—

Help, masters!—Here's a goodly watch in-  
deed! [*Bell rings.*]

Who's that which rings the bell?—Diablo,<sup>2</sup> ho!

The town will rise: God's will, lieutenant, hold;  
You will be sham'd for ever.

*Re-enter OTHELLO and Attendants.*

[*Oth.* What is the matter here?

*Mon.* Zounds, I bleed still; I am hurt to  
the death. [*Faints.*]

*Oth.* Hold, for your lives!

*Iago.* Hold, ho! Lieutenant,—sir,—Mon-  
tano,—gentlemen,—

Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?  
Hold! the general speaks to you; hold, for  
shame! ]

*Oth.* Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth  
this? 109

Are we turn'd Turks, and to ourselves do that  
Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?

For Christian shame, put by this barbarous  
brawl:

He that stirs next to carve for<sup>3</sup> his own rage  
Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.—  
Silence that dreadful bell! it frights the isle  
From her propriety.<sup>4</sup>—What is the matter,  
masters?—

Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,  
Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge  
thee.

*Iago.* I do not know:—friends all but now,  
even now, 179

In quarter,<sup>5</sup> and in terms<sup>6</sup> like bride and groom

<sup>1</sup> *Mazzard*, head.

<sup>2</sup> *Diablo*, contracted from *Diabolo* (Span.), the devil.

<sup>3</sup> *To carve for*, i.e. to supply food for, to indulge.

<sup>4</sup> *Propriety*, regular or proper state.

<sup>5</sup> *Quarter*=concord.

<sup>6</sup> *Terms*=expressions (towards one another).

Devesting them for bed; and then, but now—  
As if some planet had unwitting men— 182

Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,  
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak  
Any beginning to this peevish odds;<sup>7</sup>

And would in action glorious I had lost  
Those legs that brought me to a part of it!

*Oth.* How comes it, Michael, you are thus  
forgot?

*Cas.* I pray you, pardon me:—I cannot speak.

*Oth.* Worthy Montano, you were wont be  
civil;<sup>8</sup> 190

The gravity and stillness of your youth  
The world hath noted, and your name is great  
In mouths of wisest censure:<sup>9</sup> what's the matter,  
That you unlace your reputation thus,  
And spend your rich opinion<sup>10</sup> for the name  
Of a night-brawler? give me answer to it.

*Mon.* Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger:  
Your officer, Iago, can inform you—  
While I spare speech, which something now  
offends me— 199

Of all that I do know: nor know I aught  
By me that's said or done amiss this night;  
Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice,  
And to defend ourselves it be a sin  
When violence assails us.

*Oth.* Now, by heaven,  
My blood begins my safer guides to rule;  
And passion, having my best judgment collied,  
Assays to lead the way:—if I once stir,  
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you  
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know  
How this foul rout began, who set it on; 210  
And he that is approv'd<sup>11</sup> in this offence,  
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,  
Shall lose me.—What! in a town of war,  
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,  
To manage<sup>12</sup> private and domestic quarrel,  
In night, and on the court and guard of safety!  
'T is monstrous.<sup>13</sup>—Iago, who began 't? 217

*Mon.* If partially affin'd,<sup>14</sup> or leagu'd in office,  
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,  
Thou art no soldier.

<sup>7</sup> *Peevish odds*, foolish quarrel.

<sup>8</sup> *Civil*=well-ordered.

<sup>9</sup> *Censure*, judgment.

<sup>10</sup> *Spend your rich opinion*, i.e. waste your great repu-  
tation.

<sup>11</sup> *Approv'd*, i.e. convicted by proof.

<sup>12</sup> *Manage*=to bring about, to originate.

<sup>13</sup> *Monstrous*, pronounced as a trisyllable.

<sup>14</sup> *Partially affin'd*=taking sides from interested motives.

*Iago.* Touch me not so near:  
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth  
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio;  
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth  
Shall nothing wrong him.—Thus it is, general.  
Montano and myself being in speech,  
There comes a fellow crying out for help;  
And Cassio following him with determin'd  
sword  
To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman



*Iago.* What, are you hurt, lieutenant?—(Act ii. 3. 259.)

Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause:  
Myself the crying fellow did pursue, 230  
Lest by his clamour—as it so fell out—  
The town might fall in fright: he, swift of foot,  
Outran my purpose; and I return'd the rather  
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,  
And Cassio high in oath; which till to-night  
I ne'er might say before. When I came back,—  
For this was brief,—I found them close together,  
At blow and thrust; even as again they were  
When you yourself did part them.  
More of this matter cannot I report:— 240  
But men are men; the best sometimes forget:—  
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,—  
As men in rage strike those that wish them  
best,—  
Yet, surely, Cassio, I believe, receiv'd

From him that fled some strange indignity,  
Which patience could not pass.

*Oth.* I know, Iago,  
Thy honesty and love doth mince<sup>1</sup> this matter,  
Making it light to Cassio.—Cassio, I love thee;  
But never more be officer of mine.— 249

*Re-enter DESDEMONA, attended.*

Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up!—  
I'll make thee an example.

*Des.* [What's the matter?] }

*Oth.* All 's well now, sweeting; [come away }  
to bed.]— }

Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon:  
Lead him off. [To Montano, who is led off.  
Iago, look with care about the town,  
And silence those whom this vile brawl dis-  
tracted.—

Come, Desdemona: 't is the soldiers' life  
To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with  
strife. [Exeunt all except Iago and Cassio.

*Iago.* What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

*Cas.* Ay, past all surgery. 260

*Iago.* Marry, heaven forbid!

*Cas.* Reputation, reputation, reputation!  
O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the  
immortal part of myself, and what remains is  
bestial.—My reputation, Iago, my reputation!

*Iago.* As I am an honest man, I thought  
you had received some bodily wound; there is  
more sense in that than in reputation. Repu-  
tation is an idle and most false imposition; oft  
got without merit, and lost without deserving:  
you have lost no reputation at all, unless you  
repute yourself such a loser. What, man!  
there are ways to recover the general again:  
[you are but now cast in his mood,<sup>2</sup> a punish-  
ment more in policy than in malice; even so  
as one would beat his offenceless dog to af-  
fright an imperious lion:] sue to him again,  
and he's yours. 277

*Cas.* I will rather sue to be despis'd than  
to deceive so good a commander with so slight,  
so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer.  
Drunk? [and speak parrot?<sup>3</sup> and squabble?  
swagger? swear? and discourse fustian<sup>4</sup> with

<sup>1</sup> *Mince*, lessen.

<sup>2</sup> *Cast in his mood*, i.e. dismissed from office in his anger.

<sup>3</sup> *Speak parrot*, i.e. talk foolishly.

<sup>4</sup> *Discourse fustian*, i.e. talk bombastically.

one's own shadow?—]—O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil!

*Iago.* What was he that you follow'd with your sword? What had he done to you?

*Cas.* I know not.

*Iago.* Is't possible? 288

*Cas.* I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—O God, that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains! [that we should, with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!]

*Iago.* Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recovered?

*Cas.* It hath pleased the devil drunkenness to give place to the devil wrath: one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself. 300

*Iago.* Come, you are too severe a moralist: as the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but, since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

*Cas.* I will ask him for my place again,—he shall tell me I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange!—Every inordinate cup is unbless'd, and the ingredient<sup>1</sup> is a devil.

*Iago.* Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used: exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think you think I love you.

*Cas.* I have well approved it, sir.—I drunk!

*Iago.* You or any man living may be drunk at a time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general;—[I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and denotement of her parts and graces:—] confess yourself freely to her; importune her help to put you in your place again: she is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested:

[this broken joint between you and her husband entreat her to splinter; and, my fortunes against any lay<sup>2</sup> worth naming, this crack of<sup>3</sup> your love shall grow stronger than it was before.] 331

*Cas.* You advise me well.

*Iago.* I protest, in the sincerity of love and honest kindness.

*Cas.* I think it freely; and betimes in the morning I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake<sup>4</sup> for me: I am desperate of my fortunes if they check me here.

*Iago.* You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I must to the watch. 340

*Cas.* Good night, honest Iago. [Exit.]

*Iago.* And what's he, then, that says I play the villain?

When this advice is free I give and honest, Probab<sup>5</sup> to thinking, and, indeed, the course To win the Moor again? [For 't is most easy Th' inclining Desdemona to subdue In any honest suit: she's fram'd as fruitful As the free elements. And then for her To win the Moor,—were't to renounce his baptism,

All seals and symbols of redeemed sin, 350 His soul is so enfetter'd to her love, That she may make, unmake, do what she list, Even as her appetite shall play the god With his weak function.<sup>6</sup>] How am I, then, a villain

To counsel Cassio to this parallel course, Directly to his good? Divinity of hell! When devils will the blackest sins put on,<sup>7</sup> They do suggest<sup>8</sup> at first with heavenly shows, As I do now: for whiles this honest fool Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes, 360 And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor, I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,— That she repeals<sup>9</sup> him for her body's lust; And by how much she strives to do him good, She shall undo her credit with the Moor. So will I turn her virtue into pitch; And out of her own goodness make the net That shall enmesh them all.

<sup>2</sup> Lay, wager.

<sup>3</sup> Crack of = flaw in.

<sup>4</sup> To undertake (my cause), = assume the office of mediator.

<sup>5</sup> Probab, another form of probable.

<sup>6</sup> Function, power of action.

<sup>7</sup> Put on, i.e. encourage.

<sup>8</sup> Suggest, tempt.

<sup>9</sup> Repeals, recalls, as it were, from banishment.

<sup>1</sup> Ingredient, i.e. that which is mixed in the cup; the ingredients.

*Re-enter RODERIGO.*

How now, Roderigo!

*Rod.* I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry.<sup>1</sup> My money is almost spent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgell'd; and I think the issue will be—I shall have so much experience for my pains; and so, with no money at all, and a little more wit, return again to Venice.

*Iago.* How poor are they that have not patience!

What wound did ever heal but by degrees?  
Thou know'st we work by wit, and not by witchcraft;  
And wit depends on dilatory time.  
Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,

And thou, by that small hurt, hath cashier'd Cassio:

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[Though other things grow fair against the sun,

Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe:]  
Content thyself awhile.—By the mass, 'tis morning;

Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.—

Retire thee; go where thou art billeted:

Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter:  
Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit Roderigo.*] Two things are to be done,—

My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress;  
I'll set her on;

390

Myself the while to draw the Moor apart,  
And bring him jump when he may Cassio find  
Soliciting his wife:—ay, that's the way;  
Dull not device by coldness and delay. [*Exit.*

## ACT III.

[SCENE I. *Cyprus. Before the castle.*

*Enter CASSIO and some Musicians.*

*Cas.* Masters, play here,—I will content your pains,—  
Something that's brief; and bid "Good morrow, general." [*Music.*

*Enter Clown.*

*Clow.* Why, masters, have your instruments been in Naples, that they speak i' the nose thus?

*First Mus.* How, sir, how!

*Clow.* Are these, I pray you, wind-instruments?

*First Mus.* Ay, marry, are they, sir.

*Clow.* O, thereby hangs a tail.

*First Mus.* Whereby hangs a tale, sir? 9

*Clow.* Marry, sir, by many a wind-instrument that I know. But, masters, here's money for you: and the general so likes your music, that he desires you, of all loves,<sup>2</sup> to make no more noise with it.

*First Mus.* Well, sir, we will not.

*Clow.* If you have any music that may not be heard, to't again: but, as they say, to hear music the general does not greatly care.

*First Mus.* We have none such, sir.

*Clow.* Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away: go; vanish into air; away! 21

[*Exeunt Musicians.*

*Cas.* Dost thou hear, my honest friend?

*Clow.* No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.

*Cas.* Prithee, keep up thy quillets.<sup>3</sup> There's a poor piece of gold for thee: if the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife be stirring, tell her there's one Cassio entreats her a little favour of speech: wilt thou do this?

*Clow.* She is stirring, sir: if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her. 31

*Cas.* Do, good my friend. [*Exit Clown.*

*Enter IAGO.*

In happy time, Iago.

*Iago.* You have not been a-bed, then?

*Cas.* Why, no; the day had broke

<sup>1</sup> Cry = the pack; cf. the phrase, "in full cry."

<sup>2</sup> Of all loves = by all that is lovable; or, by all your love for him.

<sup>3</sup> Quillets, nice distinctions, subtleties.

Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,  
To send in to your wife: my suit to her  
Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona  
Procure me some access.

*Iago.* I'll send her to you presently;  
And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor  
Out of the way, that your converse and business  
May be more free. 41

*Cas.* I humbly thank you for't. [*Exit Iago.*]  
I never knew  
A Florentine more kind and honest.

*Enter EMILIA.*

*Emil.* Good morrow, good lieutenant: I am  
sorry  
For your displeasure; but all will sure be well.  
The general and his wife are talking of it;  
And she speaks for you stoutly: the Moor re-  
plies,  
That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus  
And great affinity,<sup>1</sup> and that in wholesome  
wisdom  
He might not but refuse you; but he protests  
he loves you, 50  
And needs no other suitor but his likings  
To take the saf'st occasion by the front  
To bring you in again.

*Cas.* Yet, I beseech you,—  
If you think fit, or that it may be done,—  
Give me advantage of some brief discourse  
With Desdemona alone.

*Emil.* Pray you, come in:  
I will bestow you where you shall have time  
To speak your bosom freely.

*Cas.* I am much bound to you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A room in the castle.*

*Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Gentlemen.*

*Oth.* These letters give, Iago, to the pilot;  
And, by him, do my duties to the senate:  
That done, I will be walking on the works;  
Repair there to me.

*Iago.* Well, my good lord, I'll do't.

*Oth.* This fortification, gentlemen,—shall we  
see't?

*Gent.* We'll wait upon your lordship.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The garden of the castle.*

*Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and EMILIA.*

*Des.* Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do  
All my abilities in thy behalf.

*Emil.* Good madam, do: I warrant it grieves  
my husband,  
As if the case were his.

*Des.* O, that's an honest fellow.—Do not  
doubt, Cassio,  
But I will have my lord and you again  
As friendly as you were.

*Cas.* Bounteous madam,  
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,  
He's never any thing but your true servant.

*Des.* I know't,—I thank you. You do love  
my lord: 10  
You've known him long; and be you well  
assur'd

He shall in strangeness<sup>2</sup> stand no further off  
Than in a politic distance.

*Cas.* Ay, but, lady,  
That policy may either last so long,  
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,  
Or breed itself so out of circumstance,  
That, I being absent, and my place supplied,  
My general will forget my love and service.

*Des.* Do not doubt that; before Emilia  
here

I give thee warrant of thy place: assure thee,  
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it 21  
To the last article: my lord shall never rest;  
I'll watch him tame,<sup>3</sup> and talk him out of  
patience;

His bed shall seem a school, his board a  
shrift;<sup>4</sup>

I'll intermingle every thing he does  
With Cassio's suit: therefore be merry, Cassio;  
For thy solicitor shall rather die  
Than give thy cause away.

*Emil.* Madam, here comes my lord.

*Cas.* Madam, I'll take my leave. 30

*Des.* Why, stay, and hear me speak.

*Cas.* Madam, not now: I'm very ill at ease,  
Unfit for mine own purposes.

*Des.* Well, do your discretion. [*Exit Cassio.*]

<sup>2</sup> *Strangeness*, unfriendly behaviour, estrangement.

<sup>3</sup> *I'll watch him tame*, i.e. "I'll tame him by keeping  
him awake."

<sup>4</sup> *Shrift*, confessional.

*Enter OTHELLO, with papers in his hand, and IAGO.*

*Iago.* Ha! I like not that.

*Oth.* [*Turning suddenly to him*] What dost thou say?

*Iago.* Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not what.

*Oth.* [*Looks at papers—pause*] Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?

*Iago.* Cassio, my lord! No, sure, I cannot think it,

That hé would steal away so guilty-like,  
Seeing you coming.

*Oth.* I do believe 't was he.

[*Goes to table, and seems in deep thought.*]

*Des.* How now, my lord! 41

[*Othello starts, then kisses her on the forehead.*]

I have been talking with a suitor here,  
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

*Oth.* Who is't you mean?

*Des.* Why, your lieutenant, Cassio. Good my lord,

If I have any grace or power to move you,  
His present reconciliation take;<sup>1</sup>  
For if he be not one that truly loves you,  
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,<sup>2</sup>  
I have no judgment in an honest face: 50  
I prithee, call him back.

*Oth.* Went he hence now?

*Des.* Ay, sooth; so humbled,  
That he hath left part of his grief with me,  
To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

*Oth.* Not now, sweet Desdemona; some other time.

*Des.* But shall 't be shortly?

*Oth.* The sooner, sweet, for you.

*Des.* Shall 't be to-night at supper?

*Oth.* No, not to-night.

*Des.* To-morrow dinner, then?

*Oth.* I shall not dine at home;

I meet the captains at the citadel.

*Des.* Why, then, to-morrow night; or Tuesday morn; 60

On Tuesday noon, or night; on Wednesday morn:—

I prithee, name the time; but let it not

Exceed three days: [in faith, he's penitent;  
And yet his trespass, in our common reason,—  
Save that, they say, the wars must make  
examples

Out of their best,—is not almost a fault  
T' incur a private check. When shall he come?  
Tell me, Othello: ] I wonder in my soul,  
What you would ask me, that I should deny,  
Or stand so mammering<sup>3</sup> on. What! Michael  
Cassio, 70

That came a-wooing with you; and so many a  
time,

When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,  
Hath ta'en your part; to have so much to do  
To bring him in! Trust me, I could do much,—

*Oth.* Prithee, no more: let him come when  
he will;

I will deny thee nothing.

[*Des.* Why, this is not a boon;  
'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,  
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you  
warm,

Or sue to you to do peculiar profit 79  
To your own person: nay, when I have a suit  
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,  
It shall be full of poise and difficult weight,  
And fearful to be granted.

*Oth.* I will deny thee nothing: ]  
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,  
To leave me but a little to myself.

*Des.* Shall I deny you? no: farewell, my lord.

*Oth.* Farewell, my Desdemona: I'll come to  
thee straight.

*Des.* Emilia, come.—Be as your fancies  
teach you;

Whate'er you be, I am obedient.

[*Exit, with Emilia.*]

*Oth.* Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my  
soul, 90

But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,  
Chaos is come again.

*Iago.* My noble lord,—

*Oth.* What dost thou say, Iago?

*Iago.* Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd  
my lady,

Know of your love?

*Oth.* He did, from first to last: why dost  
thou ask?

<sup>1</sup> i.e. "accept the submission or atonement that he now makes."

<sup>2</sup> *Cunning*, design, or perhaps = knowledge.

<sup>3</sup> *Mammering*, hesitating; see note 138.



*Iago.* But for a satisfaction of my thought;  
No further harm.

*Oth.* Why of thy thought, Iago?

*Iago.* I did not think he had been acquainted with her.

*Oth.* O, yes; and went between us very oft.

*Iago.* Indeed! 101

*Oth.* Indeed! ay, indeed:—discern'st thou aught in that?

Is he not honest?

*Iago.* Honest, my lord!

*Oth.* Honest! ay, honest.

*Iago.* My lord, for aught I know.

*Oth.* What dost thou think?

*Iago.* Think, my lord!

*Oth.* Think, my lord!

By heaven, he echoes me,  
As if there were some monster in his thought  
Too hideous to be shown. Thou dost mean something:

I heard thee say even now, thou lik'dst not that, 109

When Cassio left my wife: what didst not like?  
And when I told thee he was of my counsel  
In my whole course of wooing, thou criest  
"Indeed!"

And didst contract and purse thy brow  
together,

As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain  
Some horrible conceit: if thou dost love me,  
Show me thy thought.

*Iago.* My lord, you know I love you.

*Oth.* I think thou dost;  
And, for I know thou'rt full of love and  
honesty,

And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st  
them breath,

Therefore these stops of thine fright me the  
more: 120

For such things in a false disloyal knave  
Are tricks of custom; but in a man that's just  
They're close delations,<sup>1</sup> working from the  
heart,

That passion cannot rule.

*Iago.* For Michael Cassio,  
I dare be sworn I think that he is honest.

*Oth.* I think so too.

*Iago.* Men should be what they seem;

Or those that be not, would they might seem  
none!

*Oth.* Certain, men should be what they seem.

*Iago.* Why, then, I think Cassio's an  
honest man.

*Oth.* Nay, yet there's more in this: 130  
I prithee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,  
As thou dost ruminate; and give thy worst of  
thoughts

The worst of words.

*Iago.* Good my lord, pardon me:  
Though I am bound to every act of duty,  
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.  
Utter my thoughts? Why, say they're vile  
and false,—

As where's that palace whereinto foul things  
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so  
pure,

But some uncleanly apprehensions  
Keep leets<sup>2</sup> and law-days, and in session sit  
With meditations lawful? 141

*Oth.* Thou dost conspire against thy friend,  
Iago,

If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st  
his ear

A stranger to thy thoughts.

*Iago.* I do beseech you—  
Though I perchance am vicious in my guess,  
As, I confess, it is my nature's plague  
To spy into abuses, and oft my jealousy  
Shapes faults that are not—that your wisdom  
yet,

From one that so imperfectly conceits,  
Would take no notice; nor build yourself a  
trouble 150

Out of his scattering<sup>3</sup> and unsure observance:—  
It were not for your quiet nor your good,  
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,  
To let you know my thoughts.

*Oth.* What dost thou mean?

*Iago.* Good name in man and woman, dear  
my lord,

Is the immediate jewel of their souls:  
Who steals my purse steals trash; 't is some-  
thing, nothing;

'T was mine, 't is his, and has been slave to  
thousands;

<sup>1</sup> *Delations*, informations; see note 142.

<sup>2</sup> *Leets*=days for trial in courts leet.

<sup>3</sup> *Scattering*, careless, flighty.

But he that filches from me my good name  
 Robs me of that which not enriches him,  
 And makes me poor indeed. 161

*Oth.* By heaven, I'll know thy thoughts!

*Iago.* You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;

Nor shall not, whilst 't is in my custody.

*Oth.* Ha!

*Iago.* O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;  
 It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth mock  
 The meat it feeds on: that cuckold lives in bliss  
 Who, certain of his fate,<sup>1</sup> loves not his wronger;  
 But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er  
 Who dotes, yet doubts, suspects, yet strongly  
 loves! 170

*Oth.* O misery!

*Iago.* Poor and content is rich, and rich  
 enough;

But riches fineless<sup>2</sup> is as poor as winter  
 To him that ever fears he shall be poor:—  
 Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend  
 From jealousy!

*Oth.* Why, why is this?

Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy,  
 To follow still the changes of the moon 178  
 With fresh suspicions? No; to be once in doubt  
 Is once to be resolv'd: exchange me for a goat,  
 When I shall turn the business of my soul  
 To such exsufficate<sup>3</sup> and blown surmises,  
 Matching thy inference. 'T is not to make me  
 jealous

To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,  
 Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;  
 Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:  
 Not from mine own weak merits will I draw  
 The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt;  
 For she had eyes, and chose me. No, Iago;  
 I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;  
 And, on the proof, there is no more but this,—  
 Away at once with love or jealousy! 193

*Iago.* I'm glad of it; for now I shall have  
 reason

To show the love and duty that I bear you  
 With franker spirit: therefore, as I am bound,  
 Receive it from me:—I speak not yet of proof.  
 Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio;  
 Wear your eye thus, not jealous nor secure:

I would not have your free and noble nature,  
 Out of self-bounty, be abus'd; look to 't: 200  
 I know our country disposition well;  
 In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks  
 They dare not show their husbands; their best  
 conscience

Is—not to leave undone, but keep unknown.

*Oth.* Dost thou say so?

*Iago.* She did deceive her father, marrying  
 you;

And when she seem'd to shake and fear your  
 looks,

She lov'd them most.

*Oth.* And so she did.

*Iago.* Why, go to, then;  
 She that, so young, could give out such a  
 seeming, 209

To seel<sup>4</sup> her father's eyes up close as oak—  
 He thought 't was witchcraft:—but I'm much  
 to blame;

I humbly do beseech you of your pardon  
 For too much loving you.

*Oth.* I'm bound to thee for ever.

*Iago.* I see this hath a little dash'd your  
 spirits.

*Oth.* Not a jot, not a jot.

*Iago.* I' faith, I fear it has.  
 I hope you will consider what is spoke  
 Comes from my love;—but I do see you're  
 mov'd:—

I am to pray you not to strain my speech  
 To grosser issues nor to larger reach  
 Than to suspicion. 220

*Oth.* I will not.

*Iago.* Should you do so, my lord,  
 My speech should fall into such vile success  
 As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my  
 worthy friend:—

My lord, I see you're mov'd.

*Oth.* No, not much mov'd:—

I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

*Iago.* Long live she so! and long live you  
 to think so!

*Oth.* And yet, how nature erring from it-  
 self,—

*Iago.* Ay, there's the point: as—to be bold  
 with you—

Not to affect many proposed matches 229

<sup>1</sup> Certain of his fate, i.e. who knows the worst.

<sup>2</sup> Fineless, without limit

<sup>3</sup> Exsufficate, inflated.

<sup>4</sup> To seel = to blind.

Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,  
 Whereto we see in all things nature tends,—  
 Foh! one may smell in such a will most rank,  
 Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural:—  
 But pardon me: I do not in position<sup>1</sup> 231  
 Distinctly speak of her; though I may fear  
 Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,

May fall to match you with her country forms,  
 And happily repent.

*Oth.* Farewell, farewell:

If more thou dost perceive, let me know  
 more;

Set on thy wife to observe: leave me, Iago.

*Iago.* My lord, I take my leave. [*Going.*]



*Des.* Faith, that's with watching; 't will away again:  
 Let me but bind it hard, within this hour  
 It will be well.—(Act iii. 3. 285-287.)

*Oth.* Why did I marry?—This honest creature doubtless 242  
 Sees and knows more, much more, than he  
 unfolds.

*Iago.* My lord, I would I might entreat  
 your honour [*Returning.*]  
 To scan this thing no further; leave it to time:  
 Although 't is fit that Cassio have his place,—  
 For, sure, he fills it up with great ability,—  
 Yet, if you please to hold him off awhile,  
 You shall by that perceive him and his means:

Note if your lady strain his entertainment<sup>2</sup>  
 With any strong or vehement importunity;  
 Much will be seen in that. In the meantime  
 Let me be thought too busy in my fears,—  
 As worthy cause I have to fear I am,—  
 And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

*Oth.* Fear not my government. 256

*Iago.* I once more take my leave. [*Exit.*]

*Oth.* This fellow's of exceeding honesty,  
 And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,  
 Of human dealings. If I do prove her haggard,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In position = directly, formally.

<sup>2</sup> Entertainment, i.e. that you should receive him back.

<sup>3</sup> Haggard = a wanton. See note 153.

Though that her jesses<sup>1</sup> were my dear heart-strings, 261  
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,  
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black,  
And have not those soft parts of conversation  
That chamberers<sup>2</sup> have; or, for I am declin'd  
Into the vale of years,—yet that's not much;—  
She's gone; I am abus'd; and my relief



Iago. Why, what's that to you?—(Act iii. 3. 315.)

Must be to loathe her. O curse of marriage,  
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,  
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,  
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon, 271  
Than keep a corner in the thing I love  
For others' uses. [Yet, 't is the plague of great  
ones;  
Prerogativ'd are they less than the base;  
'T is destiny unshunnable, like death:  
Even then this forked plague<sup>3</sup> is fated to us  
When we do quicken.<sup>4</sup>]—Desdemona comes:

<sup>1</sup> *Jesses*, the leather thongs tied round the hawk's legs and held by the falconer. <sup>2</sup> *Chamberers* = effeminate men.

<sup>3</sup> *Forked plague*, i.e. cuckold's horns.

<sup>4</sup> *Quicken*, i.e. come into being.

If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!—  
I'll not believe't.

*Re-enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA.*

*Des.* How now, my dear Othello!  
Your dinner, and the generous<sup>5</sup> islanders 280  
By you invited, do attend your presence.

*Oth.* I am to blame.

*Des.* Why do you speak so faintly?  
Are you not well?

*Oth.* I have a pain upon my forehead here.

*Des.* Faith, that's with watching; 't will  
away again:

Let me but bind it hard, within this hour  
It will be well.

*Oth.* Your napkin is too little;

[*He puts the handkerchief from him; and  
she drops it.*

Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

*Des.* I'm very sorry that you are not well.

[*Exeunt Othello and Desdemona.*

*Emil.* I am glad I have found this napkin:<sup>6</sup>  
This was her first remembrance from the Moor:  
My wayward husband hath a hundred times  
Wo'd me to steal it; but she so loves the  
token,— 293

For he conjur'd her she should ever keep it,—  
That she reserves it evermore about her  
To kiss and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en  
out,<sup>7</sup>

And give't Iago:

What he will do with it heaven knows, not I;  
I nothing but to please his fantasy.

*Re-enter IAGO.*

*Iago.* How now! what do you here alone?

*Emil.* Do not you chide; I have a thing for  
you. 301

*Iago.* A thing for me!—it is a common  
thing—

*Emil.* Ha!

*Iago.* To have a foolish wife.

*Emil.* O, is that all? What will you give  
me now

For that same handkerchief?

*Iago.* What handkerchief?

*Emil.* What handkerchief!

<sup>5</sup> *Generous*, of noble birth.

<sup>6</sup> *Napkin*, handkerchief.

<sup>7</sup> *Ta'en out* = copied.

Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;  
That which so often you did bid me steal.

*Iago.* Hast stol'n it from her? 310

*Emil.* No, faith; she let it drop by negligence,  
And, to th' advantage, I, being here, took 't up.  
Look, here it is.

*Iago.* A good wench; give it me.

*Emil.* What will you do with 't, that you  
have been so earnest  
To have me filch it?

*Iago.*

Why, what's that to you?

[*Snatching it.*]

*Emil.* If 't be not for some purpose of import,  
Give 't me again: poor lady, she'll run mad  
When she shall lack it.

*Iago.* Be not you acknown on 't;<sup>1</sup>  
I have use for it. Go, leave me. [*Exit Emilia.*]  
I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,  
And let him find it. Trifles light as air 322  
Are to the jealous confirmations strong



*Oth.* If thou dost slander her, and torture me,  
Never pray more.—(Act iii. 3. 368, 369.)

As proofs of holy writ: this may do something.  
The Moor already changes with my poison:—  
Dangerous conceits are, in their natures,  
poisons,

Which at the first are scarce found to distaste,  
But, with a little act upon the blood,  
Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say  
so:—

Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor man-  
dragora,<sup>2</sup> 330

Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,  
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep  
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

*Re-enter OTHELLO.*

*Oth.* Ha! ha! false to me?

*Iago.* Why, how now, general! no more of  
that.

*Oth.* Avaunt! begone! thou hast set me on  
the rack:—

I swear 't is better to be much abus'd  
Than but to know 't a little.

*Iago.* How now, my lord!

*Oth.* What sense had I of her stol'n hours  
of lust?

I saw 't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:  
I slept the next night well, was free and  
merry; 340

I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:  
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stol'n,  
Let him not know 't, and he's not robb'd at all.

*Iago.* I am sorry to hear this.

*Oth.* [I had been happy, if the general camp,  
Pioners and all, had tasted her sweet body, }

<sup>1</sup> Be not you acknown on 't, i.e. "Feign ignorance about it."

<sup>2</sup> *Mandragora*, mandrake = a powerful opiate.

So I had nothing known.] O, now, for ever  
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!  
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,  
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!  
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill  
trump, 351

The spirit-stirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife,  
The royal banner, and all quality,  
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!  
And, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats  
Th' immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,  
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

*Iago.* Is't possible, my lord?

*Oth.* Villain, be sure thou prove my love a  
whore,—

Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof; 360  
Or, by the worth of man's eternal soul,  
Thou hadst been better have been born a dog  
Than answer my wak'd wrath!

*Iago.* Is't come to this?

*Oth.* Make me to see't; or, at the least, so  
prove it,

That the probation bear no hinge nor loop  
To hang a doubt on; or woe upon thy life!

*Iago.* My noble lord,—

*Oth.* If thou dost slander her, and torture me,  
Never pray more; abandon all remorse;<sup>1</sup>  
On horror's head horrors accumulate; 370  
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd;  
For nothing canst thou to damnation add  
Greater than that.

*Iago.* O grace! O heaven forgive me!  
Are you a man? have you a soul or sense?—  
God b' wi' you! take mine office.—O wretched  
fool,

That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice!—  
O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O  
world, 377

To be direct and honest is not safe.—  
I thank you for this profit; and from hence  
I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence.

*Oth.* Nay, stay:—thou shouldst be honest.

*Iago.* I should be wise; for honesty's a fool,  
And loses that it works for.

*Oth.* By the world,

I think my wife be honest, and think she is not;  
I think that thou art just, and think thou art  
not:

I'll have some proof: her name, that was as  
fresh

As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black ✓  
As mine own face.—If there be cords or knives,  
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams, 389  
I'll not endure it.—Would I were satisfied!

*Iago.* I see, sir, you are eaten up with  
passion:

I do repent me that I put it to you.

You would be satisfied?

*Oth.* Would! nay, I will.

*Iago.* And may: but, how? how satisfied,  
my lord?

Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on,—  
[Behold her topp'd?] 391

*Oth.* Death and damnation! O!

*Iago.* It were a tedious difficulty, I think,  
To bring them to that prospect: damn them,  
then,

If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster  
More than their own! What then? how then?  
What shall I say? Where's satisfaction?

[It is impossible you should see this, 402/  
Were they as prime<sup>2</sup> as goats, as hot as monkeys,  
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross  
As ignorance made drunk.] But yet, I say,  
If imputation and strong circumstances—  
Which lead directly to the door of truth—  
Will give you satisfaction, you may have't.

*Oth.* Give me a living<sup>3</sup> reason she's disloyal.

*Iago.* I do not like the office: 410

But, sith I'm enter'd in this cause so far,  
Prick'd to't by foolish honesty and love,—  
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately;  
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,  
I could not sleep.

There are a kind of men so loose of soul  
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs;  
One of this kind is Cassio:

In sleep I heard him say, "Sweet Desdemona,  
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves;" 420

And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my  
hand,

Cry ["O sweet creature!" and then kiss me;  
hard,

As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots  
That grew upon my lips: then laid his leg  
Over my thigh, and sigh'd, and kiss'd; and then;

<sup>1</sup> Remorse, pity.

<sup>2</sup> Prime, lascivious.

<sup>3</sup> Living, conclusive.

Cried ] "Cursed fate that gave thee to the Moor!" 426

*Oth.* O monstrous! monstrous!

*Iago.* Nay, this was but his dream.

*Oth.* But this denoted a foregone conclusion:  
'T is a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

*Iago.* And this may help to thicken other proofs 430

That do demonstrate thinly.

*Oth.* I'll tear her all to pieces.

*Iago.* Nay, but be wise: yet we see nothing done;



*Oth.* Now, by yond marble heaven,  
In the due reverence of a sacred vow  
I here engage my words—(Act iii. 3. 460-462.)

She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,—  
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief  
Spotted<sup>1</sup> with strawberries in your wife's hand?

*Oth.* I gave her such a one; 't was my first gift.

*Iago.* I know not that: but such a handkerchief—

I'm sure it was your wife's—did I to-day  
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

*Oth.* If it be that,—

*Iago.* If it be that, or any that was hers,  
It speaks against her with the other proofs.

*Oth.* O, that the slave had forty thousand lives,— 442

One is too poor, too weak for my revenge!

Now do I see 't is true.—Look here, Iago;

All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven:

'T is gone.—

Arise, black vengeance, from the hollow hell!

Yield up, O love, thy crown and hearted<sup>2</sup> throne

To tyrannous hate! Swell, bosom, with thy  
fraught,

For 't is of aspics' tongues!

<sup>1</sup> Spotted = embroidered.

<sup>2</sup> Hearted, seated in the heart.

*Iago.* Yet be content.

*Oth.* O, blood, blood, blood! 451

*Iago.* Patience, I say; your mind perhaps may change.

*Oth.* Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic sea,  
Whose icy current and compulsive course  
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on  
To the Propontic and the Hellespont;  
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,  
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble  
love,

Till that a capable and wide revenge  
Swallow them up.—Now, by yond marble  
heaven, 460  
In the due reverence of a sacred vow [*Kneels*.  
I here engage my words.

*Iago.* Do not rise yet.— [*Kneels*.  
Witness, you ever-burning lights above,  
You elements that clip<sup>1</sup> us round about,—  
Witness that here Iago doth give up  
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,  
To wrong'd Othello's service! Let him com-  
mand,

And to obey shall be in me remorse,  
What bloody business ever.

*Oth.* I greet thy love,  
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance  
bounteous, 470

And will upon the instant put thee to 't:  
Within these three days let me hear thee say  
That Cassio's not alive.

*Iago.* My friend is dead; 't is done at your  
request:  
But let her live.

*Oth.* Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her!  
[Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw,  
To furnish me with some swift means of death  
For the fair devil.] Now art thou my lieu-  
tenant.

*Iago.* I am your own for ever. [*Exeunt*.]

SCENE IV. *Before the castle.*

*Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA [and Clown.]*

[*Des.* Do you know, sirrah, where Lieutenant  
Cassio lies?<sup>2</sup>

*Clo.* I dare not say he lies any where.

*Des.* Why, man?

*Clo.* He's a soldier; and for one to say a  
soldier lies, is stabbing.

*Des.* Go to: where lodges he?

*Clo.* To tell you where he lodges, is to tell  
you where I lie.

*Des.* Can any thing be made of this? 10

*Clo.* I know not where he lodges; and for  
me to devise a lodging, and say he lies here or  
he lies there, were to lie in mine own throat.

*Des.* Can you inquire him out, and be edified<sup>3</sup>  
by report?

*Clo.* I will catechize the world for him; that  
is, make questions, and by them answer.

*Des.* Seek him, bid him come hither: tell  
him I have moved my lord on his behalf, and  
hope all will be well. 20

*Clo.* To do this is within the compass of  
man's wit; and therefore I will attempt the  
doing it. [*Exit*.]

*Des.* Where should I lose that handkerchief,  
Emilia?

*Emil.* I know not, madam.

*Des.* Believe me, I had rather have lost my  
purse  
Full of crusadoes: and, but my noble Moor  
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness  
As jealous creatures are, it were enough  
To put him to ill thinking.

*Emil.* Is he not jealous?

*Des.* Who, he? I think the sun where he  
was born 30  
Drew<sup>4</sup> all such humours from him.

*Emil.* Look, where he comes.

*Des.* I will not leave him now till Cassio  
Be call'd to him.

*Enter OTHELLO.*

How is't with you, my lord?

*Oth.* Well, my good lady.—[*Aside*] O, hard-  
ness to dissemble!—

How do you, Desdemona?

*Des.* Well, my good lord.

*Oth.* Give me your hand: this hand is moist,  
my lady.

*Des.* It yet hath felt no age nor known no  
sorrow.

*Oth.* This argues fruitfulness and liberal  
heart:—

<sup>3</sup> *Edified*, used purposely in an affected sense = instructed.

<sup>4</sup> *Drew*, i.e. as the sun *draws* vapours from the ground.

<sup>1</sup> *Clip*, encompass.

<sup>2</sup> *Lies*, lodges.



Hot, hot, and moist: this hand of yours requires  
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,  
Much castigation, exercise devout; 41  
For here's a young and sweating devil here,  
That commonly rebels. 'T is a good hand,  
A frank one.

*Des.* You may, indeed, say so;

For 't was that hand that gave away my heart.

*Oth.* A liberal hand: the hearts of old gave  
hands;

But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.

*Des.* I cannot speak of this. Come now  
your promise.

*Oth.* What promise, chuck?



*Oth.* Give me your hand: this hand is moist, my lady—(Act iii. 4. 35.)

*Des.* I've sent to bid Cassio come speak with  
you. 50

*Oth.* I have a salt and sorry rheum offends  
me;

Lend me thy handkerchief.

*Des.* Here, my lord.

*Oth.* That which I gave you.

*Des.* I have it not about me.

*Oth.* Not?

*Des.* No, indeed, my lord.

*Oth.* That is a fault.

That handkerchief

Did an Egyptian to my mother give;

She was a charmer, and could almost read

The thoughts of people: she told her, while  
she kept it,

'T would make her amiable, and subdue my  
father

Entirely to her love; but if she lost it, 60

Or made a gift of it, my father's eye

Should hold her loathed, and his spirits should  
hunt

After new fancies: she, dying, gave it me;

And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,

To give it her. I did so: and take heed on't;

Make it a darling like your precious eye;

To lose 't or give 't away were such perdition  
As nothing else could match.

*Des.* Is 't possible?

*Oth.* 'Tis true: there's magic in the web of it:  
A sibyl, that had number'd in the world 70  
The sun to course two hundred compasses,<sup>1</sup>  
In her prophetic fury sew'd the work;  
The worms were hallow'd that did breed the silk;

And it was dy'd in mummy which the skilful  
Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.

*Des.* Indeed! is 't true?

*Oth.* Most veritable; therefore look to 't well.

*Des.* Then would to God that I had never  
seen 't!

*Oth.* Ha! wherefore?

*Des.* Why do you speak so startingly and  
rash?

*Oth.* Is 't lost? is 't gone? speak, is it out o'  
the way? 80

*Des.* Heaven bless us!

*Oth.* Say you?

*Des.* It is not lost; but what an if it were?

*Oth.* How!

*Des.* I say, it is not lost.

*Oth.* Fetch 't, let me see 't.

*Des.* Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now.  
This is a trick to put me from my suit:  
Pray you, let Cassio be receiv'd again.

*Oth.* Fetch me the handkerchief: my mind  
misgives.

*Des.* Come, come; 90  
You'll never meet a more sufficient man.

*Oth.* The handkerchief!

[*Des.* I pray, talk me of Cassio.

*Oth.* The handkerchief!]

*Des.* A man that all his time  
Hath founded his good fortunes on your love,  
Shar'd dangers with you,—

*Oth.* The handkerchief!

*Des.* In sooth, you are to blame.

*Oth.* Away! [*Exit.*

*Emil.* Is not this man jealous?

*Des.* I ne'er saw this before. 100  
Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief:  
I'm most unhappy in the loss of it.

*Emil.* 'T is not a year or two shows us a man:  
[They're all but stomachs, and we all but food;

They eat us hungerly, and when they're full,  
They belch us.]—Look you,—Cassio and my  
husband.

*Enter Cassio and Iago.*

*Iago.* There is no other way; 't is she must  
do 't:

And, lo, the happiness!<sup>2</sup> go, and impórtune her

*Des.* How now, good Cassio! what's the  
news with you?

*Cas.* Madam, my former suit: I do beseech  
you 110

That by your virtuous means I may again  
Exist, and be a member of his love  
Whom I with all the office of my heart  
Entirely honour: [I would not be delay'd.

If my offence be of such mortal kind  
That nor my service past, nor present sorrows,

Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,  
Can ransom me into his love again,

But to know so must be my benefit;  
So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content, 120

And shut myself up in some other course,  
To fortune's alms.]

*Des.* Alas, thrice-gentle Cassio!

My advocacy is not now in tune;  
My lord is not my lord; nor should I know  
him,

Were he in favour as in humour alter'd.

So help me every spirit sanctified,  
As I have spoken for you all my best,

And stood within the blank<sup>3</sup> of his displeasure  
For my free speech! You must awhile be  
patient:

What I can do I will; and more I will 130  
Than for myself I dare: let that suffice you.

*Iago.* Is my lord angry?

*Emil.* He went hence but now,  
And certainly in strange unquietness.

*Iago.* Can he be angry? I have seen the  
cannon,

When it hath blown his ranks into the air,  
And, like the devil, from his very arm

Puff'd his own brother;—and can he be angry?  
Something of moment, then: I will go meet  
him:

There's matter in 't indeed, if he be angry.

<sup>1</sup> Number'd in the world, &c., i.e. lived 200 years.

<sup>2</sup> The happiness! i.e. how lucky that she is there.

<sup>3</sup> Blank, aim.

*Des.* I prithee, do so. [*Exit Iago.*]

Something, sure, of state,—

[*Either from Venice, or some unhatch'd practice* 141

Made démonstrable here in Cyprus to him,—]

Hath puddled his clear spirit; and in such cases

Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,

Though great ones are their object. [*'Tis even so;*

For let our finger ache, and it indues

Our other healthful members even to that sense

Of pain: nay, we must think men are not gods,

Nor of them look for such observancy 149

As fits the bridal.—Beshrew me much, Emilia,

I was—unhandsome<sup>1</sup> warrior as I am—

Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;

But now I find I had suborn'd the witness,

And he's indicted falsely. ]

*Emil.* Pray heaven it be state-matters, as you think,

And no conception nor no jealous toy<sup>2</sup>

Concerning you.

*Des.* Alas the day, I never gave him cause!

*Emil.* But jealous souls will not be answer'd so;

They are not ever jealous for the cause, 160

But jealous for they're jealous: 'tis a monster

Begot upon itself, born on itself.

*Des.* Heaven keep that monster from Othello's mind!

*Emil.* Lady, amen.

*Des.* I will go seek him.—Cassio, walk hereabout:

If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,

And seek t' effect it to my uttermost.

*Cas.* I humbly thank your ladyship.

[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*]

[*Enter BIANCA.*]

*Bian.* Save you, friend Cassio!

*Cas.* What make you from home?

How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?

I' faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

*Bian.* And I was going to your lodging, Cassio. 171

What, keep a week away? seven days and nights? 173

Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,

More tedious than the dial eight score times?

O weary reckoning!

*Cas.* Pardon me, Bianca:

I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd;

But I shall, in a more continue time,<sup>3</sup>

Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,

[*Giving her Desdemona's handkerchief.*]

Take me this work out.<sup>4</sup>

*Bian.* O Cassio, whence came this?

This is some token from a newer friend:

To the felt absence now I feel a cause: 182

Is 't come to this? Well, well.

*Cas.* Go to, woman!

Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,

From whence you have them. You are jealous now

That this is from some mistress, some remembrance:

No, in good troth, Bianca.

*Bian.* Why, whose is it?

*Cas.* I know not neither: I found it in my chamber.

I like the work well: ere it be demanded,—

As like enough it will,—I'd have it copied:

Take it, and do 't; and leave me for this time.

*Bian.* Leave you! wherefore? 192

*Cas.* I do attend here on the general;

And think it no addition,<sup>5</sup> nor my wish,

To have him see me woman'd.

*Bian.* Why, I pray you?

*Cas.* Not that I love you not.

*Bian.* But that you do not love me.

I pray you, bring me on the way a little;

And say if I shall see you soon at night.<sup>6</sup>

*Cas.* 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you; 199

For I attend here: but I'll see you soon.

*Bian.* 'Tis very good; I must be circumstance'd.<sup>7</sup> [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>3</sup> In a more continue time, i.e. when I am less interrupted. <sup>4</sup> Take out=copy.

<sup>5</sup> Addition, title to honour.

<sup>6</sup> Soon at night=this very night.

<sup>7</sup> Be circumstance'd, i.e. obey circumstances.

<sup>1</sup> Unhandsome, unfair.

<sup>2</sup> Toy, whim, fancy.

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Cyprus. Before the castle.**Enter OTHELLO and IAGO.**Iago.* Will you think so?*Oth.* Think so, Iago!*Iago.* What,

To kiss in private?

*Oth.* An unauthoriz'd kiss.*Iago.* [Or to be naked with her friend in bed

An hour or more, not meaning any harm?

*Oth.* Naked in bed, Iago, and not mean harm!

It is hypocrisy against the devil:

They that mean virtuously and yet do so,

The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.

*Iago.* So they do nothing, 't is a venial slip: ]  
But if I give my wife a handkerchief,— 10*Oth.* What then?*Iago.* Why, then, 't is hers, my lord; and, being hers,

She may, I think, bestow 't on any man.

*Oth.* She is protectress of her honour too:

May she give that?

*Iago.* Her honour is an essence that's not seen;

They have it very oft that have it not:

But, for the handkerchief,—

*Oth.* By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it:— 19Thou said'st,—O, it comes o'er my memory,  
As doth the raven o'er th' infectious house,  
Boding to all,—he had my handkerchief.*Iago.* Ay, what of that?*Oth.* That<sup>1</sup>'s not so good now.*Iago.* What,

If I had said I had seen him do you wrong?

Or heard him say,—as knaves be such abroad,

Who having, by their own importunate suit,

Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,

Convinced<sup>2</sup> or supplied them, cannot choose

But they must blab—

*Oth.* Hath he said anything?*Iago.* He hath, my lord; but be you well assur'd, 30

No more than he'll unswear.

*Oth.* What hath he said?*Iago.* Faith, that he did—[I know not what he did.]*Oth.* What? what?*Iago.* [Lie—*Oth.* With her?*Iago.* With her, on her; ] what you will.*Oth.* [Lie with her! lie on her!—We say lie on her, when they belie her.—Lie with her! that's fulsome.—] Handkerchief—confessions

—handkerchief!—To confess, and be hang'd for his labour;—first, to be hang'd, and then to confess.—I tremble at it. Nature would not

invest herself in such shadowing passion without some instruction. It is not words that

shake me thus:—pish!—noses, ears, and lips.—Is 't possible?—Confess—handkerchief!—

O devil!— [Falls in a trance.

*Iago.* Work on,

My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught;

And many worthy and chaste dames even thus,  
All guiltless, meet reproach.—What, ho! my lord!

My lord, I say! Othello!

*Enter CASSIO.*

How now, Cassio!

*Cas.* What's the matter? 50*Iago.* My lord is fall'n into an epilepsy:  
This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.*Cas.* Rub him about the temples.*Iago.* No, forbear;The lethargy must have his<sup>3</sup> quiet course:

If not, he foams at mouth, and by and by

Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs:

Do you withdraw yourself a little while,

He will recover straight: when he is gone,

I would on great occasion speak with you.

[Exit Cassio.

How is it, general? [have you not hurt your head?

<sup>1</sup> That, i.e. what Iago has just said.<sup>2</sup> Convinced, overcome.<sup>3</sup> His=its.

*Oth.* Dost thou mock me?

*Iago.* I mock you! no, by heaven.  
Would you would bear your fortune like a  
man! 62

*Oth.* A horned man's a monster and a beast.

*Iago.* There's many a beast, then, in a popu-  
lous city,

And many a civil monster. ]

*Oth.* Did he confess it?

*Iago.* Good sir, be a man;  
[ Think every bearded fellow that's but yok'd  
May draw with you: there's millions now alive  
That nightly lie in those unproper<sup>1</sup> beds  
Which they dare swear peculiar:<sup>2</sup> your case is  
better. 70

O, 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,  
To lip a wanton in a secure couch,  
And to suppose her chaste! No, let me know;  
And knowing what I am, I know what she  
shall be. —

*Oth.* O, thou art wise; 'tis certain.

*Iago.* Stand you awhile apart;  
Confine yourself but in a patient list.<sup>3</sup>  
Whilst you were here o'erwhelmed with your  
grief,—

A passion most unfitting such a man,—  
Cassio came hither: I shifted him away,  
And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy; 80  
Bade him anon return, and here speak with me;  
The which he promis'd. Do but encave<sup>4</sup> your-  
self,

And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable  
scorns,

That dwell in every region of his face;  
For I will make him tell the tale anew,—  
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when  
He hath, and is again to cope with your wife:  
I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience;  
Or I shall say you're all in all in spleen,  
And nothing of a man.

*Oth.* Dost thou hear, Iago?  
I will be found most cunning in my patience;  
But—dost thou hear?—most bloody.

*Iago.* That's not amiss;  
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?

[*Othello retires.*

<sup>1</sup> *Unproper*, common.

<sup>2</sup> *Peculiar*, i.e. peculiar to themselves, their own.

<sup>3</sup> *List*, limit, i.e. of self-control.

<sup>4</sup> *Encave*, i.e. hide in a recess.

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca, 94  
A housewife that, by selling her desires, 1  
Buys herself bread and clothes: it is a creature  
That dotes on Cassio,—as 'tis the strumpet's  
plague

To beguile many and be beguil'd by one:—  
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain  
From the excess of laughter:—here he comes:—  
As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad; 101  
And his unbookish<sup>5</sup> jealousy must construe  
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light be-  
haviour,

Quite in the wrong.

*Re-enter CASSIO.*

How do you now, lieutenant?

*Cas.* The worser that you give me the addi-  
tion

Whose want even kills me.

*Iago.* Ply Desdemona well, and you are  
sure on 't.

Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power,

[*Speaking lower.*

How quickly should you speed!

*Cas.* Alas, poor caitiff!

*Oth.* [*Aside*] Look, how he laughs already!

*Iago.* I never knew a woman love man so.

*Cas.* Alas, poor rogue! I think, i' faith, she  
loves me. 112

*Oth.* [*Aside*] Now he denies it faintly, and  
laughs it out.

*Iago.* Do you hear, Cassio?

*Oth.* [*Aside*] Now he importunes him  
To tell it o'er:—go to; well said, well said.

*Iago.* She gives it out that you shall marry  
her:

Do you intend it?

*Cas.* Ha, ha, ha! 120

*Oth.* [*Aside*] Do you triumph, Roman? do  
you triumph?

*Cas.* I marry her!—what, a customer!<sup>6</sup>  
Prithee, bear some charity to my wit; do not  
think it so unwholesome:—ha, ha, ha!

*Oth.* [*Aside*] So, so, so, so:—they laugh that  
win.

*Iago.* Faith, the cry goes that you shall  
marry her.

*Cas.* Prithee, say true.

<sup>5</sup> *Unbookish*, ignorant. See note 187.

<sup>6</sup> *Customer*, loose woman.

*Iago.* I am a very villain else. 129

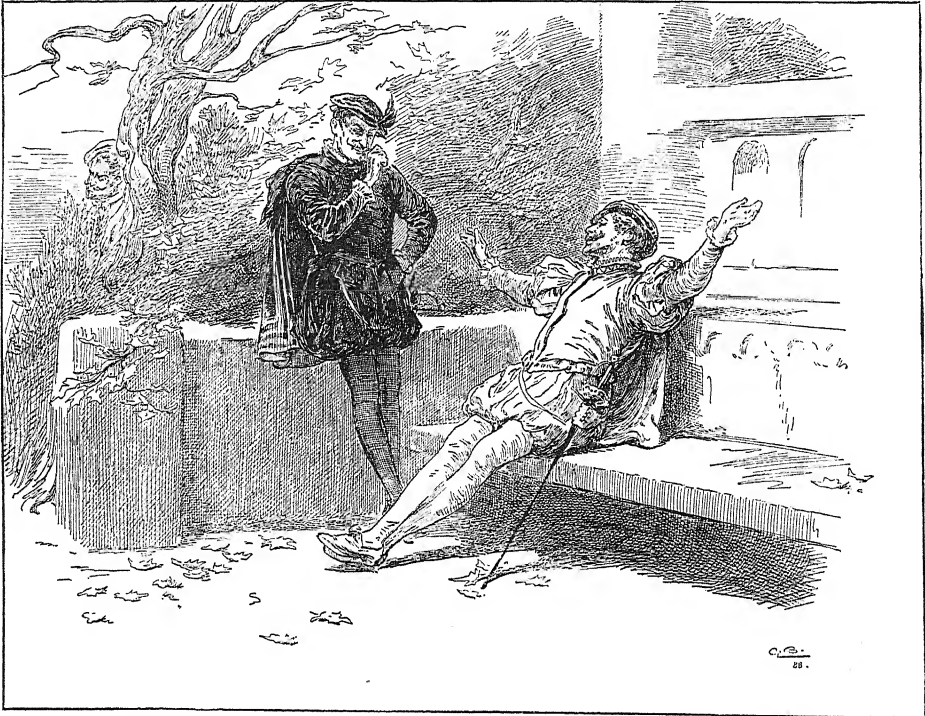
*Oth.* [*Aside*] Have you scor'd<sup>1</sup> me? Well.

*Cas.* This is the monkey's own giving out: she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise.

*Oth.* [*Aside*] Iago beckons me; now he begins the story.

*Cas.* She was here even now; she haunts me in every place. I was, the other day, talking on the sea-bank with certain Venetians; and thither comes the bauble, and falls me thus about my neck,— 140

*Oth.* [*Aside*] Crying "O dear Cassio!" as it were: his gesture imports it.



*Cas.* So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; so hales and pulls me:—ha, ha, ha!—(Act iv. I. 143, 144.)

*Cas.* So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; so hales and pulls me:—ha, ha, ha!

*Oth.* [*Aside*] Now he tells how she pluck'd him to my chamber. O, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to.

*Cas.* Well, I must leave her company.

*Iago.* Before me! look, where she comes.

*Cas.* 'Tis such another fitchew!<sup>2</sup> marry, a perfum'd one. 151

*Enter* BIANCA.

What do you mean by this haunting of me?

*Bian.* Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out<sup>3</sup> the work?—A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there! This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work? There,—give it your hobby-horse:<sup>4</sup> wheresoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't. 161

<sup>1</sup> Scor'd; branded (?). See note 190.    <sup>2</sup> Fitchew, polecat.

<sup>3</sup> Take out, copy.

<sup>4</sup> Hobby-horse, loose woman.

*Cas.* How now, my sweet Bianca! how now! how now!

*Oth.* [*Aside*] By heaven, that should be my handkerchief!

*Bian.* An you'll come to supper to-night, you may; an you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for. [*Exit.*]

*Iago.* After her, after her.

*Cas.* Faith, I must; she'll rail in the street else. 171

*Iago.* Will you sup there?

*Cas.* Yes, I intend so.

*Iago.* Well, I may chance to see you; for I would very fain speak with you.

*Cas.* Prithee, come; will you?

*Iago.* Go to; say no more. [*Exit Cassio.*]

*Oth.* [*Coming forward*] How shall I murder him, Iago?

*Iago.* Did you perceive how he laugh'd at his vice? 181

*Oth.* O Iago!

*Iago.* And did you see the handkerchief?

*Oth.* Was that mine?

*Iago.* Yours, by this hand: and to see how he prizes the foolish woman your wife! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore. ]

*Oth.* [*I would have him nine years a-killing.*] —A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

*Iago.* Nay, you must forget that. 190

*Oth.* Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damn'd to-night; for she shall not live: no, my heart is turn'd to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand.—O, the world hath not a sweeter creature: she might lie by an emperor's side, and command him tasks.

*Iago.* Nay, that's not your way.

*Oth.* Hang her! I do but say what she is: —so delicate with her needle!—[an admirable musician! O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear!—] of so high and plenteous wit and invention!— 201

*Iago.* She's the worse for all this.

*Oth.* O, a thousand-thousand times:—and then, of so gentle a condition!

*Iago.* Ay, too gentle.

*Oth.* Nay, that's certain:—but yet the pity of it, Iago! O Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

*Iago.* If you are so fond over her iniquity,

give her patent to offend; for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody. 210

[*Oth.* I will chop her into messes:—cuckold me!

*Iago.* O, 't is foul in her.

*Oth.* With mine officer!

*Iago.* That's fouler. ]

*Oth.* Get me some poison, Iago; this night: —I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind<sup>1</sup> again:—this night, Iago. 219

*Iago.* Do it not with poison, strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

*Oth.* Good, good: the justice of it pleases: very good.

*Iago.* And for Cassio,—let me be his undertaker:<sup>2</sup> you shall hear more by midnight.

*Oth.* Excellent good. [*A trumpet within.*]

What trumpet is that same?

*Iago.* Something from Venice, sure. 'T is Lodovico

Come from the duke: and, see, your wife is with him.

*Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants.*

*Lod.* Save you, worthy general!

*Oth.* With all my heart, sir.

*Lod.* The duke and senators of Venice greet you. [*Gives him a packet.*]

*Oth.* I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

[*Opens the packet, and reads.*]

*Des.* And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?

*Iago.* I am very glad to see you, signior; Welcome to Cyprus.

*Lod.* I thank you. How does Lieutenant Cassio?

*Iago.* Lives, sir.

*Des.* Cousin, there's fall'n between him and my lord  
An unkind breach: but you shall make all well.

*Oth.* Are you sure of that?

*Des.* My lord? 239

*Oth.* [*Reads*] "This fail you not to do, as you will—"

*Lod.* He did not call: he's busy in the paper.  
Is there division 'twixt my lord and Cassio?

<sup>1</sup> *Unprovide my mind, i.e. make my mind waver.*

<sup>2</sup> *Let me be his undertaker, let me deal with him.*

*Des.* A most unhappy one: I would do much  
T' atone<sup>1</sup> them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

*Oth.* Fire and brimstone!

*Des.* My lord?

*Oth.* Are you wise?

*Des.* What, is he angry?

*Lod.* May be the letter mov'd him;  
For, as I think, they do command him home,  
Deputing Cassio in his government.

*Des.* Trust me, I am glad on 't.

*Oth.* Indeed!

*Des.* My lord?

*Oth.* I am glad to see you mad.

*Des.* Why, sweet Othello,—

*Oth.* Devil! [*Striking her.*]

*Des.* I have not deserv'd this. 252

*Lod.* My lord, this would not be believ'd in  
Venice,

Though I should swear I saw 't: 'tis very much:  
Make her amends; she weeps.

*Oth.* O devil, devil!  
If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,  
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.—  
Out of my sight!

*Des.* I will not stay t' offend you.

[*Going.*]

*Lod.* Truly, an obedient lady:—  
I do beseech your lordship, call her back. 260

*Oth.* Mistress!

*Des.* My lord?

*Oth.* What would you with her, sir?

*Lod.* Who, I, my lord?

*Oth.* Ay; you did wish that I would make  
her turn:

Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,  
And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep;  
And she's obedient, as you say,—obedient,—  
Very obedient.—Proceed you in your tears.—  
Concerning this, sir,—O well-painted pas-  
sion!—

I am commanded home.—Get you away;  
I'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate,  
And will return to Venice.—Hence, avaunt!

[*Exit Desdemona.*]

Cassio shall have my place. And, sir, to-night  
I do entreat that we may sup together: 273  
You're welcome, sir, to Cyprus.—Goats and  
monkeys!

[*Exit.*]

*Lod.* Is this the noble Moor whom our full<sup>2</sup>  
senate

Call all-in-all sufficient?—Is this the nature  
Whom passion could not shake? whose solid  
virtue

The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,  
Could neither graze nor pierce?

*Iago.* He is much chang'd.

[*Lod.* Are his wits safe? is he not light of  
brain? 280

*Iago.* He's that he is: I may not breathe  
my censure.

What he might be,—if, what he might, he is  
not,—

I would to heaven he were!]

*Lod.* What, strike his wife!

*Iago.* Faith, that was not so well; yet would  
I knew

That stroke would prove the worst!

*Lod.* Is it his use?

Or did the letters work upon his blood,  
And new-create<sup>3</sup> this fault?

*Iago.* Alas, alas!

It is not honesty in me to speak

What I have seen and known. You shall  
observe him;

And his own courses will denote him so, 290  
That I may save my speech: do but go after,  
And mark how he continues.

*Lod.* I'm sorry that I am deceiv'd in him.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II. A room in the castle.

*Enter OTHELLO and EMILIA.*

*Oth.* [*Sarcastically*] You have seen nothing,  
then?

*Emil.* Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.

*Oth.* Yes, you have seen Cassio and she to-  
gether.

*Emil.* But then I saw no harm, and then I  
heard

Each syllable that breath made up between  
them.

*Oth.* What, did they never whisper?

*Emil.* Never, my lord.

*Oth.* Nor send you out o' the way?

<sup>2</sup> Full, i.e. met in full number.

<sup>3</sup> New-create, cause, originate.



*Emil.* Never.

*Oth.* To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask,  
nor nothing?

*Emil.* Never, my lord.

*Oth.* That's strange.

*Emil.* I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,

10

Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other,  
Remove your thought,—it doth abuse your  
bosom.

If any wretch have put this in your head,  
Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!  
For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,



*Des.* Upon my knees, what doth your speech import?  
I understand a fury in your words,  
But not the words.—(Act iv. 2. 31-33.)

There's no man happy; the purest of their  
wives

18

Is foul as slander.

*Oth.* Bid her come hither:—go.

[*Exit Emilia.*]

She says enough;—yet she's [a simple bawd  
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle  
whore,]

A closet-lock-and-key of villanous secrets:

And yet she'll kneel and pray; I've seen her  
do't.

*Enter DESDEMONA with EMILIA.*

*Des.* My lord, what is your will?

*Oth.* Pray, chuck, come hither.

*Des.* What is your pleasure?

*Oth.* Let me see your eyes;

Look in my face.

*Des.* What horrible fancy's this?

*Oth.* [*To Emilia*] Some of your function,<sup>1</sup>  
mistress;

<sup>1</sup> Function, service.

Leave procreants alone, and shut the door;  
Cough, or cry "hem," if any body come:  
Your mystery, your mystery;—nay, dispatch.

[*Exit Emilia.*]

*Des.* Upon my knees, what doth your speech  
import? 31

I understand a fury in your words,  
But not the words.

*Oth.* Why, what art thou?

*Des.* Your wife, my lord; your true  
And loyal wife.

*Oth.* Come, swear it, damn thyself;  
Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils  
themselves

Should fear to seize thee: therefore be double-  
damn'd,—

Swear thou art honest.

*Des.* Heaven doth truly know it.

*Oth.* Heaven truly knows that thou art false  
as hell.

*Des.* To whom, my lord? with whom? how  
am I false? 40

*Oth.* Ah, Desdemona!—away! away! away!

*Des.* Alas the heavy day!—Why do you weep?  
Am I the motive of these tears, my lord?

If haply you my father do suspect  
An instrument of this your calling back,<sup>1</sup>  
Lay not your blame on me: if you have lost him,  
Why, I have lost him too.

*Oth.* Had it pleas'd heaven  
To try me with affliction; had they rain'd  
All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head;  
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips; 50  
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes;  
I should have found in some place of my soul  
A drop of patience: but, alas, to make me  
The fixed figure for the time, for scorn,  
To point his slow and moving finger at!—  
Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:  
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,  
Where either I must live, or bear no life,—  
The fountain from the which my current runs,  
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence! 60  
Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads  
To knot and gender in!—turn thy complexion  
there,  
Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cheru-  
bin,—

Ay, there, look grim as hell! 64

*Des.* I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.

*Oth.* O, ay; as summer flies are in the  
shambles,

That quicken even with blowing, O thou weed,  
Who art so lovely-fair, and smell'st so sweet,  
That the sense aches at thee,—would thou  
hadst ne'er been born!

*Des.* Alas, what ignorant sin have I com-  
mitted? 70

*Oth.* [Was this fair paper,<sup>2</sup> this most goodly  
book,

Made to write "whore" upon?] What com-  
mitted!

[Committed!—O thou public commoner!  
I should make very forges of my cheeks,  
That would to cinders burn up modesty,  
Did I but speak thy deeds.—] What com-  
mitted!

Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon  
winks;

The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,  
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,  
And will not hear it.—What committed!—  
Impudent strumpet!

*Des.* By heaven, you do me wrong.

*Oth.* Are not you a strumpet?

*Des.* No, as I am a Christian:  
If to preserve this vessel for my lord 83  
From any other foul unlawful touch,  
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

*Oth.* What, [not a whore?

*Des.* No, as I shall be sav'd.

*Oth.* ] Is't possible?

*Des.* O, heaven forgive us!

*Oth.* I cry you mercy, then:  
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice  
That married with Othello.—[*Raising his voice*]

You, mistress, 90  
That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,  
And keep the gate of hell!

*Re-enter EMILIA.*

You, you, ay, you!  
[We've done our course;] there's money for  
your pains:

I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel.

[*Exit.*]

<sup>1</sup> Calling back, i.e. from Cyprus.

<sup>2</sup> This fair paper, Desdemona's face.

*Emil.* Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?—

How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?

*Des.* Faith, half asleep.

*Emil.* Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?

*Des.* With who?

*Emil.* Why, with my lord, madam. 100

*Des.* Who is thy lord?

*Emil.* He that is yours, sweet lady.

*Des.* I have none: do not talk to me, Emilia; I cannot weep; nor answer have I none, But what should go by water.<sup>1</sup> Prithee, to-night

Lay on my bed my wedding-sheets,—remember;—

And call thy husband hither.

*Emil.* Here's a change indeed! [*Exit.*]

*Des.* 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very meet.

How have I been behav'd, that he might stick The small'st opinion on my great'st abuse?

*Re-enter EMILIA with IAGO.*

*Iago.* What is your pleasure, madam? How is't with you? 110

*Des.* I cannot tell. Those that do teach young babes

Do it with gentle means and easy tasks:

He might have chid me so; for, in good faith, I am a child to chiding.

*Iago.* What's the matter, lady?

*Emil.* Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhor'd her,

Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her, As true hearts cannot bear.

*Des.* Am I that name, Iago?

*Iago.* What name, fair lady?

*Des.* Such as she says my lord did say I was.

*Emil.* He call'd her whore: a beggar in his drink 120

Could not have laid such terms upon his callat.<sup>2</sup>

*Iago.* Why did he so?

*Des.* I do not know; I'm sure I am none such.

*Iago.* Do not weep, do not weep:—alas the day!

*Emil.* Hath she forsook so many noble matches, 125

Her father, and her country, and her friends, To be call'd whore? would it not make one weep?

*Des.* It is my wretched fortune.

*Iago.* Beshrew him for't!

How comes this trick upon him?

*Des.* Nay, heaven doth know.

*Emil.* I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain, Some busy and insinuating rogue, 131 Some cogging, cozening slave, to get some office, Have not devis'd this slander; I'll be hang'd else.

*Iago.* Fie,

There's no such man; it is impossible.

*Des.* If any such there be, heaven pardon him!

*Emil.* A halter pardon him! and hell gnaw his bones!

Why should he call her whore? who keeps her company?

What place? what time? what form? what likelihood?

The Moor's abus'd by some most villanous knave,

Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow:—

O heaven, that such companions<sup>3</sup> thou'dst unfold,

And put in every honest hand a whip

To lash the rascals naked through the world

Even from the east to the west!

*Iago.* [*Aside to Emil.*] Speak within door.<sup>4</sup>

*Emil.* O, fie upon them! Some such squire he was

That turn'd your wit the seamy side<sup>5</sup> without, And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

*Iago.* You are a fool; go to.

*Des.* Alas, Iago,

What shall I do to win my lord again?

Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven, 150

I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel:—

If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,

Either in discourse of thought or actual deed;

Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,

<sup>3</sup> *Companions*, fellows, in a bad sense.

<sup>4</sup> *Speak within door*, i.e. speak lower.

<sup>5</sup> *Seamy side*, i.e. the wrong side.

<sup>1</sup> *Water*, i.e. tears.

<sup>2</sup> *Callat*, mistress.

Delighted them in any other form; 155  
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,  
And ever will—though he do shake me off  
To beggarly divorcement—love him dearly,  
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do  
much;

And his unkindness may defeat my life, 160  
But never taint my love. [I cannot say  
“whore,”—

It does abhor me now I speak the word;  
To do the act that might th’ addition<sup>1</sup> earn  
Not the world’s mass of vanity could make me.]

*Iago.* I pray you, be content; ’tis but his  
humour:

The business of the state does him offence,  
And he does chide with you.

*Des.* If ’t were no other,—

*Iago.* ’Tis but so, I warrant.  
[*Trumpets within.*

[Hark, how these instruments summon to  
supper! 169

The messengers of Venice stay the meat:]  
Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.  
[*Exeunt Desdemona and Emilia.*

*Enter RODERIGO.*

How now, Roderigo!

*Rod.* I do not find that thou deal’st justly  
with me.

*Iago.* What in the contrary?

*Rod.* Every day thou daff’st<sup>2</sup> me with some  
device, Iago; and rather, as it seems to me  
now, keep’st from me all conveniency than  
suppliest me with the least advantage of hope.  
I will, indeed, no longer endure it; nor am I  
yet persuaded to put up in peace what already  
I have foolishly suffer’d. 182

*Iago.* Will you hear me, Roderigo?

*Rod.* Faith, I have heard too much; for  
your words and performances are no kin to-  
gether.

*Iago.* You charge me most unjustly.

*Rod.* With naught but truth. I have  
wasted myself out of my means. The jewels  
you have had from me to deliver to Desdemona  
would half have corrupted a votarist: you  
have told me she hath receiv’d them, and  
return’d me expectations and comforts of

sudden respect and acquaintance; but I find  
none.

*Iago.* Well; go to; very well. 194

*Rod.* Very well! go to! I cannot go to,  
man; nor ’t is not very well: nay, I think it is  
scurvy, and begin to find myself fobb’d<sup>3</sup> in it.

*Iago.* Very well.

*Rod.* I tell you ’tis not very well. I will  
make myself known to Desdemona: if she will  
return my jewels, I will give over my suit,  
and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not,  
assure yourself I will seek satisfaction of you.

*Iago.* You have said now. 204

*Rod.* Ay, and said nothing but what I pro-  
test intendment of doing.

*Iago.* Why, now I see there’s metal in thee;  
and even from this instant do build on thee a  
better opinion than ever before. Give me thy  
hand, Roderigo: thou hast taken against me  
a most just exception; but yet, I protest, I  
have dealt most directly in thy affair.

*Rod.* It hath not appeared.

*Iago.* I grant, indeed, it hath not appear’d;  
and your suspicion is not without wit and  
judgment. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that  
in thee indeed, which I have greater reason  
to believe now than ever,—I mean purpose,  
courage, and valour,—this night show it: if  
thou the next night following enjoy not Des-  
demona, take me from this world with treach-  
ery, and devise engines<sup>4</sup> for my life. 222

*Rod.* Well, what is it? is it within reason  
and compass?

*Iago.* Sir, there is especial commission come  
from Venice to depute Cassio in Othello’s  
place.

*Rod.* Is that true? why, then Othello and  
Desdemona return again to Venice.

*Iago.* O, no; he goes into Mauritania, and  
takes away with him the fair Desdemona, un-  
less his abode be linger’d here by some accident:  
wherein none can be so determinate<sup>5</sup> as the  
removing of Cassio.

*Rod.* How do you mean, removing of him?

*Iago.* Why, by making him incapable of  
Othello’s place,—knocking out his brains.

*Rod.* And that you would have me to do?

<sup>3</sup> Fobb’d, deceived.

<sup>4</sup> Engines, machinations.

<sup>5</sup> Determinate, conclusive.

<sup>1</sup> Addition, title.

<sup>2</sup> Daff’st, puttest me off.

*Iago.* Ay, if you dare do yourself a profit and a right. He sups to-night with a harlotry,<sup>1</sup> and thither will I go to him:—he knows not yet of his honourable fortune. If you will watch his going thence,—which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one,—you may take him at your pleasure: I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amaz'd at it, but go along with me; I will show you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high<sup>2</sup> supper-time, and the night grows to waste: about it. 250

*Rod.* I will hear further reason for this.

*Iago.* And you shall be satisfi'd. [*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE III. Another room in the castle.

*Enter OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Attendants.*

*Lod.* I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

*Oth.* O, pardon me; 't will do me good to walk.

*Lod.* Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyship.

*Des.* Your honour is most welcome.

*Oth.* Will you walk, sir?—

O,—Desdemona,—

*Des.* My lord?

*Oth.* Get you to bed on the instant; I will be return'd forthwith: dismiss your attendant there: look 't be done.

*Des.* I will, my lord. 10

[*Exeunt Othello, Lodovico, and Attendants.*]

*Emil.* How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

*Des.* He says he will return incontinent:<sup>3</sup> He hath commanded me to go to bed, And bade me to dismiss you.

*Emil.* Dismiss me!

*Des.* It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia,

Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu:

We must not now displease him.

*Emil.* I would you had never seen him!

<sup>1</sup> *Harlotry*, another form of harlot.

<sup>2</sup> *High*, quite, fully.

<sup>3</sup> *Incontinent*, immediately.

*Des.* So would not I: my love doth so approve him,  
That even his stubbornness, his checks, his frowns,— 20

*Prithee*, unpin me,—have grace and favour in them.

*Emil.* I've laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

*Des.* All's one.—Good faith, how foolish are our minds!—

If I do die before thee, prithee, shroud me  
In one of those same sheets.

*Emil.* Come, come, you talk.

*Des.* My mother had a maid call'd Barbara: She was in love; and he she lov'd prov'd mad, And did forsake her: she had a song of "willow;" An old thing 't was, but it express'd her fortune, And she died singing it: that song to-night Will not go from my mind; I've much to do, But to go hang my head all at one side, 32  
And sing it like poor Barbara.—Prithee, dispatch.

*Emil.* Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

*Des.* No, unpin me here.—  
This Lodovico is a proper man.

*Emil.* A very handsome man.

*Des.* He speaks well.

*Emil.* I know a lady in Venice would have walked bare-footed to Palestine for a touch of his nether lip. 40

*Des.* [*Singing*]

The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,

Sing all a green willow;

Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,

Sing willow, willow, willow:

The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her

Sing willow, willow, willow; [moans;

Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones;—

Lay by these:—

[*Singing*] Sing willow, willow, willow;

Prithee, hie thee; he'll come anon:— 50

[*Singing*]

Sing all a green willow must be my garland.

Let nobody blame him; his scorn I approve,—

Nay, that's not next.—Hark! who is't that knocks?

*Emil.* It's the wind.

*Des.* [*Singing*]

I call'd my love false love; but what said he then?

Sing willow, willow, willow:

If I court more women, you'll couch with more men.—

So, get thee gone; good night. Mine eyes do itch;  
Doth that bode weeping?

*Emil.* 'Tis neither here nor there.

*Des.* I've heard it said so.—O, these men,  
these men!—

Dost thou in conscience think, — tell me,  
Emilia,—

That there be women do abuse their husbands  
In such gross kind?

*Emil.* There be some such, no question.

*Des.* Wouldst thou do such a deed for all  
the world?

*Emil.* Why, would not you?

*Des.* No, by this heavenly light!



*Emil.* Let husbands know  
Their wives have sense like them: they see, and smell,

And have their palates both for sweet and sour,  
As husbands have.—(Act iv. 3. 94-97.)

*Emil.* Nor I neither by this heavenly light;  
I might do 't as well i' the dark.

*Des.* Wouldst thou do such a deed for all  
the world?

*Emil.* The world's a huge thing:

It is a great price  
For a small vice.

*Des.* In troth, I think thou wouldst not.

*Emil.* In troth, I think I should; and undo't  
when I had done. Marry, I would not do such  
a thing for a joint-ring,<sup>1</sup> nor for measures of  
lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor

any petty exhibition;<sup>2</sup> but, for the whole  
world,—why, who would not make her hus-  
band a cuckold to make him a monarch? I  
should venture purgatory for't.

*Des.* Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong  
for the whole world.

*Emil.* Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the  
world; and having the world for your labour,  
'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might  
quickly make it right.

*Des.* I do not think there is any such woman.

*Emil.* Yes, a dozen; and as many to the van-

<sup>1</sup> Joint-ring, a ring made to divide into two parts.

<sup>2</sup> Exhibition, allowance or reward.

tage<sup>1</sup> as would store the world they play'd for.  
 But I do think it is their husbands' faults  
 If wives do fall: say that they slack their  
 duties,  
 And pour our treasures into foreign laps;<sup>2</sup>  
 Or else break out in peevish jealousies, 90  
 Throwing restraint upon us; or say they  
 strike us,  
 Or scant our former having<sup>3</sup> in despite;  
 Why, we have galls; and though we have  
 some grace,  
 Yet have we somerevenge. Let husbands know  
 Their wives have sense like them: they see,  
 and smell,

And have their palates both for sweet and  
 sour,  
 As husbands have. What is it that they do  
 When they change us for others? Is it sport?  
 I think it is: and doth affection breed it?  
 I think it doth: is't frailty that thus errs?  
 It is so too:—and have not we affections, 101  
 Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have?  
 Then let them use us well: else let them know,  
 The ills we do, their ills instruct us so.

*Des.* Good night, good night: heaven me  
 such uses send,  
 Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend!  
 [Exeunt.]

## ACT V.

SCENE I. *Cyprus. A street.*

*Enter IAGO and RODERIGO.*

*Iago.* Here, stand behind this bulk;<sup>4</sup> straight  
 will he come:

Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home:  
 Quick, quick; fear nothing; I'll be at thy  
 elbow:

It makes us, or it mars us; think on that,  
 And fix most firm thy resolution.

*Rod.* Be near at hand; I may miscarry in't.

*Iago.* Here, at thy hand: be bold, and take  
 thy stand. [*Retires to a little distance.*]

*Rod.* I have no great devotion to the deed;  
 And yet he hath given me satisfying reasons:—  
 'Tis but a man gone:—forth, my sword; he  
 dies. [*Goes to his stand.*]

*Iago.* [I've rubb'd this young quat<sup>5</sup> almost  
 to the sense,<sup>6</sup> 11  
 And he grows angry.] Now, whether he kill  
 Cassio,

Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,  
 Every way makes my gain: live Roderigo,  
 He calls me to a restitution large  
 Of gold and jewels that I bobb'd<sup>7</sup> from him,

As gifts to Desdemona;  
 It must not be: if Cassio do remain,  
 He hath a daily beauty in his life  
 That makes me ugly; and, besides, the Moor  
 May unfold me to him; there stand I in much  
 peril: 21  
 No, he must die:—be't so: I hear him coming.

*Enter CASSIO.*

*Rod.* I know his gait, 't is he.—Villain, thou  
 diest! [*Rushes from his post and  
 makes a pass at Cassio.*]

*Cas.* That thrust had been mine enemy  
 indeed,  
 But that my coat is better than thou know'st:  
 I will make proof of thine.

[*Draws and wounds Roderigo.*]

*Rod.* O, I am slain!  
 [*Iago rushes from his post, cuts Cassio  
 behind in the leg, and exit.*]

*Cas.* I'm maim'd for ever.—Help, ho!  
 murder! murder! [*Falls.*]

[*Enter OTHELLO, at some distance.*]

*Oth.* The voice of Cassio:—Iago keeps his  
 word.]

*Rod.* O, villain that I am!

[*Oth.* It is even so.

*Cas.* O, help, ho! light! a surgeon! 30

*Oth.* 'T is he:—O brave Iago, honest and just,  
 That hast such noblesense of thy friend's wrong!

<sup>1</sup> To the vantage, i.e. if they got the opportunity.

<sup>2</sup> Foreign laps, the laps of women other than their wives.

<sup>3</sup> Having, possessions.

<sup>4</sup> Bulk, a projecting part of a building.

<sup>5</sup> Quat, pimple; i.e. Roderigo.

<sup>6</sup> Sense=the quick. <sup>7</sup> Bobb'd, obtained by cheating.

Thou teachest me:—Minion,<sup>1</sup> your dear lies  
 dead, 33  
 And your unblest fate lies: strumpet, I come!  
 Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes,  
 are blotted;  
 Thy bed lust-stain'd shall with lust's blood be  
 spotted. [Exit.

*Enter LODOVICO and GRATIANO, at some  
 distance.*

*Cas.* What, ho! no watch? no passage?<sup>2</sup>  
 murder! murder!

*Gra.* 'Tis some mischance; the cry is very  
 direful.]

*Cas.* O, help!

[*Lod.* Hark! 40

*Rod.* O wretched villain!

*Lod.* Two or three groan:—it is a heavy  
 night:

These may be counterfeits: let's think't  
 unsafe

To come in to the cry without more help.]

*Rod.* Nobody come? then shall I bleed to  
 death.

[*Lod.* Hark!

*Gra.* Here's one comes in his shirt, with  
 light and weapons.]

*Re-enter IAGO, with a light.*

[*Iago.* Who's there? whose noise is this that  
 cries on<sup>3</sup> murder?

*Lod.* We do not know.

*Iago.* Did not you hear a cry?

*Cas.* Here, here! for heaven's sake, help me!

*Iago.* What's the matter?

*Gra.* This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

*Lod.* The same indeed; a very valiant fellow.]

*Iago.* What are you here that cry so  
 grievously? 53

*Cas.* Iago? O, I'm spoil'd, undone by  
 villains!

Give me some help.

*Iago.* O me, lieutenant! what villains have  
 done this?

*Cas.* I think that one of them is hereabout,  
 And cannot make away.

[*Iago.* O treacherous villains!—

What are you there? come in, and give some  
 help. [*To Lodovico and Gratiano.*]

*Rod.* O, help me here! 60

*Cas.* That's one of them.

*Iago.* O murderous slave! O villain!

[*Stabs Roderigo.*

*Rod.* O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!

*Iago.* Kill men i' the dark!—Where be  
 these bloody thieves?

How murder is this town!<sup>4</sup>—Ho! murder!  
 murder!—

What may you be? are you of good or evil?—

*Lod.* As you shall prove us, praise us.

*Iago.* Signior Lodovico?

*Lod.* He, sir.

*Iago.* I cry you mercy. Here's Cassio hurt  
 by villains.

*Gra.* Cassio!

*Iago.* How is't, brother? 70

*Cas.* My leg is cut in two.

*Iago.* Marry, heaven forbid!—

[*Light, gentlemen:—I'll bind it with my shirt.*

*Enter BIANCA.*

*Bian.* What is the matter, ho? who is't  
 that cried?

*Iago.* Who is't that cried!

*Bian.* O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio!  
 O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!

*Iago.* A notable strumpet!—Cassio, may you  
 suspect

Who they should be that have thus mangled  
 you?

*Cas.* No. 80

*Gra.* I'm sorry to find you thus: I've been  
 to seek you.

*Iago.* Lend me a garter:—so.—O, for a  
 chair,

To bear him easily hence!

*Bian.* Alas, he faints!—O Cassio, Cassio,  
 Cassio!

*Iago.* Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash  
 To be a party in this injury.—

Patience awhile, good Cassio.—Come, come;]

Lend me a light.—Know we this face or no?

Alas, my friend and my dear countryman

Roderigo? no:—yes, sure; O heaven! Roderigo.

*Gra.* What, of Venice? 91

<sup>1</sup> *Minion, i.e.* Desdemona.

<sup>2</sup> *Passage* = Passengers.

<sup>3</sup> *Cries on, i.e.* cries continually.

<sup>4</sup> In the stage version Lodovico and Gratiano enter here.



*Iago.* Even he, sir: did you know him?

*Gra.* Know him! ay.

[*Iago.* Signior Gratiano? I cry you gentle  
pardon; 93  
These bloody accidents must excuse my  
manners,  
That so neglected you.

*Gra.*

I'm glad to see you.

*Iago.* How do you, Cassio?—O, a chair, a  
chair!

*Gra.* Roderigo!

*Iago.* He, he, 't is he.—[*A chair brought in.*]

O, that's well said;—the chair:—  
Some good man bear him carefully from hence;



*Cas.* I'm main'd for ever.—Help, ho! murder! murder!—(Act v. 1. 27.)

I'll fetch the general's surgeon.—[*To Bianca*]

For you, mistress, 100  
Save you your labour.—He that lies slain  
here, Cassio,

Was my dear friend: what malice was be-  
tween you?

*Cas.* None in the world; nor do I know the  
man.

*Iago.* [*To Bianca*] What, look you pale?—  
O, bear him out o' th' air.—

[*Cassio and Roderigo are borne off.*  
Stay you, good gentlemen.—Look you pale,  
mistress?—

Do you perceive the gastness<sup>1</sup> of her eye?—  
Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon.—  
Behold her well; I pray you, look upon  
her:

Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will  
speak,

Though tongues were out of use. ] 110

*Enter* EMILIA.

*Emil.* 'Las, what's the matter? what's the  
matter, husband?

<sup>1</sup> *Gastness*, ghastliness.

*Iago.* Cassio hath here been set on in the dark 112

By Roderigo, and fellows that are scap'd:  
He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

*Emil.* Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Cassio!

*Iago.* This is the fruit of whoring.—Prithee, Emilia,

Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night.—

[*To Bianca*] What, do you shake at that?

*Bian.* He supp'd at my house; but I therefore shake not.

*Iago.* O, did he so? I charge you, go with me. 120

*Emil.* Fie, fie upon thee, strumpet!

*Bian.* I am no strumpet; but of life as honest

As you that thus abuse me.

*Emil.* As I! foh! fie upon thee!

*Iago.* Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio dress'd.—

[*To Bianca*] Come, mistress, you must tell's another tale.—

Emilia, run you to the citadel,

And tell my lord and lady what hath happ'd.—

Will you go on afore?—[*Aside*] This is the night

That either makes me or fordoes<sup>1</sup> me quite.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A bedchamber in the castle.*

DESDEMONA *in bed asleep; a light burning.*

*Enter OTHELLO.*

*Oth.* It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—

Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—  
It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her blood;  
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,  
And smooth as monumental alabaster.

Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.—

Put out the light, and then put out the light:  
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,  
I can again thy former light restore,  
Should I repent me: but once put out thy light, 10

Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,

I know not where is that Promethean heat  
That can thy light relume. When I have  
pluck'd the rose, 13

I cannot give it vital growth again,  
It needs must wither: I'll smell it on the tree.— [Kissing her.]

O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade  
Justice to break her sword!—One more, one more:—

Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,

And love thee after:—one more, and that's the last: 19

So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,  
But they are cruel tears: this sorrow's heavenly;<sup>2</sup>

It strikes where it doth love. She wakes.

*Des.* Who's there? Othello?

*Oth.* Ay, Desdemona.

[*Des.* Will you come to bed, my lord?

*Oth.* ] Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?

*Des.* Ay, my lord.

*Oth.* If you bethink yourself of any crime  
Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,  
Solicit for it straight.

*Des.* Alack, my lord, what may you mean by that?

*Oth.* Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by: 30

I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;

No,—heaven forfend!—I would not kill thy soul.

*Des.* Talk you of killing?

*Oth.* Ay, I do.

*Des.* Then heaven Have mercy on me!

*Oth.* Amen, with all my heart!

*Des.* If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

*Oth.* Hum!

*Des.* And yet I fear you; for you're fatal then

When your eyes roll so: why I should fear I know not,

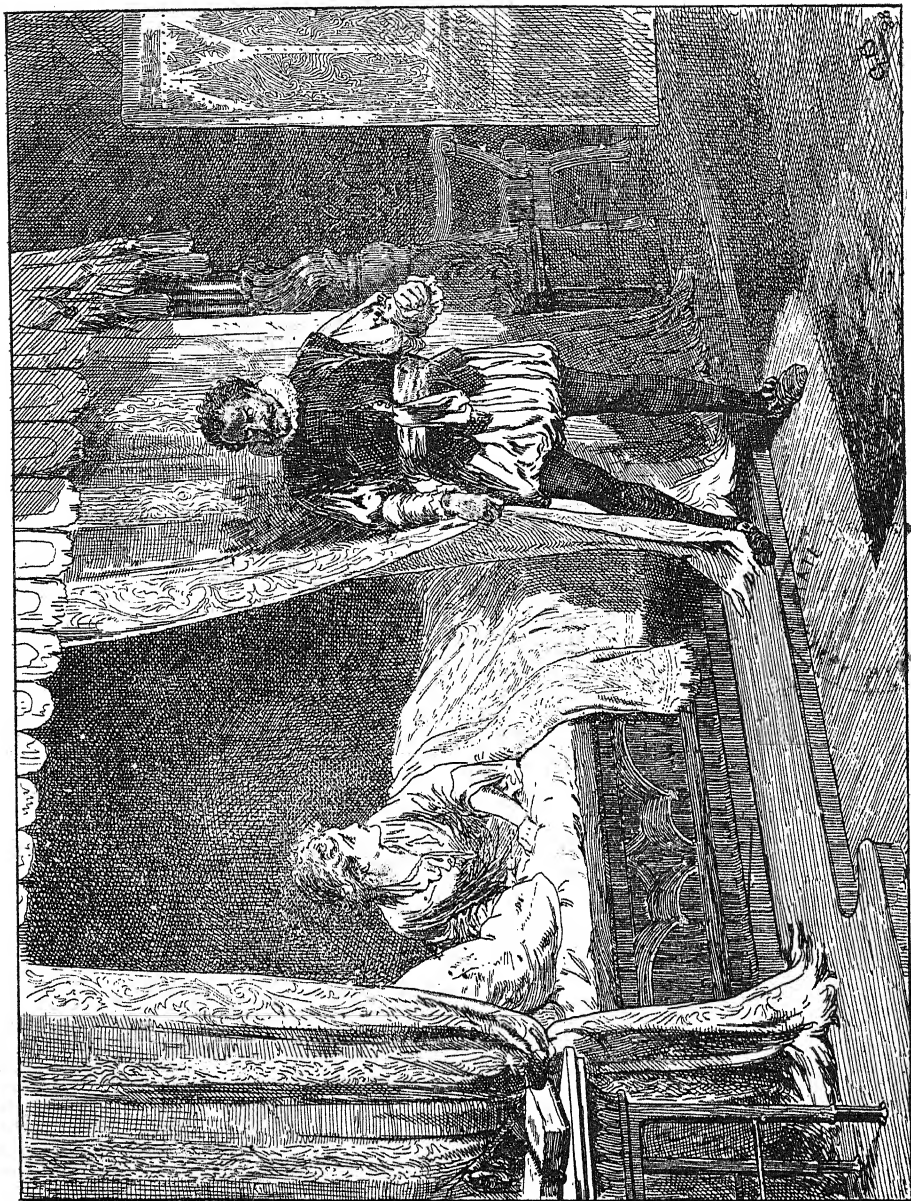
Since guiltiness I know not; but yet I feel I fear. 39

*Oth.* Think on thy sins.

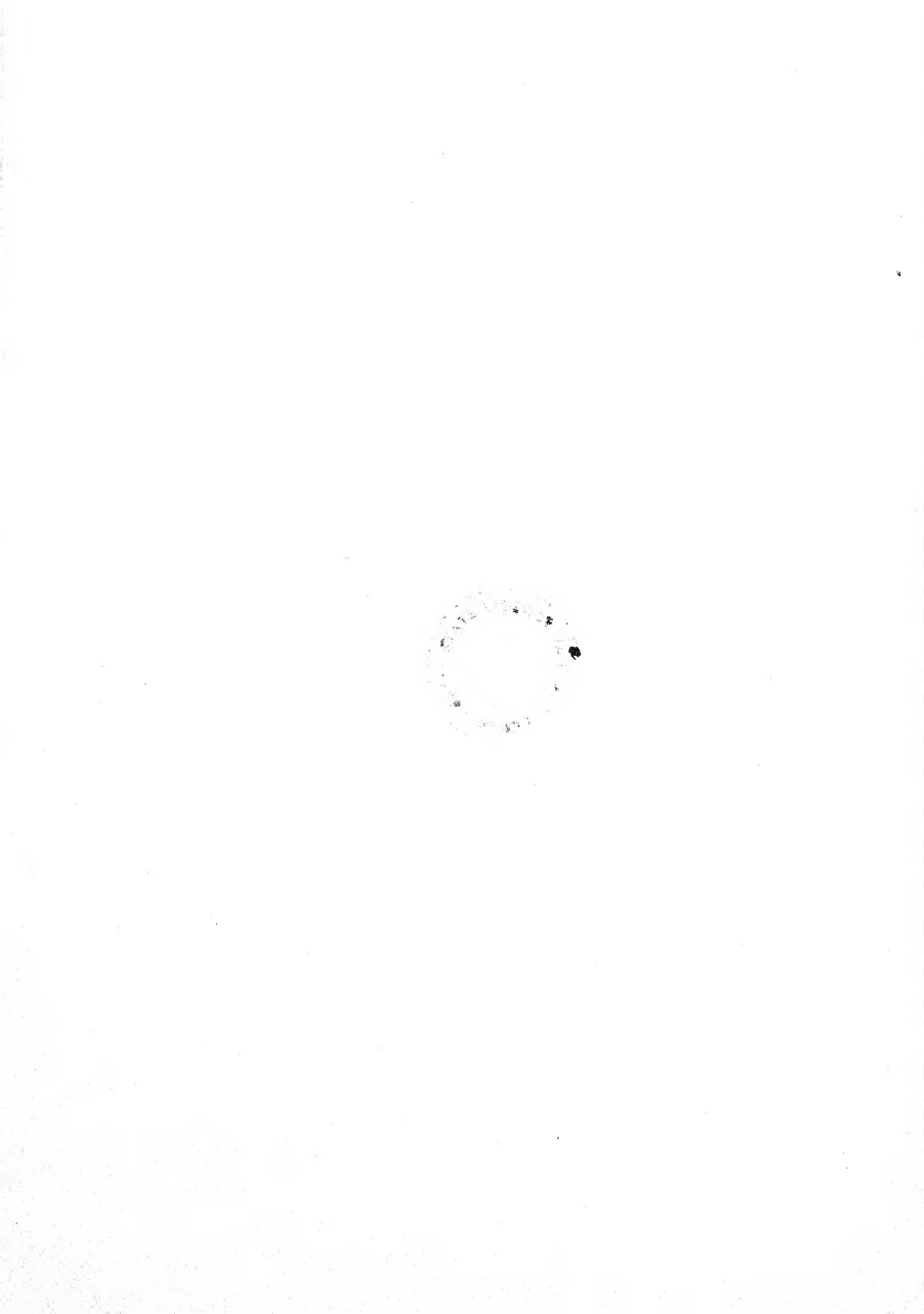
*Des.* They're loves I bear to you.

<sup>1</sup> *Fordoes*, undoes.

<sup>2</sup> *Heavenly*, i.e. (an affliction) sent by heaven.



OTHELLO. Talk you of killing?  
Act V. Scene 2. line 33. 5th Ay 146



*Oth.* Ay, and for that thou diest. 41

*Des.* That death's unnatural that kills for loving.—

Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?  
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame:  
These are portents; but yet I hope, I hope,  
They do not point on me.

*Oth.* Peace, and be still!

*Des.* I will so. What's the matter?

*Oth.* That handkerchief which I so lov'd  
and gave thee

Thou gav'st to Cassio.

*Des.* No, by my life and soul!  
Send for the man, and ask him.

*Oth.* Sweet soul, take heed,  
Take heed of perjury; thou'rt on thy death-  
bed. 51

*Des.* Ay, but not yet to die.

*Oth.* Yes, presently:  
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;  
For to deny each article with oath  
Cannot remove nor choke the strong concep-  
tion

That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

*Des.* Then Lord have mercy on me!

*Oth.* I say, amen.

*Des.* And have you mercy too!—I never  
did

Offend you in my life; never lov'd Cassio  
But with such general warranty of heaven  
As I might love; I never gave him token.

*Oth.* By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in  
's hand. 62

O perjurd woman! thou dost stone my heart.  
And mak'st me call what I intend to do  
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice:  
I saw the handkerchief.

*Des.* He found it, then;  
I never gave it him;—send for him hither;  
Let him confess a truth.

*Oth.* [He hath confess'd.

*Des.* What, my lord? 69

*Oth.* That he hath us'd thee.

*Des.* How? unlawfully?

*Oth.* Ay.

*Des.* He will not say so.

*Oth.* No, ] his mouth is stopp'd;  
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for 't.<sup>1</sup>

*Des.* O, my fear interprets:—what, is he  
dead? 73

*Oth.* Had all his hairs been lives, my great  
revenge

Had stomach for them all.

*Des.* Alas, he is betray'd, and I undone!

*Oth.* Out, strumpet, weep'st thou for him  
to my face?

*Des.* O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not!

*Oth.* Down, strumpet!

*Des.* Kill me to-morrow; let me live to-night!

*Oth.* Nay, if you strive,— 81

*Des.* But half an hour!

*Oth.* Being done, there is no pause.

*Des.* But while I say one prayer!

*Oth.* It is too late. [*Smothers her.*

*Emil.* [*Within.*] My lord, my lord! what, ho!  
my lord, my lord!

[*Oth.* What noise is this?—Not dead? not  
yet quite dead?

I that am cruel am yet merciful;

I would not have thee linger in thy pain:—

So, so.

*Emil.* [*Within.*] What, ho! my lord, my lord! ]

*Oth.* Who's there?

*Emil.* [*Within.*] O, good my lord, I would  
speak a word with you! 90

*Oth.* Yes:—'t is Emilia:—by and by.<sup>2</sup>—She's  
dead.—

'T is like she comes to speak of Cassio's death;  
The noise was high.—Ha! no more moving?

Still as the grave.—Shall she come in? were't  
good?—

I think she stirs again:—no.—What's best to  
do?

If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife:  
My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no  
wife.

O, insupportable! O heavy hour! 98

Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse  
Of sun and moon, and that th' affrighted globe  
Should yawn at alteration.<sup>3</sup>

*Emil.* [*Within.*] I do beseech you  
That I may speak with you, O, good my lord!

*Oth.* I had forgot thee: O, come in, Emilia:—  
Soft,—by and by:—let me the curtains draw.—

Where art thou? [*Opens the door.*

<sup>2</sup> By and by, in a moment.

<sup>3</sup> At alteration—at the change.

*Enter EMILIA.*

What's the matter with thee now?

*Emil.* O, my good lord, yonder's foul murder done!

*Oth.* What, now?

*Emil.* But now, my lord.

*Oth.* It is the very error of the moon;  
She comes more near the earth than she was wont,  
And makes men mad. 110

*Emil.* Cassio, my lord, hath kill'd a young Venetian  
Call'd Roderigo.

*Oth.* Roderigo kill'd!  
And Cassio kill'd!

*Emil.* No, Cassio is not kill'd.

*Oth.* Not Cassio kill'd! then murder's out of tune,  
And sweet revenge grows harsh.

*Des.* O, falsely, falsely murder'd!

*Emil.* Alas, what cry is that?

*Oth.* That! what?

*Emil.* Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice.— 119

Help! help, ho! help!—O lady, speak again!  
Sweet Desdemona! O, sweet mistress, speak!

*Des.* A guiltless death I die.

*Emil.* O, who hath done  
This deed?

*Des.* Nobody,—I myself. Farewell:  
Commend me to my kind lord: O, farewell!

[*Dies.*

*Oth.* Why, how should she be murder'd?

*Emil.* Alas, who knows?

*Oth.* You heard her say herself, it was not I.

*Emil.* She said so: I must needs report the truth.

*Oth.* She's, like a liar, gone to burning hell:  
'T was I that kill'd her.

*Emil.* O, the more angel she,  
And you the blacker devil! 121

*Oth.* She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.

*Emil.* Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.

*Oth.* She was false as water.

*Emil.* Thou art rash as fire, to say  
That she was false: O, she was heavenly true!

*Oth.* Cassio did tup her; ask thy husband else.

O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,  
But that I did proceed upon just grounds  
To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.

*Emil.* My husband! 140

*Oth.* Thy husband.

*Emil.* That she was false to wedlock?

*Oth.* Ay, with Cassio. Nay, had she been true,

If heaven would make me such another world  
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,  
I'd not have sold her for it.

*Emil.* My husband!

*Oth.* Ay, 't was he that told me first:  
[An honest man he is, and hates the slime  
That sticks on filthy deeds.]

*Emil.* My husband!

*Oth.* What needs this iturance,<sup>1</sup> woman? I  
say thy husband. 150

[*Emil.* O mistress, villany hath made mocks  
with love!—

My husband say that she was false!

*Oth.* He, woman;  
I say thy husband:] dost understand the word?

My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

*Emil.* If he say so, may his pernicious soul  
Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart:  
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

*Oth.* Ha!

*Emil.* Do thy worst: 160  
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven  
Than thou wast worthy her.

*Oth.* Peace, you were best.

*Emil.* Thou hast not half that power to do  
me harm

As I have to be hurt. O gull! O dolt!

As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed—  
I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee known,  
Though I lost twenty lives.—Help! help, ho!  
help!

The Moor hath kill'd my mistress! Murder!  
murder!

*Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, and IAGO.*

[*Mon.* What is the matter?—How now,  
general!]

*Emil.* O, are you come, Iago? you've done  
well, 169

That men must lay their murders on your neck.

<sup>1</sup> *Iturance, repetition.*

*Gra.* What is the matter? 171  
*Emil.* Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man:

He says thou told'st him that his wife was false;  
 I know thou didst not, thou'rt not such a villain:  
 Speak, for my heart is full.

*Iago.* I told him what I thought; and told no more  
 Than what he found himself was apt and true.

*Emil.* But did you ever tell him she was false?

*Iago.* I did. 180

*Emil.* You told a lie; an odious, damned lie;  
 Upon my soul, a lie; a wicked lie:—  
 She false with Cassio!—did you say with Cassio?

*Iago.* With Cassio, mistress. [Go to, charm your tongue.

*Emil.* I will not charm my tongue; I'm bound to speak:

My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed,—  
*Mon. Gra.* O heavens forfend!

*Emil.* And your reports have set the murder on.

*Oth.* Nay, stare not, masters: it is true, indeed.

*Gra.* 'Tis a strange truth. 180

*Mon.* O monstrous act!

*Emil.* Villany, villany, villany!  
 I think upon't,<sup>1</sup>—I think,—I smell't;—O villany!—

I thought so then;—I'll kill myself for grief:—  
 O villany, villany!

*Iago.* What, are you mad? ] I charge you, get you home.

*Emil.* Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak:

'Tis proper I obey him, but not now.—  
 Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

*Oth.* O! O! O! [Falling on the bed.

*Emil.* Nay, lay thee down and roar;  
 For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent  
 That e'er did lift up eye.

*Oth.* O, she was foul!— [Rising.  
 I scarce did know you, uncle: there lies your niece,

Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopp'd: 201

I know this act shows horrible and grim.

*Gra.* Poor Desdemon! I'm glad thy father's dead: 204

[Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief  
 Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now,  
 This sight would make him do a desperate turn,

Yea, curse his better angel from his side,  
 And fall to reprobance.<sup>2</sup> ]

*Oth.* 'Tis pitiful; but yet Iago knows 210  
 That she with Cassio hath the act of shame  
 A thousand times committed; Cassio confess'd it:

And she did gratify his amorous works  
 With that recognizance and pledge of love  
 Which I first gave her; I saw it in his hand:  
 It was a handkerchief, an antique token  
 My father gave my mother.

[*Emil.* O heaven! O heavenly powers!

*Iago.* Come, hold your peace.

*Emil.* 'T will out, 't will out:—I peace!  
 No, I will speak as liberal as the north: 220  
 Let heaven and men and devils, let them all,  
 All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

*Iago.* Be wise, and get you home.

*Emil.* I will not.

[*Iago offers to stab Emilia.*

*Gra.* Fie!

Your sword upon a woman? ]

*Emil.* O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief  
 thou speak'st of

I found by fortune, and did give my husband;  
 For often, with a solemn earnestness—  
 More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trifle—  
 He begg'd of me to steal it.

*Iago.* [Villanous whore!

*Emil.* She give it Cassio! no, alas, I found it,  
 And I did give't my husband. ]

*Iago.* Filth, thou liest!

*Emil.* By heaven, I do not, I do not, gentlemen.— 232

O murderous coxcomb! what should such a fool  
 Do with so good a wife?

*Oth.* Are there no stones in heaven  
 But what serve for the thunder?—Precious villain!

[*Othello offers to stab Iago, but is disarmed by Montano: Iago stabs Emilia, and then runs out.*

<sup>1</sup> I think upon't; she recollects the circumstance of the handkerchief.

<sup>2</sup> Reprobance, reprobation, eternal perdition.

[*Gra.* The woman falls; sure, he hath kill'd his wife.

*Emil.* Ay, ay:—O, lay me by my mistress' side.

*Gra.* He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.]

*Mon.* ['Tis a notorious villain.] Take you this weapon, 239

Which I have here recover'd from the Moor: Come, guard the door without; let him not pass, But kill him rather. I'll after that same villain, For 'tis a damned slave.

[*Exeunt Montano and Gratiano.*

*Oth.* I am not valiant neither, But every puny whipster gets my sword:— But why should honour outlive honesty? Let it go all.

*Emil.* [What did thy song bode, lady? Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan, And die in music:—Willow, willow, willow.—

[*Singing.*

Moor, she was chaste;] she lov'd thee, cruel Moor; 240

So come my soul to bliss as I speak true; So speaking as I think, I die,—I die. [*Dies.*

*Oth.* I have another weapon in this chamber; It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper:<sup>1</sup>— O, here it is.—Uncle, I must come forth.

*Gra.* [Within] If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear:

[Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.]

*Oth.* Look in upon me, then, and speak with me,

Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

*Re-enter GRATIANO.*

*Gra.* What is the matter?

*Oth.* Behold, I have a weapon; A better never did itself sustain 260 Upon a soldier's thigh: I've seen the day That, with this little arm and this good sword, I've made my way through more impediments Than twenty times your stop:—but, O vain boast!

Who can control his fate? 'tis not so now.— Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd; Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,<sup>2</sup>

And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.

Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear; Man<sup>3</sup> but a rush<sup>4</sup> against Othello's breast, 270 And he retires:—where should Othello go?— Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd wench!

Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,

This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven, And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl!

Even like thy chastity.—

O cursed, cursed slave!—Whip me, ye devils, From the possession of this heavenly sight! Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur! Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!— O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead! 281 Oh! oh! oh!

*Enter LODOVICO, MONTANO, CASSIO carried in a chair, and Officers with IAGO, prisoner.*

*Lod.* Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?

*Oth.* That's he that was Othello;—here I am.

*Lod.* Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.

*Oth.* I look down towards his feet,<sup>5</sup>—but that's a fable.—

If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.

[*Wounds Iago.*

*Lod.* Wrench his sword from him.

[*Othello is disarmed.*

*Iago.* I bleed, sir; but not kill'd.

*Oth.* I am not sorry neither: I'd have thee live;

For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die. 290

*Lod.* O thou Othello, that wert once so good, Fall'n in the practice of a damned slave, What shall be said to thee?

*Oth.* Why, any thing: An honourable murderer, if you will; For naught I did in hate, but all in honour.

*Lod.* This wretch hath part confess'd his villany:

Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?

*Oth.* Ay. 298

*Cas.* Dear general, I never gave you cause.

<sup>3</sup> Man, aim.

<sup>4</sup> Rush, as though in a mock tournament.

<sup>5</sup> I look down, &c., i.e. in order to see if his feet are cloven.

<sup>1</sup> The ice-brook's temper, i.e. tempered in the icy brook.

<sup>2</sup> Butt=end.



*Oth.* I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.  
Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil  
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body?

*Iago.* Demand me nothing: what you know,  
you know:

From this time forth I never will speak word.

*Lod.* What, not to pray?

*Gra.* Torments will ope your lips.

*Oth.* Well, thou dost best.

*Lod.* Sir, you shall understand what hath  
befall'n,

Which, as I think, you know not. Here's a  
letter

Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo;  
And here another: the one of them imports  
The death of Cassio to be undertook 311  
By Roderigo.

*Oth.* O villain!

*Cas.* Most heathenish and most gross!

*Lod.* Nowhere's another discontented paper,  
Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems,  
Roderigo meant't have sent this damned villain;  
But that, belike, Iago in the interim  
Came in and satisfied him.

*Oth.* O the pernicious caitiff!—  
How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief  
That was my wife's?

*Cas.* I found it in my chamber:  
And he himself confess'd but even now 321  
That there he dropp'd it for a special purpose  
Which wrought to his desire.

*Oth.* O fool! fool! fool!

*Cas.* There is besides in Roderigo's letter,—  
How he upbraids Iago, that he made him  
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came  
That I was cast: and even but now he spake,  
After long seeming dead,—Iago hurt him,  
Iago set him on.

*Lod.* You must forsake this room, and go  
with us: 330

Your power and your command is taken off,  
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,  
If there be any cunning cruelty  
That can torment him much and hold him long,  
It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest,  
Till that the nature of your fault be known  
To the Venetian state.—Come, bring away.

*Oth.* Soft you; a word or two before you go.  
I've done the state some service, and they  
know't;— 339

No more of that.—I pray you, in your letters,  
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,  
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,  
Nor set down aught in malice: then must you  
speak

Of one that lov'd not wisely, but too well;  
Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,  
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one whose hand,  
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away  
Richer than all his tribe; of one whose sub-  
du'd eyes,

Albeit unused to the melting mood,  
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees 350  
Their med'cinable gum. Set you down this;  
And say besides, that in Aleppo once,  
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk  
Beat a Venetian and traduc'd the state,  
I took by the throat the circumcised dog,  
And smote him—thus.

[*Stabs himself with a dagger.*]

[*Lod.* O bloody period!]

*Gra.* All that's spoke is marr'd.

*Oth.* I kiss'd thee ere I kill'd thee: no way  
but this, [*Falling upon Desdemona.*]

Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. [*Dies.*]

*Cas.* This did I fear, but thought he had no  
weapon; 360

For he was great of heart.

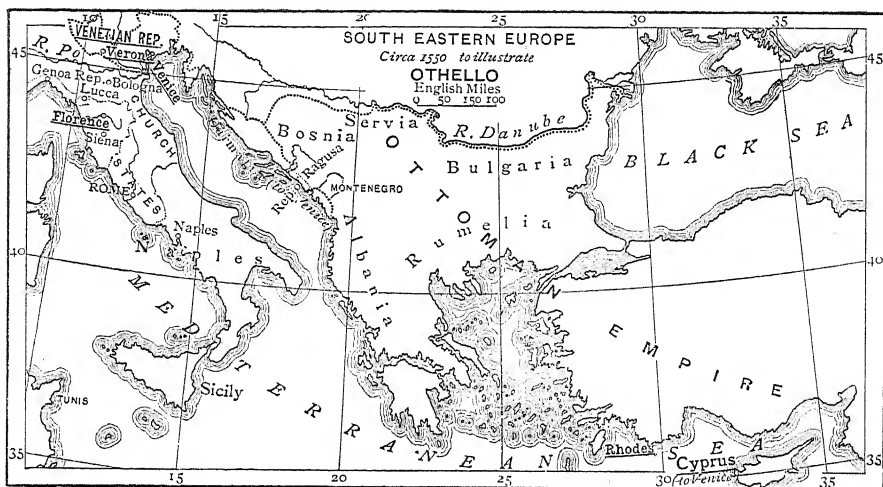
*Lod.* [*To Iago*] O Spartan<sup>2</sup> dog,  
More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea!  
Look on the tragic loading of this bed;  
This is thy work:—the object poisons sight;  
Let it be hid.—Gratiano, keep the house,  
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,  
For they succeed on you.—To you, lord gover-  
nor,

Remains the censure of this hellish villain;  
The time, the place, the torture,—O, enforce it!  
Myself will straight aboard, and to the state  
This heavy act with heavy heart relate.] 371

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>1</sup> *Period*, end.

<sup>2</sup> *Spartan*; the Spartans were taken as types of ob-  
stinacy.



## NOTES TO OTHELLO.

### NOTE ON DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The names of the actors are found in F. 1 at the end of the play:

Othello, *the Moore*.  
 Brabantio, *Father to Desdemona*.  
 Cassio, *an Honourable Lieutenant*.  
 Iago, *a Villaine*.  
 Roderigo, *a gull'd Gentleman*.  
 Duke of Venice.  
 Senators.  
 Montano, *Gouvernour of Cyprus*.  
 Gentlemen of Cyprus.  
 Lodowick, and Gratiano, *two Noble Venetians*.  
 Sailors.  
 Clowne.  
 Desdemona, *Wife to Othello*.  
 Emilia, *Wife to Iago*.  
 Bianca, *a Curtezan*.

In F. 4 they are given, before the play itself, with a few unimportant differences of spelling; but there *Iago* is written *Jago*. All the Ff. misspell *Roderigo*, *Rodorigo*. Qq. spell the name rightly. Of these names *Gratiano* has been used already in the Merchant of Venice; *Lodowick*, in the anglicized form of *Lodowick*, we have had, in Measure for Measure, as the assumed name of the Duke when disguised as a Friar. *Roderigo* we have had in Twelfth Night, ii. 1. 17, as the name taken by Sebastian, where Ff. also spell it *Roderigo*. *Desdemona* would, in Italian, be accented, probably, on the antepenultimate. In Ff. it is often abbreviated to *Desdemon*, as in iii. 1. 56; iii. 3. 55, &c. *Emilia* is spelt *Emilia* or *Emilla* in Qq., but always in Ff. *Emilia*. The latter, as the name of the wife of

Ægeon, occurs in Comedy of Errors, v. 1. 342, &c. In Winter's Tale *Emilia* is the name of one of the ladies attendant upon the Queen, Hermione.

### NOTE ON TIME OF ACTION.

The difficulties as to the space of time covered by the events of this play are numerous, and have been pointed out by Mr. Daniel in his admirable Time Analysis of this play (see New Shak. Soc. Trans. 1877-1879, Pt. II. pp. 224-232). In the first place we learn that Iago and Roderigo have been long acquainted, and that Iago has been borrowing money from Roderigo, apparently on the strength of pretending to support his courtship of Desdemona. This implies that the acquaintance or friendship between Emilia and Desdemona must have existed before the latter's marriage to Othello; which, considering their respective social positions, does not appear very probable. There must be an interval between acts i. and ii.; but there can be none, except of a few hours, between the next acts, as the incidents are evidently continuous, and cannot have occupied more than forty-eight hours. Yet we find Roderigo complaining, both at the end of act ii. scene 3, and again in act iv. scene 2, that he has been put off by Iago with some excuse or other, has spent nearly all his money, and has given him jewels enough to deliver to Desdemona, which would "half have corrupted a votarist." Again, in act iii. scene 4, we have Bianca reproaching Cassio with keeping a week away from her (line 173):

What, keep a week away? seven days and nights?

and to make no mistake about it, she adds "Eight score eight hours;" yet he cannot have been on the island more

than two days. This note of time can only be explained by supposing that Bianca was Cassio's mistress in Venice, and had followed or accompanied him to Cyprus. Still greater is the difficulty as to the recall of Othello from Cyprus; for the letters of recall must have been sent before the senate could even have known that he had reached the island. There are other minor points of difficulty which it is not necessary to specify. Suffice it to say that there are allusions, which will be easily recognized by the reader, implying a longer period of married life, as far as Othello and Desdemona are concerned, than is possible consistently with the text of the play. It is useless to try and reconcile these discrepancies and contradictions by a system of "double time," or by any similar device. The fact is, Shakespeare did not care about such matters; and the absence of any change of scenery on the stage made all details as to lapse of time of much less importance than they would be now. All the difficulties mentioned above may be explained by the fact that Shakespeare founded his play on the story, in which Othello and Desdemona are supposed to have lived together as husband and wife for some time before leaving Venice, and the events which take place in Cyprus are certainly not confined to two or three days.—F. A. M.

## ACT I. SCENE 1.

## 1. Lines 4-6:

'Sblood, but you will not hear me:  
If ever I did dream of such a matter,  
Abhor me.

These lines are arranged as by Steevens (1793); in Qq. lines 5 and 6 are printed as one line. The oath 'Sblood is only found in Q. 1; F. 1 prints the passage thus, in two lines:

But you'll not hear me. If ever I did dream  
Of such a matter, abhorre me,

which F. 2, F. 3 substantially follow. F. 4 prints the passage thus:

But you'll not hear me.  
If ever I did Dream  
Of such a matter, abhor me

2. Line 10: OFF-CAPP'D to him.—So the Folio. The Quartos have *oft capp'd*. In either case to *capp* will convey the idea of *showing respect* to.

3. Line 13: *with a BOMBAST circumstance*.—*Bombast* is here used adjectivally, in the sense of *fustian*; elsewhere—Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 791, and I. Henry IV. ii. 4. 359, where the prince hails Falstaff as a "creature of *bombast*"—the word is a substantive. Properly *bombast* means *cotton-wadding*; Greek *βέμβηξ*=silk, cotton (Skeat).

4. Line 16. NONSUITS *my mediators*.—Lord Campbell comments upon this line as a good instance of Shakespeare's "proneness to legal phraseology." "*Nonsuiting*," he says, "is known to the learned to be the most disreputable and mortifying mode of being beaten: it indicates that the action is wholly unfounded on the plaintiff's own showing, or that there is a fatal defect in the manner in which his case has been got up: inasmuch that Mr. Chitty, the great special pleader, used to give this advice to young barristers practising at  *nisi prius*: 'Always avoid your attorney when nonsuited, for till he has a little time for reflection, however much you may

abuse the judge, he will think that the nonsuit was all your fault.'"—Shakespeare's Legal Acquirements, pp. 90, 91.

## 5. Lines 16, 17:

for, "Certes," says he,  
"I have already chose my officer."

Some editors print "For certes" as though it were a single phrase, equivalent to *for certain*. The *for*, however, does not, I think, make part of what Othello is supposed to reply. Compare the Tempest, iii. 3. 29, 30:

If I should say, I saw such islanders,—  
For, certes, these are people of the island.

## 6. Line 19:

a great ARITHMETICIAN,  
One Michael Cassio, a FLORENTINE.

Apart from the fact that *Florence* was a great trading town, there may be some allusion to the economical and thrifty ways for which the *Florentines* were famous. "If any," says Peacham, "would be taught the true use of money let him travel to Italy! for the Italian, the *Florentine* especially, is able to teach all the world, Thrift!"—Peacham's The Worth of a Penny, 1641, Arber's English Garner, vi. p. 263. Iago, as a Venetian, expresses contempt for a native of Florence.

7. Line 21: *A fellow almost damn'd in a fair WIFE*.—

The reference, clearly, is to Cassio, and the *fair wife* may be Bianca; further I cannot see, and nothing that has been written on the line offers the least explanation of what to me appears to be almost inexplicable. Can it be that Iago is speaking, with mocking self-satire, from his own personal experience of a *fair wife*? From time to time he poses as the jealous husband; he affects to doubt the loyalty of Emilia; he, too, has been *damned* in the possession of a beautiful consort; and so as he utters the line does he think of his own hard case, and laugh ironically, or perhaps look the martyr? For it must be remembered that Iago is not merely the personification of deceit towards others: he occasionally tries to deceive himself, the last triumph and victory of the deceiver's art; and this may be one of his daring touches of self-deception. It does not, however, much matter whether we regard the line as said seriously or ironically: the point I would suggest is, that the speaker, in speaking the words, really refers to himself. I need scarcely say that emendations have been numerous. Coleridge was inclined to read *life*; Grant White prints *wise*; and the heroic Hamner, *ausus immane nefas*, ventured on a *fair phiz*, the last word surely in Boetian bathos.

[The elaborate explanation given by Arrowsmith (Shakespeare's Editors and Commentators, p. 39), and quoted by Dyce, that the words *fair wife* are to be connected with Iago's comparison of Cassio to a *spinster* just below (line 24), and that they are equivalent to saying that Cassio is no more a soldier than a *fair wife*, is too intricate for general comprehension. Certainly Mr. Verity's explanation above seems far more plausible; though quite possibly, as some commentators have pointed out, there is an allusion here to the rumoured marriage of Cassio and Bianca (see iv. 1. 118-133), a union which could not but socially *damn* him; or Iago may imply that Cassio is

completely under petticoat government, and therefore not fit to be an officer in any position of trust. Staunton objected that this line can have no reference to Bianca, because "there is no reason for supposing that Cassio had ever seen Bianca until they met in Cyprus." But surely the relations between Cassio and Bianca could not have arisen in so short a time as elapsed between his arrival in Cyprus, and the events in acts iii. and iv. of this play. However, on this point there are many difficulties. Othello does not seem to have known anything of Cassio's connection with Bianca till he sees him talking to her (iv. 1). In iii. 4. 193-195, Cassio gives a reason for not wishing Othello to see him with Bianca; he says he does not wish

To have him see me woman'd.

Again, if Iago knew of this connection of Cassio and Bianca, and that it would be likely to prejudice him with Othello, why did he not mention it before? The answer to this is that it would not have suited his plot to have done so, as it was his object to make out that Cassio was in love only with Desdemona. Part of the confusion as to Bianca's connection with Cassio may have arisen from the fact that Shakespeare combined in her the two women mentioned in Cinthio's story. See Introduction, p. 5.

—F. A. M.]

8. Line 24: *unless the bookish* THEORIC.—For *theoric*=theory, cf. Henry V. i. 1. 51, 52:

So that the art and practic part of life  
Must be the mistress to this *theoric*.

For the same words, retaining the same forms and used with the same antithesis, see Heywood's English Traveller, i. 1. 1-3:

Oh friend, that I to mine own *nation*  
Had joined but your *experience*! I have  
The *theoric*, but you the *practic*.

—Heywood's Select Plays, Mermaid ed. p. 157.

"*Theoric* of war" comes in All's Well, iv. 3. 163.

9. Line 25. *the TOGED consuls*.—So the Quarto of 1622. The Folio has *tongued*.

10. Line 31: *this COUNTER-CASTER*.—Alluding to the practice of making calculations with *counters*, or small metal disks, which are several times referred to in Shakespeare; e.g. As You Like It, ii. 7. 63; Troilus and Cressida, ii. 2. 23.

11. Line 45: *Many a duteous and KNEE-CROOKING knave*.—This is not unsuggestive of Hamlet, iii. 2. 66:  
And *crook* the pregnant hinges of the *knee*.

"*Hinge thy knee*" is amongst the maxims which Ape-mantus impresses upon Timon of Athens (iv. 3. 211).

12. Line 63: *In COMPLIMENT extern*.—Qq. and Ff. all print here "*in complement extern*." On the question of identity of *compliment* and *compliment* see Love's Labour's Lost, note 11. Some editors adhere to the spelling of the old copies, and explain the words thus: "in outward completeness." This is intelligible enough, though somewhat tautological. But if we read, as most editors, including the Cambridge, do, *compliment*, the meaning must be "in external or outward compliment," or "ceremoniousness," or "in conventional expression of politeness."

13. Line 65. *I AM not WHAT I AM*.—Compare Sonnet cxxi. line 9:

No, *I am that I am*, and they that level, &c.

Iago, I suppose, means that he will conceal his true character and not be what to others he is, i.e. *seems to be*.

14. Line 66: *does the THICK-LIPS owe*.—Coming from the jealous Roderigo the epithet, obviously, must not be pressed. Upon the question of Othello's nationality see Introduction.

15. Line 67: *If he can CARRY 'T thus*!—That is, "succeeded in this way." The phrase occurs again in Lear, v. 3. 36, 37:

and *carry it so*

As I have set it down;

where the sense is rather "contrive it;" and in Troilus and Cressida, ii. 3. 3. For Shakespeare's vague use of *it* with verbs, see Abbott's Shakespearian Grammar, page 150.

16. Lines 70, 71:

*And though he in a fertile climate dwell,  
Plague him with flies.*

This sentence is certainly not very intelligible. At first sight there appears to be some confusion of idea; for a *fertile climate*, in the sense of one where the vegetation is luxuriant, is generally more productive of insect pests than a cold and sterile one. But the association of ideas in Shakespeare's mind may have been a mixed one. For instance, some sorts of flies are particularly plentiful in sandy soil; and again, where there are much blight and many insect pests, vegetation suffers; but perhaps one must not inquire too curiously into Iago's exact meaning. Delicacy of expression or of thought was certainly not his distinguishing characteristic. *Though* may possibly be a mistake here caused by the *though* in the next line having caught the copyist's eye, or it may be equivalent to "as" or "because."—F. A. M.

17. Lines 72, 73:

*Yet throw such CHANGES of vexation on't,  
As it may lose some colour.*

So Qq. Ff. read *chances*, which I cannot but think, though it is rejected by most editors without any remark, may be the right reading. *Chances* is used frequently by Shakespeare in the sense of "accidents," as by Othello in the speech below (i. 3. 134). Is it not possible that the commentators may have been misled by the *lose some colour* in the next line, and so have too hastily preferred the *changes* of Qq. to the *chances* of Ff.?—F. A. M.

18. Line 76: *by night and negligence*.—This is an elliptical expression, the meaning of course being "in time of night and through negligence;" *by* being used in a double sense. Iago does not stop here to pick and choose his expressions. He wants to urge Roderigo on to instant action, to make him his instrument in annoying Othello. Roderigo throughout the scene is inclined to hang back; having been rejected as a suitor for Desdemona's hand by her father. He does not like the task that Iago sets him; and therefore it is necessary that the latter should keep pushing him forward, and thrusting him into the most prominent position. For, though Brabantio does not seem to know Iago here, it is possible that he might recognize

him by sight as Othello's ancient; and therefore Iago shades his face with his hat, in order that his features may not be recognized, and disguises his voice, taking at the same time a malicious delight in the whole incident. Roderigo is doing his dirty work for him; and Brabantio—for whom he feels almost as much contempt as he does for "the snipe," of whom he is making such "sport and profit,"—is humiliated, and can be insulted with comparative impunity.—F. A. M.

19. Line 106: *My house is not a GRANGE.*—*Grange* is from the Low Latin *granea*, a barn, i.e. a place where corn, *granum*, is kept. The word appears sometimes to have conveyed the idea of loneliness and isolation (see Measure for Measure, note 134); cf. Heywood's English Traveller, iii. 1:

And indeed

Who can blame him to absent himself from home,  
And make his father's house but as a grange?

—Heywood's Select Plays, Mermaid ed. p. 195.

According to Warton *grange* was used, in this sense, especially in the eastern and northern counties. It is superfluous to mention "the moated *grange*" in Measure for Measure, which Tennyson has described for us at length in his wonderful poem. Milton, by the way, probably recollected the etymology of the word when he wrote in Comus (175): "teeming flocks, and *granges* full." Hunter has an interesting note on the subject (Illustrations of Shakespeare, vol. ii. pp. 345, 346); he might, however, have remarked that the modern conception of *grange* as any country house is associated with the word quite early. For instance Cotgrave has "*Beauregard*: A summer house or *grauuge*; a house for recreation or pleasure." Again, Nash in his tract, Christ's Teares over Jerusalem, speaking of the plague, remarks that the poor must remain in the city, while "ritch men haue their country *granges* to fly to" (Nash's Prose Works, in Huth Library, vol. iv. p. 246). In the ballad, too, of Flodden Felde I find the word used of the Cheshire country-seat of the Egerton family.—See Bishop Percy's Folio MS., edited by Prof. Hales and Dr. Furnivall, vol. i. p. 338.

20. Line 112: *your NEPHEWS neigh to you.*—*Nephew* (Lat. *nepos*) here=grandson; cf. Marlowe, Dido Queen of Carthage, ii. 1. 335:

Sleep, my sweet *nephew*, in these cooling shades.

—Works, Bullen's ed. vol. ii. p. 339.

See I. Henry VI. note 135.

21. Line 124: *At this ODD-EVEN and dull watch o' the night.*—The time, that is, when one hardly knows whether, strictly speaking, it is night or day; 2 P.M., for instance, is the *odd-even* of the night; the day has begun, but the night is not over. How any one can find a difficulty in the expression passes my understanding; yet it has been not a little discussed. We have exactly the same idea in Macbeth, iii. 4. 126, 127.

*Mach.*

What is the night?

*Lady M.* Almost at odds with morning, which is which.

22. Line 126: *a knave of common hire*, a GONDOLIER.—So the Folio; the 1632 Quarto has *gundelier*; in the Quarto of 1622 only the first line and the last three lines of this speech are given. Perhaps Shakespeare wrote *gundeler*; in any case he intended the word to be pronounced

as a trisyllable. See Sidney Walker, Shakespeare's Versification, p. 218. In As You Like It, iv. 1. 38 "swam in a *gondola*" baffled the printer's skill.

23. Line 138: *Of HERE and EVERY WHERE.*—For the adverbs used as substantives compare Lear, i. 1. 264:

Thou locest *here*, a better *where* to find.

24. Line 159: *Lead to the SAGITTARY the raised search.*—What was the *Sagittary*? The subject has been much discussed. According to Knight, the reference is to "the residence at the Arsenal of the commanding officers of the navy and army. The figure of an archer with his drawn bow, over the gates, still indicates the place." Knight's theory is scarcely tenable. In the first place, his description of the figure appears to be incorrect; the latter, says the American critic, Mr. Rolfe, is "not over the gates, but is one of four statues standing in front of the structure. It represents a man holding a bow (not 'drawn') in his hand, but is in no respect more conspicuous than its three companions. If Shakespeare was ever in Venice he probably saw the statue, but we cannot imagine why it should suggest to him to call the place the *Sagittary*" (Furness Variorum edn., Othello, p. 26). Again, the Arsenal was the most conspicuous building in Venice; no Venetian would require to be guided there; still less could any one in the employ of the government have a difficulty in finding his way thither. Yet in scene 3, line 121, Othello sends Iago with the attendants to show them where the *Sagittary* was:

Ancient, conduct them, you best know the place.

This is scarcely consistent with the theory that the *Sagittary* was a part of the Arsenal. I may mention, too, an incidental point of evidence, viz. that Coryat in his Crudities gives (vol. i. pp. 278-283) a minute and detailed account of the Arsenal, and had the *Sagittary* formed a portion of the latter, it would hardly have passed without mention. Perhaps, after all, the name was a mere invention on the part of Shakespeare; in which case it is a thousand pities that he has not had the satisfaction of laughing at the tortures to which he unwittingly subjected generations of editors.

25. Line 183: *And RAISE some special officers of night.*—*Raise*=rouse, as in Merchant of Venice, ii. 8. 4:

The villain Jew with outcries *rais'd* the duke.

## ACT I. SCENE 2.

26. Line 5: *I had thought t' have YERK'D him.*—*Yerk* here = "to strike sharply," in Henry V. iv. 7. 83, the sense is *kick*:

*Yerk* out their armed heels.

Compare Lyly's Sapho and Phao, i. 1: "I am afraid she will *yerke* me, if I hit her" (Lyly's Works, Fairholt's ed. i. p. 159). Cotgrave has: "*Ruer des pieds*; to kicke, winse, *Yerke*." *Yerk* and *yerke* are obviously the same word; cf. Cotgrave: "*Fouetter*; to scourge, lash, *yerk* or *jerke*." There is a third word *jert*, given by Cotgrave (s.v. *attainte*) and connected with the more familiar pair. I find it in Nash's Summer's Last Will and Testament: "When I *jerted* my whip and said to my horses but *Hay*" (Nash's Prose Works, edited by Grosart, in Huth Library, vol. vi. p. 125). Skeat *sub voce* *yerke* should be consulted.

27. Line 12: *That the MAGNIFICO is much below'd.*—Compare *The Merchant of Venice*, iii. 2. 282, where the Clarendon Press editors quote from Florio, "*Magnifico*, nobly-minded, magnificent. Also a *Magnifico* of Venice;" see note 247 to that play. In *The Return from Parnassus*, iii. 4, we read:

Where it shall dwell like a *magnifico*.

—Arber's Reprint, p. 45.

Coryat, by the way, tells us that all the "gentlemen of Venice . . . are called *Clarissimos*" (Coryat's *Crudities*, ed. 1776, vol. ii. p. 32). On the other hand, in Peacham's curious tract, *The Worth of a Penny* (1641), I find the following: "Go into other countries, especially Italy! the greatest *magnifico* in Venice will think it no disgrace to his *magnificenza* to go to market" (Arber's *English Garner*, vol. vi. p. 274). At Milan *clarissimo* appears to have been the term in use; cf. Dekker's *Honest Whore*, Part I. i. 2: "before any *clarissimo* in Milan" (Dekker's *Plays*, Mermaid ed. p. 98).

28. Lines 22-24:

*and my demerits*

*May speak, UNBONNETED, to as proud a fortune*

*As this that I have reach'd.*

*Unbonneted* must, I think, mean *with the bonnet taken off*; i.e. as a sign of respect. How does this fit in with the general drift of the passage? Othello is protesting against the idea that he is a mere adventurer, "an extravagant and wheeling stranger," who has had the luck to win a distinguished position at Venice. I am, he says, of noble birth: if I have succeeded I deserved to: my fortune may be great, but my qualities (*demerits*) are equal to my fortune, or nearly so: using a metaphor, I say that my demerits can speak to, address, accost—what you will—my fortune, whom, for the moment, we will personify; though, of course, as a slight sign of respect, they would do so *unbonneted*. I believe, therefore, that *unbonneted* is the right reading, and that it is thrown in parenthetically and ironically; and this explanation is, I think, supported by the fact that in the Folio the word is placed in brackets. *And bonneted* (Theobald), *e'en bonneted* (Hammer), are the best of the corrections. [We must notice here the explanation given by Fuseli "At Venice the *bonnet*, as well as the toge, is a badge of aristocratic honours to this day" (Furness, p. 33), and therefore the meaning is that Othello was equal in rank to Brabantio as far as birth went, and that he could, without the addition to the dignity of which the *bonnet* was the sign, speak to "as proud a fortune" as that he had reached. But I think that Mr. Verity's explanation given above is much the simplest, and, in confirmation of it, we may notice the modest affectation of the word *demerits*, instead of, as we should have expected, *merits*. Othello's words may be thus paraphrased: "The lack of merit in me is not so great, but that I may, with no other than the ordinary marks of courtesy, claim the honour of an alliance with one of the rank of Brabantio's daughter." But it is just possible that Shakespeare might here, with pardonable carelessness, have used *unbonneted* in exactly the opposite sense to that which it generally has, that is to say, as—"without taking the bonnet off."—F. A. M.]

29. Line 28: *For the SEA'S WORTH.*—We have an equally

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vague reference to the "sea's rich gems" in Sonnet xxi. line 6. Perhaps, as Hunter suggests, Shakespeare had in his mind's eye the fascinating idea of "treasures buried in the deep" (Illustrations of Shakespeare, ii. p. 282). Compare Richard III. i. 4. 26.

30. Line 46: *The senate sent about three several QUESTS.*

—As we should say, "search-parties." "*Questing* hounds" was a very common name for sporting dogs, a fact which Otway remembered when he wrote (in *The Soldier's Fortune*, iv. 3): "Lie still, lie still, you knave, close, close, when I bid you; you had best *quest*, and spoil the *sport*, you had!" (Otway's *Plays*, Mermaid ed. p. 257). Cotgrave has: "Queste: A *quest*, inquire, search, inquisition, seeking."

31. Line 50: *boarded a land CARRACK.*—*Carrack* is properly a Portuguese word signifying any kind of large merchant vessel. Compare *Comedy of Errors*, iii. 2. 140: "whole armadoes of *carracks*." So Heywood's *Fair Maid of the West*, part I. i. 1. 12:

If their *carracks*

Come deeply laden.

—Heywood's *Select Plays*, Mermaid ed. p. 8x.

And in Arber's *English Garner*, vol. iii. pp. 11-31, there is an account of a "Voyage, in a Portuguese *carrack*, to Goa, in 1583 A.D."

32. Line 51: *If it prove LAWFUL PRIZE.*—"Shakespeare gives us very distinct proof that he was acquainted with Admiralty law, as well as with the procedure of Westminster Hall . . . the trope (i.e. 'lawful prize') indicating that there would be a suit in the High Court of Admiralty to determine the validity of the capture" (Lord Campbell, *Shakespeare's Legal Acquirements*, pp. 91, 92).

33. Line 63: *thou hast ENCHANTED her.*—I do not think that any one has noted the imitation of this and the following scene which occurs in Massinger's *A Very Woman*, v. 3. To me it is quite clear that Massinger remembered Brabantio's words when he wrote the following dialogue, the speakers in which are the father (the Viceroy), his daughter (Almira), a physician (Paulo), and the Duke.

*Vice.* (to Almira). O thou shame

Of women! thy sad father's curse and scandal!

With what an impious violence thou tak'st from him

His few short hours of breathing!

*Paul.* Do not add, sir,

Weight to your sorrow in the ill-bearing of it.

*Vice.* From whom, degenerate monster, flow these low

And base affections in thee? *What strange philtres*

*Hast thou received? What witch with damned spells*

*Deprived thee of thy reason?* Look on me,

Since thou art lost unto thyself, and learn,

From what I suffer for thee, what strange tortures

Thou dost prepare thyself.

*Duke.* Good sir, take comfort;

The counsel you bestow'd on me, make use of.

*Paul.* *This villain (for such practices in that nation*

*Are very frequent) it may be, hath forced,*

*By cunning potions, and by sorcerous charms,*

*This frenzy in her.*

—Cunningham's Massinger, p. 523.

Many touches in Massinger show that he was well read in the works of Shakespeare.

34. Line 68: *The wealthy* CURLED DARLINGS of our nation.—For some mysterious reason curling the hair appears to have been a mark of affectation; cf. Lear, iii. 4. 87: "A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curled my hair," where Mr. Aldis Wright quotes from Harsnet's Declaration, p. 54: "Maynie the Actor, comes mute upon the stage, with his hands by his side, and his hair curled up. Loe heere (cries Weston the Interpreter) comes up the spirit of pride." Stubbes, too, brands the practice "of curling and laying out of . . . naturall heyre" as "impious and at no hand lawfull," as "the ensigne of Pride," and a mark of "wantonnes to all that behould it" (Anatomic of Abuses, New Shakspeare Society publications, part i. p. 68). So Timon of Athens, iv. 3. 160. *Darlings*, we may note, appears as *dearveling* in the Folio. The singular must, I think, have been an error of the printer; the form *dearveling* was, perhaps, in current use. In Elizabethan English the word appears to have borne an offensive sense, to have been, in fact, equivalent to *paramour*. This is clear from a passage in Stubbes' *Anatomic*, where lovers who have been previously described as *paramours* are referred to as *dearlynges*; and Dr. Furnivall in his admirable index quotes from Huloet, 1552: "*Darlynge*, a wanton terme used in Veneriall speach, as be these: honeycombe . . . sweteheart, true love. *Adonis* . . . *delitie*—*suavium*." See *Anatomic of Abuses*, part I. pp. 88 and 356; and Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, bk. iv. canto viii. liv. 5:

which keeper is this Dwarf, her *dearling* base.

35. Line 75: *That WAKEN MOTION*.—*Waken* is Hammer's emendation of the text; the folio and quartos read *weaken*. Retaining *weaken*, Ritson interprets: "impair the faculties." I doubt whether *motion* can bear any such meaning. *To waken motion* would simply mean *excite motion or passion*, the natural effect of such drugs as Brabantio has hinted at. For *motion* = *passion*, cf. i. 3. 334, 335: "we have reason to cool our raging *motions*, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts." The A. S. form of *weak* was *wac*: is it possible that in Shakespeare's time *weaken* and *waken* were confused in pronunciation, or even that they were spelt alike? Theobald substituted *weaken notion*, explaining *notion* in the sense of "understanding," "judgment," as in Lear, i. 4. 247–249:

Doth Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where are his eyes?  
Either his *notion* weakens, his discernings  
Are lethargied—Ha! I wakening?

Compare also Macbeth, iii. 1. 83: "a *notion* craz'd," and Coriolanus, v. 6. 107. Theobald's emendation is adopted by Pope, Johnson, Capell, and others.

36. Lines 78, 79:

*a practiser*  
Of ARTS INHIBITED.

We may remember that a very severe statute against witchcraft had been passed in the first year of James's reign; see As You Like It, v. 2. 78, with note.

37. Line 83: *were it my CUE*.—That is, "were it my part to fight." For *cue*, see *Midsummer Night's Dream*, note 151.

#### ACT I. SCENE 3.

38. Line 8: A TURKISH fleet, and bearing up to CYPRUS.—Upon the historical points which are here raised I shall

venture to borrow Knight's note; it is as follows: "The Republic of Venice became the virtual sovereign of Cyprus in 1471, when it assumed the guardianship of the son of Catharine Cornaro, who, being left a widow, wanted the protection of the Republic to maintain the power which her husband had usurped. The island was then first garrisoned by Venetian troops. Catharine, in 1489, abdicated the sovereignty in favour of the Republic. Cyprus was retained by the Venetians till 1570, when it was invaded by a powerful Turkish force, and was finally subjected to the dominion of Selim II. in 1571. From that period it has formed (until, of course, 1880) a part of the Turkish Empire. Nicosia, the inland capital of the island, was taken by storm; and Famagusta, the principal seaport, capitulated after a long and gallant defence. It is evident, therefore, that we must refer the action of Othello to a period before the subjugation of Cyprus by the Turks. The locality of the scenes after the first act must be at Famagusta, which was strongly fortified—a fact which Shakespeare must have known, when in III. ii. Othello says: 'I will be walking on the works.'" Upon the capture of Cyprus by the Turks Howell has something to say in his Instructions for Forraire Travell (1642): "She (i.e. Venice) hath continued a *Virgin* . . . nere upon twelve long ages, under the same forme and face of Government, without any visible change or symptome of decay, or the least wrinkle of old age, though, her too neer neighbour, the *Turk* had often set upon her skirts and sought to *deflowre* her, wherein he went so farr that he took from her *Venus joynture* [I mean the Iland of Ciprus,] which she long possessed, and was the sole Crown she ever wore" (Arber's Reprint, pp. 42, 43). Later on (page 45) Howell speaks of Venice as "the greatest rampart of Christendome against the *Turk by Sea*." Turning to Coryat's Crudities I find the following: "And for the space of many yeares they (the Venetians) possessed the whole island of Cyprus, situate in the Mediterranean Sea . . . they were expelled againe by the *Turkes* *An* 1571" (Coryat's Crudities, ed. 1776, vol. ii. pp. 66, 67). It may be worth while to note that the first act of Dekker's *Old Fortunatus* takes place in Cyprus; so, too, does the whole of Ford's *Lover's Melancholy*.

39. Line 14: *The Turkish* PREPARATION.—Used of a force ready for action, as in Coriolanus, i. 2. 15:

These three lead on this *preparation*.

So Lear, iv. 4. 22.

40. Line 35: *Have there injointed them with an after fleet*.—From Knolles' *Historie* of the Turks it would seem that this detail is historically correct.

41. Line 48, 49:

*Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you*  
*Against the general enemy Ottoman.*

In the novel we are merely told that "the Venetians resolving to change the garrison which they maintain in Cyprus, elected the Moor to the command of the troops which they destined for that island" (Hazlitt's *Shakespeare's Library*, part I. vol. ii. p. 286).

42. Line 64: *SANS witchcraft*.—Mr. Aldis Wright in a note on *The Tempest*, i. 2. 97 ("A confidence *sans* bound")

suggests that *sans* may first have been used in purely French phrases, such as "*sans* question," Love's Labour's Lost, v. 1. 91; "*sans* compliment," King John, v. 6. 16. Afterwards it appears to have established itself in English as a recognized preposition, Cotgrave giving "*Sans*: *Sanse*, without."

43. Line 82: *the soft phrase of peace*.—Compare iii. 3. 264:

And have not those *soft* parts of conversation;  
and Coriolanus, iii. 2. 82, 83:

Hast not the *soft* way which, thou dost confess,  
Were fit for thee to use as they to claim.

The epithet conveys the idea of effeminacy.

44. Lines 91, 92: *what drugs, what charms,*  
*What* CONJURATION.

The trial of Othello, Lord Campbell remarks, is conducted precisely as though "he had been indicted on Stat. 33, Hen. VII. c. 8. for practising '*conjuración*, witchcraft, enchantment, and sorcery, to provoke to unlawful love,'" a sufficiently pointed reference to the terms of the act of parliament (Shakespeare's Legal Acquirements, p. 92). For the omission of *with*—*with* what drugs, &c., see Abbott, p. 136.

45. Lines 107-109:  
*Without more wider and more overt test*  
*THAN THESE thin habits and poor likelihoods*  
*Of MODERN seeming DO prefer against him.*

So Ft.; Qq. have "*These are*," and *you* instead of *do* in the next line. As to the exact meaning of *habits* here it is rather difficult to determine. It may mean "externals" or "clothes" in a figurative sense; but Singer makes the very plausible suggestion that it may also be a Latinism from *habita* = "things, considered, reckoned, as in the phrase *habit* and *repute*; i.e. held and esteemed." *Modern* is used in its not uncommon Shakespearean sense of *hackneyed*, *commonplace*. So "*modern instances*," As You Like It, ii. 7. 156; "*modern ecstasy*," Macbeth, iv. 3. 170; "*a modern quill*," Sonnet lxxxiii. line 7.

46. Line 135: *Of moving ACCIDENTS by flood and field*.—*Accidents* often bears the general sense of events, experiences; e.g. Edward III. v. 1:

And I must sing of doleful *accidents*.  
—Doubtful Plays of Shakespeare, Tauchnitz ed. p. 72.

47. Line 139: *And PORTANCE in my travels' history*.—So Coriolanus, ii. 3. 232:

The apprehension of his present *portance*;  
i.e. demeanour, bearing. The word occurs frequently in Spenser; e.g.

And her proud *portance* and her princely gest.  
—Faerie Queene, bk. iii. canto ii. stanza xxvii. l. 2.  
But for in court gay *portance* he perceiv'd.  
—Ibid. book ii. canto iii. st. v. l. 7.

See Globe ed. of Spenser, pp. 92, 165. For *travels* the Folio has *travellours*, i.e. *travellers*, which Delius adopts.

48. Lines 143-145:  
*And of the Cannibals that each other eat,*  
*The Anthropolophagi, and men whose heads*  
*Do grow beneath their shoulders.*

These, obviously, are touches borrowed from contemporary books of travel; they may be illustrated by various references. Humber, for instance, in the pseudo-Shakespearean drama of Loctrine remarks, iii. 6:

Would God we had arriv'd upon the shore  
Where Polyphemus and the Cyclops dwell;  
*Or where the bloody Anthropolophagi*  
*With greedy jaws devour the wandering wights.*

—Tauchnitz ed. p. 168.

There is a similar allusion in Sir Thomas Browne's Religio Medici, part I. section xxxvii: "Nay, further, we are what we all abhor, *Anthropolophagi*, and *cannibals*, *devourers not only of men, but of ourselves*;" and Shakespeare may have read the second chapter in the seventh book of Holland's translation (1601) of Pliny's Natural History. With the second part of the lines given above cf. The Tempest, iii. 3. 46, 47:

or that there were such men

*Whose heads stood in their breasts;*

in illustration of which the commentators quote from Maundeville's Travels: "And in another Yle, toward the Southe, duellen folk of foule (i.e. ugly) Stature and of cursed kynde, that hau no Hedes: and here Eyen ben in here Scholdres" (Halliwell's ed. p. 203). Furness in his note on this passage (Variorum Othello, pp. 56, 57) brings together a number of similar passages which it would take too much space to reproduce.

49. Lines 162, 163:  
*yet she wish'd*  
*That heaven had made her such a man.*

Possibly *her* = for *her*; i.e. Desdemona wished "that heaven had made such a husband for her;" more likely, however, she wished "she had been such a man as was Othello."

50. Line 167: *She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd*. This line is a perfect criticism upon Desdemona's feeling towards Othello. Her love is the love of blinded and blinding admiration: she is carried away by the romance of Othello's great deeds: it is a picturesque passion, not the perfect union of two equally-balanced natures. Hence, without the serpentine craft of Iago to hurry on the tragedy, time might have brought its disillusion and despair.

51. Line 180: *Mynoble father*, &c.—Desdemona's speech is not unsuggestive of Marlowe's Tamburlaine, part i. v. 2. 386-394.

52. Lines 202, 203:  
*When remedies are past, the griefs are ended*  
*By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.*

The rhyme in this speech is obviously intended to emphasize the sententious moralizing of the duke.

53. Lines 218, 219:  
*I never yet did hear*  
*That the bruist heart was PIERCED through the ear.*

Warburton, thinking that *pierced* must mean *wounded*, substituted *pieced*. *Pierced*, however, = *reached*, or *penetrated*. Malone aptly quotes from the Faerie Queene, bk. iv. cviii. st. 26:

Her words . . .  
Which, *passing through the eares*, would pierce the heart.



54. Line 225: *opinion, a sovereign MISTRESS of effects.*—  
Compare Merchant of Venice, iv. 1. 50-52:

affection,  
Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood  
Of what it likes or loathes.

The old form of the word was *maistres*, and in the lines just quoted the two Quartos and the Folio all read *maisters*, an error, probably, for *maistres*.

55. Line 227: *be content to SLUBBER.*—*Slubber* is here equivalent to *sully*. Elsewhere the word means "to slur over," "do carelessly;" so Merchant of Venice, ii. 8. 39:

*Slubber* not business for my sake.

Cotgrave gives "*boiffer*, to bungle up or *slubber* over things in haste;" for which sense, perhaps, compare a couplet in the anonymous sonnets entitled *Zepheria* (1594):

My *slubbing* pencil casts too gross a matter,  
Thy beauty's pure divinity to blaze.

—Arber's English Garner, v. p. 66.

56. Line 230.—Mr. Irving here marks in his own acting edition (not published) a very suggestive stage-direction: *Look at Desdemona first*; as if to show that Othello felt what a sacrifice he was making in leaving her at that moment, on their very wedding night.—F. A. M.

57. Line 238: *place and EXHIBITION.*—*Exhibition*=allowance, as in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, i. 3. 69; see note 33 of that play. This use of the word is too common to need illustration; cf. however, for a good instance, *The London Prodigal*, i. 1:

What, doth he spend beyond the *allowance* I left him?

How! beyond that? and far more? Why, your *exhibition* is nothing. He hath spent that, and since hath borrowed. —Tauschnitz ed. p. 220.

58. Line 239: *accommodation and BESORT*—*Besort* here = fit attendance. It occurs as a verb in *Lear*, i. 4. 272:

such men as may *besort* your age;

i.e. suit, become.

59. Line 250: *and STORM of fortunes.*—*Violence and storm* must be taken as a single phrase; but the latter is curious. The 1622 Quarto has *scorne of Fortunes*; one would have been relieved had it read *scorn of fortune*.

60. Line 252: *Even to the very QUALITY of my lord.*—By *quality* Desdemona surely means the very *nature, character* of Othello. I should not have thought it necessary to note the point, had not some editors interpreted the word to mean *profession*; as though Desdemona wished to say: "I will be as much a soldier as my lord is." *Quality*, where it signifies a *profession*, is generally used of the actor's calling; cf. *Hamlet*, ii. 2. 363. So in Massinger's play *The Roman Actor*, Aretinus, speaking to Paris (the actor), says, i. 3:

Stand forth,

In thee, as being the chief of thy *profession*,  
I do accuse the *quality* of treason.

—Cunningham's Massinger, p. 197.

Compare again *The Picture*, ii. 1:

How do you like the *quality*?

You had a foolish itch to be an actor,  
And may *stroll* where you please.

—Ibid. p. 293.

Quarto 1 has *utmost pleasure* in place of *very quality*.

61. Lines 264, 265:

*Nor to comply with heat—the young AFFECTS  
In ME defunct—and proper satisfaction.*

*Me* is a slight and necessary correction of the text; the old reading was *my*. *Affects* is equivalent to *passions*. Two curious imitations of the passage have been pointed out. Compare *The Bondman*, i. 3:

Let me wear

Your colours, lady; and though *youthful heats*,  
That look no further than your outward form,  
Are long since *buried* in me.

—Gifford, Massinger, ii. p. 30.

So again, Fletcher's *Fair Maid of the Inn*, i. i.:

While our cold fathers,

In whom long since their *youthful heats* were dead.

—Vol. x. p. 20 (ed. Dyce).

The arrangement of the lines in our text is that first given by Capell, as suggested by Upton, and followed by Dyce, the Cambridge edd., and others. Qq. read

heate, the young affects

In *my* defunct,

which Ff. follow, except that they have no comma after *heat*; and F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 substitute *effects* for *affects*. Pages of commentary have been written on this passage, and the emendations proposed would alone fill half a column of one of our pages. It is difficult to see what all the "pothor" has been about; nor are Othello's words a fit subject to expatiate on at any length. He says later in the play, as Theobald pointed out, when debating with himself the reasons which may have alienated Desdemona's affection from him (iii. 3. 265, 266):

or, for I am declin'd

Into the vale of years,—yet that's not much.

This makes the meaning of this previous passage perfectly clear, which we take to be that Othello is a man who has learned to restrain his passions, to be their master instead of being mastered by them;—at least so he believes. Perhaps the word *proper* may be taken here to = selfish.

62. Lines 293, 294:

*Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see:  
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.*

[This Parthian arrow, which may well rankle in Othello's heart, is a fine touch; it is the first suggestion he hears that Desdemona may be faithless, and the suggestion comes from her own father.] Compare the warning which Mowbray gives the king in *Richard II.* i. 2. 201-205, after the latter has pronounced sentence of his banishment:

No, Bolingbroke: if ever I were traitor,  
My name be blotted from the book of life,  
And I from heaven banish'd, as from hence!  
But what thou art, God, thou, and I do know;  
And all too soon, I fear, the king shall rue.

"In real life," says Coleridge, "how do we look back to little speeches as presentimental of, or contrasted with, an affecting event! Even so, Shakspeare, as secure of being read over and over, of becoming a family friend, provides this passage for his readers, and leaves it to them" (Lectures on Shakspeare, Bohn's ed., 1884, p. 387). We can imagine Othello afterwards recurring again and again to Brabantio's words.

63. Line 328: *or MANURED with industry*.—That is, cultivated with industry. Milton twice uses the word in exactly the same way:

That mock our scant *manuring*.

—Paradise Lost, bk. iv. 668.

And bk. xi. 28, 29:

Which, his own hand *manuring*, all the trees  
Of Paradise could have produced.

Compare too Stubbes' *Anatomic of Abuses*, part i. p. 36: "God . . . placed him (man) in Paradise terrestrial, commanding him to tyl and *manure* the same" (Furnivall's ed. in New Shakspeare Society Publications). The derivation is obvious: *main, œuvre*.

64. Line 344: *never better STEAD thee*.—That is, "stood thee in good stead." So *The Tempest*, i. 2. 164, 165:

necessaries,

Which since have *steaded* much.

Compare too *Merchant of Venice*, i. 3. 7.

65. Line 355: *as bitter as coloquintida . . . therefore put money in thy purse*.—I have taken the reading of the 1632 Quarto; it differs—for the better—in various small points from the earlier Quarto and from the Folio. *Coloquintida* is more familiar under its other name *coloquith* as a common ingredient in aperient or liver pills. It is never prescribed alone, and in large quantities is said to be dangerous. It is made from the fruit of the *Citrullus Colocynthus* or bitter-apple, a kind of cucumber.

66. Line 363: *a SUPERSUBTLE VENETIAN*.—The shrewdness of the Venetians was proverbial. Howell tells us that Venice "hath subsisted thus long as much by *Policy* as *Armes*, as much by reach of *Wit*, and *advantage of treaty*, as by open *strength*, it having been her practise ever and anon to sow a piece of *Fox* tayle to the skinnie of *S. Marks Lyon*" (Instructions for Forraine Travell, Arber's Reprint, p. 43). This is a testimony to the Venetian's political sharpness. By *supersubtle*, however, as applied to Desdemona, Iago doubtless meant cleverness in finding ways of being faithless to Othello; and we may remember the contemporary proverb that "the first handsome woman that ever was made, was made of *Venice Glass*; which implies *Beauty*, but *Brittleness* withal" (Howell's Letters, ed. 1754, p. 56). Readers of Ascham will recollect the very unflattering picture of Venice, and indeed of Italy generally, which he draws in the *Schoolmaster*; see Arber's Reprint, pp. 77–86. Coryat, too, gives us no very edifying account of Venetian society: he finds it necessary to dissertate for several pages on the courtisans of Venice, of whom the number "is very great" (see his *Crudities*, vol. ii. pp. 38–50).

67. Line 389: *Thus do I ever . . .*—Upon this speech of Iago's, which in the final couplet closes with a crescendo of passion, I must borrow Coleridge's criticism: "Iago's soliloquy—the motive-hunting of a motiveless malignity—how awful it is! Yea, whilst he is still allowed to bear the divine image, it is too fiendish for his own steady view—for the lonely gaze of a being next to devil, and only not quite devil—and yet a character which Shakspeare has attempted and executed, without disgust and without scandal" (Lectures on Shakspeare, Bohn's ed., 1884, p. 388).

68. Line 392: *I hate the Moor*.—It is a question what

in the play are the exact motives that influence Iago; in the novel his passion for Desdemona is undoubtedly the main incentive to his villainy. See Introduction p. 6.

## ACT II. SCENE 1.

69. *A SEAPORT TOWN in CYPRUS*.—The scene of the action is Famagusta; see what has been said in note 38. Sir John Maundeville has something to tell us about Cyprus, "righte a gode Ile and a fayr and a gret, and it hathe 4 princypalle Cytees within him. And there is an Erchebysshope at Nicosie, and 4 othere Bysschoppes in that Lond. And at Famagost is on of the princypalle Havenes of the See, that is in the World: and there arryven Cristene Men and Sarazynes and Men of alle Naciouns . . . And besyde Famagost was Seynt Barnabee the Apostle born" (The Voiage and Travaile of Sir John Maundeville, Kt., Halliwell's ed. (1883), pp. 27, 28).

70. Line 3: *'twixt the HEAVEN and the main*.—Q. 1 reads *haven*, a reading adopted and strongly defended by Malone. Steevens suggested that Shakespeare might have written *heavens*. If the Gentleman, who had been on the look-out from the rocky promontory which partly defends the harbour of Famagusta, could not discern a sail even on the horizon, it must be confessed that the announcement of Cassio's arrival, a few lines further on (22), rather staggers one; but if, as is often the case in stormy weather, no one could see far from the shore, the vessel might have been tolerably near to the *haven* without being visible; and the reading of Q. 1 would be the more probable of the two. In support, however, of the reading of Ff, we may quote the passage from *Paradise Lost*:

As when far off at sea a fleet descried

*Hangs in the clouds.*

—Book ii. 636, 637.

But would not the more poetical expression of "the *heaven* and the *main*" suit Montano better than the somewhat prosaic *First Gentleman*.—F. A. M.

71. Lines 7–9:

*If it hath RUFFIAN'd so upon the sea,*

*What ribs of oak, when MOUNTAINS MELT on them,*

*Can hold the mortise?*

We are reminded at once of "the *ruffian* billows" in II. Henry IV. iii. 1. 22. In line 8 Q. 1 reads: "the *large* mountain's melt"; a misprint for "mountaines melt" (a transposed s). Pope adopted the slightly altered form "huge *mountains* melt." *Mortise* is the cavity cut in one piece of timber to receive the "tenon" or projecting part from another. Heavy timbers are generally fastened together by two of these *mortises* and tenons. The word is apparently used by Shakespeare, in a general sense, for that sort of joint which is still called "a *mortise* joint." He does not use the noun elsewhere; but in *Hamlet*, iii. 3. 19, 20, we find the verb:

To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things

*Are mortis'd* and adjoin'd.

72. Line 12: *The chiding billow seems to pelt the clouds*.—The exaggerated language in this passage is not unsuggestive of *The Tempest*, i. 2. 2–5. Compare, too, *The Winter's Tale*, iii. 3. 85–90.

73. Line 13: *with high and monstrous* MANE.—A magnificent metaphor, which the last-century editors entirely lost by reading, with F. 2 and F. 3, *main*. Qq. give *mayne*. Knight restored it to the text.

74. Lines 14, 15:

*Seems to cast water on the burning Bear,  
And quench the GUARDS of th' ever-fixed POLE.*

For the idea compare Lear, iii. 7. 50-61:

The sea, with such a storm as his bare head  
In hell-black night endured, would have buoy'd up,  
And quench'd the stelled fires.

The *ever-fixed pole* is the pole-star, referred to in Much Ado, iii. 4. 59, Sonnet cxvi. lines 7 and 8, and Julius Caesar, iii. 1. 60-62, the epithets "true-fix'd" and "resting" being applied to it in the last-mentioned passage. Upon the reference to *the guards*, a correspondent of Notes and Queries writes as follows: "They (*i.e.* the guards) are the two stars  $\beta$  and  $\gamma$  Ursæ Minoris, on the shoulder and foreleg of the Little Bear, as usually depicted, or sometimes on the ear and shoulder. They were more observed in Shakespeare's time than now for the purposes of navigation. Norman's Safeguard of Sailors, 1587, has a chapter, 'Howe to Knowe the houre of the night by the Guards.' They were even made the subject of mechanical contrivances for facilitating calculation, one of which is described in The Arte of Navigation, trans. by Richard Eden from the Spanish of Martin Curtis (or Cortez) 1561, consisting of fixed and movable concentric circles with holes, through which to observe 'the two starres called the Guardians, or the mouth of the home'" (Notes and Queries, 5th series, vol. viii. p. 83).

75. Lines 25-28:

*The ship is here put in,  
A VERONESA. Michael Cassio,  
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor Othello,  
Is come on shore.*

F. 1 reads:

The ship is heere put in: A *Veronessa*, Michael Cassio.

That is to say, *Veronessa* qualifies *Michael Cassio*. Theobald saw the error, Cassio not being a native of Verona, and changed the punctuation, so as to make the epithet refer to the *ship*. The question then arises—how are we to interpret *Veronessa*, or, as Qq. have it, *Veronessa*, of a vessel? "A ship of Verona" sounds rather impossible, Verona being inland; also four lines back it was "a noble ship of *Venice*." There are two fairly feasible explanations: one, that Verona was a dependency of Venice, and so might have had to supply the vessel, which for this reason could have been called a Veronese boat; the other, that *Veronessa* is the name of the ship. In the latter case I should propose to read *La Veronessa*, a suggestion which others, I daresay, have made. Perhaps the *L* dropped out through some confusion with the next line, which begins with the same letter. Elze has an ingenious theory, that we should read *verrinessa*, a word which apparently is not actually found in any Italian author, but which might quite well exist, being a substantive formed from the nautical word *verrinare*=*perforare*, to cleave; a *verrinessa* would therefore signify, in our phrase, a cutter.

76. Line 43: *Thanks to the valiant of this warlike isle.*—So the Quarto of 1622, except that for *warlike* (the Folio reading) it gives *worthy*. The Folio has:

*Thanks you, the valiant of the wartlike isle.*

77. Line 65: *does tire the* INGENER.—The Quarto of 1622 reads *does beare all excellency*; the Folio, *do's tyre the ingenuiter*; *ingenuer* may, as Steevens suggested, be a misprint for *ingener*, a vague word, signifying any one possessed of great natural gifts. Cassio means that no artist could possibly do justice to Desdemona, if he tried to describe her charms.

78. Line 70: *Traitors* ENSTEER'D to clog the guiltless keel.—The 1622 Quarto reads *enscerped*, a misprint, perhaps, for *enscarped*, which would be forcible enough. *Ensteeped* will mean *submerged*, referring to the sands.

79. Line 72: *Their* MORTAL natures.—*Mortalis*, it may be observed, never in classical authors bears the sense of "deadly;" this use of the word is only found in patristic Latin, a point noted by Keightley in his comment on the second line of Milton's *Paradise Lost*:

the fruit  
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste  
Brought Death into the world. —Book i. 1-3.

80. Line 96: *See for the news.*—Q. 1 reads *So speaks this voice*, which might have been meant to be equivalent to such an expression, on the part of Cassio, as "So say I."

81. Line 120: *if not* CRITICAL.—That is, censorious; so *critic* in *Troilus and Cressida*, v. 2. 131; and *Love's Labour's Lost*, iv. 3. 170, "*critic* Timon."

82. Line 132: *if she be* BLACK and witty.—For the Elizabethan dislike of dark complexions, see *Love's Labour's Lost*, note 132; and *Troilus and Cressida*, note 14.

83. Line 149.—*She that was ever fair*, &c.—For the rhyme in this speech see note 52.

84. Line 156: *To change the* COD'S HEAD *for the* salmon's tail.—This means, as Steevens explains, "to exchange a delicacy for coarser fare;" and he quotes from Queen Elizabeth's Household Book, in the 43rd year of her reign, to show that *salmons' tails* were part of the perquisites of the master cook. Singer adds as an illustration an Italian proverb: "E meglio esser Testa di Lucio che coda de Sturione." According to Furness (quoted by Furness), by *salmons' tail* Iago means Othello. There is no doubt a great deal of personal application in this rhymed speech. Mr. Booth (the actor) suggests that a glance at Roderigo, during the last line of the speech, would imply that Iago was referring to Desdemona; for Roderigo was one of the *suitors* who had been following her for some time. On this point Dr. Furness makes a very sensible suggestion. He asks if Roderigo should not be disguised in this act, and refers to Iago's advice to Roderigo (i. 3. 346) to "defeat thy favour with an usurp'd beard." In this very scene (line 273) Iago tells Roderigo that Cassio does not know him; and this is strange, for, as Dr. Furness remarks, it is scarcely possible that Cassio and Roderigo should not have met in Venice. But, ingenious as this suggestion is, I doubt if it would be practicable to carry it out on the stage.—F. A. M.

85. Line 161: *and* CHRONICLE SMALL BEER.—That is, score the reckoning in a tavern. Iago takes up Desdemona's own word—"to make fools laugh *in the alehouse*." But his meaning is that women at the best, are only fit to suckle children and to look after the house expenses.

86. Line 184: *O my fair warrior!*—Steevens thought that in this he saw some imitation of the French sonneteers; pointing out that Ronsard frequently calls his mistress *guerriere*; and was followed by Southerne, who imitated him. But, as Furness observes, Southerne was not born till nearly five or six years after Shakespeare's death; and it is evident that *fair warrior* refers to Desdemona's determination to follow Othello to the wars, instead of remaining "a moth of peace."

87. Line 191: *If it were now to die, &c.*—This is the classical idea, that a man should die in the very moment of his utmost happiness; otherwise "call no man fortunate till he is dead." Scholars will recollect the story of Cleobis and Biton; see Rawlinson's Herodotus, vol. i. pp. 168, 169.

88. Line 246: *a SLIPPER and subtle knave.*—*Slipper*, the older form of *slippery* (which F. 2 and F. 3 read), occurs not infrequently. Compare Spenser, The Shepherds Calendar, November:

O' trustless state of earthly things, and *slipper* hope  
Of mortal men.

—Spenser's Works, Globe ed. p. 482.

Nares refers us to The Paradise of Dainty Devices, E. 3:

You worldly wights that have your fancies fixt,  
On *slipper* hope.

89. Line 259: *PADDLE with the PALM of his HAND.*—Compare The Winter's Tale, i. 2. 115:

But to be *paddling palms* and pinching fingers;

and Hamlet, iii. 4. 185.

90. Line 263: *an INDEX and obscure prologue.*—See Troilus and Cressida, note 88.

91. Line 282: *qualification.*—This is the only passage in which Shakespeare uses this word; and it is here used in a sense totally obsolete. Baret gives "*to Qualifie* one that is angry. *Tranquillum facere ex irato*;" and again, under *appease*, he gives to *qualifie* in the same sense; but he does not give the substantive anywhere in this sense. Under *appaisement* Cotgrave gives "a pacification . . . *qualifying*;" and in Sherwood, 1650 (the English dict. appended to Cotgrave), *qualification* is given, and as the French equivalent, among other words, we find *mitigation*; and *mitigation* is rendered by Cotgrave *qualification*. Johnson explains the latter part of the sentence as "not to retain some bitterness." This, in spite of Mr. Furness's objection, seems certainly to be the meaning. Iago's object was to create mutiny or discontent among the people of Cyprus, which should be composed only by the dismissal of Cassio. It is a curious commentary on the supposed cleverness of Iago that the senate should have chosen Cassio to replace Othello in the command.—F. A. M.

92. Line 312: *If this poor TRASH of Venice, whom I TRASH.*—The Quarto of 1622 has "whom I *crush*;" the Folio and the second Quarto, "whom I *trace*." The change, *trace* to *trash*, gives good sense. To *trash* a

hound was to check his speed by placing on his neck a collar weighted with lead. Upon the origin of the word in this connection Skeat throws no light. Warburton read *brach of Venice*; cf., however, "I do suspect this *trash*" in v. 1. 85.

93. Lines 314, 315:

I'll have our Michael Cassio ON THE HIP;  
Abuse him to the Moor in the RANK GARB.

For *on the hip* see Merchant of Venice, note 82. [Ff. read "in the right garb;" but the reading of Qq. is generally preferred, and is explained by Steevens as meaning "grossly," that is, "without mincing the matter." It appears to me that whichever reading we adopt the sense must be pretty much the same. Mr. Furness most ingeniously and eloquently defends the reading of the Ff. (to which Knight adheres), and says that he should have expected "in a *rank* garb," if we take *rank* to mean "coarse." Malone, whom Schmidt follows, thinks that *rank* means here "lascivious;" and refers to the well-known passage in The Merchant of Venice, i. 3. 81, 82:

the ewes, being *rank*,

In end of autumn turned to the rams,

with which we may compare Cymbeline, ii. 5. 24: "lust and *rank* thoughts;" and it is very possible Iago means to say that he will accuse Cassio, or rather *abuse* him as "a lascivious fellow," a sense which the next line, perhaps, tends to confirm. But *rank* may mean only "immoderate," or even simply "great;" as in the passage in As You Like It, iv. 1. 85: "I should think my honesty *ranker* than my wit." For *garb* compare Hamlet, ii. 2. 390: "the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me comply with you in this *garb*."—F. A. M.]

## ACT II. SCENE 2.

94. Line 3: *the MERE perdition of the Turkish fleet.*—*Mere*, the Latin *merus*, sometimes, as here, means *complete, entire*; cf. Merchant of Venice, iii. 2. 265:

Engag'd my friend to his *mere* enemy.

95. Line 6: *his ADDICTION leads him.*—This is the reading of Q. 2, Q. 3. Ff. have *addition*; Q. 1 reads *mind*. An anonymous conjecture quoted by the Cambridge edd. would combine the two latter readings as *mind's addiction*. Shakespeare uses *addiction* in one other passage only, in Henry V. i. 1. 54:

Since his *addiction* was to courses vain.

96. Line 9: *All OFFICES are open.*—The rooms, says Halliwell, appropriated to the upper servants of great families. Compare Macbeth, ii. 1. 14; so "Unpeopled *offices*" in Richard II. i. 2. 69, where, however, the idea may be rooms generally; and see note 56 of that play.

97. Line 11: *till the BELL have told eleven.*—The reference, probably, is to the *watch-bell* of the fortress. Conceivably, however, Shakespeare is here throwing in a touch of local colour, and the *bell* in question may be the one referred to by Dekker in Old Fortunatus, i. 1: "this fool that mocks me, and swears to have the last word, in spite of my teeth, ay, and she shall have it because she is a woman, which kind of cattle are indeed all echo, nothing but tongue, and are like the great bell of St. Michaels

in Cyprus, that keeps most rumbling when men would most sleep" (Dekker, *Mermaid* ed. p. 294). I hope the suggestion is not too far-fetched.

## ACT II. SCENE 3.

98. Line 31: *a brace of* CYPRUS GALLANTS.—Anelocia in Dekker's *Old Fortunatus*, i. 2, has a poor opinion of the "curled darlings" of the island: "I doubt for all your bragging, you'll prove like most of our gallants in Famagosta, that have a rich outside and a beggarly inside, and like mules wear gay trappings, and good velvet foot cloths on their backs, yet champ on the iron bit of penury—I mean, want coin" (Dekker's *Select Plays*, *Mermaid* ed. p. 310). [It is worth noticing, in this short dialogue between Iago and Cassio, how strongly the modesty and clean-mindedness of the latter are contrasted with the immodesty and dirty-mindedness of the former.—F. A. M.]

99. Line 57: *Three LADS of Cyprus*.—So Qq; Ff. have *else* for *lads*. Delius most ingeniously suggests that this may have been meant for *LS.*, the abbreviation for *Lords*. Collier's *Old Corrector* altered it to *elves*. Dyce, in his second edition, adhered to the Folio, comparing John, ii. 1. 276: "Bastards, and *else*;" i.e. "and such like;" but in his third edition he adopted the reading of Qq. It is quite possible that the reading of Ff. may be the right one; "three *else*" being equivalent to nothing more than "three others (besides Roderigo)."

100. Line 60: *with* FLOWING cups.—Compare Henry V. iv. 3. 55:

Be in their *flowing* cups freshly remember'd.

101. Line 66: *they have given me a ROUSE*.—"A *rouse*," says Gifford, "was a large glass, in which a health was given, the drinking of which by the company formed a *carouse*." Apparently Gifford connected the words etymologically: really they are quite distinct. *Carouse*, according to Skeat, is the German *garaus*, "right out; used of emptying a bumper." *Rouse*, on the other hand, is (says Skeat) "really a Danish word; such a bout (of drinking) being called the Danish *rouza*." Skeat's derivation, by the way, of *carouse* is given in Blount's *Glossographia*, s.v. For *rouse* cf. Massinger's *Duke of Milan*, i. 1:

Your lord, by his patent,

Stands bound to take his *rouse*;

and The Bondman, ii. 3:

We'll talk anon; and then *rouse*!

Massinger's Works, Cunningham's ed.  
pp. 65, 111, and 642.

102. Line 68.—Steevens commented on the fact that Montano, who is described in the list of dramatis personæ given in F. 1 as *Governour of Cyprus* (that is to say before Othello arrived), seems rather out of place in the present scene, where he is taking part in festivity not very dignified. In Booth's arrangement of the play he makes Montano enter later (at line 123), just in time to see Cassio stagger off drunk. (See Furness, p. 120.) But Montano is necessary to the dramatic action of the scene; and there is nothing unseemly in his joining, on such an occasion, in a little festivity as long as it was kept within proper bounds, especially as he himself is perfectly sober all the time.—F. A. M.

103. Line 71: *And let me the canakin clink, clink*.—Halliwell-(Phillips) quotes, from *The Knave in Grain* new Vampt [a comedy acted with great success "many dayes together" at the Fortune], Quarto, 1640, by J. D., what appears to be a reference to this scene:

*Lad*. Clink, boyes.—*Yona*. Drinke, boyes.—

*Stult*. And let the cannikin clinke, boyes.

He adds that "the song itself does not appear to have been discovered" (see Furness, p. 130). Shakespeare treats old ballad snatches a trifle unceremoniously: is he by any chance here giving a free version of a song found in Thomas Ravenscroft's *Pannmelia*; *Music's Miscellany* or mixed Variety of Pleasant Roundelays, 1609? I reproduce the stanzas as printed in the notes to Bullen's *Lyrics* (1887), p. 191:

Come drink to me,

And I to thee,

And then shall we

Full well agree.

I've lov'd the jolly tankard,

Full seven winters and more;

I lov'd it so long that I went upon the Score.

Who loveth not the tankard,

He is no honest man;

And he is no right soldier,

That loveth not the can.

*Tap the cannikin, troll the cannikin,*

*Toss the cannikin, turn the cannikin!*

*Hold now, good son, and fill us a fresh can,*

*That we may quaff it round from man to man.*

Mr. Bullen does not notice the resemblance which this bears to the Othello fragment. Iago's stanza, it may be added, was set to music by Lindley in his *Dramatic Songs of Shakspeare*, 1816. Two other compositions are mentioned by the editors of the volume (1884) on Shakespeare's songs in the publications of the New Shakspeare Society, page 52. Since writing the above I have noted the refrain "tap the cannikin" in Dekker's *Shoemaker's Holiday*, ii. 3, where Lacy, disguised as a Dutchman, sings a stanza which ends

*Taf teens de canneken,*

Drincke, Schone Mannken.

—Dekker's *Plays*, *Mermaid* ed. p. 21.

[Ff. print line 74 thus (substantially):

O, man's life's but a span;

which, if it did not interfere with the setting of the song, is decidedly preferable to the reading of the Qq.—F. A. M.]

104. Lines 79, 80: *your DANE, your GERMAN, and your swag-bell'd HOLLANDER*.—References to the drinking faculties of the three nations here mentioned are common enough. Compare Merchant of Venice, i. 2. 92, with note 61 to that play; and Hamlet, i. 4. 17-20. So, to go outside Shakespeare's Works, Thomas Lord Cromwell, iii. 3:

In *Germany and Holland*, riot serves;

And he that most can *drink*, most he deserves;

—Tauchnitz ed. p. 106.

and Heywood, *Rape of Lucrece*, iii. 3: "Thou shouldst drink well, for thou hast been in the *German wars*;" also same play, iii. 5, Valerius' song—Heywood's *Select Plays*, *Mermaid* ed. pp. 373, 384; and Sir Thomas Browne's *Religio Medici*:

*L'Espagnol superbe, et l'Alleman gergone;*

Part ii. section iv.;

and Massinger's Great Duke of Florence, ii. 2:

*drink more in two hours*

*Than the Dutchmen or the Dane in four and twenty.*

—Cunningham's Massinger, p. 231.

Also Middleton's The Spanish Gipsy, i. 1. 5: "it's as rare to see a Spaniard a drunkard as a *German sober*."

105. Line 82: *Is your ENGLISHMAN so EXPERT in his DRINKING?*—*Expert* is the reading of Q. 1. Ff. Q. 2, Q. 3 have *exquisite*. Shakespeare here and in the Hamlet passage (i. 4. 17–20) is satirizing the growing vice of drunkenness in England, a vice which many writers regarded as an importation from the Netherlands. See a very curious paper on *Drinking-Customs in England* in Disraeli's Curiosities of Literature, Chandos ed. ii. pp. 292–300. Disraeli gives the following extract from Nash's Pierce Penniless: "Superfluity in drink is a sin that ever since we have mixed ourselves with the Low Countries is counted honourable; but before we knew their lingering wars, was held in that highest degree of hatred that might be. Then if we had seen a man go wallowing in the streets, or lain sleeping under the board, we should have spit at him, and warned all our friends out of his Company" (Pierce Penniless, 1595, sig. F2). Camden in his History of Queen Elizabeth, bk. iii., writes to the same effect; likewise Peacham in the Compleat Gentleman, 1622, p. 123: "But since we had to doe in the quarrell of the Netherlands . . . the custom of drinking and pledging healthes was brought over into England; wherein let the Dutch be their own judges, if we equal them or not; yea, I think rather excell them" (quoted by Furness, Variorum Othello, p. 131).

For what follows the commentators refer us to Beaumont and Fletcher, The Captain, iii. 2:

*Lod.* Are the Englishmen

Such stubborn drinkers?

*Piso.* Not a leak at sea

Can suck more liquor; you shall have their children

Christen'd in mull'd sack, and at five years old

*Able to knock a Dane down.*

—Dyce's ed. ii. p. 267.

Lilly speaks to much the same effect in Sapho and Phao, iii. 2:

O! that's a roving Englishman,

*Who in deepe healths do's so excell,*

*From Dutch and French he beares the bel.*

—Works, vol. i. p. 188.

It may be added that a severe statute against drunkenness was passed in 1607—4 James I. chap. v.—the terms of which are given in the notes to Furnivall's edition of Stubbes' Anatomy of Abuses, part i. p. 285; while for further information on the whole subject the reader must be referred to Hunter's Illustrations, vol. ii. pp. 220, 221.

106. Line 86: *to overthrow your ALMAIN*.—*Almain* = *German*, occurs very frequently. The following are some of the instances that I have noted, substantive and adjective; Edward III. i. 1:

to solicit too

The Emperor of *Almaygne* in one name.

—Tauchnitz ed. p. 6.

We Germans have no changes in our dances,

An *Almain* and an upspring, that is all.

—Alphonsus Emperor of Germany, iii. x.

Chapman's Works, ed. 1874, p. 397.

"*Slavonians, Almain rutters*" (Tamburlaine, part II. i. 1. 22), and the same expression in Doctor Faustus, i. 1. 219—Bullen's Marlowe, i. pp. 112 and 219. The use was not merely literary; Master John Newbery, writing from Goa, 20th January, 1584, to a friend in London, says: "All nations do and may come freely to Ormus; as Frenchmen, Flemings, *Almaines*" (Arber's English Garner, iii. 180). The word held its own in England till at least the end of the seventeenth century; for instance, Dryden in his Epistle to Etheredge has the couplet:

But spite of all these fable-makers,

He never sowed on *Almain* acres.

—Etheredge's Works, ed. 1883, p. 404.

Cf. too, Dryden's Play The Assignment, ii. 1.

107. Line 90: *I 'll do you justice*.—Steevens explains this as—"I will drink as much as you do." Compare II. Henry IV. v. 3. 76, where Falstaff says to Silence, the stage-direction being [*seeing him take off a bumper*]: "Why, now you have *done me right*."

108. Line 92: *King Stephen was a worthy peer*.—The stanzas are taken from a ballad entitled "Take thy old Cloak about thee," which Percy printed in his Reliques. In the reprint of Bishop Percy's Folio MS. by Professor Hales and Dr. Furnivall the song appears under a different name—"Bell my Wife"—with the substitution of King Harry for King Stephen; and the editors remark that the dialect and general character of the piece imply a northern origin; also that it is really a political song, "a controversy between the Spirits of Social Revolution and Social Conservatism" (vol. ii. p. 321). I give their version of what Iago sings:

King Harry was a verry good *king*;

I trow his hose cost but a Crownie;

he thought them xrd. ouer to decre,

therfor he called the taylor Clowne.

he was king and wore the Crowne,

and thouse but of a low degree;

itts pride *that* putts this cuntrye downe;

man! put thyce old Cloake about thee!

—Ut supra, p. 324.

The popularity of this old song is shown by the number of references to it which occur. Compare The Tempest, iv. 1. 221–223: "O *King Stephano*! O *peer*! O *worthy Stephano*! look what a wardrobe here is for thee!" So Dekker's Guls Hornbook (1609): "his breeches were not so much worth as *K. Stephen's*, that cost but a poore noble" (Dekker's Prose Works, Huth Library, ii. p. 210); and Greene's Quippe for an Ypstat Courtier, 1592. This last reference is worth giving in full: "I tell thee sawcy skipiack," says the *laudator temporis acti*, "it was a good and a blessed time here in *England*, when *K. Stephen* wore a pair of cloth *breeches* of a Noble a Paire, and thought them passing costlye: then did hee count Westminster hal to little to be his dining chamber, and his almes was not bare bones, instead of broken meat, but lusty chines of beefe fel into the poore mans basket" (Greene's Works, Huth Library, vol. xi. p. 234). Here the point of the allusion is obvious: the speaker pours contempt on his own times, looking back to the old and happy far-off days when the world went so very well.

Though possibly, as we have said, of northern origin, the song is not mentioned in Scotch literature earlier

than 1728, when it is given by Allan Ramsay in his *Tea-Table Talk*. The music of it, based, says Chappell (ii. 505), upon the old tune of *Green Sleeves*, will be found in *Caulfield's Collection*, vol. ii. p. 68.

As to the reading, I have followed the 1622 Quarto. The Quarto of 1630 and the Folio both have:

King Stephen *was* and a worthy Peere.

For the redundant *and*, so common in ballad poetry, compare the song at the end of *Twelfth Night*.

109. Lines 113-120.—In *Hawkins's Life of Edmund Kean* (vol. ii. p. 360) will be found a most interesting anecdote of the great actor, which shows how careful he was to study his facts from nature, and also that he did not limit his interest in any play to the part which he played himself. Sitting in the public room of an inn, a friend who was with him asked Edmund Kean when he studied? Pointing to a man at the other end of the room, who was very much intoxicated, he answered, "I am studying now; I wish some of my Cassios were here." Then he went on to explain that in this drunken scene, instead of rolling about ridiculously, Cassio should "try to stand straight when it was impossible," and he said that the only man who ever played this scene properly was Holland. Furness also quotes from Booth: "The traditional 'business,' said to be Charles Kemble's, cannot be improved upon. Cassio drops his handkerchief, and in his effort to recover it, falls on his knees; to account for this position to his companions, he attempts to pray. His clothes being awry, his sword has slipped to his right side, and this confuses him for a moment as to which is his right or his left hand."—F. A. M.

110. Line 135: *He 'll watch the HOROLOGE a double set*.—We have explained this in the foot-note as Johnson explained it, supposing that the dial of the ancient clocks was, like ours, divided into twelve hours only; but Halpin, in his *Dramatic Unities* (p. 18), says that the Italian *horologe* had twenty-four hours upon its dial-plate; and Halliwell quotes a description by Admiral Smythe of an ancient clock similarly divided. Halpin absolutely bases an argument on this with regard to the Time Analysis of the play; but surely, as Furness remarks, we are not to take Iago here literally. This is the only passage in which Shakespeare uses the word *horologe*, nor does it seem to be of common occurrence in the dramatists of his time; but it is used by Chaucer and by Heywood in his *Epigrammes upon Proverbs*, edn. 1598. O. back.

The deuill is in *th' orologe*, the houres to tye,

Search houres by the Sunne, the deuills diall will lie.

The deuill is in *th' orologe*, now cheere in boules:

Let the deuill keepe our clocks, while God keepe our soules.

Stevens quotes from *The Devil's Charter*, by Barnaby Barnes, 1607:

my gracious lord,

By Sisto's *horologe* 'tis struck eleven.

From these passages and others it would seem that *horologe* was always used of a clock and never of an hour-glass.

111. Line 152: *I'll beat the knave into a TWIGGEN bottle*.—Qq. read "*wicker* bottle;" F. 1 hyphens the word thus, *Twiggen-Bottle*. Booth, quoted by Furness, says that this means "I will slash him till he resembles one of those Chianti flasks covered with straw net-work"—such

as Cassio probably had just been drinking out of; but this, though very ingenious, is a little far-fetched. The whole passage down to line 156 is printed as prose in Qq., but as nine irregular lines in F. 1. Our text is arranged as in the Globe and in Dyce; but I must confess it seems ridiculous to me to attempt to arrange such a passage as verse at all.—F. A. M.

112. Line 164:

*Zounds, I bleed still; I am hurt to the death.*

[Faints.]

It is very difficult to know how to print this line. F. 1 has:

I bleed still, I am hurt to th' death. He dies.

Q. 1 has: Zounds, I bleed still, I am hurt to the death:

Q. 2 I bleed still, I am hurt to the death. *he faints.*

F. 2, F. 3, F. 4

I bleed still, I am hurt, but not to th' Death.

The omission of *Zounds* by Q. 2 and Ff. is of no importance. The difficulty is to decide whether the words "He dies" at the end of the line in F. 1 are really a stage-direction, which, as often happens, has got into the text; or whether they are part of the text, and are meant to indicate that, at this point, Montano, ceasing to act on the defensive, as he has done throughout, vigorously attacks Cassio. The fact that Q. 2, which was most probably printed from a theatre copy of the play, has the words *he faints* in italics, makes it probable that the words "He dies" in F. 1 (printed in roman) were originally a stage-direction. On the other hand, if, at this point, Montano has fallen, half-fainting, into the arms of those near him, it is difficult to understand the reason both for Othello's exclamation in the next line, and for Iago's speech (lines 166-168). True it is that the action is very rapid here, and that Iago might continue crying out to Cassio and Montano to stop, after all necessity for doing so had ceased, in order to emphasize his own zeal in the cause of order. But there is nothing inconsistent with what follows in Montano, at this point, vigorously attacking Cassio. All that he says afterwards is that he acted in self-defence. (See lines 203, 204.) But this would have been equally true, even if he had been driven, by the violence of his adversary's attack, to drop a purely defensive attitude. As Dr. Furness remarks, it does not do to inquire too closely in a scene which depends so much upon hurried action; but I think that the probable explanation may be that this line (164) has got out of its place; or, at any rate, that Iago's speech (lines 166-168) is intended to be spoken immediately after Othello's entrance; for clearly that speech cannot be spoken if one of the combatants is in a passive and fainting condition.—F. A. M.

113. Line 170: *Are we TURN'D TURKS*.—In *Hamlet*, iii. 2. 287, the phrase *turn Turk* means to *change completely*; so, too, in *Much Ado*, iii. 4. 57; cf. also *Sedley's Bellamira*, iv. 6: "I will *turn Turk*, but I will avoid wine hereafter." In the present passage the expression derives fresh point from the following reference to the Ottomites. It is as though Othello wished to say—not merely have we changed our natures entirely; but by the change we have become like the very people who, if they could, would do us mortal harm.

114. Line 173: *to CARVE FOR his own rage*.—Compare Hamlet, i. 3. 19, 20:

He may not, as unvalu'd persons do,  
Carve for himself.

This is the only other passage in which Shakespeare uses this expression, which Schmidt renders "to indulge, to do at a person's pleasure." It arose from the fact that *to carve for one's self* was a thing one could not often do in Shakespeare's time; as a *carver* was to be found in the retinue of every gentleman of any means, and at every ordinary, so that the privilege of helping one's self to the choicest morsels was not often enjoyed.—F. A. M.

115. Lines 179–181:

*friends all but now, even now,*  
IN QUARTER, and IN TERMS like bride and groom  
Devesting them for bed.

There has been much dispute as to the meaning of the word *quarter* here. Johnson explained it "In their quarters, at their lodging" (Var. Ed. vol. ix. p. 329); but that it could not be. Malone corrected this to "on our station," comparing Timon, v. 4. 59–61:

not a man  
Shall pass his *quarter*, or offend the stream  
Of regular justice in your city's bounds.

Henley says that the *quarter* referred to "was that apartment of the castle assigned to the officers on guard, where Othello, after giving Cassio his orders, had, a little before, left him" (Var. Ed. vol. ix. p. 329). In support of the meaning given in our foot-note Schmidt quotes from Comedy of Errors, ii. 1. 108:

So he would keep *fair quarter* with his bed;

and he compares John, v. 5. 20: "keep *good quarter* and good care to-night." Reed quotes from The Dumb Knight, iii. 1: "Did not you hold *fair quarter* and commerce with all the spies of Cyprus?" As regards the use of *terms*, Schmidt would render that word here "relation, footing," comparing Lear, i. 2. 171: "Parted you in good *terms*?" and again Cymbeline, iii. 1. 80: "if you seek us afterwards in other *terms* (i. e. as an enemy), you shall find us in our salt-water girdle." According to this interpretation *in terms* would simply equal our common expression *on terms*; but on the whole the meaning given in our foot-note seems preferable.

116. Line 182: *As if some PLANET had UNWITTED men*.—That the planets exercised a malignant influence was a common superstition in Elizabethan times, often referred to by Shakespeare; e. g. Hamlet, i. 1. 162:

The nights are wholesome; then *no planets strike*.

So Coriolanus, ii. 2. 117, 118:

Corioli like a *planet*,  
*struck*

Cf. Titus Andronicus, ii. 4. 14; and the use, still surviving, of *moon-struck*.

117. Lines 188, 189:

Oth. *How COMES it, Michael, you ARE thus forgot?*  
Cas. *I pray you, pardon me.—I cannot speak.*

Qq. read:

How *came* it Michael you *were* thus forgot.

But there does not seem any necessity for the past tense.

For a similar use of the verb *to be* with an intransitive verb, compare below, iii. 3. 265, 266:

or, for *I am declin'd*

Into the vale of years.

Booth, in his acting copy, marked *you* here as to be emphasized. In Fechter's acting-edition the following stage-direction is inserted after *pardon me* in the next line: *Cassio speaks thickly, stops short, and then in deep humiliation*. We have indicated the pause in the text by a break.—F. A. M.

118. Line 195: *And SPEND your rich opinion*.—That is, *waste*. Perhaps, too, there may be some reference to the technical use of *spend* as a hunting term; cf. Venus and Adonis, 695:

Then do they *spend* their mouths.

For *opinion*=reputation, compare above, i. 3. 225, and Merchant of Venice, i. 1. 102: "this fool gudgeon, this *opinion*."

119. Line 206: *having my best judgment COLLIED*.—Properly *collied* signifies *blackened*, as with coal; so Midsummer Night's Dream, i. 1. 145: "in the *collied* night;" see note 25 to that play. The word is well illustrated by Cotgrave, who gives "*charbonner . . . to collowe*, to bleach, or make black with a coal: *charbonneux . . . coalle*, full of coales: *charbonné . . . collowed*, smeared, blacked with coales." Here the sense is "having obscured my judgment." Qq. read *coold*, an obvious misprint; while Collier's emendation, *quelled*, is quite unnecessary.

120. Lines 216, 217:

*In night, and on the court AND guard OF safety!*  
*'T is monstrous.*

So Qq. and Ff.; but this reading is vigorously attacked by Theobald, who altered it to "court of guard and safety," an emendation which Malone adopted, supporting it by a long note, in which he pointed out that the expression "court of guard" was a recognized phrase for the guard-room, quoting from this very play, ii. 1. 220: "The lieutenant to-night watches on the *court-of-guard*." He also compares line 167 above:

Have you forgot *all sense of place* and duty?

in which Qq. and Ff. both misprint: "all *place of sense* and duty." Certainly the slight transposition, which Malone so ably supports, is a very plausible one; and I cannot see that Steevens does much to support the reading of the old copies when he quotes Bottom's ridiculous line from Midsummer's Night's Dream, iii. 1. 192:

I shall desire you of more acquaintance.

Malone says that the expression *guard of safety* is nonsense; but could it not mean the "keeping watch over the security of the town?" Certainly the preposition *on* seems to support the old reading. Cowden Clarke explains the passage "in the very spot and guarding place of safety." As to *monstrous*, which we have marked in a foot-note to be pronounced as a trisyllable, it was undoubtedly often printed *monstrosous*, and so Capell printed it. According to Furness (p. 143), "There is also a third spelling, *monstruous*, found in Surrey's poems, and in the Faerie Queene, I. ii. line 366 ed. Grosart."—F. A. M.

121. Line 247: *doth MINCE this matter*.—That is, *lessen*,



*extenuate* the matter. We may compare the French *mincer, mince*=small.

122. Line 254: *Lead him off*.—Malone thought that this was a stage-direction which had got into the text, and it certainly looks very like it. It is exactly in the style of such directions as we find marked in the margin of MS. plays, which are generally couched in the imperative mood. It is not a very elegant expression in Othello's mouth, and better expressed by a gesture on the part of the actor.

123. Line 263: *I have lost the immortal part of myself*.—It may be worth while to point out how completely the scene through which he has just passed has sobered Cassio; after a brief spell of frenzy he is himself again, and feels only too well what this terrible interval has cost him. Iago's speech may be compared or contrasted with his words in the next act, scene 3, lines 155–161.

124. Line 268: *there is more SENSE in that than in reputation*.—Qq. read *offence*, which an anonymous commentator (apud Cambridge edd.) suggested was a misprint for *of sense*. Singer adopts the reading of Qq., pronouncing the reading of Ff. "an evident mistake;" but surely most commentators would exactly reverse that pronouncement. Iago is ridiculing Cassio's sensibility as to his reputation, and he says that there is more *sense*; i.e. *feeling*, in a bodily wound than in a wound to your reputation.

125. Line 276: *to AFFRIGHT an imperious lion*.—Some commentators find that this word does not suit the sense. Staunton proposed to *appease*; but surely Iago's meaning is that Othello has punished Cassio to *frighten* the fiercer spirits in Cyprus from committing a similar offence.—F. A. M.

126. Line 330: *against any LAY*.—For *lay*=wager, stake, see II. Henry VI. v. 2. 26, 27:

*Clif.* My soul and body on the action both!  
*York.* A dreadful *lay*!

Compare, too, The Honest Whore, part I. i. 4:

*Cas.* I'll wage a hundred ducats upon the head on't, that it moves him, frets him and galls him.

*Pio.* Done, 'tis a *lay*.

—Dekker, Select Plays in Mermaid ed. p. 108.

127. Line 358: *They do SUGGEST*.—*Suggest*, in the sense of *tempt*, occurs not infrequently; cf. Sonnet cxliv. lines 1, 2:

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,  
Which like two spirits do *suggest* me still.

128. Line 361: *That she REPEALS him*.—For *repeal*=recall, cf. Richard II. ii. 2. 49:

The banish'd Bolingbroke *repeals* himself.

So Julius Cæsar, iii. 1. 51; and elsewhere.

129. Line 392: *And bring him JUMP when he may Cassio find*.—That is, "exactly when." So Hamlet, i. 1. 65: "*jump* at this dead hour," where Ff. read *just*; and see note 11 of that play.

### ACT III. SCENE 1.

130. Line 1: *Masters, PLAY here*.—Alluding to the old custom of waking people the morning after their mar-

riage with a song or piece of concerted music. See Romeo and Juliet, note 144; and as an instance in point compare the following from Lilly's Mother Bombie, v. 3:

*Syn.* Come, fellows, 'tis almost day, let us have a fit of mirth at *Sperantis*' doore, and *give a song to the bride*.

*Nas.* I beleeve they are asleepe, it were pittie to awake them.

And again in the same scene:

*Bed.* . . . what shall we sing?

*Syn.* The Love knot, for that's *best for a briddall*.

Sing—*Good morrow, faire bride, and send you joy of your briddall*.  
—Works, vol. ii. pp. 132, 133.

Ritson says that hautboys were the wind-instruments used.

131. Line 2: *and bid* "Good morrow, general."—*Good morrow, general*, ought, I think, to be printed this way, though the marks of quotation are wanting in the Folio.

132. Lines 3, 4: *have your instruments been in NAPLES, that they speak & the nose thus?*—This must be a reference to the Neapolitan Pulcinella, although in the earliest accounts of that old-world hero the extreme nasalism which we now associate with Mr. Punch is not mentioned. Punch, by the way, does not appear to have found his way to England till 1662, when, on May 9th, Pepys saw "the famous Italian puppet-play" in Covent Garden; cf., too, Evelyn's Diary, August 21st, 1667. England's most distinguished exponent of the "pity and terror" of Pulcinella was the Powell whom the Spectator immortalized, March 16th, 1710. France had its Jean Brioché, friend, patron, and possessor of illustrious Fagotin, *le singe de Brioché*. Shakespeare, I suppose, heard of the Neapolitan entertainment from some traveller-friend; or was he ever in Italy? [A very unpleasant explanation is given by some commentators of this sentence; but there can be little doubt that the allusion is to the *nasal tone* so very prevalent both in the speaking and singing of Neapolitans. Everyone who has been at Naples for two or three days, and has heard any of the national melodies sung in the streets,—such as the well-known *Santa Lucia*,—will remember how disagreeable this *nasal twang* is. Having been present myself, during a long residence at Naples, at several great musical functions—as it is the fashion to call them—I can testify that this singing *through the nose* is not limited to the street singers; it often mars one's enjoyment of music otherwise well rendered.—F. A. M.]

133. Line 13: *he desires you, OF ALL LOVES*.—So Q. 1; Ff. have *for love's sake*.—The same phrase occurs in Merry Wives, ii. 2. 119: "Mistress Page would desire you to send her your little page, *of all loves*;" and Mids. Night's Dream, ii. 2. 154: "Speak, *of all loves*!"

134. Lines 42, 43:

*I never knew*

*A FLORENTINE more kind and honest.*

There is a pleasant sketch of Florentine character in Thomas Lord Cromwell, in the person of Frescobald, the merchant. It must not, of course, be supposed, that Cassio calls Iago a *Florentine*, which would be in direct contradiction with v. 1. 89–91; he merely wishes to say, "I never knew any one kinder, even among my own countrymen."

## ACT III. SCENE 3.

## 135. Lines 12, 13:

*He shall in STRANGENESS stand no further off  
Than in a politic distance.*

Qq. have "in *strangest*." The Cambridge edd. record the very plausible anonymous conjecture "in's *strangest*." Shakespeare is rather fond of the use of the word *strange* and *strangeness* in this sense. Compare the well-known line in Romeo and Juliet, ii. 2. 102:

I should have been more *strange*, I must confess,

that is, "distant;" and, more apposite to the passage in our text, II. Henry VI. iii. 1. 5:

*The strangeness of his alter'd countenance.*

136. Line 23: *I'll WATCH him TAME*.—See Troilus and Cressida, note 174; and to the instance there given add the following from The London Prodigal, i. 1:

I' faith, brother, like a mad, unbridled colt,  
Or as a hawk, that never stoop'd to lure;  
The one must be tam'd with an iron bit,  
*The other must be watch'd, or still she's wild.*

—Tauchnitz ed. p. 227.

Probably the reference is the same in Coriolanus, v. 1. 56.

137. Line 54: *To suffer with him*.—So Ff.; Q. 1 has "I suffer with him," a reading preferred by Malone, Steevens, and many other editors. If it be adopted there should be a semicolon at the end of the previous line. The reading of Q. 1 perhaps makes Desdemona's sympathy with Cassio a little more marked.

138. Line 70: *Or stand so MAMMERING on*.—*Mammer*=to hesitate, is an uncommon word. Latham gives two good instances of its use: one in A World of Wonders (1608), p. 326: "if he stand in amaze and *mammering* to hear such gibberish;" the other in Drant's Translation of Horace (1567): "when she daynes to send for him, then *mammering* he doth doate" (ii. 3). And to these Halliwell adds a reference from Lyly: "I stooide in a great *mammering*, how I might behaue myself" (Euphues, Arber's ed. p. 299). Wedgwood appears to treat the word as a corruption of *stammer*.

139. Line 90: *Excellent WRETCH!*—This is the reading of the old copies, which Theobald, Hanmer, and some others, quite unnecessarily, altered to *wench*. *Wretch* is used still, in some parts of England, as a term of endearment. Halliwell (Archaic and Provincial Dict.) gives it as being still so used in Gloucestershire. Those who prefer *wench* quote from below, in this play, v. 2. 272: "O ill-starr'd *wench!*"

## 140. Lines 91, 92:

*and when I love thee not,*

CHAOS IS COME AGAIN.

So Venus and Adonis, 1019, 1020:

For he being dead, with him is beauty slain,  
And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

Steevens first quoted the above; and Hunter, in his New Illustrations (vol. ii. p. 282), notices this as one of the many passages in this play which remind us of Venus and Adonis and of the Rape of Lucrece. Singer says the original idea is to be found in Hesiod's Theogony, where Chaos ceases when Love appears.

## 141. Lines 106, 107:

HE ECHOES *me*,

*As if there were some monster in HIS thought.*

This is said aside. The Folio reading is far less graphic:

Alas, *thou echo'st me*,

As if there were some monster in *thy* thought.

Delius follows the Folio; like Dyce, I have kept to the text of the 1622 Quarto.

It is quite clear, I think, that Ford had this scene in his mind's eye when he wrote the passages in the third act (scene 3) of Love's Sacrifice, in which D'Avolos rouses the suspicions of the Duke. Here, for instance, is a typical speech:

Duke. Thou art a traitor: do not think the gloss  
Of smooth evasion, by your cunning jests  
And coinage of your politician's brain,  
Shall jig me off; I'll know 't, I vow I will.  
*Did I not note your dark abrupted ends  
Of words half spokt your 'wells, if all were known?*  
*Your short 'I like not that' your girds and 'but's'*  
Yes, sir, I did; such broken language argues  
More matter than your subtlety shall hide:  
Tell me, what is 't? by honour's self I'll know.

—Mermaid edn. of Ford, pp. 338, 339.

There is much in Ford's drama that suggests comparison with Othello.

142. Line 123: *They're close DELATIONS*.—The sense required is "secret informations;" cf. *delator* in Latin, meaning an *informor*. According to Minshew, *dilate* and *delate* are synonymous, and *dilatations* is the reading of the Folios in the present passage. It may be noted, too, that in Hamlet, i. 2. 38, the Quartos (except the imperfect one of 1603) give *delated*, while Ff. read *dilated*. As to the sense, no exactly parallel use of the word appears to be forthcoming. In Bacon *delate*=to carry, convey; in Minshew's Dictionary *delate*=to speak at large, *i.e.* as we should say, to *dilate*. But I can see no reason for supposing that Shakespeare was unacquainted with the classical meaning of the word; there must be many Latinisms in his vocabulary which are not found in the works of his contemporaries.

## 143. Line 135, 136:

*I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.*

*Utter my thoughts?*

Q. 1 has:

I am not bound to that all slaves are free to,  
Utter my thoughts?

Q. 2 has the same, except that it has a colon after *thoughts* instead of a note of interrogation. Ff. have, by mistake:

I am not bound to that: All slaves are free:  
Utter my thoughts?

The reading in our text is that usually adopted; but it is quite possible that the reading of Q. 2 may be the right one, and that *Utter my thoughts* may be part of the same sentence, that is: "I am not bound to do that all slaves are free not to do," viz. *utter my thoughts*.

## 144. Lines 140, 141:

*Keep LEETS and law-days, and in SESSION sit  
With meditations lawful?*

That is, no heart is so absolutely pure that some unchaste thoughts may not be found in it, sitting, as it were, in

council by the side of good and noble ideas. Shakespeare is using his favourite legal imagery, which displeased Warburton as "wretchedly forced and quaint." The Court Leet was one of the Manorial Courts which were the outcome of the private jurisdictions of *Sac* and *Soc*. To enter into its history would be beside the purpose of a commentary; the judicious reader may consult on the subject Bright's History, i. p. 76, or Feilden's admirable Short Constitutional History of England, p. 64; to say nothing of Stubbs. *Session*, as in Sonnet xxx. lines 1, 2:

When to the *sessions* of sweet silent thought  
I summon up remembrance of things past.

145. Line 157: *Who steals my purse steals trash*, &c.—The thought developed in these lines is simple enough, and to suppose that Shakespeare was indebted to some one else for it would be truly ridiculous. Still, as an interesting parallel, the passage which Hunter quotes from Wilson's *Arte of Rhetoric* (1585) is worth inserting; it is as follows: "The places of Logique help oft for amplification. As, where men have a wrong opinion, and think theft a greater fault than slander, one might prove the contrary as well by circumstances as by arguments. And first, he might shew that slander is theft, and every slanderer is a thief. For as well the slanderer as the thief do take away another man's possession against the owner's will. After that he might show that a slanderer is worse than any thief, because a good man's name is better than all the goods in the world, and that the loss of money may be recovered, but the loss of a man's good name cannot be called back again: and a thief may restore that again which he hath taken from him, but a slanderer cannot give a man his good name which he hath taken from him. Again, he that stealth goods or cattle robs only but one man, but an evil-tongued man infecteth all their minds unto whose ears this report shall come" (p. 126). See Hunter's Illustrations, ii. p. 233.

146. Line 166:

*It is the GREEN-EY'D monster, which doth MOCK  
The meat it feeds on.*

*Green-eyed* as applied to jealousy is a conventional epithet, like the Latin *lividus*; cf. Merchant of Venice, iii. 2. 110; we still speak of a person as being *green with envy*. Elsewhere in Shakespeare jealousy is yellow; cf. The Winter's Tale, ii. 3. 106, 107, and Merry Wives, i. 3. 113. *Mock* is difficult, and some editors adopt the emendation *make*; the sense then is simple enough: jealousy itself *invents* causes of suspicion, and, feeding on them, grows greater. Perhaps the idea intended by *mock* is, that the jealous man plays with appearances and signs which seem to him to point to evil much as a cat plays with its victim. Some commentators explain that *the meat it feeds on* is the victim of jealousy, i.e. the jealous man himself. What argues rather strongly in favour of *make* is Emilia's diagnosis of jealousy in the next scene, lines 159-162. Still the reading of the copies is not impossible. [May not *mock* mean here to "initiate," "feign?" Compare III. Henry VI. iii. 3. 255:

*For mocking marriage with a dame of France;*

and Tim. i. 1. 35:

*It is a pretty mocking of the life.*

It seems to me that *mock* in this sense is more expressive than *make*; for it implies, what is true, that jealousy is self-conscious, that it knows the food on which it lives is false, a delusion, not a reality.—F. A. M.]

147. Line 170: *yet STRONGLY loves*.—So Qq. The Folio has *soundly*, with which compare Henry V. v. 2. 105: "if you will love me *soundly* with your French heart."

148. Line 186: *Where virtue is, these are more virtuous*.—The sense appears to be: these accomplishments are accessions to virtue—they add to the grace and beauty of virtue, as though Shakespeare had written:

*Where these are, virtue is more virtuous.*

149. Line 210: *To SEEL her father's EYES up close as OAK*.—We have already had *seel*; see i. 3. 270. It is a term borrowed from falconry, *seeling* being a process which gave way to the more humane custom of *hooding* the hawk. The word is used in Macbeth, iii. 2. 46: "*seeling* night;" and again in Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 13. 112: "The wise gods *seel our eyes*." Cotgrave has: "*siller les yeux*: to seele, or sow up, the eyelids;" and Furness (Variorum Othello, pp. 76, 77) quotes from Turberville's Book of Falconrie, 1575, a rather gruesome account of the process. Skeat connects with O.F. *cil*, eyelid, L. *cilium*, eyelid, eyelash; and *celare*, to hide. He remarks that the word should not be confused with *ceiling*, which is identical with *ciel*=heaven, *cælum*, &c.

*Close as oak* does not seem to have much point, and Staunton's suggestion—"close as *hawk's*"—is certainly worth mentioning.

150. Lines 227, 228:

Oth. *And yet, how nature erring from itself,—*

Iago. *Ay, there's the point: as—to be bold with you—*

This passage is an extremely subtle one from the actor's point of view. It is evident that Iago interrupts Othello here, eagerly availing himself of something more than his mere words, some gesture, or tone in his voice, which indicates that he is recalling some circumstance that tells against Desdemona's truth and loyalty. Booth says that in line 227 Othello refers to his colour, and adds that his father "indicated this by a glance at his hand as it passed down before his eyes from his forehead."

But it is doubtful whether Othello is not rather referring in his mind to those strange inconsistencies in human nature, more especially in that of women; the inconsistencies that manifest themselves often in evil deeds, which their fellow-creatures, with their limited power of reading the human heart, cannot reconcile with their habitual conduct. In line 228 Booth gave what was, as far as I know, quite an original interpretation. Instead of making the words *to be bold with you* an apologetic parenthesis, as they are usually interpreted, he took them to refer to the *boldness* of Desdemona with Othello, which was in direct contradiction to the character of her given by her father, i. 3. 94-96:

*A maiden never bold;  
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion  
Blush'd at herself.*

This is an ingenious but surely rather a strained interpretation. Iago has quite sufficient to go upon if Othello's

speech is explained as I have explained it above; and he would naturally preface his reminder that Desdemona has rejected many matches with men of her own clime, complexion, and degree, with some apologetic expression. If the elder Booth's interpretation were the right one we should rather expect *now* instead of *not*.—F. A. M.

151. Line 240: *Set on thy wife to observe: leave me, Iago*.—This line requires to be given with the greatest significance on the part of the actor; for here Othello takes the first step on the road to self-degradation, and he cannot, with his naturally frank and noble nature, do so without a feeling of shame. To set on his wife's confidant and friend to act as a spy upon her is a meanness to which, unless his nature had been poisoned by jealousy, he never could have sunk. It is, perhaps, his consciousness of the contemptible nature of the step that he is taking which makes him so anxious, at this point, to get rid of Iago.—F. A. M.

152. Lines 250-252:

*Note if your lady strain his entertainment  
With any strong or vehement importunity;  
Much will be seen in that.*

Compare with these lines, and indeed with the scene generally, the following extract from Cinthio's story: "He (the ensign, *i.e.* Iago) determined to wait till time and place afforded him a fit opportunity for entering on his wicked design (*i.e.* of making Othello jealous of Cassio); and it was not long before the Moor degraded the Lieutenant (Cassio) for having drawn his sword and wounded a soldier upon guard. This accident was so painful to Desdemona, that she often tried to obtain for him her husband's pardon. In the meantime the Moor had observed to the ensign that his wife teased him so much in favour of the lieutenant, that he feared he should be obliged at last to restore him to his commission. This appeared to that villain the proper moment for opening his scheme of treachery, which he began by saying: 'Perhaps Desdemona is fond of his company.' 'And why?' said the Moor. 'Nay,' replied he, 'I do not chuse to meddle between man and wife; but if you watch her properly, you will understand me.' Nor would he, to the earnest entreaties of the Moor, afford any further explanation. These words had stung the Moor so severely, that he endeavoured perpetually to find out their meaning, and became exceedingly melancholy. Whereupon, when his wife some time afterwards repeated her solicitations that he would forgive the lieutenant, and not sacrifice the service and friendship of so many years to one slight fault, particularly as the lieutenant and the soldier were friends again, the Moor grew angry, and said to her, 'It is somewhat extraordinary, Desdemona, that you should take so much trouble about this fellow; he is neither your brother nor your relation, that he should claim so much of your affection'" (*ut supra*, pp. 290-292).

153. Line 260: *If I do prove her* HAGGARD.—Properly a *haggard* was an untrained hawk. Often, however, it was used in a slang sense to mean a loose woman; so Courtall remarks in *She Would If She Could*, iii. 1: "I protest, yonder comes the old *haggard*" (Etheredge's Works, ed. 1888, p. 161). See *Much Ado*, note 170.

154. Lines 262, 263:

*I'd WHISTLE her OFF, and LET her DOWN the WIND,  
To PREY AT FORTUNE.*

I borrow here Johnson's note: "Falconers always let fly the hawk against the wind; if she flies with the wind behind her, she seldom returns. If therefore a hawk was for any reason to be dismissed, she was *let down the wind*, and from that time shifted for herself and *preyed at fortune*."

155. Line 266: *into the VALE OF YEARS*.—Gray, I suppose, remembered this when he wrote the *Ode on Eton*:

*Lo! in the vale of years beneath,  
A grisly troop are seen.*

"Vale of life" in his *Elegy* has rather a different sense.

156. Line 276: *Even then this FORKED plague*.—See Troilus and Cressida, notes 24 and 39. "Make me a knight o' the *forked order*," says a character in Wilson's fine play, *The Cheats*, v. 2 (Wilson's Works (ed. 1874), p. 91).

157. Lines 277-279:

*Desdemona comes:  
If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!—  
I'll not believe't.*

"Divine!" says Coleridge. "The effect of innocence and the better genius" (Lectures on Shakspeare, Bohn's ed. p. 392).

The sight of Desdemona banishes for a moment doubt and suspicion; Othello is restored to his better nature.

158. Line 296: *I'll have the work* TA'EN OUT.—Here, and in the next scene, line 180, *take out*=copy. Compare Middleton's *Women Beware Women*, i. 1:

*She intends  
To take out other works in a new sampler.*  
—Middleton's *Select Plays*, *Mermaid* ed. p. 266.

159. Line 330: *Not poppy, nor MANDRAGORA*.—There is a dissertation on the "herbe Mandragoras" in Pliny's *Natural History*; it "*cureth*," we are told, "*weeping and watering eyes*;" also, "it may be used safely enough for *to procure sleep*" (Holland's Pliny, ed. 1632, vol. ii. p. 235). Shakespeare refers to it again as a soporific in *Antony and Cleopatra*, i. 5. 4-6; the Duchess of Malfi, in that superlatively great scene (2) of the fourth act of Webster's masterpiece, says:

*Come, violent death,  
Serve for mandragora to make me sleep.*  
—Webster and Tournour in the *Mermaid* Series, p. 210  
and Burton includes "*mandrake . . . and syrup of poppy*" in his list of sovereign simples for sleeplessness (*Anatomy of Melancholy*, pt. ii. sec. 5, mem. 1, sub. 6, ed. 1881, p. 456). Compare, too, the following:

*The Mandrake* cald in Greeke *Mandragoras*,  
Some of his vertues if you looke to know,  
The Juice that freshly from the roote doth passe,  
Purgeth all fleame like blacke *Helleborus*:  
'T is good for *paine engendred in the eyes*;  
By wine made of the roote doth sleepe arise.  
—Chester's *Love's Martyr* (A Dialogue, New Shakspeare Society Publications, p. 82.

The Sybil in Lilly's *Sapho* and Phao remarks (ii. 1), amongst a series of valuable precepts, "sow next thy vines *Mandrage*," with the idea presumably that the produce of the vineyard should prove more than ordinarily sleep-inducing; see Lilly's *Dramatic Works*, Fairholt's ed. i. p. 172. Further references to the same purport will be found in

Hunter's Illustrations, vol. ii. pp. 284, 285. As to *poppy*, everyone will remember Keats'

sound asleep,  
*Drowsed with the fume of poppies.* Ode to Autumn.

160. Line 354: and CIRCUMSTANCE of glorious war!—*Circumstance*=elaborate detail. "So singular a use of the word," says Hunter, "requires something to show that it was not without precedent. Take the following from Laingley's Translation of Polydore Virgil, where we find that the Romans celebrated their dead 'with great pomp and circumstance.' Fol. 122. b." (New Illustrations, vol. ii. p. 286). For another instance of this use (which, after all, is not so very rare) of *circumstance*, cf. The Woman in the Moone, i. 1. 13, 14:

All these, and all their endlesse *circumstance*,  
Here I survey.

—Lilly's Works, Fairholt's ed. vol. ii. p. 153.

In Hamlet, i. 5. 127, the sense is, "without any *circumlocution*;" so again in The Merchant of Venice, i. 1. 154:

To wind about my love with *circumstance*.

161. Lines 359-373.—In this passage Othello reaches the climax of his passion. It is here that the actor produces his greatest effect; though the whole scene is full of effects most various and subtle. Edmund Kean used to take hold of Iago by the throat at line 359; while Booth and other actors deferred this action till line 368. It is better, perhaps, to follow Edmund Kean, as both the speeches, 359-366, 368-373 are spoken in what may be called "the white heat" of passion. During the last speech Othello forces Iago on to his knee, in which position the latter speaks the first two lines of his speech beginning *O grace*, rising at line 375. It was at this point of the scene that Salvini, when in England, roused his audience to the greatest enthusiasm; but with all respect to that great actor, whose Othello was a performance full of beauties, I think that his reading of this whole scene was entirely wrong. He seemed to me to sacrifice much of the subtlety, variety, and intensity of all that went before in order to attain his climax here, which he did by throwing Iago on the ground and putting his foot upon him, and then starting back with an expression of loathing on his face. This was very powerful, and to those who did not understand one word of the language Salvini was speaking, it was very effective; but surely, even in his rage, Othello would have too much respect for Iago to treat him thus; when, in the fury of his passion, he has taken him by the throat and forced him on to his knees, it seems as if the next moment he is appalled at the effects of his own violence.—F. A. M.

162. Line 386: *HER name, that was as fresh*.—So the Quarto of 1630; in Q. 1 (1622) the speech is wanting. The Folios give "*my name*," with a full stop after *proof*. *My* must, I think, be wrong, because of the words *mine own* two lines lower down, and because Othello would hardly apply such vauntful language to himself. Moreover, the whole passage is concerned with Desdemona; the transition to Othello would be very awkward.

163. Lines 433-435:

*Tell me but this,—  
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief  
Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand?*

It may be convenient to give here Cinthio's account of the handkerchief episode; the variations from Shakespeare speak for themselves: "I have already said that Desdemona went frequently to the ensign's (Iago's) house, and passed great part of the day with his wife. The villain had observed that she often brought with her a handkerchief that the Moor had given her, and which, as it was very delicately worked in the Moorish taste, was very highly valued by them both; he determined to steal it, and by its means complete her ruin. He had a little girl of three years old that was much caressed by Desdemona; and one day, when that unhappy woman was on a visit to this villain, he took up the child in his arms and presented it to Desdemona, who received it and pressed it to her bosom. In the same instant this deceiver stole from her sash the handkerchief, with such dexterity, that she did not perceive him; and went away with it in very high spirits. Desdemona went home, and, taken up with other thoughts, never recollected her handkerchief till some days after; when, not being able to find it, she began to fear that the Moor should ask her for it, as he often did." Iago, having got possession of the handkerchief, tells Othello that Cassio had boasted to him (Iago) that Desdemona had made him (Cassio) a present of the "napkin;" Othello determines to question Desdemona; "if his wife had no longer the handkerchief in her possession, it would be a proof that the ensign (Iago) had told him the truth. For which reason one day after dinner, among other subjects, he asked her for this handkerchief. The poor woman, who had long apprehended this, blushed excessively at this question, and, to hide her change of colour, which the Moor had very accurately observed, ran to her wardrobe and pretended to look for it. After having searched for some time, 'I cannot conceive,' said she, 'what is become of it! have not you taken it?'—'Had I taken it,' replied he, 'I should not have asked you for it. But you may look for it and this time more at your ease.' Leaving her then, he began to reflect what would be the best way of putting to death his wife and the lieutenant, and how he might avoid being prosecuted for murder. . . . The Moor . . . did all in his power to prove what he desired not to find true (i.e. that his wife was guilty), and begged the ensign to make him see the handkerchief in possession of the lieutenant (Cassio). Although this was a difficult undertaking, yet the villain promised to do all in his power to give him a satisfactory proof of this. The lieutenant had a woman in the house, who was a notable embroiderer in muslin, and who, struck with the beauty of Desdemona's handkerchief (which Iago, I should note, had secretly left in Cassio's lodging) determined to copy it before it should be returned to her. She set about making one like it, and while she was at work, the ensign discovered that she sat at a window where any one who passed in the street might see her. This he took care to point out to the Moor, who was then fully persuaded that his chaste and innocent wife was an adulteress. He agreed with the ensign to kill both her and the lieutenant" (*ut supra*, pp. 296-301).

164. Line 435: SPOTTED with strawberries.—As we should say, embroidered; cf. Coriolanus, i. 3. 55:

What are you sewing here? A fine *spot*, in good faith.

165. Line 442: *O, that the slave had forty thousand lives.*  
—We have the same idea in *Loocrine*, iii. 1:

The Hun shall die, had he *ten thousand lives*:  
And would to God he had *ten thousand lives*

—Tauchnitz ed. p. 159.

*Forty thousand*, we may note, is merely an indefinite number; Elizabethan writers use *four* and *forty* in exactly the same vague way. Compare *Hamlet*, ii. 2. 160, 161:

You know, sometimes he walks *four hours* together  
Here in the lobby.

Hammer changed the reading to *for hours*, but the Clarendon Press editors aptly quote Puttenham's *Arte of English Poesie*, "laughing and gibling with their familiars *four hours* by the clocke" (Arber's Reprint, p. 307). Observe, also, *Sonnet* ii. line 1:

When *forty* winters shall besiege thy brow.

The idea may be the same in one of Spenser's sonnets (ix.), *Globe* ed. of Works, p. 582.

166. Line 447: *from THE hollow HELL.*—So the *Folios*. Qq. read *from thy hollow cell*, which the *Globe* edition prints. The version of the Quartos gives a good antithesis to line 445:

All my fond love thus do I blow to *heaven*.

167. Line 453: *Like to the PONTIC SEA, &c.*—Steevens suggested that these lines were based upon the following passage in Holland's translation of Pliny's *Natural History*: "And the *Sea Pontus* evermore floweth and runneth out into *Propontis*, but the sea never retirith back again within *Pontus*." Holland's translation was published in 1601: *Othello* can scarcely be referred to an earlier date than 1601; it is quite possible therefore that Steevens's conjecture was correct, and that Shakespeare did owe his knowledge to Pliny. On the other hand, it may simply have been a piece of popular geography—one of the curious facts reported by some Elizabethan adventurer of the type of Mr. Edward Webbe. The lines are wanting in the Quarto of 1622.

168. Line 460: *by yond MARBLE HEAVEN.*—Shakespeare applies *marble* to the sky in three other passages, *Timon of Athens*, iv. 3. 191; *Cymbeline*, v. 4. 87, and, same scene, 120. The epithet is magnificent, and only the dullest of commentators would care to dissertate on the possible meanings which it could bear. Milton's "pure *marble* air," *Paradise Lost*, iii. 564, was probably a reminiscence of the classical and etymological use of the word=*glittering*; he may even have recollected Sophocles' "*marble* (i.e. bright) radiance of *Olympus*" (*Antigone*, 610). *Mar-moreus* is frequently said of the sea in *Virgil*.

169. Line 463: *you EVER-BURNING LIGHTS above.*—A variation on "these blessed *candles of the night*" in *Merchant of Venice*, v. 1. 220, with which in turn may be compared *Macbeth*, ii. 1. 5 (see note 89 of that play); *Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 5. 9; and *Sonnet* xxi. line 12.

170. Line 471: *And will upon the instant PUT thee TO'T.*  
—That is, test you; cf. *Coriolanus*, i. 1. 232, 233:

They have a leader,  
Tullus Aufidius, that will *put you to't*.

So Measure for Measure, iii. 2. 101.

171. Line 480.—Here, in the acting edition, act iii. ends; and act iv. commences with line 24 of the next scene.

### ACT III. SCENE 4.

172. Line 26: *Full of CRUSADOES.*—Not a Venetian coin, otherwise Coryat would probably have mentioned it in the account he gives of the money current at Venice. According to Grey, the *crusado* was a Portuguese coin, worth about three shillings; it was so called from the cross stamped on it, and varied in value, according to some authorities, from six shillings and eightpence to nine shillings. It is rather curious that Elizabethan writers should use in this way the names of foreign pieces; cf. *Old Fortunatus*, ii. 2: "See'st thou this *crusado*?" (*Dekker's Plays*, *Mermaid* ed. p. 328), and *The White Devil*, iii. 1:

I have houses,  
Jewels, and a poor remnant of *crusadoes*.

—Webster's *Plays*, *Mermaid* ed. p. 5x.

173. Lines 46, 47:

*the hearts of old gave HANDS;*  
*But our NEW HERALDRY is HANDS, not HEARTS.*

This is the passage upon which Warburton fastened as approximately fixing the date of the composition of the play. He found here a satirical allusion to the creation of baronets by James I. in 1611. It is very probable that this allusion only existed in Warburton's mind; for, as Steevens pointed out, it was very unlikely that Shakespeare would introduce any sneer at the honours instituted by James I., a prince whom, on the contrary, he seems to have desired to flatter rather than to satirize. In Warner's *Albion's England* (edn. 1596, p. 282) occurs the line:

My hand shall never give my heart, my heart shall give my hand.

Compare also *The Tempest*, iii. 1. 89, 90:

*Fer.* . . . here's my hand.  
*Mir.* And mine, with my heart in't.

As Knight says, the *new heraldry* might simply have referred to the practice of quartering the arms of husband and wife, or, as Dyce suggested, the heraldic term to *give arms* so resembles to *give hands* that the similarity of the two phrases might have suggested to Shakespeare the word *heraldry*.

174. Line 56: *Did an EGYPTIAN to my mother give.*—*Egyptian* is, perhaps, equivalent to *gypsy*, a very common use of the word. So in the travels of John Eldred ("the first Englishmen who reached India, overland") we have a description of some Arabs whom he came across at Feluja: "Their hair, apparel, and colour were altogether like to those vagabond *Egyptians*, which heretofore have gone about in England" (Arber's *English Garner*, vol. iii. p. 162). Again, in *Randolph's Hey for Honesty*, v. 1, *Mercury* sings:

From *Egypt* have I come,  
With Solomon for my guide:  
By chiromancy I can tell,  
What fortunes thee betide;

to which one of the characters replies, "Well, thou art an arrant *gypsy*" (*Randolph's Works*, Hazlitt's ed. ii. p. 479). It is, perhaps, superfluous to note that *gypsy* is only a corruption of *Egyptian*, popular tradition assigning *Egypt*

as the original home of the gypsies, whereas most authorities are now agreed that they came from India. Ben Jonson speaks of "a *Gypsy* lady, and a right beldame," in *The Sad Shepherd*, ii. 1 (Works, Routledge's ed. p. 497). The association of magic with the *gypsies* is common enough.

175. Lines 70-72:

A SIBYL, that had number'd in the world  
The sun to course two hundred compasses,  
In her prophetic FURY sew'd the work.

Here and in *I. Henry VI.* i. 2. 56 *sibyl* is used correctly as a substantive; in *Merchant of Venice*, i. 2. 116, and elsewhere the word is treated as a proper name. *Fury* is said in the sonnets of poetic inspiration, e.g. *Sonnet c.* line 3; so "poet's rage," *Son.* xvii. line 11.

176. Line 122: *To FORTUNE'S ALMS*.—The construction of the passage is rather loose, though the sense is clear enough; Cassio means that he will have to depend on such scraps of kindness as fortune may throw to him. Pope changed to *arms*; he must have forgotten *Lear*, i. 1. 281: "At *fortune's alms*."

177. Line 128: *within the BLANK*.—As we should say, "within the range." *Blank*, of course, is the centre of a target.

178. Line 161: *But JEALOUS for they're JEALOUS: 't is a MONSTER*.—Compare line 166; the verse is a good instance of what one may call verbal irony.

179. Lines 174, 175:

and lovers' absent hours,  
More tedious than the dial eight score times?

It is one of the love-symptoms noted by Democritus Junior that the lover when he is gone from his lady "thinks every minute an hour, every hour as long as a whole day, ten days a whole year, till he see her again" (*The Anatomy of Melancholy*, part III. sec. 2, mem. 3, reprint (Chatto & Windus), 1881, page 555).

ACT IV. SCENE 1.

180. Line 1: *Will you think so?* &c.—The opening of this scene is difficult, and I cannot think that the distribution of the speeches is satisfactory. So far as I can understand the sense, it is this. Iago has been arguing, with subtlest hypocrisy, that after all there may be no harm in the connection existing between Desdemona and Cassio; pretending to make things look as well as possible for Desdemona, he fans the flame of Othello's jealousy. Grant that there had been a kiss—will Othello think that any evil was intended? Grant that there had been other things (of which he has told Othello *before* they come on the stage), may not these things have been done in pure innocence? Iago's part is, first to tell Othello that something has happened, and then to offer a damning palliation of the offence; Othello all the while dissents. I would suggest some such arrangement as the following:

Iago. Will you think so?  
Othello. Think so, Iago! What,  
To kiss in private!  
Iago. (*Ironically*) An unauthoriz'd kiss.

Othello. Or! to be naked with her friend in bed  
An hour or more—not meaning any harm:  
Naked in bed, Iago, and not mean any harm!

The repetition in line 5 seems to me pointed. The *kiss in private* and the *naked in bed* represent, I believe, what Iago has told Othello before they appear on the scene. Iago has been hypocritically suggesting that the incidents are blameless in themselves, and now Othello replies. As the text stands I can trace no sequence of thought.

[Other commentators, Lettson, for instance, and Deighton, think also that these lines are not properly distributed. Mr. Verity's arrangement above is a very ingenious one; but the question is, would it be effective, or even intelligible, on the stage? An audience can understand Othello answering such a suggestion as Iago makes in lines 3, 4; but they would hardly understand if Othello spoke all these three lines, that is, from 3 to 6, that he was referring to what had passed between him and Iago before the scene opened; at least the words *not meaning any harm* must be given to Iago. All through the first part of this scene Iago is suggesting to Othello—or more than suggesting, telling him as facts—certain things which Cassio and Desdemona have done, which most decidedly imply that there was a guilty connection between them, and, at the same time, he pretends they afford no proof of guilt. He could not have adopted any more certain means of incensing Othello against both his wife and Cassio; for the very supposition that such familiarities were consistent with innocence would be an insult to his common sense. I think that it would be better, therefore, from a dramatic point of view, to leave lines 3 and 4 to be spoken by Iago; but the words *What, to kiss in private?* might certainly form part of Othello's speech, the *What* especially being very awkward as coming from Iago. The condition of Othello, at this point, must be borne in mind. He is on the brink of an epileptic attack, and, as is invariably the case before such attacks, he would find a difficulty in following out any consecutive line of thought.—F. A. M.]

181. Line 21: *As doth the RAVEN o'er th' INFECTIOUS HOUSE*.—*Infectious*=*infected*, i.e. where a sick person is lying. The superstition here referred to is a very old one; many similar passages might be quoted; for example, *The Jew of Malta*, ii. 1. 1, 2:

Thus, like the sad presaging raven, that tells  
The sick man's passport in her hollow beak.

—Bulwer's Marlowe, ii. p. 35.

Again, Peele's David and Bethsabe:

Like as the fatal raven, that in his voice  
Carries the dreadful summons of our deaths;

where, as Dyce shows (*Greene and Peele*, p. 460), Peele was really translating some lines by Du Bartas; and Webster's *The White Devil*, iii. 1:

Flam. How croaks the raven!  
Is our good duchess dead?  
Lod. Dead.

—Webster's Works, in *Mermaid* ed. p. 59.

Compare also *Macbeth*, i. 5. 39-41.

182. Line 37: *that's FULSOME*.—Properly *fulsome* only means *abundant*; cf. *Richard III.* v. 3. 132:

I, that was wash'd to death with *fulsome* wine.

Then comes the idea of *overflowness* and so of *offensiveness*. See Merchant of Venice, note 91.

183. Line 38: *To confess, and be hang'd*.—This seems to have been a common proverb. Compare Marlowe's Jew of Malta, iv. 2: "Blame not us but the proverb, *confess and be hang'd*" (Works, vol. i. p. 253, edn. 1826); and again Halliwell quotes from Shirley's Love Tricks (iv. 6): "*Ruf*. Did you hear him confess it? *Bub*. Here's right *confess and be hang'd* now."

184. Lines 39, 40: *Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion without some INSTRUCTION*.—Varburton proposed to alter *instruction* to *induction*, and he says that the state of Othello's mind is compared to an eclipse when the earth is darkened by the *induction* of the moon between it and the sun. But surely this is very far-fetched; although *induction*, in the sense of "groundwork of fact," would suit the sense of the passage well enough, if not better than *instruction*; but *induction* is used by Shakespeare invariably in the sense of "introduction" or "prelude," e.g. in Richard III. i. 1. 32:

Plots have I laid, *inductions* dangerous;

and same play, iv. 4. 5:

A dire *induction* am I witness to.

Some commentators, following Sir Joshua Reynolds' explanation, would make Othello refer to Cassio's dream, iii. 3. 413-426. There can be little doubt that Othello refers to the horrible feeling of growing mental darkness and oppression of the brain which immediately precede an epileptiform attack. Nothing can be more true to nature than the broken exclamations of this speech of Othello's, which Pope, in his blundering nambypanbysm, called "trash." One can see the unhappy victim, his whole frame trembling with passion, his hand holding his head, into which, creeping from the spine, comes that terrible sense of numbness in the brain, accompanied, as it were, by a feeling of intense mental distress, which those who have suffered from epileptiform attacks know too well. It may be as well to notice here that the stage-direction in the Folio, *Falles in a trance*, which is generally followed (substantially) in modern editions, is not so suitable to the circumstances as the direction in Q. 1, which simply is, *He falls downe*. Epilepsy and epileptiform attacks, which latter were not at that time distinguished from the more serious disease, were both called in Shakespeare's time "the falling sickness," a very apt name. The suddenness with which the unhappy sufferer falls to the ground in such attacks is one of the most characteristic features, and one which has led to fatal accidents in too many cases.—F. A. M.

185. Lines 51, 52:

*My lord is fall'n into an epilepsy:*

*This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.*

The dramatic significance of this epileptic seizure, which Shakespeare now makes Othello undergo, has been almost entirely passed over by most commentators, except in its bearing upon the question of the Time of Action of the play. If we are to take Iago's words here literally, they certainly cannot but confirm the other indications (see note on Time of Action) that a much longer space of time is covered by the play than is included by the dramatic

action. If Othello really had an epileptic attack on the day before, it is probable that some one besides Iago would have known of it, and an interval of at least a day must have elapsed between acts iii. and iv.; but from Bianca's words (line 155 below) "What did you mean by that same handkerchief you gave me *even now*?" the action in this scene would seem to take place immediately after the last scene (iii. 4); but, as I have said before, it is useless to attempt to reconcile inconsistencies of this kind. Variations between the historic or actual time and the dramatic time must be allowed to a writer of any imaginative power. It is only your monster of artistic propriety, who writes his verse with the aid of a mathematical ruler, that can preserve the unities of time, place, and action. But there is a dramatic significance in this epileptic attack of Othello far beyond any question of the lapse of time. Though Bucknell, in his Med. Knowledge of Shakespeare (p. 274), says "this designation (epilepsy) appears a mere falsehood," with due deference to that authority, I would submit that Shakespeare's description of epilepsy, or, to be more precise, of an epileptiform attack, given here, is by no means untrue. When Cassio suggests that they should rub his temples Iago says (lines 54-56):

The lethargy must have his quiet course:

If not, he *foams at mouth*, and by and by

*Breaks out to savage madness.*

This is a description of two of the features of true epilepsy. In epileptiform seizures *foaming at the mouth* does not always occur, nor is there always complete insensibility; but it is quite consistent with Iago's character and conduct at this juncture that he should exaggerate the symptoms. In a temperament predisposed to epilepsy such mental agony and violent excitement, as Othello has lately gone through, would be very likely to produce an epileptiform attack, on recovering from which he would be perfectly sensible, but would be in a more or less dazed condition; so that he would be a much easier subject for the deception which Iago proceeds now to practise on him. I have spoken in the Introduction of the injury done to the play by the omission of the greater part of this scene, which is absolutely essential to the plot, as it is the only scene in which Othello has any *visible* proof of Iago's story. In the physical and mental condition, which this epileptic attack would have produced, there is nothing at all surprising that he should accept the demeanour and gesture of Cassio in his dialogue with Iago, even without the strong confirmatory proof afforded by his seeing Desdemona's handkerchief in Bianca's possession as sufficient proof of the guilt of the lieutenant and his wife. To say, as Salvini did, that this scene is "not in accord with Othello's character," shows considerable misconception of that character. He is a man who habitually puts a very great restraint upon his passion; and the languor produced by the fit from which he had just suffered would help him in restraining himself from any personal violence to Cassio. Nothing can be more pathetic than the wave of tenderness which comes over his agonized spirit in the latter part of this scene, alternating as it does with almost savage ferocity. At last he loses his self-control and sense of dignity alike; and, in his outburst of passion before Lodovico, he shows how much he is degraded physically and morally.



In epileptiform patients there is very often a lapse of memory more or less partial; and though I would not insist on this point, it is quite possible that Shakespeare might have known that fact, and that we should thus account for Othello having, at the beginning of the scene (see line 19), forgotten the incident of the handkerchief; and, again, though he says (see below, line 164): "By heaven, that should be my handkerchief!" recognizing it in Bianca's hand, he says (line 184), in answer to Iago: "Was that (*i.e.* the handkerchief) mine?" Nor would it do to insist upon the fact that homicidal mania is very often developed in persons subject to epileptiform attacks; but we may safely say that it was not for nothing that Shakespeare introduced this incident of Othello's fit, for the physical strain to which he was thus subjected would materially assist Iago in the prosecution of his infamous design.—F. A. M.

## 186. Lines 77, 78:

*Whilst you were here O'ERWHELMED with your grief,—  
A passion most UNFITTING such a man.*

Q. 1 has here "*erewhile, mad* with your grief;" the reading of Ff. and Q. 2, which we retain in our text, is much preferable. But in the next line Ff. have a curious mistake; they read "*resulting* such a man," an obvious misprint. The Devonshire copy of Q. 1 reads *ensuiting*, while Capell's copy and Q. 2 both read *vnfitting*.

## 187. Lines 101–102:

*As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad;  
And his UNBOOKISH jealousy must CONSTRUÉ  
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour,  
Quite in the wrong.*

This is a hint borrowed from the tale; compare the following: "He (Othello) immediately went [to Iago] and related what had just happened [an unimportant detail], begging him to learn from the lieutenant what he could. . . . The ensign (Iago) rejoiced much in this accident, and promised to do so. He contrived to enter into discourse with him (Cassio) one day in a place where the Moor might see them. He talked with him on a very different subject, laughed much, and expressed by his movements and attitudes very great surprise. The Moor as soon as he saw them separate went to the ensign, and desired to know what had passed between them. The ensign, after many solicitations, at last told him that he (*i.e.* Cassio) had concealed nothing from him. He says he had enjoyed your wife every time that you have stayed long enough from home to give him an opportunity" (*ut supra*, p. 298). The epithet *unbookish* here has been variously explained. Whiter (Specimen of Commentary, 1794), quoted by Furness, after citing many instances where Shakespeare has compared love and lovers to *books* (*e.g.* Troilus and Cressida, iv. 5. 60, 61:

And wide unclasp the *tables* of their thoughts  
To every ticklish reader),

thought that *unbookish* referred to the "Books of Love" and the "language of Lovers." It is generally explained as=ignorant; but Furness points to the particular use of the word *bookish* in this same play (i. 1. 24), and he thinks that the word is used here in some peculiar sense, as if there were "Books of Jealousy" like Saviolo's "Practise

of Honorable Quarrels." Perhaps the meaning is "his inexperienced or simple-minded jealousy, the jealousy of a nature which knew men from the study neither of mankind nor of books."

Ff. read *conserve*, which may very well be a misprint for *conceive*; but the Qq. read *conster*, which, in its modern form of *construe*, is preferred by nearly all editors; it certainly suits the word *unbookish* better than *conserve*, which is meaningless.

188. Line 108: *Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power.*—So Qq.; Ff. read *dowre*, a reading which Knight, for some mysterious reason, retained.

189. Line 121: *you triumph*, ROMAN.—Manifestly the word *triumph* suggests the epithet *Roman*, which Warburton declared, however, to be one of the most manifest misprints in the whole of Shakespeare, and altered it to *rogue*; a proceeding which Shakespeare might himself have called a very roguish trick.

190. Line 130: *Have you scor'd me? Well.*—This has been variously explained. Johnson, for instance, says it means "Have you told the term of my life?" Others think that it means "marked," as they "marked" the backs of beasts. Compare Ant. and Cleo. iv. 7. 12, 13:

Let us *score* their backs,  
And snatch 'em up, as we take hares, behind.

Others think that it means "Have you scored an account against me?" The readings of the older copies are various here. F. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3 read "Have you *scoar'd* me? Well." F. 2, F. 3, F. 4: "scoar'd me; Well." Q. 1 reads "*stor'd* me well," which Johnson suggests may mean "Have you disposed of me?"

191. Line 150: BEFORE ME!—Compare Romeo and Juliet, iii. 4. 34: "*Afore me!* 't is so very late;" All's Well, ii. 3. 31: "*fore me*, I speak in respect;" and Coriolanus, i. 1. 124, where Mr. Aldis Wright notes that probably it was a petty oath substituted for the more usual "*fore God*," in deference to the severe statute which was passed in the reign of James I. "to restrain the abuses of Players;" this act commenced with the words "For the preventing and avoiding of the great abuse of the holy Name of God, in Stage-plays, Enterludes, May games, Shews and such like." In consequence of this statute the reading of the Quartos is often toned down in the Folio; for example, in The Merchant of Venice, i. 2. 121, where Qq. read *I pray God grant them*, the Folio has the milder *I wish*; and other instances might be quoted. Probably it was for this reason that Shakespeare used such classical asseverations as *by Janus* (i. 2. 33), *by Jove*, &c.

192. Lines 139, 140: *and falls me thus about my neck.*—Q. 1 has "*by this hand* she falls thus," &c.; the reading of the Folio seems preferable, as *by this hand* is not necessary. It is evident from the next line that Cassio is intended here to illustrate by gesture Bianca's action.

Just below (line 144) there is another discrepancy between Ff. and Qq. We have retained the reading of Qq.; Ff. read "*so shakes and pulls me.*"

193. Line 151: *such another* FITCHEW.—For a full ac-

count of this word see Troilus and Cressida, note 293. The expression *such another* is a contemptuous one which Schmidt compares to the German *auch so eine*. Compare Troilus and Cressida, i. 2. 282 (Folio 1): "you are *such another* woman." This expression is used by Shakespeare in three other passages: Merry Wives, i. 4. 160; Much Ado, iii. 4. 87; II. Henry IV. ii. 4. 275.

194. Lines 184-186.—Qq. omit this speech, probably by accident; for, as Jennens pointed out, the catchword at the foot of the page is *Iag*, which shows that the speech was in the MS., though possibly it might have been omitted in the acting.

195. Line 193: *my heart is turn'd to stone*.—Compare v. 2. 63: "thou dost *stone my heart*." Compare Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 9. 15-17:

throw my heart  
Against the flint and hardness of my fault;  
Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder.

There the thought is too much elaborated; but surely the commentators go a little too far in saying that the pathos of the speech in the text is marred by the touch of realism. "I strike it and it hurts my hand."

196. Line 199: *she will sing the savageness out of a bear!*—Here again we have a closely parallel passage in Venus and Adonis, 1095, 1096:

when he hath sung,  
The tiger would be tame and gently hear him.

197. Line 206: *the pity or it*.—We may compare Macbeth, i. 5. 5: "the wonder of it." I suppose it is an ordinary possessive genitive: the pity, or pitifulness, which it (the circumstances) contains. Perhaps, however, *of = concerning, about*; cf. Measure for Measure, ii. 3. 42: "'Tis pity of him." See Abbott's Shakespearean Grammar, p. 114.

198. Lines 209, 210: *If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her PATENT to offend*.—Malone compares Edward III. (1596), ii. 1. 426:

Why then give sin a *passport* to offend.

199. Lines 227, 228:

*Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico  
Come from the duke.*

The reading in our text is from the Qq. with Theobald's punctuation as adopted by the Cambridge edd. F. 1 reads:

I warrant something from Venice,  
'Tis Lodovico, this, comes from the Duke.  
See, your wife's with him.

The other Ff. read the same except that F. 2 has a comma after *Lodovico*, which F. 3, F. 4 retain, but have no comma after *this*.

200. Line 229:

Lod. *Save you, worthy general!*  
Oth. *With all my heart, sir.*

Q. 1 here has: "*God save the worthy general*." The reading in our text is that of the other Qq. and Ff. The omission of the word *God* was made simply on account of the act of James I. so often alluded to, and is of no importance, as the expression *Save you!* is merely elliptical for "*God save you!*" The difficulty here is how we are to take Othello's answer. Malone says that Othello spoke with no relation to what Lodovico had just said; but

Steevens and other commentators explain Othello's words as welcoming "the pious wish expressed on his behalf;" and they compare Measure for Measure, ii. 2. 157, where, in answer to Isabella's wish, "Heaven keep your honour safe!" Angelo says "Amen!"

201. Line 245: Oth. *Are you wise?*—In Fechter's acting edition this speech is given to Iago, with the stage-direction that he "seizes the arm of Othello across the table." This certainly seems to be, unlike most of Fechter's emendations, a most sensible suggestion. The speech, one cannot but feel, is out of place in Othello's mouth, and can have very little significance coming from him, as Desdemona has evidently turned round to Lodovico again after Othello's last furious exclamation; and it is quite in keeping with Iago's hypocritical assumption of honesty that he should attempt to recall Othello here to his better self.—F. A. M.

202. Line 251: Oth. *Devil!* [Striking her].—The stage-direction was added by Theobald, and is justified by what Lodovico says below (line 283): "*What, strike his wife!*" This is one of the most painful incidents in the whole play. In the hands of Salvini it became absolutely brutal; for he used to strike Desdemona with his hand on the face; but most actors are content to strike her with the paper which Othello holds in his hand, and which he has been biting in his rage on hearing that Cassio is to supersede him in his command.

203. Line 257: *Each drop she FALLS would prove a CROCODILE*.—For the active use of "to fall" compare Lucrece, 1551:

For every tear he *falls* a Trojan bleeds.

Shakespeare here alludes to the fabulous account of *crocodiles* current in his time. In Bullokar's English Expositor, one of the earliest English dictionaries (edn. 1616), we find the following (quoted by Malone): "It is written, that he will weep over a dead man's head when he hath devoured the body, and then will eat up the head too. Wherefore in Latin there is a proverbe, *crocodilli lachrymae*, crocodile's tears, to signifie such tears are fained, and spent only with intent to deceive; or doe harm."

204. Line 269: *I am commanded HOME*.—So Ff.; Q. 1 has *here*.

205. Line 274: *Goats and monkeys!*—This may be a recollection of Iago's speech above, iii. 3. 403:

Were they as prime as *goats*, as hot as *monkeys*

206. Line 280: *is he not LIGHT of brain?*—As we say, *light-headed*. Compare Hamlet, ii. 2. 148, 149:

Thence to a watch, thence into a weakness,  
Thence to a *lightness*.

## ACT IV. SCENE 2.

207. Line 18: *the purest of their WIVES*.—So Ff.; Q. 1 has "the purest of their *sea*."

208. Line 22: *A CLOSET-LOCK-AND-KEY of villanous secrets*.—Compare Henry V. ii. 2. 96:

Thou that didst *bear the key of all my counsels*.

[Malone was the first to observe on the difficulty of deciding where this scene is supposed to take place. Line 23,

where Othello tells Emilia to shut the door, indicates that it is in a room in Othello's castle. On the other hand, line 171, Iago says to Desdemona, "*Go in, and weep not,*" which Malone thought might indicate that the scene was without the castle; but surely *Go in* means nothing more than "*Go into your own room.*" But the appearance of Roderigo here in the same scene is perhaps a greater difficulty; for, after what had occurred in the first act, Roderigo would not be likely to visit Othello or to venture into his house; but, as Cowden Clarke pointed out, we must remember that Roderigo is partially disguised, and that also, as the guard-room was in the castle, it was very natural that Roderigo should go there to look for Iago. The residence of Othello would seem to have been in a public and not in a private building; in fact, merely a portion of the chief fortified place in the town. —F. A. M.]

209. Line 24. *Pray*, CHUCK, *come hither*.—The word is used much in the same bitterly ironical way by Macbeth, iii. 2. 44-46:

*Lady M.* What's to be done?  
*Macb.* Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck,  
Till thou applaud the deed.

210. Lines 54, 55:

*The fixed figure for THE TIME, FOR SCORN,  
To point his slow AND MOVING finger at.*

As to the second line: the Folio reading *and moving* seems to me far more vivid and realistic than the *unmoving* of the Quarto of 1622. In the first line the Quartos read *time of scorn*; the Folio has *time of Scorne*, emphasizing more clearly the fact that *Scorn* is personified. The Globe editors mark the line as corrupt, and I confess *time of scorn* conveys no meaning to me. I have ventured, therefore, much as I dislike tampering with the text, to introduce a slight emendation. As the couplet now stands the sense is simple. The use of *time* where we should say *the times*, i.e. the present age, is common enough; cf. Hunter's Illustrations, ii. 240. Hunter, by the way, is commenting on Hamlet, iii. 1. 70:

For who would bear the whips and *scorns of time*.

Is it an absolutely impossible idea that what Shakespeare really wrote in the present passage was,

*The fixed figure for the scorn of time!*

At any rate the Hamlet line is worth remembering in connection with this well-known crux, although the editors do not seem to have noted the point, if point it be. Scholars, of course, will recollect Horace's *monstrari digito pretereuntium*. [I believe that Mr. Verity's conjecture, *the scorn of time* (an emendation, by the way, which was first suggested by Malone), is the right reading. It is the simplest alteration, and is strongly supported by the line quoted from Hamlet, iii. 1. 70: "the whips and *scorns of time*." All the old copies agree in reading the *time of scorn*; but the two words may easily have been misplaced. If we adhere to the reading of the old copies, we must accept Steevens's explanation that the *time of scorn* is an expression here like, "the hour of death," the idea being taken from a clock. This speech is so pathetic and so exquisitely musical, that one resents the occurrence in it of any difficulty or obscurity.—F. A. M.]

211. Line 68: *Who art so LOVELY-FAIR*.—I have ventured to treat *lovely fair* as a compound. Compare:

*Play'd with a boy so lovely-fair* and kind.  
—Hero and Leander, Second Sestiad, 105,  
Bullen's Marlowe, iii. p. 31.

212. Line 71, 72:

*Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,  
Made to write 'whore' upon?*

Massinger must have had these lines in his memory when he wrote the following passage in the Emperor of the East, iv. 5:

Can you think  
This masterpiece of heaven, this precious vellum,  
Of such a purity and virgin whiteness,  
Could be design'd to have perjury and whoredom,  
In capital letters, writ upon it.  
—Massinger's Works, Cunningham's ed. p. 345.

The speaker, it should be added, in the extract is the jealous husband; he points to the face of his wife, whom he suspects of being unfaithful.

213. Line 72: *What COMMITTED!*—An offensive *double entente*; in fact, as Polonius would say, "a vile phrase." Compare Lear, iii. 4. 84.

214. Line 78: *The BAWDY WIND, that KISSES all it meets*.—Compare Merchant of Venice, ii. 6. 16:

Hugg'd and embraced by the *strumpet* wind.

We have, too, "the *wanton* wind" in Midsummer Night's Dream, ii. 1. 129.

215. Line 144: *Speak within door*.—Johnson explained this phrase, "Do not clamour so as to be heard beyond the house;" perhaps we might paraphrase it nearer, thus; "Do not speak so loud as to be heard outside the room." Qq. have "*Speak within dores*." It is very important to Iago that Othello should not hear his speech of his good wife; or, even at the last moment, his eyes might have been opened to the treachery of his "honest" ancient.

216. Line 153: *Either in DISCOURSE OF THOUGHT or ACTUAL DEED*.—*Discourse of thought* must be equivalent to *thought*, the natural antithesis to *action* ("actual deed"). So in Macbeth, v. 1. 12, we find "*actual performances*" = what Lady Macbeth does, her walking in her sleep and so forth, placed in contrast with what she says. The exact shade of meaning which the poet wished *discourse* to bear in such a phrase as *discourse of thought* it is impossible to determine; we may compare, however, the parallel expressions "*discourse of reason*" in Hamlet, i. 2. 150, and Troilus and Cressida, ii. 2. 116. See note 120 on the latter play. It should be observed that in the present passage Q. 2 and Q. 3 read "*or thought*," a variation for which, I think, there is nothing to be said.

217. Line 160: *And his unkindness may DEFEAT my life*.—For *defeat*=destroy, cf. Sonnet lxi. 11:

Mine own true love that doth my rest *defeat*;

and for the substantive in same sense, Hamlet, ii. 2. 507, 508:

Upon whose property and most dear life  
A damn'd *defeat* was made.

*Defeat* is simply the French *défaire*=to undo, render void: so that Shakespeare is using the word in its strict signification.

218. Line 167: *And he does CHIDE WITH you.*—Ff. omit this line. Compare Sonnet cxi. 1:

O, for my sake do you *with* Fortune *chide*.

Baret (Alvearie, 1573) gives "To complain, to make a quarrell, to *chide* with one for a thing."

219. Line 192: *sudden respect and ACQUAINTANCE.*—This is the reading of Ff. and Q. 2; Q. 1 has *acquittance*, which some edd. prefer; the meaning being "requital."

220. Lines 196, 197: NAY, I THINK IT IS *scurvy*, and *begin to find myself FOBB'D* in it.—We have followed the reading of Ff.; Q. 1 has "*by this hand*, I say 'tis very scurvy;" Q. 2, Q. 3: "I say 'tis very scurvy." *Fobb'd* = deluded, cheated. It seems to me best to print this, the ordinary form of the word, though the Quartos and Folios all give *fobt*. In II. Henry IV. ii. 1. 37, we have *fubb'd*. The word is common enough; cf. Coriolanus i. 1. 97; and The London Prodigal i. 1:

What doth he think to *fob* off his posterity with paradoxes?

Tauchnitz ed. p. 225.

221. Line 229: *he goes into MAURITANIA.*—"Othello," says Hunter (Illustrations, ii. pp. 280, 281), "is to be regarded as a Moor in the proper sense of the word, a native of the northern coast of Africa towards the west." Upon this point, however, see the Introduction, p. 12.

#### ACT IV. SCENE 3.

222. Line 23: *Good FAITH, how foolish are our minds!*—This is the usually-adopted reading. The Folios have *good father*.

223. Lines 28, 29:

*she had a song of "WILLOW;"*

*An old thing.*

Upon the subject of this old ballad I shall venture to "convey" Mr. Chappell's remarks. "The song," he says, "of *Oh! willow, willow*, which Desdemona sings in the fourth act of *Othello*, is contained in a MS. volume of songs, with accompaniment for the lute, in the British Museum (Addit. MSS. 15. 117). Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps considers the transcript to have been made about the year 1633; Mr. Oliphant (who catalogued the musical MSS.) dates it about 1600; but the manuscript undoubtedly contains songs of an earlier time, such as—

O death! rock me asleep,

Bring me to quiet rest, &c.,

attributed to Anne Boleyn, and which Sir John Hawkins found in a MS. of the reign of Henry VIII. The song of *Willow, willow*, is also found in the Roxburghe Ballads, i. 84; and was printed by Percy from a copy in the Pepys collection, entitled 'A Lover's Complaint, being Forsaken of his Love; to a pleasant tune' (Popular Music of the Olden Time, vol. i. p. 206). Mr. Chappell prints the music of the song, subsequently (p. 774) observing that the music at any rate must be older than 1600, since it is found in the Lutebook (dated 1583) of Thomas Dallis, a Cambridge musician of the time. As to the burden, *Willow, willow*, it was a favourite one in sixteenth-century songs. There is, for instance, a song by John Heywood (famous for his rather dreary Interludes), which is printed in a volume entitled *The Moral Play of Wit and*

Science, p. 86 (Old Shakespeare Society Publications, 1848), and which has the following burden:

All a green willow; willow, willow, willow;

All a green willow, is my garland.

Again, Mr. Chappell (p. 206) quotes a stanza of a ballad in *A Gorgious Gallery of Gallant Inventions* (1578), which commences thus:

My love, what disliking in me do you find,

Sing all of green willow;

That on such a sudden you alter your mind?

Sing willow, willow, willow.

Compare too *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, iv. 1. 79, 80:

Then she sung

Nothing but "willow, willow, willow;"

—Dyce's Beaumont & Fletcher, vol. xi. p. 403.

and Middleton's *Blurt, Master Constable*, i. 1. 206:

Shall Camillo then sing "willow, willow, willow?"

—Bullen's Middleton, vol. i. p. 14.

and Massinger's *Maid of Honour*, v. 1:

You may cry *Willow, willow!* for your brother.

—Works, Cunningham's ed. p. 278.

To turn now to another point—the Pepysian version of the song, in which, by the way, the speaker of the stanzas is not the deserted lady, but a forsaken lover. The ballad is far too long for insertion here; I will give, however, the stanzas which correspond to those sung by Desdemona:

A poore soule sat sighing under a sicamore tree,

O willow, willow, willow!

With his hand on his bosom, his head on his knee;

O willow, willow, willow!

O willow, willow, willow!

Sing, O the greene willow shall be my garland.

The cold streame ran by him, his eyes wept apace,

O willow, &c.

The salt tears fell from him, which drowned his face;

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

The mute birds sate by him, made tame by his mones;

O willow, &c.

The soft tears fell from him, which softened the stones.

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

Let nobody blame me, her scornes I do prove;

O willow, &c.

She was borne to be fair; I, to die for her love;

O willow, &c.

Sing, O the greene willow, &c.

This extract, to repeat myself, is from the ballad as given by Percy from the original in the Pepysian collection (see the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, Gilfillan's ed. vol. i. pp. 158, 159). The variations from Shakespeare's version need not be pointed out; it is probable that the Pepysian ballad was a popular reimpression (dating, says Rimbault, from Charles II.'s reign; from Charles I.'s reign, says Collier, 1646–1650) of an old Elizabethan original; and this would explain the fact that the version quoted by Chappell from the MS. volume of music in the British Museum, the version printed by Percy, and the fragmentary quotations that occur in the play, are all different, each, perhaps, being a more or less approximate reproduction of some lost original. Another point in connection with this ballad. In the volume of Shakespeare's songs edited by Dr. Furnivall and Mr. Stone for the

New Shakspeare Society (1884), we are informed (page 53) that at least eleven settings of what Desdemona sings are known. The list includes three notable versions: by Lindley, in his *Dramatic Songs of Shakspeare*, 1816; by Bishop, "sung in Comedy of Errors by Miss Stephens" (see Introduction to that play); and by Sir Arthur Sullivan. There is, too, a *Willow* song in Rossini's *Othello*; as also in Verdi's last opera, produced at Milan. The librettist of this latest of operatic *Othellos* represents Desdemona as singing the air *after* the jealous Moor has bidden her prepare to die. Finally, to bring this discursive note to a close, it is almost superfluous to note that the *willow* is a familiar type of sorrow, chosen, perhaps, says Dyer (*Polkore of Shakspeare*, p. 105), in reference to Psalm cxviii. verse 2. See Merchant of Venice, note 324.

224. Line 40: *walk'd* BARE-FOOTED to *Palestine*.—So Q. 2; F. 1 *barefoot*. Compare *Troilus* and *Cressida*, note 32.

225. Line 41: *The poor soul sat* SIGHING.—Q. 1 omits from "I've much to do," line 31, to "Nay that's not next," inclusive, line 53; and lines 55-58, and lines 60-63. Ff. have *singing*; the Q. 2 (which we follow), *sighing*.

226. Line 54: *It's the WIND*.—A wonderful touch, adding infinitely to the mystery and terror of the scene.

227. Line 86: *as would* *STORE* *the world*.—*Store* is equivalent to the coarser word *stock*. The substantive is used several times in the Sonnets in exactly the same sense; *e.g.* Sonnet xi. line 9:

Let those whom Nature hath not made for *store*;

Sonnet xiv. line 12:

If from thyself to *store* thou wouldst convert;

and Sonnet lxxiv. line 3:

In whose confine immured is the *store*.

228. Line 88. SLACK *their duties*.—Compare Lear, ii. 4. 248: "If then they chanc'd to *slack* you;" i.e. be slack in attending upon you.

229. Line 105: *heaven me such USES send*.—*Uses* here = *experiences*; perhaps, too, a punning reference is intended to the previous lines: "Then let them *use* us well." &c.

ACT V. SCENE 1.

230. Line 1: *behind this BULK*.—F. 1, F. 2 have *barke*; F. 3, F. 4 *barke*. Qq. (which we follow substantially) have *bulke*. Singer substituted *balk* (which, it appears, was also the emendation of Collier's Old Corrector), and says that *balk* is defined by Huloet as "the chief beame or *piller* of a house." Knight, while printing *bulk*, has little doubt that *barke* "was correctly used by Shakespeare in this instance as a projecting part of the fortification,—a buttress," but he gives no instance of such a use. For *bulk* = the projecting part of a shop where goods were exposed for sale, see Coriolanus, ii. 1. 226–229, where Brutus, describing the reception of Coriolanus in Rome on his return from victory, says:

Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd  
With variable complexions, all agreeing  
In earnestness to see him.

That is the only other passage in which Shakespeare uses the word.

231. Lines 11, 12:

*I've rubb'd this young QUAT almost to the sense,  
And he grows angry.*

There has been much discussion about this passage. Q. 1 reads *quat*, which some edd. adopt; but there can be very little doubt that the reading of Ff. (followed by Q. 2, Q. 3) is the right one, as the whole context shows. *Quat* is used still in the Midland counties, and in Warwickshire especially, in the sense of a pimple, and Steevens quotes from Webster's The Devil's Law Case, 1623 (act ii. sc. i.): "O young *quat*! incontinence is plagued in all creatures in the world" (Works, Dyce's edn. vol. ii. p. 36); and Dekker's Gul's Hornbook: "Whosoeuer desires to bee a man of good reckoning in the Cittie, . . . whether he be a yong *Quat* of the first yeeres reuennew, or some austere and sullen-faced steward . . . my counsell is that hee take his continuall diet at the Tauerne" (edn. 1609, chap. 8, pp. 32, 33).

These passages alone, I think, would settle the question; but the context leaves scarcely any room for doubt that *quat* = "a pimple" is the right word here; for "*to rub to the sense*," as Johnson pointed out, is "*to rub to the quick*;" and we still talk of an *angry* sore, or an *angry* boil, or an *angry* spot; the *angry* or inflamed condition being exactly what would be the result of rubbing the sore. As to the reading of Q. 1, *gmat*, compare Love's Labour's Lost, note 124.—F. A. M.

232. Line 14: *Every way makes my gain*.—So Ff.; Qq. read *game*.

233. Line 16: *that I BOBB'D from him.* — See Troilus and Cressida, note 161, where the word is fully discussed.

234. Line 22: *No, he must die*:—BE'T SO: I HEAR *him coming*.—F. 1 has "*But so, I hear him coming,*" which F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 follow, except that F. 2 has *heare*, F. 3, F. 4 *hear*. Many edd. prefer the *But so* of Ff. to the reading of Qq. Dyce suggests that it might have been intended for "*But soft.*"

235. Line 27: *I'm main'd for ever*.—Malone thought that Iago's reason for wounding Cassio in the leg was because he had overheard what he says above (Line 24), when attacked by Roderigo, that he wore secret armour; but Shakespeare is only following here the novel. (See Introduction p. 8). Knight points out that the costume of a *soldato disarmato*, according to Vecellio, was a buff jerkin and a scarf of company, so that his legs would be the least protected part of his body. As Iago's object was not to maim, but to kill Cassio, it is most probable that he aims his blow at the thigh, intending to sever the femoral artery, in which case the wounded man must have bled to death. Some representatives of Iago on the stage only aim their blow at the leg behind the knee, which is a mistake.—F. A. M.

236. Lines 34, 35:

*And your unblest fate hies: strumpet, I come!*

*Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted.*

The reading adopted in line 35 is that substantially of Ff.; *hies* being spelt *highes*; while Qq. read "fate hies *apace*." "*Forth of*" is the reading of Qq.; F. 1 has "*For*

of;" F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 *For off*. *Forth of*=out of, is used by Shakespeare in several passages, e.g. in Julius Caesar, iii. 3. 3:

I have no will to wander *forth of* doors.

237. Line 37: *no watch? no PASSAGE*.—The explanation given in our foot-note of *passage*=passengers is the one generally adopted. Perhaps it means, more literally, "no passing of steps." We may compare Comedy of Errors, iii. 1. 98, 99:

If by strong hand you offer to break in  
Now in the stirring *passage* of the day,

where "*passage* of the day" seems to mean "time of the day when most traffic of foot passengers is going on."

238. Line 48: *that CRIES ON murder*.—For *cry on*=*cry out*, cf. Hamlet, v. 2. 375: "This quarry *cries on* havoc." Compare also Marston's Eastward Hoe, ii. 1:

Who *cries on* murder? Lady, was it you?

—Works, Halliwell's edn. vol. iii. p. 20.

239. Line 86: *To BE A PARTY in this injury*.—So Ff.; Qq. have "To *beare* a part."

240. Line 105: *Stay you, good GENTLEMEN*.—So Ff.; Qq. have *gentlewoman*, which Malone strongly defends, on the ground that there is no reason for Lodovico and Gratiano going away, while Bianca would naturally follow her wounded lover; but, as Reed points out, Cassio having been named as Othello's successor, it was natural enough that Lodovico and Gratiano should follow, to see if they could render him any assistance, out of respect for his office, even if not out of friendship. A far stronger reason for preferring the reading of Ff. is to be found in the context. Iago begins his speech addressing Bianca *What, look you pale?* (line 104)—then gives direction to carry the two wounded men "out of the air," and, as he addresses the rest of his speech to Gratiano and Lodovico, with the exception of the one sentence, *Look you pale, mistress?*—there can be little doubt that it is to them, and not to her, that he addresses the words *Stay you*. Nor is his mode of address to Bianca throughout this scene such that he would be likely to call her by any complimentary title; for it was his cue to be rude and brutal, as he wishes to make her out as bad a character as possible.—F. A. M.

241. Line 106: *Do you perceive the GASTNESS of her eye?*—Q. 1 and Q. 2 read *jeastures*. The form *gastness* is noticeable; it is obviously allied to *aghast*, which Skeat derives from "*ā*, prefix; and *gæstan*, to terrify, torment." Indeed *aghast* should really be spelt *agast*, the latter being short for *agasted*, the past participle of *agasten*. Possibly the *h* was introduced through some erroneous idea that the word was cognate with *ghost*. We have *gasted* in Lear, ii. 1. 57:

Or whether *gasted* by the noise I made.

Cotgrave renders *espouventable* by "horrible, *gastful*, horrid;" *gastful* occurs in Spenser, The Shepheard's Calendar, August:

Here will I dwell apart  
In *gastful* grove;

and Chaucer repeatedly, if not regularly, uses the form *agaste*—e.g. The Monkes Tale (Balthasar):

This honde, that Balthasar so sore *agaste*.

## ACT V. SCENE 2.

242.—The account of Desdemona's death in the novel is as follows: "'A method,' says Iago, 'has occurred to me that would satisfy you without creating the least suspicion. The house where you live is very old, and the ceiling of your chamber is broken in many places. Desdemona might be beaten to death with a stocking full of sand, and no marks of this would remain on the body; when she is dead we will pull down a part of the ceiling, and bruise your wife's head; then give out that a beam in falling has done this and killed her. If you follow this advice you will avoid all suspicion, and every one will believe her death to have been accidental.' This savage advice pleased the Moor; and waiting for a convenient opportunity, he concealed the ensign one night in a closet that communicated with their chamber. When they were in bed, the ensign, according to his instruction, made a noise in the closet, and the Moor immediately asked his wife if she had heard it? She answered Yes—'Get up then and see what it is.' Poor Desdemona obeyed, and as soon as she was near the closet-door the ensign rushed out, and with the stocking that he had prepared gave her a violent blow on the small of the back. She fell down scarce able to breathe; but with what little force she had, she called the Moor to her assistance. He got out of bed, and said to her, 'Most infamous woman, you are now to receive the just reward of your infidelity! even so are those wives treated who, pretending to love their husbands, are untrue to their beds.' The poor woman hearing these words, and feeling that she was ready to expire from a second blow that the ensign had given her, said, 'That since the justice of this world was refused her, she attested the Divine justice in favour of her honour and her truth;' and invoking the Divine Assistance, she was finished by the impious ensign, who struck a third time. Afterwards they placed her in her bed; and after breaking her skull, they drew down, as they had determined beforehand, a part of the ceiling. The Moor then called out for help, as the house was falling. The neighbours on this alarm ran thither, and found Desdemona dead under the beams" (*ut supra*, pp. 303–305).

## 243. Lines 1–3:

*It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—  
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—  
It is the cause.*

This appears to me to be one of the most difficult passages in the whole play, and one of which there never has been yet given any satisfactory explanation. What does Othello mean by *the cause*? Does he mean *the cause* which impels him to take Desdemona's life, or does he mean *the cause* which has occasioned her supposed unfaithfulness to him? Fechter, apparently taking the latter to be the meaning, provoked a tempest of ridicule from nearly all the critics, by making Othello catch sight of his own face in a looking-glass. In his stage-version the passage is thus printed:

"Othello accidentally touches the glass in which he sees his bronzed face,—(*With bitter despair*):

It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul!

(*returning to the window his eyes fixed on the heavens.*)

Acc. No. 9015  
The works of William Shakespeare, by William Shakespeare.

Let me not name it to you you chaste stars!

(Looking at his face once again.)

It is the cause!

(He violently throws the glass into the sea, goes to the door, looks it, advances to the bed, half drawing his sword.)

Certainly this explanation has the merit of boldness. I suppose the idea in Fechter's mind was that Othello attributed Desdemona's intrigue with Cassio to her repugnance to his own tawny complexion, which repugnance drove her to seek consolation in the arms of one of her own countrymen; and that this unchastity of hers was what was not to be named to the *chaste stars*. Johnson explains the passage as follows: "The meaning I think is this:—I am here (says Othello in his mind) overwhelmed with horror. What is the reason of this perturbation? Is it want of resolution to do justice? Is it the dread of shedding blood? No; it is not the action that shocks me, but 'it is the cause, it is the cause, my soul; let me not name it to you, ye chaste stars! it is the cause'" (Var. Ed. vol. ix. p. 462). Steevens says: "Othello, full of horror at the cruel action which he is about to perpetrate, seems at this instant to be seeking his justification, from representing to himself *the cause*, i.e. the greatness of the provocation he had received. He may, however, mean—It is the *cause* of chastity and virtue, that I maintain" (ut supra, pp. 462, 463). Hudson says: "Othello means that Desdemona's crime is the sole motive or reason that impels him to the present act; that in this alone he has a justifying cause, a 'compelling occasion' for what he is about to do" (Furness, p. 293). Grant White, who found the passage most perplexing, could not make up his mind what *the cause* was; though on line 2 he says the it "refers to Desdemona's supposed unchastity" (ut supra, p. 293). Perhaps the general meaning is clear enough: Othello is trying to justify to himself the act of murder that he is about to do. Addressing his soul, he seeks to silence the reproaches of conscience by insisting that his deed is justified by *the cause*. In fact, as he says further on, at the end of this speech (line 21), "this sorrow's heavenly," that is to say, "akin to the divine." "It strikes where it doth love;" as we read in Holy Scripture "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." Again, further on, he says (lines 63-65):

O perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart.  
And mak'st me call what I intend to do  
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice.

Compare also lines 137-139:

O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,  
But that I did proceed upon just grounds  
To this extremity.

Emilia seems to understand the spirit in which Othello has taken Desdemona's life, when she says (lines 160, 161):

This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven  
Than thou wast worthy her.

Indeed, throughout the scene, it is quite evident that Othello had persuaded himself that he was committing not an act of murder, but an act of solemn justice; and though *cause* may not be exactly the word we should have expected, yet it is one too often abused in connection with crimes of homicide; it is found so often in the mouth of the man who gratifies his own personal malice against his enemy under the guise of "the wild justice of revenge;" or

in that of the political cut-throat, who does not scruple to run the risk of taking scores of innocent lives on the chance of reaching the tyrant whom he and his fellow-assassins have condemned to death. Numberless are the cowardly and brutal crimes that have been justified, according to some, by the sacred *cause* for which they were committed.—F. A. M.

244. Line 5: *smooth as MONUMENTAL ALABASTER*.—Alabaster was much used for tombs and monuments (see Merchant of Venice, note 22). Compare also Comus, 659-661:

if I but wave this wand,  
Your nerves are all chain'd up in *alabaster*,  
And you a *statue*.

Coryat tells us that he saw in one of the libraries at Venice "a little world of memorable antiquities, made in *Alabaster*" (Coryat's Crudities, ed. 1770, vol. i. p. 224). The simile, of course, is natural and effective; cf. Lucrece, 419:

Her azure veins, her *alabaster* skin;

with line 391 of the same poem:

Where, like a virtuous *monument*, she lies.

So The Woman in the Moone, iv. 1:

Such golden hayre, such *alabaster* looks.  
—Fairholt's Lilly, ii. 191.

*Alabaster* is the old and incorrect form, used by Spenser, Faerie Queene, bk. iii. canto ii. st. xlii. line 7:

Her *alabaster* breast she soft did kis.

In Paradise Regained, iv. 547, we find the right form:

appearing like a mount  
Of *alabaster*, topt with golden spires.

245. Lines 7-13: *Put out the light*, &c.—These lines are full of very wonderful tragic intensity. The speaker seizes on some trivial, accidental object and makes it serve as an illustration of his own position and purpose. We have a precisely parallel piece of artistic subtlety in Richard II. v. 5. 41-48, where the king, in his prison, hears music outside, and lets the music serve as a kind of unconscious commentary on his own jangling, ill-tuned life, and that of men generally.

[We have printed line 7 as Capell prints it. It has been very variously punctuated by different editors, but certainly his arrangement seems the best. Whether Othello carries on the light himself, or whether the light is burning by the bedside, the idea is the same. He is going to extinguish it, when he checks himself as the thought occurs to him which is so beautifully amplified in the following lines. Goldwin Smith thought that this line was a stage-direction which had crept into the text, and would omit it altogether; but surely the beauty of the passage is much injured by such an omission.—F. A. M.]

There are some discrepancies between the Qq. and Ff. in this passage. In line 10 the Qq. read: "But once put out *thine*;" we have kept the reading of Ff. Again, in line 13 Q. 1 has "That can thy light *returne*;" Q. 2, Q. 3 have *returne*; the reading in our text is substantially that of Ff.; they print *re-lume*.

246. Line 22: *It strikes where it doth LOVE*.—"Let me repeat"—I quote from Coleridge's Lectures—"that Othello does not kill Desdemona in jealousy, but in a conviction forced upon him by the almost superhuman art of Iago

—such a conviction as any man would and must have entertained who had believed Iago's honesty as Othello did. We, the audience, know that Iago is a villain from the beginning; but in considering the essence of the Shakespearian Othello, we must perseveringly place ourselves in his situation, and under his circumstances. Then we shall feel immediately the fundamental difference between the solemn agony of the noble Moor, and the wretched fishing jealousies of Leontes, and the morbid suspiciousness of Leonatus, who is, in other respects, a fine character. Othello had no life but in Desdemona:—the belief that she, his angel, had fallen from the heaven of her native innocence wrought a civil war in his heart. She is his counterpart; and, like him, is almost sanctified in our eyes by her absolute unsuspiciousness and holy entrenchment of love. As the curtain drops, which do we pity the most? (Lectures on Shakspeare, pp. 393, 394). This, it seems to me, is one of those passages in which Coleridge reveals the very heart and vital idea of the poet's work. So far as I know, all modern criticism of the present drama is based on that of Coleridge; a statement indeed which is true of Shakespearian criticism in general—at any rate to a very considerable extent.

247. Line 31: *I would not kill thy UNPREPARED SPIRIT.*  
—We may remember Hamlet, i. 5. 76-79:

Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,

No reckoning made, but sent to my account  
With all my imperfections on my head.

The idea comes out very clearly and pathetically in Heywood's *A Woman Killed with Kindness*, iv. 6:

O me unhappy! I have found them lying  
Close in each other's arms, and fast asleep.  
But that I would not damn two precious souls,  
Bought with my Saviour's blood, and send them, laden  
With all their scarlet sins upon their backs,  
Unto a fearful judgment, their two lives  
Had uiet upon my rapier.

—Thomas Heywood's *Select Plays*, in *Mermaid* ed. p. 53.

Compare, too, Massinger, *The Bashful Lover*, ii. 7:

Stand forth and tremble!

This weapon, of late drunk with innocent blood,  
Shall now carouse thine own: pray, if thou canst,  
For, though the world shall not redeem thy body,  
*I would not kill thy soul.*

—Cunningham's *Massinger*, p. 540.

248. Line 46: *They do not POINT on me.*—For *point on* = point to, refer to, compare Julius Caesar, i. 3. 31, 32:

they are portentuous things

Unto the climate that they *point upon*.

So Troilus and Cressida, i. 3. 330, 331:

find Hector's purposes

*Pointing on him.*

249. Lines 64, 65:

*And mak'st me call what I intend to do*

*A MURDER, which I thought a SACRIFICE.*

The sense is: "I came to kill you with the feeling in my mind that I was about to fulfil a sacred duty; but you *stone my heart* (the Quarto has *thy heart*), you fill my soul with pitiless cruelty, and when I stab you it will be, not with the calmness of the priest, rather with the remorseless rage of the murderer." Othello will now be

an assassin; before he was only avenging justice. His deed is no longer sanctified by sorrow.

250. Lines 83, 84:

Oth.

*It is too late.*

Emil. *My lord, my lord! what, ho! my lord, my lord!*

So the Folio and the Quarto of 1630. The Quarto of 1622 inserts a fragment which is much better away; it reads:

*Oth.* 'Tis too late.

*Des.* O Lord, Lord, Lord.

*Em.* My Lord, my Lord, &c.

Perhaps the words placed in the mouth of Desdemona represent a piece of player's gag.

251. Line 83: [Smothers her].—"To the Cockpitt to see 'The Moore of Venice,' which was well done. Burt acted the Moore; by the same token, a very pretty lady that sat by me, called out, to see Desdemona smothered" (Pepys' *Diary*, Oct. 13, 1660).

252. Line 97: *My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife.*—Did Tennyson by any chance remember this line when he wrote in *Enoch Arden*—

There Enoch spoke no word to any one,  
But homeward—home—what home? had he a home?  
His home, he walk'd?

253. Line 110: *she comes MORE NEAR THE EARTH.*—We may recollect Milton's:

while overhead the moon  
Sits arbitress, and *nearer to the earth*  
Wheels her pale course. —Paradise Lost, i. 784-786.

254. Line 133: *Go to, CHARM your TONGUE.*—Johnson thought it "not improbable that Shakespeare wrote *clam* your tongue; to *clam* a bell is to shake the clapper with felt, which drowns the blow and hinders the sound." The proposed correction is certainly maladroit, and perfectly unnecessary, to *charm the tongue*, i.e. to put it under the spell of silence, being a proverbial phrase. Compare *The London Prodigal*, ii. 1:

Away, sirrah; *charm your tongue;*

—Shakespeare's *Doubtful Plays*, Tauchnitz ed. p. 231.

and Cynthia's Revels, i. 1:

How now! my dancing braggart! *charm your skipping tongue.*

—Ben Jonson's *Works*, Routledge's ed. p. 72.

Perhaps in *Winter's Tale*, iv. 4. 250, *clamour* is, as Gifford supposed, a misprint for *charm*. Furness, by the way (*Variorum Othello*, p. 315), refers us to *The Faerie Queene*, v. ix. xxxix. line 3, where *charm*, however, might mean *tune*, a sense which it bears in *Colin Clouts Come Home Againe*, line 5: "*charming* his oaten pipe." See *Globe* edition of Spenser, pp. 341 and 549.

255. Line 220: *as liberal as the NORTH.*—The First Quarto (1622) gives *ayre*, and this reading has been adopted by many editors. It is more obvious than the *north* of the Folios, which I have retained (as does the *Globe* edition), and which may be partly paralleled by *Cymbeline*, i. 3. 36, 37:

And like the tyrannous breathing of the *north*  
Shakes all our buds from growing.

Collier's MS. Corrector proposed *wind*, remembering perhaps *As You Like It*, ii. 7. 47, 48:

I must have liberty  
Withal, as large a charter as the *wind*.



256. Line 235: *PRECIOUS villain!*—The 1630 Quarto has, less graphically, *pernicious*.

257. Lines 247, 248:

*I will play the SWAN,  
And DIE in MUSIC.*

A very old superstition, alluded to in *The Merchant of Venice*, iii. 2. 44, and *King John*, v. 7. 21, and based, perhaps, on Ovid's

Sic ubi fata vocant udis abjectus in herbis  
Ad vada Mœandri concinit albus olor.

—*Heroides*, vii. 1, 2.

With the English poets the idea is a very favourite one. Compare *The Phoenix* and the *Turtle*, 14–17; and *Hero and Leander*, Fourth *Stesiad*, 266, 267:

the white black-cy'd swans  
Did sing;

—Bullen's *Marlowe*, iii. 67.

and Wyatt's *The Dying Lover Complaineth*:

Like as the swan towards her death  
Doth strain her voice with doleful note.

—Wyatt's *Works*, ed. Gilliland, p. 80.

Many other references might be given; e.g. one in Sidney's *Sonnets*, Arber's *English Garner*, ii. p. 173; another in Spenser's *Shepheards Calender*, October (*glosse*); another in Love's *Metamorphosis*, iii. 1.—Fairholt's *Lilly*, vol. ii. p. 233; and so on.

258. Line 253: *It is a SWORD of SPAIN*.—Spanish swords were, of course, exceedingly famous and in request. Allusions to them are frequent enough; e.g. 'T is Pity She's A Whore, i. 2: "spoonmeat is a wholesomer diet than a *Spanish blade*" (*Ford's Select Plays*, in *Mermaid* ed. p. 104).

259. Line 268: *And very SEA-MARK of my utmost sail*.—So *Coriolanus*, v. 3. 72: "Like a great *sea-mark*."

260. Lines 272, 273:

*O ill-starr'd WENCH!*

*Pale as thy SMOCK!*

"I may observe," wrote a correspondent of the *Gentleman's Magazine* in 1829, "that among the common people in Staffordshire the words *boy* and *girl* seem even now to be scarcely known, or at least are never used, *lad* and *wench* being the universal substitutes. Young women also are called *wenches*, without any offensive meaning, though in many parts, and especially in the metropolis, the application has become one of vulgar contempt. Hence I have heard that line in *Othello*,

'O ill-starr'd *wench*, pale as thy *smock*,'

thus softened down to suit the fastidious ears of a London audience, 'O ill-starr'd *wretch*, pale as thy *sheets*.' I owe this extract to Mr. Gomme's *Gentleman's Magazine Library*, Dialect Section, p. 5.

261. Line 279: *BLOW me about in WINDS!*—We are reminded of Claudio's

To be imprison'd in the viewless *winds*,  
And *blown* with restless violence round about  
The patient world.

—*Measure for Measure*, iii. 1. 124–126.

262. Lines 281, 282:

*O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead!  
Oh! oh! oh!*

So the Quartos. Dyce, following neither Quartos nor Folio, prints the most unmusical line

*O Desdemona! dead; Desdemona! dead! O!*

Professor Hales in his article upon Shakespeare's use of Greek names remarks upon the peculiar appropriateness of Desdemona's name: obviously it is the Greek *δυσδαίμων*, and she of all Shakespeare's characters is superlatively and supremely unfortunate; the very type and symbol of sorrow; not merely unhappy, but unhappiness itself. Professor Hales' essay is reprinted in his *Notes and Essays on Shakespeare*; see pages 111–113.

263. Lines 346, 347:

*of one whose hand,  
Like the base INDIAN, threw a pearl away.*

This is the reading of the Quartos; the Folio has:

*Of one, whose hand  
(Like the base JUDEAN) threw.*

Those who retain the text of the Folio suppose that allusion is made to the story of Herod and Mariamne. Myself, I cannot doubt that *Judean* is an error for *Indian*, and that the lines are to be explained by a reference to the precisely parallel passages which Boswell was lucky enough to discover. Compare the following:

So the *unskillfull Indian* those *bricht gems*  
Which might adde majestie to diadems  
'Mong the waves scatters.

—Habington's *Castara—To Castara Weeping*.

—Arber's Reprint, p. 67.

Again, in *The Woman's Conquest*, by Sir Edward Howard:

Behold my queen—

Who with no more concern I'll cast away  
Than *Indians* do a *pearl* that ne'er did know  
Its value;

And Drayton's *Legend of Matilda*:

The *wretched Indian* spins the *golden ore*.

—*Works*, ed. 1753, vol. ii. p. 551.

This last reference is given by Sidney Walker, *A Critical Examination*, &c., iii. p. 292. These parallels appear to me to be quite conclusive.

264. Lines 348–350:

*whose subdu'd EYES,  
Albeit UNUSED to the MELTING MOOD,  
Drop TEARS.*

Not unlike Sonnet xxx. line 5:

Then can I drown an *eye*, unused to *flow*.

265. Line 351: *Their medicinal GUM*.—"The gum," says Hunter, "is probably that called Bernix, of which the following account is given in *The Great Herbal*: 'Bernix is the *gomme* of a tre that groweth beyond the see. For this tre droppeth a gommy thickness that hardeneth by heat of the sonne.' Its uses in medicine are then described" (*Illustrations*, ii. 289). Another suggestion is that myrrh is meant.

266. Lines 358, 359:

NO WAY BUT THIS,  
*Killing myself, to DIE UPON A KISS.*

*No way but this* is probably a variation on the more common *no way but one*, upon which see Henry V. note 121,

and to the instances there given add the following from  
Lochner, i. 1:

Then, worthy lord, since *there's no way but one*,  
Cease your laments, and leave your grievous moan.

—Tauchnitz ed. p. 133.

With Othello's "die upon a kiss" Steevens aptly com-  
pares some lines in Tamburlaine, part II. ii. 4. 69, 70:

Yet let me kiss my lord before I die,  
And let me die with kissing of my lord.

—Marlowe's Works, Bullen's ed. i. 139.

## WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN OTHELLO.

NOTE.—The addition of sub., adj., verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is  
used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb only in the passage or passages cited.

The compound words marked with an asterisk (\*) are printed as two separate words in Q. 1 and F. 1.

Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line
Abuser..... i. 2 78	Chair <sup>11</sup> ..... v. 1 82, 96	Disports <sup>22</sup> (sub.) i. 3 272	Fortification... iii. 2 5
Acknowledged... iii. 3 319	Chamberers... iii. 3 265	Disposition <sup>23</sup> .. i. 3 237	Fraught <sup>31</sup> (sub.) iii. 3 449
Advocation..... iii. 4 123	Charmer..... iii. 4 57	Dispraisingly.. iii. 3 72	Fruitfulness... iii. 4 38
Aerial..... ii. 1 39	Chrysolite..... v. 2 145	Disproportion <sup>24</sup> iii. 3 233	Fustian <sup>32</sup> ..... ii. 3 232
Affinity..... iii. 1 49	Circumcised... v. 2 355	Disrelish..... ii. 1 237	Futurity..... iii. 4 117
After (adj.)..... i. 3 35	Circumscription i. 2 27	Divorcement... iv. 2 158	
Agnize..... i. 3 232	Circumstanced iii. 4 201	*Double-damned iv. 2 37	Garnered..... iv. 2 57
Almain..... ii. 3 86	Clink (sub.)... ii. 3 234	Ear-piercing.. iii. 3 352	Gastness..... v. 1 106
Antres..... i. 3 140	Clyster-pipes.. ii. 1 179	Egregiously... ii. 1 318	Gender (verb) . iv. 2 62
*Arch-mock..... iv. 1 71	Cod <sup>12</sup> ..... ii. 1 156	Embayed..... ii. 1 18	Gennets <sup>33</sup> ..... i. 1 114
Arithmetician. i. 1 19	Coloquintida.. i. 3 357	Eminent..... ii. 1 242	Germans..... i. 1 114
Arrivance..... ii. 1 42	Conceits <sup>13</sup> (intr.) iii. 3 149	Encave..... iv. 1 82	Gondolier..... i. 1 126
Auld..... ii. 3 99	Conjunctive <sup>14</sup> . i. 3 375	Enfettered.... ii. 3 351	Groom <sup>34</sup> ..... ii. 3 180
	Consonable... ii. 1 245	Enmesh..... ii. 3 308	Guardage..... i. 2 70
Backward <sup>1</sup> ..... i. 3 38	Conserved <sup>15</sup> ... iii. 4 75	Ensheltered... ii. 1 18	Guilty-like.... iii. 3 39
Balmy <sup>2</sup> ..... { ii. 3 258	Convenience <sup>16</sup> . iv. 2 178	Ensteeped.... ii. 1 70	*Guinea-hen .. i. 3 317
	Corrigible <sup>17</sup> ... i. 3 330	Enwheel..... ii. 1 87	Guttered..... ii. 1 69
Bare-footed... iv. 3 39	Counter-caster. i. 1 31	Epilepsy..... iv. 1 51	Gyve (verb).... ii. 1 171
Bear <sup>3</sup> ..... ii. 1 14	Covered <sup>18</sup> ..... i. 1 112		
Begrimed <sup>4</sup> ..... iii. 3 387		Equinox..... ii. 3 129	Haggard (adj.). iii. 3 266
Be-lee'd..... i. 1 30	Defeat <sup>19</sup> ..... i. 3 346	Essential..... ii. 1 64	Hair-breadth.. i. 3 136
Beneficial <sup>5</sup> ... ii. 2 7	Delations..... iii. 3 123	Ever-fixed <sup>25</sup> ... ii. 1 15	Heated..... { ii. 3 374
Besort <sup>6</sup> (sub.).. i. 3 239	Demonstrable.. iii. 4 142	Exsufflicate... iii. 3 182	
Bewhored..... iv. 2 115	Denotement... ii. 3 323	Extent <sup>26</sup> ..... i. 3 81	Heathenish.... v. 2 313
Birdlime..... ii. 1 127	Devesting <sup>20</sup> ... ii. 3 181	Extern <sup>27</sup> (adj.) i. 1 63	Heavenly (adv.) v. 2 135
Bolster <sup>7</sup> (verb) iii. 3 399	Difficult..... iii. 3 82	Extincted..... ii. 1 81	*High-wrought ii. 1 2
Bridal <sup>8</sup> ..... iii. 4 150	Disastrous.... i. 3 134	Facile..... i. 3 23	Horologe..... ii. 3 135
Butt <sup>9</sup> ..... v. 2 267	Displanting <sup>21</sup> . ii. 1 283	Family <sup>28</sup> ..... i. 1 84	*House-affairs. i. 3 147
		Fathom <sup>29</sup> ..... i. 1 153	Hysop..... i. 3 326
Canakin..... ii. 3 71, 72		Favourably.... ii. 1 277	
Capable <sup>10</sup> ..... iii. 3 459		Fineless..... iii. 3 173	*Ice-brook <sup>35</sup> .. v. 2 253
Castigation.... iii. 4 41		Fleers (sub.).. iv. 1 83	Ill-starred.... v. 2 272

<sup>1</sup> Adj. = turned back; Sonn. lix. 5. Used in other senses in Tempest, ii. 2. 95; Henry V. iv. 3. 72.

<sup>2</sup> Sonn. cvii. 9.

<sup>3</sup> = a constellation.

<sup>4</sup> Lucrece, 1381.

<sup>5</sup> = profitable; = beneficent, in Comedy of Errors, i. 1. 132; Henry VIII. i. 1. 56.

<sup>6</sup> = suitability; the verb = to suit, occurs in Lear, i. 4. 272.

<sup>7</sup> The sub. is used in Taming of Shrew, iv. 1. 204.

<sup>8</sup> = nuptial festival; used adjectively frequently by Shakespeare.

<sup>9</sup> = end; used in various senses in other passages.

<sup>10</sup> = capacious; used elsewhere in many other senses.

<sup>11</sup> i.e. a sedan chair; used frequently in its ordinary sense and also figuratively by Shak.

<sup>12</sup> = the codfish; = a husk, in As You Like It, ii. 4. 33.

<sup>13</sup> Used transitively in Julius Caesar, i. 3. 162; iii. 1. 192.

<sup>14</sup> And in Hamlet, iv. 7. 14.

<sup>15</sup> = preserved for magical purposes; in its more ordinary sense, in Meas. for Meas. iii. 1. 88.

<sup>16</sup> = advantage; = propriety in Merchant of Venice, iv. 1. 82.

<sup>17</sup> = capable of correcting; = docile, in Ant. and Clov. iv. 14. 74.

<sup>18</sup> Used technically of a horse.

<sup>19</sup> Figuratively = to disfigure; used frequently in other senses by Shak.

<sup>20</sup> *Diwest* occurs in Henry V. ii. 4. 78; Lear, i. 1. 50.

<sup>21</sup> = depositing; = to transplant, in Rom. and Jul. iii. 3. 59.

<sup>22</sup> Lucrece, Arg. 11.

<sup>23</sup> = arrangement; used elsewhere very frequently in other senses.

<sup>24</sup> Here used as sub.; elsewhere as verb. <sup>25</sup> Sonn. cxvi. 5.

<sup>26</sup> = space, length; used elsewhere in other senses.

<sup>27</sup> As sub. in Sonn. cxv. 2.

<sup>28</sup> = members of the same household; = race, kindred, in other passages.

<sup>29</sup> Used figuratively = capacity; occurs elsewhere in its ordinary senses.

<sup>30</sup> = landing; used frequently elsewhere in other senses.

<sup>31</sup> Used figuratively = a load; = a cargo, in Titus And. i. 1. 71.

<sup>32</sup> Used figuratively = bombastic talk; occurs in Taming of Shrew, iv. 1. 50 = a coarse stuff.

<sup>33</sup> Venus and Adonis, 260.

<sup>34</sup> = bridegroom; used by Shak. in other senses.

<sup>35</sup> One word *Icebrook* in Q. 1.

<sup>36</sup> = imposture; used elsewhere in other senses.

# WORDS PECULIAR TO OTHELLO.

	Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line
Intently	i. 3 155	Partially <sup>10</sup>	ii. 3 218	Sect <sup>19</sup>	i. 3 337	Trash <sup>29</sup>	ii. 1 312
Iterance	v. 2 150	Pegs (sub.)	ii. 1 202	Segregation	ii. 1 10	Tup	{ i. 1 89 v. 2 136
Jesses	iii. 3 261	Pelt (trans.)	ii. 1 12	Self-bounty	iii. 3 200	Turbaned	v. 2 353
*Joint-ring	iv. 3 72	Player <sup>11</sup>	ii. 1 113	Self-charity	ii. 3 202	Twiggen	ii. 3 152
Knee-crooking	i. 1 45	Pleasance <sup>12</sup>	ii. 3 293	Sequester (sub.)	iii. 4 40	Unauthorized	iv. 1 2
Knot (verb)	iv. 2 62	Plant	i. 3 151	Shadowing	iv. 1 43	Unbitted	i. 3 336
Law-days	iii. 3 140	Plume (verb)	i. 3 399	Shipped <sup>20</sup>	ii. 1 47	Unblessed <sup>30</sup>	{ i. 3 311 v. 1 34
Leagued <sup>1</sup>	ii. 3 218	Poppy	iii. 3 330	Signiory <sup>21</sup>	i. 2 18	Unbookish	iv. 1 102
Lettuce	i. 3 325	Post-post-haste	i. 3 46	Silliness	i. 3 309	Unfitting	iv. 1 78
Levels <sup>2</sup>	i. 3 240	Potting	ii. 3 79	Skillet	i. 3 273	Unhatched <sup>31</sup>	iii. 4 141
*Light-winged <sup>3</sup>	i. 3 269	Pottle-deep	ii. 3 56	Slipper (adj.)	ii. 1 249	Unlace <sup>32</sup>	iii. 3 194
List (=desire)	ii. 1 105	Prerogative	iii. 3 274	Slubber <sup>22</sup>	i. 3 223	Unmoving	iv. 2 55
Loading (sub.)	v. 2 363	Prime <sup>13</sup> (adj.)	iii. 3 403	Snipe	i. 3 290	Unperfectness	ii. 3 298
Locusts	i. 3 356	Probal	ii. 3 344	Solicitation	iv. 2 202	Unpin	iv. 3 21, 34
Loveliness <sup>4</sup>	ii. 1 233	Procreants	iv. 2 28	Sooty	i. 2 70	Unproper	iv. 1 69
Lust-stained	v. 1 36	Promulgate	i. 2 21	Sorry <sup>23</sup>	iii. 4 51	Unprovide	iv. 1 218
Mammering	iii. 3 70	Protectress	iv. 1 14	Sour <sup>24</sup>	iv. 3 96	Unreconciled	v. 2 27
Man <sup>5</sup> (verb)	v. 2 270	Purse <sup>14</sup>	iii. 3 113	Spirit-stirring	iii. 3 352	Unshunnable	iii. 3 275
Manage <sup>6</sup>	ii. 3 215	Qualification	ii. 1 282	Squabble	ii. 3 281	Unused <sup>33</sup>	v. 2 349
Mediators <sup>7</sup>	i. 1 16	Quarries <sup>15</sup>	i. 3 141	Startlingly	iii. 4 79	Unvarnished	i. 3 90
Molestation	ii. 1 16	Quat	v. 1 11	*State-affairs	i. 3 72, 190	Unwitted	ii. 3 182
Moorship	i. 1 33	Rash (adverbially)	iii. 4 79	*State-matters	iii. 4 155	Verenese	ii. 1 26
Moraler	ii. 3 301	Reconciliation	iii. 3 47	Steep-down	v. 2 280	Waterish <sup>34</sup>	iii. 3 15
Mortise <sup>8</sup> (sub.)	ii. 1 9	Recover <sup>16</sup>	ii. 3 272	Stone <sup>25</sup>	v. 2 63	Weaponed	v. 2 266
Mutualities	ii. 1 267	Relume	v. 2 13	Supersubtle	i. 3 365	*Wedding-sheets	iv. 2 105
Night-brawler <sup>9</sup>	ii. 3 196	Reprobance	v. 2 209	Supervisor	iii. 3 395	*Well-desired	ii. 1 206
Nonsuits	i. 1 16	Requisites	ii. 1 250	Swag-bellied	ii. 3 79	Well-painted <sup>35</sup>	iv. 1 268
Observancy	iii. 4 149	Re-stem	i. 3 37	Symbols	ii. 3 350	Whereinto	iii. 3 137
Ocular	iii. 3 360	Rose-lipped	iv. 2 63	Tented	i. 3 85	Whipster	v. 2 244
*Odd-even	i. 1 124	Sagittary	i. 1 159	Thicken <sup>26</sup>	iii. 3 430	*Wind-instrument	iii. 1 5, 10
Off-capped	i. 1 10	Sail <sup>17</sup>	v. 2 268	Thick-lips	i. 1 66	Wind-shaked	ii. 1 13
Offenceless	ii. 3 275	Seamy	iv. 2 146	Thinly <sup>27</sup>	iii. 3 431	Womaned	iii. 4 195
*Olympus-high	ii. 1 190	Search <sup>18</sup>	i. 1 159	Toged	i. 1 25		
Outsport	ii. 2 3			Topped <sup>28</sup> (verb)	iii. 3 396		
Out-tongue <sup>9</sup>	i. 2 19			Toughness	i. 3 344		
Overt	i. 3 107			Tranquil	iii. 3 348		
Parallel (adj.)	ii. 3 355						

1 = joined in friendship; used figuratively in Cymbeline, iii. 2. 213.

2 = to coincide with; used elsewhere in various senses.

3 hyphenated in Q. 1. 4 Sonn. iv. 1.

5 = (to) aim; used elsewhere in various senses.

6 = to bring about; used elsewhere in other senses.

7 Lucrece, 1020.

8 A term in carpentry; the verb occurs in Hamlet, iii. 3. 20.

9 Two words in Q. 1.

10 Lucrece, 634.

11 = a trifer; = one who plays at a game, Lear, i. 4. 96; very frequently used = an actor.

12 Pass. Pilgrim, 158.

13 = lascivious; used repeatedly in other senses.

14 = to wrinkle; occurs elsewhere in two other passages = to put in a purse.

15 (Of stone); as term in hunting occurs elsewhere in three passages.

16 = to reconcile; often used in other senses.

17 = a voyage; used elsewhere frequently, especially in other figurative senses.

18 = searches; used frequently elsewhere in its ordinary sense.

19 = a cutting or scion; used elsewhere in other senses.

20 Used adjectively.

21 = grand council of Venice; used elsewhere in other senses.

22 = to sully; = to do carelessly, in Merchant of Venice, ii. 8. 39.

23 = painful; used in other senses very frequently elsewhere.

24 Used substantively; and in Lucrece, 867.

25 Figuratively = to harden; = to throw stones, in Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 807, 835; Lucrece, 978.

26 Used transitively; intransitively in two other passages.

27 = inadequately; used in its more ordinary sense of not thickly in two other passages.

28 = tugged.

29 = to restrain; = to lop, in Tempest, i. 2. 81.

30 This verb is used in Sonn. iii. 4.

31 = not yet brought to light; = unhacked, Tw. Night, iii. 4. 257.

32 Figuratively = to disgrace; in literal sense in Pass. Pilgrim, 149.

33 = not accustomed, and in Sonn. xxx. 5; = not used, in Hamlet, iv. 4. 39; and in several passages in Sonnets.

34 Used figuratively in the sense of thin; in its literal sense of watery in Lear, i. 1. 261.

35 Here figuratively; but used literally in Venus, 212; Lucrece, 1443. Printed as two words in Q. 1.

ORIGINAL EMENDATIONS ON OTHELLO.

EMENDATION SUGGESTED.

Note 180. iv. 1. 1:

Iago. *Will you think so?*

Othello.

*Think so, Iago! What,*

*To kiss in private!*

Iago. (Ironically) *An unauthoriz'd kiss.*

Othello. *Or! to be naked with her friend in bed*

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*An hour or more—not meaning any harm:*

*Naked in bed, Iago, and not mean any harm!*

EMENDATION ADOPTED.

Note 117. ii. 3. 188, 189:

Oth. *How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?*

Cas. *I pray you, pardon me:—I cannot speak.*



# HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

CLAUDIUS, King of Denmark.

HAMLET, son to the former, and nephew to the present king.

POLONIUS, Lord-chamberlain.

HORATIO, friend to Hamlet.

LAERTES, son to Polonius.

VOLTIMAND,

CORNELIUS,

ROSENCRANTZ,

GUILDENSTERN,

OSRIC,

A Gentleman,

A Priest.

MARCELLUS,

BERNARDO,

} Courtiers.

} Officers.

FRANCISCO, a soldier.

REYNALDO, servant to Polonius.

Players.

Two Clowns, grave-diggers.

FORTINBRAS, Prince of Norway.

A Captain.

English Ambassadors.

GERTRUDE, Queen of Denmark, and mother to Hamlet.

OPHELIA, daughter to Polonius.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Sailors, Messengers, and other Attendants.

Ghost of Hamlet's Father.

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SCENE—ELSINORE; except in the fourth scene of the fourth act, where it  
is a plain in Denmark.

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HISTORIC PERIOD: Supposed about the end of the 9th or the beginning of the 10th century.

### TIME OF ACTION.

Mr. Marshall (*Study of Hamlet*, 1875), has the following scheme of time:—

Day 1: Act I. Scenes 1-3.

Day 2: Act I. Scenes 4 and 5.—Interval, about two months.

Day 3: Act II.

Day 4: Act III. and Act IV. Scenes 1-3.

Day 5: Act IV. Scene 4.—Interval, about two months.

Day 6: Act IV, Scenes 5-7.—Interval, two days.

Day 7: Act V. Scene 1.

Day 8: Act V. Scene 2.

Mr. Daniel's scheme differs from this only in reducing the Interval between Days 5 and 6 to about a week; he marks no Interval between Days 6 and 7, and gives one Day only for the whole of Act V.

# HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

## INTRODUCTION.

### LITERARY HISTORY.

The Literary History of Hamlet is of such great interest, and, at the same time, so full of difficulties and of disputed points, that the most one can do, in the limited space of such an Introduction as this, is to place the chief facts clearly before one's readers, and to point out briefly the deductions which have been or may be made from these facts.

On July 26th, 1602, the Stationers' Register contains the following entry:

James Robertes. Entred for his Copie vnder the handes of master PASFEILD and master waterson warden A booke called '*the Revenge of HAMLETT Prince [of] Denmarke*' as yt was latelie Acted by the Lord Chamberleyne his seruantes . . . . . vj<sup>d</sup>

For some reason the publication was deferred; and it was not till 1603 that the first edition of the play was printed with the following title-page:

"THE | Tragicall Historie of | HAMLET  
| *Prince of Denmarke* | By William Shake-  
speare. | As it hath beene diuerse times acted  
by his Highnesse ser- | uants in the Cittie of  
London: as also in the two V- | niuersities  
of Cambridge and Oxford, and else-where |  
At London printed for N. L. and John Trun-  
dell. | 1603." No printer's name is given.  
In 1604 another Quarto (Q. 2) was printed  
with the same title, but: "Newly imprinted  
and enlarged to almost as much | againe as  
it was, according to the true and perfect |  
Coppie. | AT LONDON | Printed by I. R.  
for N. L. and are to be sold at his | shoppe  
under Saint Dunstons Church in | Fleet street.  
1604."

There is little doubt that I. R. is James

Roberts, who had entered the book on the Stationers' Register, 1602; though N. L. (Nicholas Ling) had, in the meantime, in conjunction with Trundell, published a surreptitious edition. This latter Quarto (Q. 2) forms, with the first Folio, the principal authority for the received text of Hamlet; Q. 1 being, as is very generally known, a very imperfect copy of the play, so much so that we cannot profess to give any but a few of the various readings which it contains.

The history of the discovery of this Quarto is a very curious one. In 1821 Sir Henry Bunbury came into possession of the library of Barton, which had belonged to Sir Thomas Hanmer. Among the volumes was a shabby, ill-bound quarto, barbarously cropped, but of almost priceless value; for it contained not only this then unique copy of the early Hamlet, but also ten other Shakespeare Quartos, dated from 1598 to 1603, and *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, 1634. The Cambridge editors think this volume had belonged to Sir Thomas Hanmer; but surely he could never have overlooked such a treasure. Sir H. Bunbury says he found it in a closet at Barton, in 1823, and that "it probably was picked up by my grandfather, Sir William Bunbury, who was an ardent collector of old dramas" (see Furness, vol. ii. p. 13). The volume was sold to the Duke of Devonshire, in whose possession it now is. This copy of the 1603 Quarto of Hamlet was long thought to be unique; but in 1856 a bookseller in Dublin, M. W. Rooney, purchased from a student of Trinity College a shabby quarto which he had brought from his home in a midland county of England in 1853. He had taken it from a bundle of old pamphlets as a memento of his family, and had tried in vain to dispose of it. On examining this pamphlet, Mr. Rooney found that it was another

copy of the supposed unique Quarto of Hamlet, which, though it wanted the title-page, yet had the last leaf, which was wanting in the Duke of Devonshire's copy.<sup>1</sup> It was sold to Mr. Boone for £70, purchased from him for £120 by Mr. Halliwell (Phillipps), and is now in the British Museum. Other Quarto editions of Hamlet were published, one in 1605 (Q. 3) being a mere reprint of Q. 2 by J. R[oberts] for N. L[ing]. On November 19th, 1607, Nicholas Ling transferred all his copyrights to John Smithwicke, who brought out the Quarto printed in 1611 with the title-page substantially the same as that of Q. 3 (except that it is called for the first time *The Tragedy instead of The Tragical Historie*) and also another Quarto, without date, said to be "newly imprinted and enlarged." The Cambridge editors call the 1611 Quarto Q. 4, and the undated Quarto Q. 5; though Mr. Collier and some other authorities think that the latter was printed in 1607. For the convenience of reference we shall adopt the same order of numbering as the Cambridge editors. After the publication of the first Folio the sixth Quarto (Q. 6) was published in 1637, and at the end of the 17th and the beginning of the 18th century several players' Quartos were published, four of which—those of 1676, 1685, 1695, 1703—have been collated by the Cambridge editors. The Quarto of 1695 contains the cast of the play with Betterton as Hamlet, and the passages omitted on the stage are marked by inverted commas. I have carefully collated this copy with the received text of Hamlet, and some of the most remarkable omissions and alterations will be noticed.

Some time before 1603, as early as 1589, or even 1587 according to others, we find a reference to some play on the subject of Hamlet, in an Epistle to the Gentlemen Students of both Universities, by Thomas Nashe, prefixed to Greene's *Menaphon* (printed in 1589). The passage, so often quoted, contains the following sentence: "he will afford you whole *Hamlets*, I should say, Handfulls of tragical speeches." In 1594 the Lord Chamberlain's men, of whom Shakespeare was one, were acting with the

Lord Admiral's men at Newington Butts under the part management of Henslowe, in whose diary we find the following entry on June 9th: "Rd. at hamlet . . . viiis." This seems to have been an old play; for Henslowe does not put the letters *ne* to it, as he always does in the case of new plays, and the receipts must have been very small if his share only amounted to eight shillings. As we do not find any other record of the performance of Hamlet in Henslowe's Diary, we may conclude that the play, whosoever it was, was not a very popular one; yet in Dr. Thomas Lodge's *Wits Miserie*, and the Worlds Madnesse discovering the Devils Incarnate of this age, 1596, we find another reference to it; one of the Devils, speaking of the author, says the Doctor is "a foule lubber, and looks as pale as the visard of y<sup>e</sup> ghost, which cried so miserally at y<sup>e</sup> theator like an oisterwife, *Hamlet revenge*" (p. 56). Steevens mentions that he had "seen a copy of Speight's edition of Chaucer, which formerly belonged to Dr. Gabriel Harvey" with a note in the latter's handwriting: "The younger sort take much delight in Shakspeare's Venus and Adonis; but his Lucrece, and his tragedy of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke, have it in them to please the wiser sort, 1598" (Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 168). Malone examined the book in question, and found that it was purchased by Harvey in 1598; but he thought the above note need not have been written until 1600. If it were written when the book was first brought out, it would prove the fact that Shakespeare's name was connected with the play of Hamlet in 1598; though, singular to state, Meres, in the often-quoted passage from *Palladis Tamia*, does not mention Hamlet amongst his tragedies. In Sir Thomas Smith's *Voiage and Entertainment in Rushia*, &c. 1605, sig. K. ". . . his fathers Empire and Gouernment we find was but as the *Poeticall Furie in a Stage-action*, compleat yet with horrid and wofull Tragedies: a first, but no second to any *Hamlet*; and that now *Reuenge*, iust *Reuenge* was comming with his Sworde drawne against him, his royall Mother, and dearest Sister, to fill vp those Murdering Sceanes;" and lastly, Samuel Rowlands, 1620, in *The Night Raven* (Sig. d. 2) has:

<sup>1</sup> I take these particulars from a small pamphlet published by Mr. Rooney in 1856.



## INTRODUCTION.

I will not cry *Hamlet Revenge* my grieves,  
But I will call *Hung-man Revenge* on theeves.

All these passages are generally held to allude to the old play; but, though this may be true of the earlier allusions before 1600, I do not see any reason to believe that the later ones, because they happen to contain the words *Hamlet Revenge*, should not refer to Shakespeare's play. It is no uncommon thing for persons who quote from memory to make mistakes; and the words *Hamlet Revenge* may simply be a recollection of the line spoken by the Ghost, i. 5. 25:

Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

This same phrase, "Hamlet Revenge," taken out of the old play, is perhaps referred to in the following passage in the Induction to *The Warning for Faire Women*, where Comedy says:

How some damn'd tyrant to obtain a crown  
Stabs, hangs, impoisons, smothers, cutteth throats:

Then, too, a filthy whining ghost,  
Lapt in some foul sheet, or a leather pilch,  
Comes screaming like a pig half stick't,  
And cries, *Vindicta!* Revenge, Revenge!  
—Simpson's School of Shakspeare, vol. ii. pp. 242, 243.

This last allusion is, to say the least, a doubtful one. It may have referred to one of the many ghosts in the old plays of the period before Shakespeare began to write for the stage. But these same two words, "Hamlet, Revenge," are quoted in Dekker's *Satiromastix*, 1602: "my name's *Hamlet, revenge*," where the speaker, Tucca, is followed on to the stage by his boy, "with *two pictures* under his cloak;" and again in *Westward Hoe*, 1607. We undoubtedly have a quotation as early as 1604 in Marston's *Malcontent*, iii. 3: "Illo, ho, ho, ho! arte there, olde true penny?" (*Works*, ed. Halliwell's, vol. ii. p. 249).

We come now to the most difficult and important question, on which there has been such a great difference of opinion, What does this Quarto of 1603 represent? (1) Is it an early version of Shakespeare's play? or (2) is it a mutilated copy, disfigured by blunders of the copyist or the enterprising publisher who annexed it, of the same play from which the

Quarto of 1604 was printed? or (3) is it, as the Clarendon editors suggest in their preface, the old play partly revised and rewritten by Shakespeare? That there was an old play, founded on the prose history of Hamlet (to be mentioned hereafter), I think is almost indisputable; and though personally I venture to differ from the authorities on this point, believing that Hamlet in its first rough edition was one of Shakespeare's earliest dramatic efforts, yet it is scarcely possible to maintain that the play, referred to by Nash as one well known in 1589, could have been by Shakespeare, who was then only in his twenty-fifth year. But that Shakespeare had written a version of Hamlet some time before 1603 I firmly believe.

That the Quarto edition, surreptitiously published for N. L. (Nicholas Ling), represents this early version to a certain extent, allowing for mistakes of the copyist and printer—and, most important of all, for excisions and perhaps some interpolations made by the company or companies who had acted the tragedy—there is little doubt. Space will not allow me here to enter into an elaborate analysis of the differences between Q. 1 and Q. 2; but, after examining and re-examining, and comparing the two texts together from a literary and dramatic point of view, it seems impossible to believe that, whether obtained partly from actors' parts and partly transcribed from memory, or taken down in shorthand, the Quarto of 1603 was derived from the same version of the play as the Quarto of 1604, or from the MS. from which the play was printed in F. 1. On the other hand, there is too much of Shakespeare's Hamlet, as we know it, in the Quarto of 1603, for us to admit that it was the old play, only partly revised by him. The more and more one studies the differences, both great and small, between the two Quarto editions of the play, the more one comes to the conclusion that the first was a corrupt and incorrect copy of the play as first put together by its author. In that monumental work, Furness's *New Variorum* edition of Shakespeare, there will be found, admirably summed up, the various arguments on this point (vol. ii. pp. 14-33). No doubt

the theory, so ably set forth by Messrs. Clark and Wright in the Clarendon Press edition, is a very plausible one; and it is quite possible that Shakespeare may have left here and there, in his earlier version of Hamlet, more lines of the old play than he thought fit to retain on maturer consideration; and, in confirmation of this, it is only fair to notice that there are more rhymed couplets in the Quarto of 1603 than in the subsequent edition. The scene between the Queen and Horatio, which is peculiar to the Quarto of 1603, and seems afterwards to have been expanded by the author into the first portion of act v. scene 2, between Hamlet and Horatio, also has the appearance of belonging to the old play; but still the presence of this scene in the first sketch may be accounted for, as being part and parcel of the design to put the Queen's character in a favourable light, which is one of the characteristics of Q. 1. In act i. scene 2 Hamlet's speech beginning:

My lord, tis not the sable sute I weare;

is addressed to the King and not to his mother. In Q. 2 it commences thus:

Seemes Maddam, nay it is, I know not seemes.

Again, in Hamlet's soliloquy after the interview with the ghost, act i. 5. 105, the words

O most pernicious woman

are omitted in Q. 1; and we have instead:

Murderous, bawdy, smiling damned villaine,

applied to Claudius. The fact of the names Corambis and Montano being givento Polonius and Reynaldo in Q. 1 has been noticed by every commentator; but not the difference between Rossencraft and Gilderstone (Q. 1) and Guyldersterne and Rosencrans in Q. 2. That Q. 1 was partly made up of copies of actors' parts seems indicated by the fact that, in most cases, the cues of the various speeches are printed correctly. If any reader will examine Q. 1 carefully, he will find that the dialogue assigned to some of the characters is printed very correctly in certain portions of the play, and very incorrectly in others; which looks as if the copyist had sometimes written with the MS. before him, and sometimes from the

memory either of himself or that of others. The wretched hash that is made of some of the soliloquies may be accounted for by the fact that, in a theatre copy used by a travelling company, the text may not have been set down in full, but only the latter portions or cues of the long speeches. Some of the alterations may have been made by the actors; and this conjecture is confirmed by an examination of the Players' Quarto of 1695, which, as I have already said, represents the version used by Betterton. If, after Hamlet had become almost a classic, an actor of Betterton's intelligence, playing before an audience containing a large number of educated persons more or less familiar with the text of Shakespeare, could venture to mutilate Shakespeare's poetry as he did in Hamlet's first soliloquy *e.g.* in the following passage:

So excellent a King,  
So loving to my Mother. (*sic*)  
That he permitted not the Winds of Heaven  
Visit her Face too roughly;

or thus, in a speech of Hamlet which occurs before:

'Tis not alone this mourning cloke could smother;

or again, to change the beautiful line,

I do not set my life at a pin's fee,

to the bald and prosaic:

I do not value my life;

or in the great soliloquy commencing: "To be, or not to be," to substitute for the lines:

And thus the native hue of resolution  
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,

the following:

And thus the healthful face of resolution  
Shews sick and pale with thought;

if Betterton in his time ventured to sanction at least, if not to invent, such mutilations of the text, what would not actors dare at a time when Shakespeare was only one of the many dramatic authors of the day, when his pre-eminence had not as yet been recognized save by a very few?

It is time, however, to set before our readers the theory as to the Quarto of 1603, which,

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after long and careful study of it, has grown up in my mind. It is, of course, mere conjecture; but then conjecture has been allowed, of late, to play such fantastic tricks with Shakespeare's very existence, that one may be excused, perhaps, if one ventures to employ it to a more practical end. I would suggest that Shakespeare, at an early period of his career, formed the idea of writing a play in which the chief character should be a person of Hamlet's disposition, through whose mouth he would have the opportunity of speaking many of the secret thoughts of his young heart; one whose lot should be cast amid the most uncongenial surroundings. Some of the speeches, such as the soliloquy, "To be, or not to be," he might have sketched out roughly before he had even decided upon the plot of the play. In his youth, at Stratford-on-Avon, he must have heard a great deal of the terrible scandal relating to the Earl of Leicester's marriage with the widow of the Earl of Essex, after having, as was generally reported, poisoned her husband; and this "tragedy in private life" was surely in his mind when he was writing Hamlet. Indeed, when one comes to examine his character, Claudius with his utterly unscrupulous ambition, his nauseous plausibility, his skilful intrigues to gain popularity, his sensual bonhomie, his cunning employment of courtiers as tools for his infamous designs, is as lifelike a portrait of Robert Dudley as Shakespeare would have ventured to draw.<sup>1</sup>

When Shakespeare was acting, with the rest of "my Lorde chamberlen men," under Henslowe's management, in 1594, the old play of Hamlet was represented, in which it is possible that he found the germ of a great tragedy suited to his purpose; the principal character of which could well be developed into a self-analysing hero, oppressed by the uncongeniality of his surroundings, such as he had already pictured in his mind. As soon as he had leisure he took the subject in hand, and

wrote his first idea of the play. With this he was not himself satisfied; but, by some means or other, a copy of this first draft got into the hands of a travelling company, who played it with success in different towns, and the two universities of Cambridge and Oxford.<sup>2</sup> That the actors themselves ventured to make some alterations in the play is extremely probable, and when, some time in the dramatic season 1601-2, Shakespeare had elaborated his first draft into what was substantially the play as we have it in the Quarto of 1604, and had produced it with great success and with his own company, the enterprising pirate publisher stepped in, and, being unable to procure the genuine play, obtained from the travelling company the faulty MS. which they had used, and printed it, as Shakespeare's play, in 1603.

In the Stationers' Register, under date July 26th, 1602, is the entry to James Roberts, [already given above]. In his admirable Forewords to Griggs's Facsimile of the Quarto of 1603 Dr. Furnivall thinks that this entry refers to the pirated edition published in the next year; but on the title-page of the First Quarto no printer's name is given, and on that of the genuine Quarto, 1604, we have "Printed by I. R[oberts] for N. L. and are to be sold at his shoppe under Saint Dunstons Church in Fleet street." It will be noticed that no address is given on the title-page by the publishers of Q. 1. Is it not possible—if my theory as to the date of Shakespeare's revision of his first draft be the right one—that Roberts had obtained the promise of the genuine MS., but that the negotiation having fallen through, N. L. [Nicholas Ling] and John Trundell meanwhile published their spurious edition; and that Shakespeare then, disgusted that such a maimed copy of his great work should be palmed off upon the public, consented to let Roberts have the full and correct manuscript to print from; a manuscript which contained at least one superb passage, the soliloquy in act iv. scene 4, which was not in the theatre copy as printed afterwards in the First Folio, or, if there originally, had been subsequently

<sup>1</sup> How deep an impression this story made upon many people of the time may be gathered from the Secret Memoirs of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, first published in 1706, and privately reprinted by Messrs. E. & G. Goldsmid, Edinburgh, 1887.

<sup>2</sup> See title-page of Quarto 1603.

cut out? It is generally presumed that the N. L. of both the First and Second Quartos was Nicholas Ling; but it is quite possible that the transactions as to the publication of the genuine MS. may have taken place only with Roberts, in whose name, as will be seen from the entry quoted above, the book had first been entered on the Stationers' Register. In the interval between the publication of the pirated Quarto and that of the genuine one in 1604 Shakespeare may have made some further improvements and alterations in the play. But to whatever circumstances we owe its publication, I fully agree with Dr. Furnivall that we have in the Quarto of 1604 the most complete and the best text of Hamlet; and it is quite possible that, but for the dishonest action of N. L. and John Trundell, we should have had to rest content with the much inferior text of the First Folio.

According to my theory, then, we must suppose that the First Quarto (1603) represents Shakespeare's first draft of the play, *minus* the passages cut out by the actors, and *plus* the alterations they chose to make, in addition to the errors of the transcriber and printer.

This may seem to be a very far-fetched theory, and there is no doubt that it will be scouted by many Shakespearean scholars whose authority is worthy of the very highest respect; but I would submit that the title-page of Q. 1 is peculiar in more respects than one. It is the only title-page of any Quarto edition of Shakespeare's plays, as far as I know, which has the statement "As it hath beene diuerse times acted by his Highnesse seruants in the Cittie of London." Now, what does this mean? Who were "his Highnesse seruants?" The Lord Chamberlain's servants we know; they were the company to which Shakespeare belonged in 1597. The First Quarto of Romeo and Juliet says that it was often played by "the Right Honourable the Lord of Hunsdon his servants." After 1603 or 1604 we have "by his Majesty's servants," e.g. in the entry in the Stationers' Register of King Lear of November 26th, 1607; but nowhere have we "his Highness' servants." The Quarto of Love's Labour's Lost has "As it was presented before her Highness this last Christmas."

Now, it is worth remarking that we learn from Henslowe's Diary that on May 9th, 1603, "my Lord of Worsters men" played by the king's license, which must have been conceded to them by James I. before he granted one to his own company, formerly the Lord Chamberlain's and subsequently known as "his Majesty's servants," the patent of which to L. Fletcher, Shakespeare, Burbage, and others bears date May 17th, 1603. I would venture, therefore, to suggest that the Quarto of 1603 was printed from a copy of the play which had *never been played by Shakespeare's own company*, but by another one; perhaps by "my Lord of Worsters men," or by some members of that company who had been travelling during the last five or six years preceding 1603.

As to the chief source whence the plot of this play was taken, it has undoubtedly perished with the old play; for we cannot consider that Shakespeare owed anything directly to the original history of Hamlet in Saxo Grammaticus, or to Belleforest's version of it from Bandello, published in 1559; much less to the English translation of Belleforest, which was published by Pavier in 1608. The title given by Belleforest to the story was: "*Avec quelle ruse Amleth, qui depuis fut Roy de Dannemarch, vengea la mort de son pere Horuendile, occis par Fengon son frere, autre occurrence de son histoire.*" Pavier calls his translation—which Collier described as "bald, literal, and in many places uncouth"—simply the *Hystorie of Hamblet Prince of Denmarke* (Hazlitt's Shak. Lib. Pt. 1, vol. ii. p. 215, 216). This English translation was, I firmly believe, only published in consequence of the success of the play. The incidents common to Shakespeare's play and to the English *Hystorie of Hamblet* are very few; and as to any hints for the characterization of the Dramatis Personæ the prose narrative is a perfect blank. No two persons can be more different than the coarse, brutal, ruffianly Hamblet and the hero of Shakespeare's tragedy. Of course the author of the old play may have followed more closely the story as given in Belleforest than Shakespeare has; but the only incidents, common to the *Hystorie* and to the play, are the fact of the King

having murdered his brother, and afterwards contracted an incestuous marriage with his sister-in-law; the assumption of madness by Hamlet; and his killing one of the King's friends who had concealed himself during the interview between himself and his mother. The idea of using Ophelia as a means to detect whether Hamlet's madness was real or not was, no doubt, suggested by the very coarse incident in Saxo Grammaticus, which is considerably modified in Belleforest and in the English translation. The fact that one of the courtiers, who had been brought up with Amlethus, helps him to avoid the trap laid for him by means of the woman, in Saxo Grammaticus, may have suggested the character of Horatio; but it is at the best a very faint suggestion. The Danish prince is certainly sent to England, and procures, by means of counterfeit letters, that the fate, intended for him by Fengon at the hands of the King of England, should overtake the two courtiers sent with him, much in the same way as Hamlet procures the banishment of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern; but we may presume that these incidents were found in the old play, and were not taken by Shakespeare direct from the Hystorie.

As to the question whether Pavier's Hystorie of Hamblet was really published earlier than 1608—as Collier confidently asserted without an atom of proof—and before the production of the play, I think that it is completely answered by Elze, an abstract of whose cogent argument will be found in vol. ii. p. 89 of Dr. Howard Furness's New Variorum Edition of Hamlet. There are two passages in the History which have been often quoted as showing that Shakespeare had, at any rate, studied this prose story. They both occur in the scene, which corresponds to the scene in the Queen's closet in the play, in which Polonius is killed, and they will be found on page 236 of Vol. II. Part I. of Hazlitt's edition of the Shakespeare Library. In the first the narrator states that "the counsellor entred secretly into the Queenes chamber, and there hid himselfe behind the *arras*." The next is that which describes Hamlet entering "like a cocke beating with his armes, (in such manner

as cockes vse to strike with their wings), vpon the hangings of the chamber, whereby feeling something stirring vnder them, he cried a rat a rat, and presently drawing his sworde thrust it into the hangings" (Hazlitt's Shak. Lib. vol. ii. Pt. I. p. 236). It is very remarkable that neither in Saxo Grammaticus nor in Belleforest is there any mention of arras or hangings. In Saxo Grammaticus the word used is *stramentum*, the whole passage being: "obstreptentis galli more occentum edidit, brachisque pro alarum plausu concussis, con(s)censo stramento<sup>1</sup> corpus crebris saltibus librare cepit, siquid illic clausum delitesceret, experturus. Atubi subiectam pedibus molempersen-sit, ferro locum rimatūs, suppositum confodit, egestumque latebra trucidauit" (Holder's ed. p. 91). The corresponding word, in Belleforest, to *stramentum* is *loudier* or *lodier*, and he says that "le Conseiller entra secrettement en la chambre de la Reine, se cacha sous quelque *loudier*" (Belleforest, Histoires Tragiques, vol. v. p. 42). As to the expression, *A rat, a rat!* there is not the slightest parallel to this either in Saxo Grammaticus or in Belleforest. It is highly improbable, to say the least, that these alterations should have been made by the translator, unless they had been suggested to him by the play. If we could discover any early copy of the translation which was published by Pavier, it would help us to determine whether these expressions were taken from the old play, or whether they were, as I think is more probable, inserted after Shakespeare's Hamlet had been represented on the stage.

It would be impossible to give here the many passages to be found in authors of the seventeenth century before the Restoration, in which portions of this play are either bodily "conveyed," or most obviously imitated. To take an early and a late one, one may fairly say that Marston's *Malcontent* (1604) would never have been written—though Giovanni Altofronto, otherwise Malevole, is

<sup>1</sup> I should have thought that *stramentum*, in this passage, meant the rushes or straw that are strowed on the floor; but Belleforest certainly seems to have taken it to mean "a counterpane," though the former meaning coincides better with the context of the passage in Saxo.

but a Brummagem imitation of Hamlet after all—if Shakespeare's play had not appeared. As a specimen of one of the later imitations of Hamlet, we may mention that little-known tragedy *The Fatal Contract*, by William Hemmings, Master of Arts at Oxford, printed in 1661, but acted before that. In that play we have an *Aphelia* and a *Ghost in armour*; and, though the story of the play is totally different, many passages from Hamlet are either adapted or closely imitated.

The Cambridge editors say that the text of Hamlet in the Folio of 1623 is derived from an independent MS., one which had evidently been curtailed for the purpose of representation. Some passages are however found in the Folio which are not found in Q. 2, or in its successors, but some of which "are found in an imperfect form in the Quarto of 1603, and therefore are not subsequent additions" (vol. viii. p. xi.). The text is, in this edition, like that of most editors, founded upon a combination of those of Q. 2 and F. 1.

#### STAGE HISTORY.

From the time of its first production to the present day the tragedy of Hamlet seems to have kept a firmer and more uninterrupted hold upon the stage than any other play of Shakespeare's. Except during that brief and gloomy period, when Puritanism was in the ascendant, and no rational or wholesome amusements were allowed to the English people, one may venture to say that not a single year passed without it being represented several times, not only in London, but in the provinces. It is a common saying, amongst people connected with the stage, that no actor has ever yet positively failed in Hamlet; and managers, in town and country, will tell you that you have only to put Hamlet up, even with a bad cast, and you may rely on a fairly good house. Be the reason what it may, it is certain that, for the general public, who are not afflicted with that elegant complaint known as *ennui* or boredom—generally the result of too close an intimacy with and complete subserviency to one's own self,—for ordinary people who have not emasculated their minds and passions, Hamlet, even imperfectly represented, has

always had a strong interest: while, whenever an actor of talent, to say nothing of genius, attempts the chief part, he is sure to attract a numerous and attentive audience. One need not go far back in the annals of the English stage to learn that on those few occasions when an actor of real genius has arisen to throw a new light upon the complex character of Hamlet, the theatre-going public have always evinced their sympathy and interest by flocking night after night to see such a performance. This extraordinary popularity of Hamlet as an acting play is full of instruction to two classes of persons; first, to those who are never tired of declaring that the taste of the present day necessitates a total separation between literature and the drama; secondly, to those who are always sneering feebly and dyspeptically at the actor's art—persons ravenously jealous of the applause which the actor receives, but which the public ungenerously withholds from them in any of their multifarious capacities. These latter may lay to heart the undoubted fact that Hamlet, the most poetic in some respects of any of Shakespeare's plays, could not have been written by anyone but a practised actor familiar with the stage and all its ways; also this fact, scarcely less disputable, that all the reams of criticism, which have been written on the character of Hamlet, have not been able to bring home to the minds of men the real meaning of the character so clearly as a single performance of some great actor.

Allusion has been made, in the *Literary History* of this play, to the peculiarity of the title-page of the first Quarto (1603). It is the only one of all the Shakespearian Quartos that contains any specific reference to performances out of London. If we are to believe that title-page, then, we know that Hamlet in its unrevised form was acted at both universities, and elsewhere in the provinces by some company, probably not Shakespeare's own. These performances may have been simultaneous with those of the revised play in London by the Lord-Chamberlain's company to which Shakespeare belonged; or they may have taken place before Shakespeare produced his revised version. At any-

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rate, during the lifetime of its author, Hamlet was already a popular play, and this is proved by the numerous allusions to it by contemporary writers. Of these allusions to the play as an acted play, one of the earliest and most interesting is an entry in the "journal" or log-book of Captain Keeling of the ship *Dragon*, in 1607; "September 5 [at 'Serra Leona'] I sent the interpreter, according to his desier, aboard the Hector, wher he brooke fast, and after came aboard mee, wher we gave the tragedie of Hamlett;" and again on the 31st of the same month, "I envited Captain Hawkins to a fishe dinner, and had Hamlet acted aboard," adding "w<sup>ch</sup> I permitt to keepe my people from idlenes and unlawfull games, or sleepe" (Shakespeare's Centurie of Prayse, p. 79). The next reference we find is in an elegy on "y<sup>e</sup> Death of the famous Actor Richard Burbedge," which mentions Hamlet amongst his characters:

hee's gone & w<sup>th</sup> him what A world are dead.  
which he reuiu'd, to be reuiued soo,  
no more young Hamlett, ould Heironymoe, &c.

—Centurie of Prayse, p. 131.

The materials for the stage history of any play during the reigns of James I. and Charles I. are very scanty; but the two following extracts may serve to show that this play was still a very popular one. In *Anthropophagus: the Man-Eater*, 1624, p. 14, by E. S., speaking of flatterers the author says: "for they are like *Hamlets ghost, hic et ubique*, here and there, and every where, for their oune occasion;" and in John Gee's *New Shreds of the old Snare*, 1624: "As for examples the *Ghost in Hamlet, Don Andreas Ghost in Hieronimo*" (Centurie of Prayse, p. 160).

Pepys saw Hamlet on August 24th, 1661, at the Opera—that is to say, the House in Lincoln's Inn Fields—"done with scenes very well, but above all, Betterton did the Prince's parts beyond imagination" (vol. i. p. 342); and again, on November 28th of the same year, "very well done" (p. 382). Downes' first mention of Hamlet is in 1662, among the plays acted at the new theatre (Sir William Davenant's) in Lincoln's Inn Fields: "The Tragedy of *Hamlet*, *Hamlet* being performed by Mr. Betterton: Sir William (having seen Mr. Taylor, of the

*Black-Fryars* Company, act it; who being instructed by the Author Mr. *Shakespeare*) taught Mr. Betterton in every particle of it, gain'd him esteem and reputation superlative to all other plays. *Horatio* by Mr. *Harris*; the *King* by Mr. *Lilliston*; the *Ghost* by Mr. *Richards*; (after by Mr. *Medburn*.) *Polonius* by Mr. *Lovel*; *Rosencrans* by Mr. *Dixon*; *Guildenstern* by Mr. *Price*; 1st. *Gravemaker* by Mr. *Underhill*; the 2d. by Mr. *Dacres*; the *Queen* by Mrs. *Davenport*; *Ophelia* by Mrs. *Saunderson*" (afterwards Mrs. Betterton): "No succeeding Tragedy for several years got more reputation or money to the Company than this" (pp. 29, 30). This account of Downes incidentally opens the question as to who was the original representative of Hamlet, Taylor or Burbage? This is a point on which we have no decisive evidence. But whether Burbage was the original of Hamlet or not, we know that he acted the part and identified himself, to a great measure, with it, as will be seen from the funeral elegy on his death already quoted. Taylor, according to the *Historia Histrionica*, acted Hamlet "incomparably well." Pepys saw Hamlet again on May 28th, 1663, and on August 31st, 1668, on which latter occasion he says that he had not seen it "this year before, or more; and mightily pleased with it, but above all with Betterton, the best part, I believe, that ever man acted" (vol. v. p. 347). So long as Betterton lived no one seems to have cared to dispute his supremacy in this part. In the Quarto, 1695,<sup>1</sup> as well as in the octavo edition,

<sup>1</sup> The cast prefixed to this edn. shows that except Betterton and his wife there were few survivors from the cast of 1662:

<i>Claudius</i> , King of Denmark.....	Mr. Crosby.
<i>Hamlet</i> , Son to the former King....	Mr. Betterton.
<i>Horatio</i> , <i>Hamlet's</i> Friend.....	Mr. Smith.
<i>Marcellus</i> , an Officer.....	Mr. Lee.
<i>Polonius</i> , Lord Chamberlain.....	Mr. Noutke.
<i>Laertes</i> , Son to <i>Polonius</i> .....	Mr. Young.
<i>Rosencrans</i> , } two Courtiers.....	Mr. Norris.
<i>Guildenstern</i> , }	Mr. Cademan.
<i>Fortinbrass</i> , King of Norway.....	Mr. Percival.
<i>Ostrick</i> , a fantastical Courtier.....	Mr. Jevan.
<i>Barnardo</i> , } two Centinels.....	Mr. Rathband.
<i>Francisco</i> , }	Mr. Floyd.
<i>Ghost of Hamlet's</i> Father.....	Mr. Medburn.
Two Grave-makers.....	Mr. Undrill.
	Mr. Williams.
<i>Gertrard</i> , Queen of Denmark.....	Mrs. Shadwel.
<i>Ophelia</i> , in love with Hamlet.....	Mrs. Betterton.

1703, his name is in the cast. On December 20th, 1709, we find him at the Haymarket Theatre still acting Hamlet, though now above 70 years old, with the manner, gesture, and voice of youth. Even the crabbed Antony Aston was obliged to acknowledge that though Betterton in his old age could no longer *look* the Prince of Denmark, yet he *was* Hamlet. This must have been the last occasion on which he played the part, for on the 13th April, 1710, in the same season he made his last appearance as Melantius in the *Maid's Tragedy*. Rather than disappoint the public, he is said to have plunged his gouty foot into cold water in order to enable him to walk on the stage in a slipper. The result was that the disease flew to his head, and he was carried home from the theatre only to die. During Betterton's latter years Wilks and Powell both played Hamlet, but neither of them seems to have made any great impression in the part. At Drury Lane on February 14th, 1710, Miss Santlow, afterwards Mrs. Booth, played Ophelia for the first time; and after having drowned herself, apparently came to life again to speak the epilogue "in boy's clothes" (Genest, vol. ii. p. 435). Mrs. Mountford on November 6th, 1705, appeared, for the first time, as Ophelia at Drury Lane. According to an anecdote, said to have been related by Colley Cibber to the celebrated George Anne Bellamy, she subsequently became insane; but her madness not being of a violent nature, she was allowed a certain measure of freedom. One evening, learning that Hamlet was being played at the theatre, she managed to give her attendants the slip, and, to the astonishment alike of actors and audience, pushed on to the stage in the mad scene before the actress who was playing Ophelia could prevent her, when she gave what must have been one of the most touching realizations of that pathetic scene ever witnessed. This was indeed her last appearance, for death soon after put an end to her misery.

In the interval between Betterton's death and the appearance of Garrick, besides W. Powell already mentioned, Mills, Ryan, and Millward seem to have been the only representatives of Hamlet. Booth, curious to say,

never seems to have attempted this part, but contented himself with that of the Ghost, as did Boheme. Quin wisely left the young Prince of Denmark alone. He played the King to Ryan's Hamlet at Lincoln's Inn Fields, 1718, 1719; and later on he appeared as the Ghost at Drury Lane, apparently for the first time, in the season 1731-32, probably to the Hamlet of Wilks. This was a part which Quin's stately style of elocution well became, and it appears to have been one of his most successful characters. A handsome young Irishman, Dennis Delane, whose physical advantages atoned, with one portion of the audience at any rate, for defects in his elocution and action, had appeared as Hamlet at Drury Lane on March 15th, 1742; having previously played the Ghost on January 26th of the same year, when Millward being unable to perform, Hamlet had to be read by Cibber, jun.; which must have been very like the tragedy with the Prince of Denmark left out. But Delane's rising fame was quite obscured by the appearance of Garrick as Hamlet for the first time in England—he had played the part in Ireland—on November 16th, 1742; on which occasion Delane, as the Ghost, had plenty of opportunities to observe his rival's triumph. The cast included Hallam as Laertes, Taswell as Polonius, and Macklin as the First Gravedigger, with Mrs. Pritchard as the Queen, and Mrs. Clive as Ophelia. In spite of his unsuitable dress and his trick chair<sup>1</sup> in the closet scene, Garrick's Hamlet was a great success. He played it again, for his benefit, on the 13th January, and during this season (1742-43) no less than thirteen times.

While Garrick was establishing his fame in Hamlet and other Shakespearean characters, the rival house at Covent Garden could only oppose such attractions as Ryan in Hamlet, supported by Quin as the Ghost and Mrs. Clive as Ophelia. On March 31st, 1744, the Irish actor Sheridan made his first appearance on the English stage as Hamlet, with Mrs. Pritchard as the Queen. Hamlet was one of the six characters that Garrick played in the summer of 1746 at Covent Garden, receiv-

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<sup>1</sup> A chair so made that, when he rose from it, it fell over.



## INTRODUCTION.

ing £300 for the six performances. On this occasion it may be worth noticing that Shuter appeared as Osric. This was an early performance of the celebrated comedian who, later in his career, was one of the most truly comic representatives of the First Gravedigger. In the next season, at Drury Lane, appeared the most formidable rival Garrick ever had to encounter, Spranger Barry, an Irish actor, who made his first appearance as Hamlet, at Drury Lane, for Macklin's benefit on the 24th March, 1747, but was never able to eclipse Garrick in this part as he did undoubtedly in that of Othello. On March 20th, 1755, for Woodward's benefit, there was a very strong cast in Hamlet, which included besides Garrick Mrs. Pritchard as the Queen, and Mrs. Cibber as Ophelia, and the *beneficiaire* himself as Polonius, a part which did not suit him so well as that of Osric. The actor, who seems to have taken Garrick's place as Hamlet most frequently during his particularly short career on the stage, was Charles Holland, whom Churchill censures so much for his imitation of his great manager and master. Genest relates an amusing anecdote of this actor, with reference to the admirable reform introduced by Garrick in the season 1762-63, namely, the enlargement of Drury Lane so as to do away with the necessity of having members of the audience seated in a built-up amphitheatre on the stage, at benefits and other specially attractive performances. Holland was playing Hamlet for his first benefit, and the seats on the stage were filled with people from Chiswick, his native place. When the Ghost appeared, by the usual stage trick Hamlet's hat flew off, and it fell at the feet of a young damsel from Chiswick, who was a great admirer of Holland. She, with the very best intentions, picked up the hat, stole softly from her seat, and placed it on Holland's head, with the broad corner foremost as generally worn by drunken men; and Holland, unconscious of the ridiculous appearance he presented, went on with the scene, to the huge delight of the audience. At Covent Garden on April 25th, 1788, for Bensley's benefit, William Powell made his first appearance as Hamlet with, "for that night only," Mrs.

Yates as the Queen. He repeated the part three times in the following season. Had not this promising actor died at the premature age of thirty-four, it is possible he might have proved a serious rival to Garrick.

Hamlet had hitherto escaped the desecrating hand of adapters or mutilators such as Davenant, Dryden, Tait, Cibber, and others; but in an evil moment it occurred to Garrick to try and improve this matchless tragedy. Happily his version was so indifferently received that he never ventured to print it. Some of his ideas are quite unobjectionable, such as the different division into acts of the play; while one was distinctly good, namely, the restoration of the fourth scene of act iv. between Fortinbras and Hamlet. The chief alterations he made were in the last act, from which he excised bodily the Gravediggers and Osric. The Queen was not poisoned on the stage, but was led from her seat in a supposed state of insanity brought on by remorse; the King, when attacked by Hamlet, draws his sword and defends himself, and is killed in the struggle. Tate Wilkinson, unable to get a copy of Garrick's alteration, arranged a version for himself, which he published in his Wandering Patentee. In this he inserted passages from other plays of Shakespeare, putting into the mouth of the King the dying speech of Cardinal Beaufort from II. Henry VI. iii. 3. 8-18. He also saved the life of Laertes. Garrick's version was played at Drury Lane up to April 21st, 1780, when, for the benefit of Bannister, jun., "Hamlet as written by Shakespeare" was produced. After this, Garrick's version never seems to have been acted. Hamlet could not certainly have been among Jack Bannister's best characters; but, nevertheless, he did good service in restoring Shakespeare's play to the stage.

Henderson, who next to Barry was the most powerful rival against whom Garrick had to contend, made his first appearance as Hamlet at Drury Lane, September 30th, 1777; among the cast being Palmer as the Ghost, Farren as Horatio, and Mrs. Mary Robinson (Perdita) as Ophelia. He had made his original début, anonymously, in this character at Bath on October 6th, 1772. His physical dis-

qualifications for the part were many, his fencing being one of his weakest points; but in the delivery of some of the soliloquies, and in the scene with the Players, he was inferior to none of his great rivals.

A mere enumeration of the many actors who have played Hamlet in London alone would occupy a considerable space; while pages might be filled with criticisms of the stately John Kemble, the scholarly Young, and the passionate Edmund Kean, whose scene with Ophelia was so infinitely touching. G. F. Cooke failed completely in Hamlet. Charles Kemble looked the Prince completely, but Hamlet was not one of his greatest successes. Mrs. Siddons played the part some five or six times, but only in the country; she did not venture on the experiment in London. She is by no means the only actress who has essayed the part. Charlotte Cushman played it a few times in America, and alluded to it in her letters as the very highest effort she had ever made; Miss Marriott played Hamlet more than once in London, at Sadler's Wells and elsewhere; and Madame Sarah Bernhardt was seen as the Danish Prince in a French version, produced at the Adelphi, June 12, 1899. Some critics have tried to prove that Hamlet really was a woman; and perhaps a female Hamlet may be less unsatisfactory than a female Romeo. Macready, Phelps, Charles Kean, and numerous other actors distinguished themselves, more or less, as Hamlet in the first half of last century. The most sensational Hamlet within recollection, in some points at least, was the late Charles Fechter, whose performance (1863) was certainly full of charm; and when we consider the great difficulties that he had to overcome, we cannot but admit that, coming from a Frenchman, it was one of the greatest tributes to the genius of Shakespeare which has been given in our time. This character has always had the strongest fascination for foreign actors. Some persons, *laudatores temporis acti*, have insisted that Devrient was the greatest Hamlet they ever saw. Rouvier was seen to little advantage at the St. James's Theatre as Hamlet. Other distinguished foreign actors who have essayed the part

in this country are Salvini, Ernesto Rossi, and Mounet Sully.

No greater tribute to the intrinsic power which Hamlet possesses over an audience has ever been shown, than the wonderfully long run which this play had, when produced by Mr. Bateman at the Lyceum (October 31st, 1874), with Henry Irving as the Prince. The representation had no adventitious advantages of scenery, and the cast in some respects was not particularly strong. Since then the play has been revived with every advantage that beautiful scenic accessories could give, but with scarcely greater success than it had for the two hundred consecutive nights when it was represented in its unadorned state. Sir Henry Irving's Hamlet commanded the profound admiration and appreciative study of scholars and the public, and held its place in the front rank of the great actor's representations, from the date of his first appearance in the part to that of his lamented death—full of honours rather than of years—on October 13th, 1905. Miss Terry's Ophelia, which graced the revival of Hamlet at the Lyceum under Irving's own management (December 30th, 1878), was pronounced ideal and divine. Several actors have given, during recent years, versions of the part usually rendered interesting by the exponents' earnest efforts to realize to the utmost the character of Hamlet, as seen in the light of the critical and illuminative study bestowed on it by modern writers and thinkers. Among such performances have been those of Mr. H. Beerbohm Tree (who produced the tragedy with every scenic advantage at the Haymarket, in January, 1892); Mr. J. Forbes-Robertson (Lyceum, September, 1897); Mr. H. B. Irving (Adelphi, April, 1905); and Mr. Martin Harvey (Lyric, May, 1905).

What is believed to have been the first representation in America of Hamlet was, in spite of Quaker opposition, given in Philadelphia, 27th July, 1759, by the company under the management of Douglass.

The cast, so far as it can be traced, was:

Hamlet = Hallam.	Laertes = Reed.
Polonius = Harman.	Horatio = Morris.
Ghost = Douglass.	King = Tomlinson.

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Grave-diggers =	{ Allyn. Harman.
Player King =	Scott.
Osric =	A. Hallam.
Guildenstern =	Horne.
Ophelia =	Mrs. Harman.
Queen =	Mrs. Douglass.
Player Queen =	Mrs. Love.

Since then Hamlet has been as popular in America as in England, and every tragedian of note—Booth, Wallack, Forrest, and others, whose names are scarcely less familiar here than there—has been seen as “Hamlet the Dane.”

### HAMLET IN GERMANY.

I have thought it best, under the above heading, to treat a question which concerns both the Literary and Stage History of Hamlet. In his interesting work, *Shakespeare in Germany*, published in 1864, Mr. Cohn says: “About the year 1665, this piece was performed by the Veltheim company, but it is of a much older date than this, for we find it in the Dresden Stage-library in 1626, and even then it was no new piece, as there is every reason to believe that it had been brought to Germany by the English players as early as 1603” (part i. p. cxx). In part ii. (pp. 241–304 inclusive) he gives the German text and an English translation, side by side, of this tragedy, the full title of which is “Fratricide Punished, or Prince Hamlet of Denmark.” The German text given Mr. Cohn describes as a “late and modernized copy of a much older manuscript.” The copy bears the date “Pretz, den 27. Oktober 1710”; it is entitled *TRAGOEDIA. Der bestrafte Vndermord oder: Prinz Hamlet aus Dänemarf* (Tragedy. Fratricide Punished, or Prince Hamlet of Denmark), and appears to have been first published, in its entirety, in 1781, “in the German periodical *Olla Potrida*” (sic). It commences with a short Prologue, the speakers in which are *Nacht* (Night), and the Three Furies, *Alecto*, *Tisiphone*, and *Megeera*. This Prologue is in verse, with the exception of one long prose speech of Night; and it is the only portion of the play which contains anything which can pretend to the title of poetry. The tragedy itself is a wretchedly dreary composition, written en-

tirely in prose, with the exception of one or two rhyming couplets at the end of scenes, and is remarkable for having every vestige not only of the poetry, but of the dramatic vigour of Shakespeare’s play, carefully eliminated. In fact it bears about as much relation to the Tragedy of Hamlet—as we know it from the Second Quarto (1604), or the Folio, or even in the mutilated version of the Quarto of 1603—as one of Kirkman’s Drolls does to the play on which it was professedly founded, whether the work of Shakespeare or of any contemporary author. Of Hamlet’s wonderful soliloquies not a line remains; and even where the story does follow that of Shakespeare’s tragedy, the scenes are so arranged as to destroy entirely the dramatic construction of the original. In short it is such a contemptible production, that any student or admirer of Shakespeare may be excused if he finds himself unable, from want of patience, to read the whole of it. I have been through it carefully myself, line by line, and, after making allowances for the extensive modernization the printed version may have undergone, it is impossible to believe that it represents, however remotely, any version of Hamlet written by Shakespeare. Mr. Cohn says (part i. p. cxxi): “Single passages in the German piece shew that an edition of the original must have been used which contained passages that are in the folio, but not in the first quarto, while other passages prove incontrovertibly that precisely this quarto must have been the source employed by the translator. Thus, for instance, the Ghost says to Hamlet, ‘Mark me, Hamlet, for the time draws near when I must return to whence I came,’ and concludes his speech with the words ‘Thus was I robbed of kingdom, wife and life by this foul tyrant.’ The former is evidently taken from the words which the Ghost uses in our accepted text of Hamlet:

My hour is almost come,  
“When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames  
Must render up myself;

while the latter corresponds exactly to the order in which the Ghost mentions the same things in the original,

Thus was I sleeping by a brother's hand  
Of Crowne, of Queene, of life, of dignitie  
At once deprived,' etc."

But I cannot really see anything in the text of the German piece to justify these statements of Mr. Cohn. That the author, whoever he was, had seen or read Shakespeare's Hamlet, as we have it in the Folio or the Quarto of 1604, is most probable, if not certain; also that he must have had access to some copy of the Quarto of 1603, which edition, it will be remembered, was not then known to any of the English commentators of the 18th century. This, in itself, is a very interesting fact, for we may venture to infer from this that this Quarto of 1603, or something like it, had been represented on the stage in Germany, whether in English or in a German translation we have no evidence to show. On the other hand, that there are passages in the German play, which, to quote Mr. Cohn, "prove incontrovertibly that precisely this quarto must have been the source employed by the translator," I cannot see. If we found in the German version that the peculiar sequence of the scenes, for instance, in the Quarto of 1603, was followed rather than that of the Folio or the Quarto of 1604; or if there were any parallels to the one scene peculiar to the Quarto of 1603, the scene between Horatio and the Queen (see Shakspeare Quarto Facsimile of Hamlet, scene xiv. p. 53), Mr. Cohn's statement, quoted above, might be justifiable; but we find no such thing. On the other hand there seems to me no internal evidence that the author of the German piece, "Fratricide Punished," &c., need have used the Quarto of 1603 at all. He could have obtained the wretchedly bald skeleton of Hamlet, which he has dressed up in dull and shabby prose, from the Folio, or from the Quarto of 1604. Bald, and corrupt in many passages the Quarto of 1603 undoubtedly is; but it does contain the germs of three of the finest soliloquies, and many passages of beautiful poetry, all of which the German adapter succeeded in eliminating; so that it really could be only a trifle to him to have got rid of the additional poetry, and of the finer passages first given in the Quarto of 1604.

The only absolute point of resemblance between the German play and the Quarto of 1603 is that Polonius in the former is called *Corambus*, and in the latter *Corambis*; but there is no resemblance in the names of the other characters; for instance Laertes, who is called in Q. 1 Leartes, in the German play is Leonhardus; Claudius is called Erico, apparently a modified form of Eric; the Queen is called Sigrie; while Hamlet, Horatio, and Ophelia (not Ofelia as in the Quarto of 1603), and Francisco are found both in the German play and in the Quarto of 1604. In the first scene of the German play the Two Sentinels, as in the Quarto of 1603, are simply First and Second Sentinel; but the name Barnardo, which occurs in the Quarto of 1603, does not occur in the German play. Of new characters introduced into the latter we have Phantasma the Clown, who takes the place of Osric in the last act, and who is a most abominable exerescence in the other scenes, principally the mad scenes of Ophelia, in which he appears. There is also Jens a Peasant, an unimportant character, who appears only in a short scene in the third act. The Principal of the Comedians is called Carl. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern do not appear; but "Two Ruffians" are introduced in their place, who accompany Hamlet on his voyage to England by the King's orders; they attempt, in a ridiculous scene in the fourth act, to shoot Hamlet. From a careful examination of the German text I can only discover one passage which could hardly have been written, unless the author had seen either the Quarto of 1604 or the Folio, and that is in act i. scene 7 of the German piece, which commences with the speech corresponding to that of the King in Shakespeare's play:

Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death.

—Act i. sc. 2.

In the German version the beginning of that speech is thus rendered: "Obschon unsers Herrn Bruders Tod noch in frischem Gedächtniss bey jedermann ist, und uns gebietet, alle Solennitäten einzustellen, werden wir doch anjetzo genöthiget, unsere schwarze Trauerkleider in Carmosin, Purpur und Scharlach zu verändern." The English translation given

in Cohn's book is slightly misleading; it runs thus: "Though yet of our dear brother's death the memory is *green* to all and it befiteth us to suspend all joyous demonstrations, yet from this time 't is meet we change our *suits of solemn black* to crimson, purple, and scarlet" (part ii. p. 256). Literally it should be translated thus: "Although our brother's death still is in fresh remembrance with every one, and it befits us to defer all [state] solemnities, yet are we from this time compelled to change our black mourning clothes into crimson, purple, and scarlet." In many places the translator has, very naturally, paraphrased the German text in the language of Shakespeare, even where the latter does not literally render the words of the former.

As to any actual evidence of the representation of Shakespeare's Hamlet, or of any other play on the same subject as early as 1603 or 1604, we can find none in Mr. Cohn's work. In the collection of so-called English Comedies and Tragedies, published in 1620<sup>1</sup> (see Cohn, part i. pp. cvii-cxi), Hamlet does not occur. The first mention of its representation appears to be in a very interesting catalogue of plays, written in an almanac by an officer of the Dresden Court in 1626, in which we find that on the 24th June of that year, *Tragedia von Hamlet einen printzen in Dennemarck* (Tragedy of Hamlet, a Prince of Denmark) was represented. The other Shakespearean plays contained in the list are Julius Caesar, Lear, and Romeo and Juliet, which alone appears to have been acted more than once (see Cohn, part i. pp. cxv, cxvi). Marlowe's tragedy of "Barrabas the Jew of Malta" was acted twice, and so was a comedy called "Joseph the Jew of Venice," which may have been partly taken from Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice, and partly from Marlowe's play. There is nothing to show that the Hamlet in this list was not Shakespeare's tragedy as we have it in the Folio.

But now we come to a second very interesting question, namely, was this wretched version of Hamlet, the modernized text of which is given in Cohn, really taken from an old

German play, founded, not on Shakespeare's Hamlet, but on the old play of that name mentioned in Henslowe's Diary under the year 1594? The bald way in which the story is treated, the introduction of incongruous comic characters and scenes, and, perhaps, the fact that the German play is preceded by a prologue, which is written in a serious vein and in somewhat poetical language, all lead us to infer that such may have been the case; but, of course, till we have discovered, if we ever do, the text of the old play of Hamlet, this question must remain undecided. But, at least, we may say this, that it is much more likely that the German play had for its original an old-fashioned tragedy, written before Shakespeare's time, than that the author took the trouble to concoct such a wretched unpoetical and dull piece of work from any one of the versions of Shakespeare's Hamlet which have come down to us.

#### CRITICAL REMARKS.

The extraordinary popularity of this tragedy, not only on the stage and in the study of the scholar and poet, but amongst the people who read anything at all, is probably not exceeded, even if it be equalled, by any other literary work in our language, and certainly not by any dramatic work ever written. Hamlet has enriched our language even more than any other work of Shakespeare's with popular and familiar expressions, which indeed have become household words. Wherever the English language is spoken men and women will be found, not always consciously, perhaps, clothing their ideas—ideas common to all humanity—in the language of Hamlet. The enormous amount of intellectual activity, which this play of Shakespeare has produced, may be seen in the formidable list of works written on the subject, given in Furness's New Variorum edition of Hamlet, vol. ii.; nor is the bulk of this literature mere polemical writing. Those who have made a study of the whole play, or of the single character of Hamlet, have, in the course of that study, generally been brought to think about subjects on which they might otherwise have bestowed very little consideration. As for its popularity as an acting play,

<sup>1</sup> A second edition with exactly the same contents was published in 1624, *ut supra*, p. cix.

I have spoken of that already. When we come to ask ourselves how is it that this tragedy and its strange philosophic, weak, irresolute hero has taken such a hold on the minds and hearts of the people, it is not very easy at first sight to give an answer. Many more sympathetic stories have been dramatized; for, after all, the main motive of Hamlet, filial love, is not so popular as sexual love. Again, the story has many features in it which can appeal but little to general sympathy. Incestuous marriages, performed in such indecent haste as that of Gertrude and Claudius, are not common; while in the fitful energy with which he carries out his task of vengeance, Hamlet does things which cannot but alienate our sympathies.

Indeed some critics have denounced Hamlet as an immoral and almost contemptible character. They have had no difficulty in pointing out instances of his deplorable weakness, and of his cowardly inaction at those decisive moments in his life which demand firm decision and prompt action. But, perhaps, it is the very weakness of Hamlet which inspires our sympathy; he is no hero cast in a semi-divine mould. His imperfections, his errors, no less than his affections and his passions, are intensely human. They appeal to the great heart of mankind; his intellectual superiority to those around him, which he feels himself no less than we do, is never allowed to dominate his character so as to paralyse his emotions, or to fetter his impulses. His philosophy is not of that kind which sets him up on an eminence, whence he looks down with calm and rational contempt on the weaknesses of his fellow-creatures. His scepticism is of the most superficial nature. It is a mere film, so to speak, over his heart, which throbs with the tenderest affection and the warmest passion.

As to Hamlet's love for his father, which is evidently the strongest affection in his nature, we feel that it was something far beyond the habitual respect or submission which so often does duty for filial devotion. This love is founded not on the false basis of family pride, nor on a mere blind admiration of his father's talents and virtues, but on a keen appreciation

of all his nobler qualities; qualities with which Hamlet sympathizes, not from the point of view of a mere outside admirer—if one may use the expression—who felt that they were quite beyond his own reach, but with the earnest veneration of one who kept them always before his eyes as an example to be imitated; who was sensible that these qualities were the real source of that feeling of genial companionship, which raises the love of a son for his father so far beyond the sterile region of duty.

The close sympathy that existed between the elder Hamlet and his son, which is so insisted on by the dramatist, directs our attention to what is the key-note to the whole play, which may in some respects be called the Tragedy of Uncongeniality. When Hamlet first appears upon the scene, one cannot fail to be struck by the painful moral isolation of his position. Not one single soul of all those around him seems to share the least in the great sorrow which weighs him down. Not two months have elapsed since the sudden death of his father; of the king whom all his subjects appeared to love and honour; of the generous open-hearted brother, the chivalrous, tender, devoted husband; yet on no face, save on that of his son, is there any shade of sadness. Hamlet looks to the throne, and he sees there his uncle with a smile of smug self-satisfaction on his sensual face. He listens to him pouring forth sentence after sentence of plausible platitudes with an unctuous hypocrisy, which must have been unspeakably nauseous to the son of that murdered brother whose throne he had, morally if not legally, usurped. And by that uncle's side what does he see? His mother; who was scarcely a widow before she was again a bride; a mother from whose loving sympathy he had looked to find his greatest consolation in his sorrow, on whose sobbing breast he had thought to pour forth all the anguish of his soul. But—horrible disillusion—he had found that breast disturbed by nothing but the throbs of an incestuous passion; and those tears, the worthless tribute of conventional hypocrisy, to the memory of her dead husband, dried by her lover's kisses. If those who were bound by the nearest

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and dearest ties to his lost father, were so shamelessly forgetful of his death, what could he expect of the courtiers around him? They might well be forgiven if, in their anxiety to curry favour with the new king, they forgot even that decent affectation of regret for the loss of their late master, however kind and gracious he had been, which they may have thought themselves bound to cast off with the court mourning. So the young prince sits there, the one dark spot on the gay scene; his head bowed down with grief, his heart quivering, his brain reeling from the shock he had received; while he listens to that mother whom he had seen hanging on her late husband's neck, as if she would grow there, exhorting him in placid tones to cast off his "inky cloak," and to look cheerful; an effort which could not but have been rendered much easier by the admirable exhortation from the crowned adulterer, who reminded him that everyone must die some time or other, and that the father, whose death Hamlet showed such bad taste in not forgetting, had at some distant period lost his father. One person there was who longed to throw her arms around his neck, and tell him how she shared his grief and his painful bewilderment at the jarring merriment around him. But she dared not show the secret of her heart; for she was bound, hand and foot, by the trammels of conventionality, and forced to keep silence by the filial awe she felt for her worldly time-serving father, supported as he was by her still more worldly and time-serving brother.

It is important to notice the condition of Hamlet's mind before Horatio describes to him the appearance of his father's ghost. Half stupefied by the shock which his mother's marriage has given him, he had begun, unconsciously, to piece together in his mind the suspicious circumstances of his father's death; and the accusation which he had but half framed against his uncle is suddenly and supernaturally confirmed by the revelation of the ghost. All the tenderest feelings of his nature are wrung by the pathetic story of his father's end which is now revealed to him. He has to bear, in addition, the overwhelm-

ing burden of that solemn duty of revenge enjoined on him by his supernatural visitant. Small wonder if, under this severe strain on his emotional and mental faculties, his reason for a short time totters on its throne; and when his friends rejoin him after the interview with the Ghost, his wild and agitated manner might well induce them to believe that the announcement of his intention to put on an "antic manner" was a conscious anticipation of the madness that he felt to be coming on him. Repeated study of Hamlet only confirms me in the opinion, which I have already ventured to express,<sup>1</sup> that Hamlet's intention of assuming insanity is not inspired only by the idea that he would thus be able to accomplish his task of vengeance more easily, but by the clear consciousness of the fact that, unless his overtaxed mind can have the relief of eccentricity, the assumption must become, sooner or later, a reality. I will again quote that sentence from Coleridge, which is worth all the remarks that German æstheticism or mysticism has perpetrated on this subject: "Hamlet plays that subtle trick of pretending to act only when he is very near really being what he acts." That Hamlet is not absolutely mad, even at this most critical moment of his life, is clear from the beautiful speech which concludes the first act.

In the interval supposed to elapse before the action of the play recommences Hamlet has taken one most important practical step towards the fulfilment of the solemn charge imposed on him by his father's spirit. The terrible disillusion, as regards his mother's real nature, which he has undergone, has swept away all that holy confidence, and nearly all that still holier love between them, which now would have been his greatest consolation. Instinctively Hamlet feels that he must deny himself also that other great consolation which seems within his reach, the sympathetic love of Ophelia. If the great task enjoined him—of his own unfitness for which by nature he is well aware—is ever to be accomplished, he must put aside all temp-

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<sup>1</sup> See *A Study of Hamlet* (Longmans, 1875), p. 22.

tation to tread "the path of dalliance" by the side of her whom he loves. Shakespeare only allows us a glimpse—but what a vivid one it is—of the fearful struggle that must have gone on in Hamlet's mind before he resolved to give up his love, in that beautiful description which Ophelia gives her father of Hamlet's strange visit to her. He could not, it seems, trust himself to speak a word, but his actions, as she describes them, tell us all that we need know. In the future which lies before him there is no room for love or marriage. Whether he succeeds or whether he fails in the duty supernaturally enjoined him, he will succeed or fail alone. Ophelia must have clearly understood that this strange silent interview was meant by Hamlet to be their last; and she may well be forgiven for lending herself—as she undoubtedly does in the first scene of the third act, however some commentators may try to deny the fact—to an innocent deception, which she believes may aid in at once restoring her lover to reason and to her. It is absolutely necessary, in order to understand that scene between Hamlet and Ophelia, to recognize this fact; that, suspicious as he then is of all around him, Hamlet is convinced, on evidence which would be sufficient even for a more dispassionate mind, that Ophelia has sought that interview, not of her own accord, but at the instigation of those whom Hamlet naturally looks upon as his worst enemies. Thus there comes to him the second great disillusion of his life, more terrible if possible than that which shattered the image of his mother cherished from childhood. For he now learns that she, whom he loved with a love which inspired that bitter cry by the side of her grave (see v. 1. 292-294), is leagued with his enemies, at least so far that she does not scruple to lend herself as an instrument of deception, and as the bait of a trap which they have laid for him. Henceforth there is one being, and one only, in all the world whom Hamlet feels that he can trust, namely, Horatio; and in him his trust remains unshaken to the end.

In the great soliloquy, which concludes the second act, Hamlet shows how clearly he is sensible of his own weakness. He distrusts

even his father's ghost, and, for a short time at least, entertains the idea that the spirit he has seen "may be the devil," who has imposed upon his weakness and his melancholy disposition. One expression in this soliloquy is very remarkable, and that is where Hamlet, comparing his inactivity with the emotion shown by the player in reciting the sufferings of Hecuba, does not say "I can *do* nothing," but "I can *say* nothing." Even now he shrinks from any action, till the Ghost's word has been confirmed by the device of the play. After the success of that experiment he declares that he has no longer any doubt; yet the very next moment he has an opportunity of killing the king when on his knees and unprepared for any attack. The reasons, which Hamlet assigns for not killing Claudius then, are couched in what one cannot but call repulsive language; but the fact is that they are not his real reasons at all. His nature shrinks from the wild justice of revenge; to him an assassination is always an assassination; and therefore he spares Claudius at that moment; though, scarce half an hour afterwards, he does not hesitate to stab him, as he believes, through the arras behind which he thinks that his uncle is concealed. He has worked himself up to such a state of mental exaltation that when he finds his mistake, and that it is Polonius and not Claudius whom he has killed, he does not at the moment feel any remorse; his energies are all concentrated on the first real action which he is about to take in obedience to the command of his father's spirit. This action, if it can be called so, is to be performed by words rather than by deeds. He has resolved to make a bold attempt to awaken his mother's conscience; and the re-appearance of the Ghost, while he is engaged in this, serves to confirm him in the idea, of which he has shown some trace in the scene with Ophelia, that he is appointed by heaven as an instrument of vengeance. After the excitement of the scene with his mother, reaction sets in. He weeps over the body of Polonius; and submits without a struggle to the King's command which sends him away to England; though by doing so it would seem, at first sight, that he puts it for ever out of



his power to punish his father's murderer. It was, perhaps, because Shakespeare felt this that he introduced the final part of act iii. scene 4 (lines 177-217). For there Hamlet distinctly states to his mother (lines 200-210), that he *knew* there was some plot against him in sending him to England. This affected knowledge of his uncle's intended treachery may have been only suspicion; but there is another reason for Hamlet falling in with his uncle's plan; if he remained in Denmark he might have to answer for the death of Polonius.<sup>1</sup> The careful reader will observe that, after his interview with his mother, his conduct is much more outrageous towards Claudius. His assumption of insanity is more marked, and he is quite reckless as to what language he uses towards the King. It is also most noticeable that from this time, especially after his interview with the captain of Fortinbras's "lawless resolute," much of the irresolution of his character disappears. The remarkable soliloquy, suggested by the sight of the young Norwegian prince's force on its march, ends with the words

O, from this time forth,  
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!  
—iv. 4. 65, 66.

This resolution Hamlet certainly fulfils. He loses no time, according to the account he gives Horatio, in securing himself against the treachery of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, and providing, most cleverly, for their substitution in his place as victims of the king's treachery. When the pirates take possession of the ship, instead of philosophizing in the background, Hamlet is in the very front of the action, and so is taken prisoner. When Horatio tells him that the king must soon learn from England the trick that has been played him, Hamlet's answer is, "The interval is mine." In fact, from being a man of mere words, he has now become a man of action. No doubt Shakespeare was indebted more or

less to the old history of Hamlet, whether in the form of a play or in that of a story, for the incidents in the latter part of his own tragedy; but still we are justified in supposing that he adopted those incidents deliberately; for the design of the play shows far too much thought and care to admit of the theory that the character of Hamlet was not presented to his mind as a consistent whole, consistent in its very inconsistencies. It is true that Hamlet allows an interval, as it were, to take place in the fencing bout with Laertes; and that he treats Claudius, both in the hypocritical letter he sends him after being set on shore by the pirates, and throughout what may be called the prologue to the fencing scene, with an almost exaggerated courtesy. His innate aversion to open violence, which, as shown by his conduct to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, has been overcome so far that he does not mind shedding human blood by proxy, might have caused him still to delay his vengeance against his father's murderer, had not the treachery practised towards himself driven him into sudden action.

As to the objections which are so freely advanced against the slaughter-house aspect of the stage at the end of the play, I cannot but think that they are somewhat superficial; for surely the many deaths which are the result, partly of the crime of Claudius and Gertrude, and partly of Hamlet's own irresolution, point sternly and appropriately the moral of the tragedy. Had Hamlet proceeded directly to the task imposed on him by his father's spirit, many of the lives forfeited would have been spared, and he himself might have succeeded to the throne of Denmark; but it is the very essence of crimes, such as are portrayed in this play, that their consequences are far-reaching, and involve the lives of the innocent, as well as those of the guilty.

The other characters of the play, with the exception of Polonius and Laertes, have not very much individuality, but they serve admirably as contrasts or foils to Hamlet. His great fault is that he is too introspective; he is always trying to take himself to pieces as it were, and to examine the moral machinery

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps the real meaning of line 211 in that scene,

This man shall set me packing,

is that Hamlet recognizes the fact that his rashness, in killing Polonius, has left him no choice as to his going to England.

of his nature; to dissect his own soul, to trace every nerve and fibre of its inner and spiritual nature; but those around him in the court of Denmark cannot be accused of holding over-much converse with their consciences. They take the world just as it comes, and do what those around them do, without ever troubling themselves whether it is right or wrong. Hamlet the elder was a courageous and noble king; his nature, perhaps, was a little too high to be quite appreciated by them, still they appear to have detected that the metal of Claudius had a good deal of alloy in it. But then the latter is king, and, after all, he is a good sort of fellow; he entertains, and does not stint his hospitality; therefore they do not trouble themselves how it was that he came to find himself on his brother's throne and in his brother's bed. Polonius no doubt was a very good servant to the elder brother; but he is not much troubled by the fact that Claudius does not keep the court in mourning quite as long as etiquette, to say nothing of decency, demanded. He serves the younger brother with precisely the amount of laborious vacuity, and short-sighted penetration, which he devoted to the service of the elder. As for Laertes, once the favourite companion and playfellow of the young Hamlet, he is a thorough contrast to his prince. He is essentially a young man of the period, and finds the society of Paris gayer than that of Elsinore. He has any amount of theoretical morality; with amazing self-confidence he can read his sister lectures upon prudence and chastity, but to the practical exposition of such precepts he evidently does not devote much of his time or energy. At any rate, his moral principles do not rest on a very firm basis; and when Claudius proposes to him to take advantage of an apparently friendly contest with Hamlet, and so assassinate him, he is in no way shocked at the proposition; but, with admirable presence of mind, remembers that he has a poison, with which to make his treacherous work more certain. But still he was, from a certain point of view, not a bad sort of son and brother; and had he been in Hamlet's place he would, doubtless, have fulfilled the Ghost's injunctions with greater alacrity,

and the tragedy would have been in one or two, instead of in five acts. Horatio is quite a different type of man, poor, and, though brought up in the atmosphere of a court, no sycophant; devoid almost, as it would seem, even of ambition, but loyal to the bottom of his heart; one who knew how to respect his prince without servility, and to love his friend without adulation. Of the other male characters Fortinbras is a mere sketch. He serves as a contrast, suggested more than carried out, to Hamlet, representing as he does the restless active nature that never weighs the consequences of any action. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are admirable portraits of the conventional courtier. They are as like one another as two pieces of Italian paste cut out by the same stamp. They are loyal to the king for the time being, whoever he may be; and are always ready to give proof of their loyalty by doing promptly any dirty action that royalty may bid them do.

With regard to the female characters, the Queen is an excellent type of those women who are wax in the hands of any strong-minded man, but whose honour rests upon a foundation of sand that a passing puff of passion can overthrow; kind-hearted, averse to cruelty, and affectionate enough if they can only make up their minds where their affection is to be placed. Such women drift into crime, because they never look inside themselves, but always at the outside. Ophelia<sup>1</sup> has been shamefully maligned by some critics, who, following Goethe's utterly false and sensuous picture of her, have failed to see the beautiful picture of purity that Shakespeare has drawn in her character. It is only necessary to read what Shakespeare has written about her, and not what some critics may say he has written, to perceive that, though there may be traces of weakness about her, she has not lost her honour; but that she was justly entitled to her "virgin crants," and to the reverence that such a simple, innocent, and loving nature should inspire in a man.

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<sup>1</sup> Any reader, who wishes to see the whole question of Ophelia's chastity argued at length, may be referred to my Study of Hamlet.—See Appendix D, pp. 123-151.

## INTRODUCTION.

### THE RELATIONS OF HAMLET AND OPHELIA.<sup>1</sup>

There is one deep note in this play of "Hamlet" which sounds through all the discords of fate, love, and ambition. This note is Hamlet's profound affection for his father. In no literature is there any filial devotion which surpasses that. It is outraged by the beloved father's murder and by the mother's frailty; it is tortured by doubt and irresolution; it is the motive and the cue for the passion which wrecks Ophelia's hopes and ruins her life.

If we do not bear this in mind, Hamlet's conduct in the last interview with the unhappy girl becomes inexplicable, and may easily be assigned to that insanity which is the simplest but most unsatisfactory solution of the problem. In this scene, perhaps, the actor has the most difficult task in the whole range of the drama. He has to present the conflict in Hamlet's soul so clearly that it shall connect itself in the minds of the audience with the whole train of thought which precedes it, instead of seeming the brutal outbreak of a mere madman. So grave is the difficulty of interpretation that I am anxious, in the interests of any young actor who may undertake it, that playgoers should think out the story before they see the tragedy.

Let us remember that the terrible duty which has been laid upon Hamlet by the spirit of his dead father forces him to wipe away from the tablets of his brain all "trivial, fond records," for in a soul doomed to be the avenger of "a dear father murdered," there is no room for the love of woman. Was it not a woman, too, who was the cause of this appalling crime? What crime? "What evidence," reasons Hamlet with himself, "what evidence have I to sustain my story? The testimony of a visitor from another world! With a disclosure made only to me—for nobody else heard it. Who will believe it? Who will believe such witness to the justice of my

vengeance?" Should Hamlet revenge himself upon his father's murderer, *he* will appear to the people of Denmark just what he charges Claudius with being—a murderer—and the people will wreak their vengeance upon him. Distracted by doubt, he is actually contemplating suicide when he is disturbed by the approach of Ophelia, and on this innocent victim of destiny, who had been the idol of this sweet prince's heart—by a process familiar in human experience—all the elements in his mental struggle are at once concentrated with overwhelming force, spurred, too, by the suspicion that she is privy to the eaves-dropping of her father and Claudius.

In all Hamlet's assumptions of mental wandering he is greatly aided by the excitability of his temperament. His emotions are always ready to carry him away, and his wild imaginings easily lend themselves to the maddest disguises of speech. A flash of volition may often be the exponent of a chain of thought, and perhaps the action of Hamlet's mind was somewhat after this manner: He feels the woe of Ophelia and his own. He writhes under the stigma of heartlessness which he cannot but incur. How remove it? How wipe away the stain? It is impossible. Cursed then be the cause. His whole nature surges up against it—the incestuousness of this king; the havoc of illicit passion, which has killed his noble father, wrecked his fairest hopes, stolen from him his mother's love—nay, robbed him even of the maternal idea, which remains to many a man in unblemished purity and even sweetness, long after a breach has taken place between his mother and himself. His (Hamlet's) mother was once fair and honest, honest as Ophelia now. *Is Ophelia honest?* Impossible to think otherwise. But it were a mad quip to ask her, and let the after dialogue take its own course. Take what course it will, it must dwell on the one subject which will harden Hamlet's heart, and give rigour to his nature. Thus comes the paradox:—

*Hamlet.* Ha, ha! are you honest?

*Ophelia.* My lord!

*Hamlet.* Are you fair?

<sup>1</sup> From the President's Annual Address to the Wolverhampton Literary and Scientific Society, delivered by Henry Irving, 19th February, 1890.

*Ophelia.* What means your lordship?

*Hamlet.* That if you be honest and fair, your honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty.

*Ophelia.* Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty?

*Hamlet.* Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is, than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness; this was some time a paradox, but now the time gives it proof.

Hamlet's mother's beauty had been her snare. Her honesty had fallen a victim to her beauty. Let beauty and honesty therefore—here was the stroke of mad exaggeration—have no discourse.

*Hamlet.* I did love you once.

*Ophelia.* Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

*Hamlet.* You should not have believed me; for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock, but we shall relish of it.

The thought underlying this is one of almost peevish aggravation of the root-grievance cankering in the speaker's mind: "I am nothing but vicious. You should not have believed me. My old stock—that is, the vice I had from my mother—would so contaminate all that was honest in my nature, or all the good I might have got through my intercourse with you, would be so polluted by the overpowering *bad* impulses in me that you had better not have known me—infinity better not have loved me." And then with a wild "bolt," as it were, he utters the words that may most sharply end all—"I loved you not." This is the surgeon's knife for such complaints, and many a man has used it coolly and callously. But such men were not Hamlets. He uses it more in frenzy than in judgment, in an agony of pain, amid a thousand fond remembrances, but dominated by the one conviction that he must break with Ophelia, cost what it may. His instincts were accurate, though his temperament was not calculating, and the impetus of necessity drove him, in that moment of miserable stress, to use words which could not have been more ruthlessly and effectually chosen by the most cold-blooded of deceivers.

There is nothing more pitiable, tender, or forlorn, in the whole range of the drama, than Ophelia's reply: "I was the more deceived."

These are her last voluntary words, except her ejaculations of prayer that Heaven may help and restore her lover; but these do not come till further wild and whirling words have convinced her that it is with a madman she is talking. For the moment it is enough that she is abandoned, and the past repudiated. Her heart is wrecked. She incoherently answers the one question Hamlet puts to her—"Where's your father?"—and gazes and listens in frozen horror to the tirades which he has now worked himself up to deliver.

But his words are not devoid of sequence, nor is their harshness untouched with sympathy. "Get thee to a nunnery." Where else, but in such a sanctuary, should so pure a being be sheltered? Where else could Ophelia so well escape the contamination on which her lover's mind was still running? The next lines, violent, self-accusing, cynical, almost gross in their libel of humanity, are probably uttered in desperate and yet restrained anxiety to snatch at and throw to the heart-pierced maiden some strange, morbid consolation, but without giving her any faint shadow of the one solace which he so well knows would be all-sufficing. It is neither necessary nor possible to suppose that all this was deliberately thought out by Hamlet. At such moments as he was passing through, the high pressure of a forcible mind carries it over the difficulties in its course, and as truly so when the leaps and bounds seem without system as when the progress is more regular. But for any purpose of comfort, how utterly is this without effect! Mute is Ophelia, and after his burst of self-condemning, man-condemning fury, her lover is mute also.

Let us imagine them thus together, when suddenly Hamlet remembers—there is no need for him to have any reminder—the hidden presence of the king. He sharply asks Ophelia, "Where's your father?" How shall we interpret her reply?

Her words are, "At home, my lord." How comes she to say this? If she had known her father and the king were behind the arras, as you know in this play they are supposed to be, she might still have made the same

## INTRODUCTION.

reply, so wrapt in her thoughts that all recollection of the king's and Polonius's presence might have left her: in short, the words might have been spoken in mere vacancy. If she did not know the king and her father were watching, of course the words were simple sincerity and truth; or, taken by surprise by the question, and feeling herself to be an unwilling instrument in something that was going on, while, though her own motive was pure, she was at a loss how to explain it, she may have given a reply which she knew to be false in the desire to clear herself of complicity in what Hamlet would certainly think mean and despicable. This or worse is probably Hamlet's opinion for the moment, but that he banishes the thought is curiously proved by the tender passage which follows; for, after sternly rebuking Polonius, Hamlet may be said to excuse himself by implication, and to ask pardon indirectly for the seeming reproach. "Be thou as chaste," he says, "as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny."

And now Hamlet's excitement reaches its greatest height. Goaded within and without, nay, dragged even by his own feelings in two opposite directions, in each of which he sus-

pects he may have gone too far under the eyes of malignant witnesses, he is maddened by the thought that they are still observing him, and as usual, half in wild exultation, half by design, begins to pour forth more and more extravagant reproaches on his kind. He must not commit himself to his love, nor unbosom his hate, nor has he a moment's pause in which to set in order a contrived display of random lunacy. As usual passion, and preconceived gloomy broodings abundantly supply him with declamation which may indicate a deep meaning or be mere madness according to the ears that hear it, while through all his bitter ravings there is visible the anguish of a lover forced to be cruel, and of a destined avenger almost beside himself with the horrors of his provocation and his task. The shafts fly wildly, and are tipped with cynic poison; the bow from which they are sped is a strong and constant though anxious nature, steadily, though with infinite excitement, bent upon the one great purpose fate has imposed upon it. The fitful excesses of his closing speech are the twangings of the bow from which the arrow of avenging destiny shall one day fly straight to the mark.





*Mar.* Peace, break thee off; look, where it comes again!—(Act i. l. 40.)

## HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

### ACT I.

SCENE I. *Elsinore. A platform before the castle. Midnight.*

FRANCISCO *at his post.* *The clock strikes twelve.*  
*Enter to him* BERNARDO.

*Ber.* Who's there?

*Fran.* Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold yourself.

*Ber.* Long live the king!

*Fran.* Bernardo?

*Ber.* He.

*Fran.* You come most carefully upon your hour!

*Ber.* 'Tis now<sup>2</sup> struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.

*Fran.* For this relief much thanks: 'tis bitter cold,

And I am sick at heart. 9

*Ber.* Have you had quiet guard?

*Fran.* Not a mouse stirring.

*Ber.* Well, good night.

If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,  
The rivals<sup>3</sup> of my watch, bid them make haste.

*Fran.* I think I hear them.—Stand, ho!  
Who is there? 14

*Enter* HORATIO and MARCELLUS.

*Hor.* Friends to this ground.<sup>4</sup>

*Mar.* And liegemen to the Dane.

*Fran.* Give you<sup>5</sup> good night.

*Mar.* O, farewell, honest soldier:  
Who hath reliev'd you?

*Fran.* Bernardo has my place.  
Give you<sup>5</sup> good night. [Exit.

*Mar.* Holla! Bernardo!

*Ber.* Say,  
What, is Horatio there?

*Hor.* A piece of him.

*Ber.* Welcome, Horatio: welcome, good  
Marcellus. 20

*Mar.* What, has this thing appear'd again  
to-night?

*Ber.* I have seen nothing.

*Mar.* Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy,  
And will not let belief take hold of him  
Touching this dreaded sight, twice seen of us:  
Therefore I have entreated him along

<sup>1</sup> Upon your hour, i.e. exactly at your hour.

<sup>2</sup> Now=just now.

<sup>3</sup> Rivals, i.e. partners.

<sup>4</sup> Ground, i.e. country.

<sup>5</sup> Give you, i.e. God give you.

With us to watch the minutes of this night;  
That, if again this apparition come,  
He may approve our eyes, and speak to it.

*Hor.* Hush, tush, 't will not appear.

*Ber.* Sit down awhile;  
And let us once again assail your ears, 31  
That are so fortified against our story,  
What we two nights have seen.

*Hor.* Well, sit we down,  
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

*Ber.* Last night of all,  
When yond same star that's westward from  
the pole  
Had made his course to illume that part of  
heaven

Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,  
The bell then beating one,—

*Mar.* Peace, break thee off; look, where it  
comes again! 40

*Enter Ghost.*

*Ber.* In the same figure, like the king that's  
dead.

*Mar.* Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.

*Ber.* Looks it not like the king? mark it,  
Horatio.

*Hor.* Most like: it harrows<sup>1</sup> me with fear  
and wonder.

*Ber.* It would be spoke to.

*Mar.* Question it, Horatio.

*Hor.* What art thou, that usurp'st this time  
of night,

Together with that fair and warlike form  
In which the majesty of buried Denmark  
Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge  
thee, speak! 49

*Mar.* It is offended.

*Ber.* See, it stalks away!

*Hor.* Stay! speak, speak! I charge thee,  
speak! [*Exit Ghost.*]

*Mar.* 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

*Ber.* How now, Horatio! you tremble, and  
look pale:

Is not this something more than fantasy?  
What think you on 't?

*Hor.* Before my God, I might not this  
believe

Without the sensible and true avouch

Of mine own eyes.

*Mar.* Is it not like the king?

*Hor.* As thou art to thyself:

Such was the very armour he had on 60  
When he the ambitious Norway combated;  
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,<sup>2</sup>  
He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice.  
'Tis strange.

*Mar.* Thus twice before, and jump<sup>3</sup> at this  
dead hour,

With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.

*Hor.* In what particular thought to work I  
know not;

But, in the gross and scope of my opinion,  
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.

[*Mar.* Good now, sit down, and tell me, he  
that knows, 70

Why this same strict and most observant watch  
So nightly toils the subject of the land;  
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,  
And foreign mart for implements of war;  
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore  
task

Does not divide the Sunday from the week;  
What might be toward,<sup>4</sup> that this sweaty haste  
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the  
day: 78

Who is 't that can inform me?

*Hor.* That can I;

At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,  
Whose image even but now appear'd to us,  
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,  
Thereto prick'd on by a most emulate pride,  
Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant  
Hamlet—

For so this side of our known world esteem'd  
him—

Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a seal'd  
compact,

Well ratified by law and heraldry,  
Did forfeit, with his life, all those his lands  
Which he stood seiz'd of<sup>5</sup> to the conqueror:  
Against the which, a moiety competent<sup>6</sup> 90

Was gaged by our king; which had return'd  
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,  
Had he been vanquisher; as, by the same co-  
mart,

<sup>2</sup> *Parle*, parley.

<sup>3</sup> *Jump*, exactly.

<sup>4</sup> *Toward*, at hand.

<sup>5</sup> *Seiz'd of*, possessed of.

<sup>6</sup> *Competent*, corresponding.

<sup>1</sup> *Harrows*, afflicts, tortures; or, perhaps, figuratively = tears, lacerates.



And carriage of the article design'd, 94  
 His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras,  
 Of unimproved<sup>1</sup> mettle hot and full,  
 Hath in the skirts of Norway, here and there,  
 Shark'd up a list of lawless resolute,  
 For food and diet, to some enterprise 99  
 That hath a stomach<sup>2</sup> in't: which is no other—  
 As it doth well appear unto our state—  
 But to recover of us, by strong hand  
 And terms compulsative, those foresaid lands  
 So by his father lost: and this, I take it,  
 Is the main motive of our preparations,  
 The source of this our watch, and the chief head  
 Of this post-haste and romage<sup>3</sup> in the land.

*Ber.* I think it be no other but e'en so:  
 Well may it sort, that this portentous figure  
 Comes armed through our watch; so like the  
 king 110  
 That was and is the question of these wars.

*Hor.* A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.]  
 In the most high and palmy state of Rome,  
 A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,  
 The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted  
 dead  
 Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets:

As, stars with trains of fire, and dews of blood,  
 Disasters in the sun; and the moist star,<sup>4</sup>  
 Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,  
 Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse:  
 And even the like precursor of fierce events—  
 As harbingers preceding still the fates, 122  
 And prologue to the omen coming on—  
 Have heaven and earth together demonstrated  
 Unto our climatures and countrymen.—  
 But, soft, behold! lo, where it comes again!

*Re-enter GHOST.*

I'll cross it, though it blast me.—Stay, illusion!  
 If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,  
 Speak to me:  
 If there be any good thing to be done, 130  
 That may to thee do ease, and grace to me,  
 Speak to me:  
 If thou art privy to thy country's fate,  
 Which, happily,<sup>5</sup> foreknowing may avoid,  
 O, speak!

Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life  
 Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,  
 For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in  
 death,

Speak of it: stay, and speak! [*Cock crows.*]

Stop it, Marcellus. 139

*Mar.* Shall I strike at it with my partisan?

*Hor.* Do, if it will not stand.

*Ber.* 'T is here!

*Hor.* 'T is here!

*Mar.* 'T is gone! [*Exit Ghost.*]

We do it wrong, being so majestic,  
 To offer it the show of violence;

[For it is, as the air, invulnerable,  
 And our vain blows malicious mockery.]

*Ber.* It was about to speak when the cock crew.

*Hor.* And then it started like a guilty thing  
 Upon a fearful summons. I have heard, 149  
 The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,  
 Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat  
 Awake the god of day; and at his warning,  
 Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,  
 The extravagant<sup>6</sup> and erring spirit hies  
 To his confine: and of the truth herein  
 This present object made probation.

*Mar.* It faded on the crowing of the cock.

Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes  
 Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,  
 The bird of dawning singeth all night long;  
 And then, they say, no spirit dare stir abroad;  
 The nights are wholesome; then no planets  
 strike, 162  
 No fairy takes,<sup>7</sup> nor witch hath power to charm;  
 So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.

*Hor.* So have I heard, and do in part be-  
 lieve it.

But, look, the morn, in russet mantle clad,  
 Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill:  
 Break we our watch up: and, by my advice,  
 Let us impart what we have seen to-night  
 Unto young Hamlet: for, upon my life, 170  
 This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him:  
 [Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,  
 As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

*Mar.* Let's do't, I pray; and I this mor-  
 ning know

Where we shall find him most convenient.]

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>1</sup> Unimproved, untutored.

<sup>2</sup> Stomach, i.e. courage.

<sup>3</sup> Romage, disturbance.

<sup>4</sup> The moist star, i.e. the moon.

<sup>5</sup> Happily, haply.

<sup>6</sup> Extravagant, wandering.

<sup>7</sup> Takes, bewitches.

SCENE II. *The same. A room of state in the castle.*

*Enter the KING, QUEEN, HAMLET, POLONIUS, LAERTES, VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, Lords, and Attendants.*

*King.* Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death

The memory be green, and that it us befitted  
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole  
kingdom

To be contracted in one brow of woe,  
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature  
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,  
Together with remembrance of ourselves.

Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,  
The imperial jointress of this warlike state,  
Have we, as 't were with a defeated joy,— 10

[With one auspicious and one dropping eye,  
With mirth in funeral and with dirge in marriage,

In equal scale weighing delight and dole,—]  
Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd  
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone  
With this affair along. For all, our thanks.

[Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,  
Holding a weak supposal of our worth,  
Or thinking by our late dear brother's death

Our state to be disjoint and out of frame, 20  
Collegued with the dream of his advantage,  
He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,  
Importing the surrender of those lands

Lost by his father, with all bands<sup>1</sup> of law,  
To our most valiant brother. So much for him.  
Now for ourself, and for this time of meeting:

Thus much the business is: we have here writ  
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—  
Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears

Of this his nephew's purpose,—to suppress 30  
His further gait herein; in that the levies,  
The lists, and full proportions, are all made  
Out of his subject: and we here dispatch

You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,  
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway,  
Giving to you no further personal power

To business with the king, more than the scope  
Of these dilated articles<sup>2</sup> allow.

Farewell, and let your haste commend your duty.

*Cor. Vol.* In that and all things will we  
show our duty. 40

*King.* We doubt it nothing: heartily farewell. [Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.]

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?  
You told us of some suit; what is 't, Laertes?

[You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,  
And lose your voice: what wouldst thou beg,  
Laertes,

That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?  
The head is not more native to the heart,  
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,  
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.  
What wouldst thou have, Laertes?]

*Laer.* Dread my lord,

Your leave and favour to return to France,  
From whence though willingly I came to Denmark, 52

To show my duty in your coronation,  
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,  
My thoughts and wishes bend again towards  
France,

And bow them to your gracious leave and  
pardon.

*King.* Have you your father's leave? What  
says Polonius?

*Pol.* He hath, my lord, wrung from me my  
slow leave

By laboursome petition, and at last,  
Upon his will I seal'd my hard consent: 60  
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.

*King.* Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be  
thine,

And thy best graces spend it at thy will!  
But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—

*Ham.* [Aside] A little more than kin, and  
less than kind.

*King.* How is it that the clouds still hang  
on you?

*Ham.* Not so, my lord; I am too much i'  
the sun.

*Queen.* Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted  
colour off,

And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.

Do not for ever with thy vail'd<sup>3</sup> lids 70

<sup>1</sup> Bands, bonds.

<sup>2</sup> Dilated articles, articles set out at large.

<sup>3</sup> Vail'd, lowered.

Seek for thy noble father in the dust: 71  
Thou know'st 't is common,—all that live must  
die,  
Passing through nature to eternity.

*Ham.* Ay, madam, it is common.

*Queen.*

If it be,

Why seems it so particular with thee?

*Ham.* Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know  
not “seems.”

'T is not alone my inky cloak, good mother,  
Nor customary suits of solemn black,  
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,  
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye, 80  
Nor the dejected haviour of the visage,  
Together with all forms, moods, shows of grief,  
That can denote me truly: these indeed seem,  
For they are actions that a man might play:  
But I have that within which passeth show;  
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

*King.* 'T is sweet and commendable in your  
nature, Hamlet,

To give these mourning duties to your father:  
But, you must know, your father lost a father;  
That father lost, lost his; and the survivor  
bound 90

In filial obligation for some term  
To do obsequious<sup>1</sup> sorrow: but to perséver  
In obstinate condolement, is a course  
Of impious stubbornness; 't is unmanly grief:  
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,  
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,  
An understanding simple and unschool'd:

{ [For what we know must be, and is as common  
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,  
Why should we in our peevish opposition 100  
Take it to heart? Fie! 't is a fault to heaven,  
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,  
To reason most absurd; whose common theme  
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,  
From the first corse till he that died to-day,  
“This must be so.”] We pray you, throw to  
earth

This unprevailing woe; and think of us  
As of a father: for let the world take note,  
You are the most immediate to our throne;  
{ [And with no less nobility of love 110  
Than that which dearest father bears his son,  
Do I impart toward you. For your intent

In going back to school in Wittenberg,  
It is most retrograde to our desire:  
And we beseech you, bend you to remain  
Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,]  
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

*Queen.* Let not thy mother lose her prayers,

*Hamlet:*

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I pray thee, stay with us; go not to Wittenberg.

*Ham.* I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

*King.* Why, 't is a loving and a fair reply:  
Be as ourself in Denmark. Madam, come;  
This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet  
Sits smiling to my heart: in grace whereof,  
No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,  
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell,  
And the king's rouse the heavens shall bruit  
again,

Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come away,  
[*Exeunt all except Hamlet.*

*Ham.* O, that this too too solid flesh would  
melt,

Thaw, and resolve<sup>2</sup> itself into a dew! 130  
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd  
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! God!  
How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable  
Seem to me all the uses of this world!  
Fie on 't! O, fie! 't is an unweeded garden,  
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in  
nature

Possess it merely. That it should come to this!  
But two months dead! nay, not so much, not  
two:

So excellent a king; that was, to this, 139  
Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,  
That he might not beteem<sup>3</sup> the winds of heaven  
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!  
Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,  
As if increase of appetite had grown  
By what it fed on: and yet, within a month,—  
Let me not think on 't—Frailty, thy name is  
woman!—

A little month, or e'er those shoes were old  
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,  
Like Niobe, all tears:—why she, even she—  
O God! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,  
Would have mourn'd longer—married with  
my uncle, 151  
My father's brother, but no more like my father

<sup>1</sup> *Obsequious*, mourning (*i.e.* referring to “obsequies”).

<sup>2</sup> *Resolve*, *i.e.* dissolve.

<sup>3</sup> *Beteem*, permit.

Than I to Hercules: within a month; 153  
 Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears  
 Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,  
 She married. [O, most wicked speed, to post  
 With such dexterity<sup>1</sup> to incestuous sheets!]  
 It is not nor it cannot come to good:

But break, my heart, for I must hold my  
 tongue!

*Enter* HORATIO, MARCELLUS, and BERNARDO.

*Hor.* Hail to your lordship!

*Ham.* I am glad to see you well:



*Ham.*

For God's love, let me hear.—(Act i. 2. 195.)

Horatio,—or I do forget myself. 161

*Hor.* The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

*Ham.* Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you:

And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio? Marcellus?

*Mar.* My good lord,—

*Ham.* I am very glad to see you. [To Bernardo] Good even, sir.—

But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

*Hor.* A truant disposition, good my lord.

*Ham.* I would not have your enemy say so;

Nor shall you do mine ear that violence  
 To make it trusters of your own report 172  
 Against yourself: I know you are no truant.  
 But what is your affair in Elsinore?  
 We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

*Hor.* My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

*Ham.* I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student;

I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

*Hor.* Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

*Ham.* Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral  
 bak'd meats 180

Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.  
 Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven

<sup>1</sup> *Dexterity*, i.e. swiftness.

Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!  
My father!—methinks I see my father.

*Hor.* O, where, my lord?

*Ham.* In my mind's eye, Horatio.

*Hor.* I saw him once; he was a goodly king.

*Ham.* He was a man, take him for all in all,  
I shall not look upon his like again.

*Hor.* My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

*Ham.* Saw who? 190

*Hor.* My lord, the king your father.

*Ham.* The king my father!

*Hor.* Season your admiration for a while  
With an attent ear, till I may deliver,<sup>1</sup>  
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,  
This marvel to you.

*Ham.* For God's love, let me hear.

*Hor.* Two nights together had these gentlemen,  
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,

In the dead vast and middle of the night,  
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your  
father,

Arm'd at point, exactly, cap-à-pé, 200  
Appears before them, and with solemn march  
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd  
By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,  
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they,  
distill'd

Almost to jelly with the act of fear,  
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me  
In dreadful secrecy impart they did;  
And I with them the third night kept the  
watch:

Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,  
Form of the thing, each word made true and  
good 210

The apparition comes: I knew your father;  
These hands are not more like.

*Ham.* But where was this?

*Mar.* My lord, upon the platform where we  
watch'd.

*Ham.* Did you not speak to it?

*Hor.* My lord, I did;

But answer made it none: yet once methought  
It lifted up its head, and did address  
Itself to motion, like as it would speak:  
But even then the morning cock crew loud,  
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,

And vanish'd from our sight.

*Ham.* 'Tis very strange.

*Hor.* As I do live, my honour'd lord, 't is true;  
And we did think it writ down in our duty  
To let you know of it. 223

*Ham.* Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles  
me.

Hold you the watch to-night?

*Mar. Ber.* We do, my lord.

*Ham.* Arm'd, say you?

*Mar. Ber.* Arm'd, my lord.

*Ham.* From top to toe?

*Mar. Ber.* My lord, from head to foot.

*Ham.* [*Abruptly*] Then saw you not his face.

*Hor.* O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver<sup>2</sup> up.

*Ham.* What, look'd he frowningly? 231

*Hor.* A countenance more in sorrow than in  
anger.

*Ham.* Pale or red?

*Hor.* Nay, very pale.

*Ham.* And fix'd his eyes upon you?

*Hor.* Most constantly.

*Ham.* I would I had been there.

*Hor.* It would have much amaz'd you.

*Ham.* Very like, very like. Stay'd it long?

*Hor.* While one with moderate haste might  
tell a hundred.

*Mar. Ber.* Longer, longer.

*Hor.* Not when I saw 't.

*Ham.* His beard was grizzled,—no?

*Hor.* It was, as I have seen it in his life,  
A sable silver'd.

*Ham.* I will watch to-night; 242  
Perchance 't will walk again.

*Hor.* I warrant it will.

*Ham.* If it assume my noble father's person,  
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,  
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,  
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,  
Let it be tenable in your silence still;  
And whatsoever else shall hap to-night,  
Give it an understanding, but no tongue: 250  
I will requite your loves. So, fare you well:  
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,  
I'll visit you.

*All.* Our duty to your honour.

*Ham.* Your loves, as mine to you: farewell.

[*Exeunt Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo.*]

<sup>1</sup> Deliver, relate.

<sup>2</sup> Beaver, the front part of the helmet.

My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;  
 I doubt some foul play: would the night were  
 come!  
 Till then sit still, my soul: foul deeds will rise,  
 Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's  
 eyes. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III. *The same. A room in Polonius' house.*

*Enter LAERTES and OPHELIA.*

*Laer.* My necessities are embark'd: fare-  
 well:

And, sister, as the winds give benefit,  
 And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,  
 But let me hear from you.

*Oph.* Do you doubt that?

*Laer.* For Hamlet, and the trifling of his  
 favour,

Hold it a fashion, and a toy<sup>1</sup> in blood,  
 [A violet in the youth of primy nature,  
 Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,  
 The perfume and pliance of a minute; 9  
 No more.

*Oph.* No more but so?

*Laer.* Think it no more:

For nature, crescent, does not grow alone  
 In thews and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,  
 The inward service of the mind and soul  
 Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now;  
 And now no soil nor caut<sup>2</sup> doth besmirch  
 The virtue of his will: but you must fear,  
 His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own;  
 For he himself is subject to his birth:]

He may not, as unvalu'd persons do, 19  
 Carve for himself; for on his choice depends  
 The safety and the health of the whole state;  
 [And therefore must his choice be circumscrib'd  
 Unto the voice and yielding of that body  
 Whereof he is the head. Then if he says he  
 loves you,

It fits your wisdom so far to believe it,  
 As he in his particular act and place  
 May give his saying deed; which is no further  
 Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.]  
 Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,  
 If with too credent<sup>3</sup> ear you list his songs; 30

[Or lose your heart; or your chaste treasure open  
 To his unmaster'd importunity.] 32

Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister,  
 And keep you in the rear of your affection,  
 Out of the shot and danger of desire.

The chariest maid is prodigal enough,  
 If she unmask her beauty to the moon:

[Virtue itself escapes not calumnious strokes:  
 The canker galls the infants of the spring,  
 Too oft before their buttons<sup>4</sup> be disclos'd; 40  
 And in the morn and liquid dew of youth  
 Contagious blastments are most imminent.

Be wary, then; best safety lies in fear:

Youth to itself rebels, though none else near.]

*Oph.* I shall the effect of this good lesson keep,  
 As watchman to my heart. But, good my  
 brother,

Do not, as some ungracious pastors do, 47  
 Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,  
 Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,  
 Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,  
 And reck's not his own rede.

*Laer.* O, fear me not.  
 I stay too long: but here my father comes.

*Enter POLONIUS.*

A double blessing is a double grace;  
 Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

*Pol.* Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for  
 shame!

The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,  
 And you are stay'd for. There; my blessing  
 with thee!

And these few precepts in thy memory  
 See thou character. Give thy thoughts no  
 tongue,

Nor any unproportion'd thought his act. 60  
 Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.  
 Those friends thou hast, and their adoption  
 tried,

Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;  
 But do not dull thy palm with entertainment  
 Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware  
 Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in,  
 Bear't, that the opposed may beware of thee.  
 Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:  
 Take each man's censure, but reserve thy  
 judgment.

<sup>1</sup> Toy, caprice.

<sup>2</sup> Cautel, craft.

<sup>3</sup> Credent, i.e. credulous.

<sup>4</sup> Buttons, buds (Fr. boutons).

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, 70  
 But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:  
 For the apparel oft proclaims the man;  
 And they in France of the best rank and station  
 Are most select and generous, chief in that.  
 Neither a borrower nor a lender be:  
 For loan oft loses both itself and friend,  
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.

This above all: to thine ownself be true,  
 And it must follow, as the night the day,  
 Thou canst not then be false to any man. 80  
 Farewell: my blessing season this in thee!

*Laer.* Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

*Pol.* The time invites you; go, your servants tend.<sup>1</sup>



*Oph.* But, good my brother,  
 Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,  
 Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,

Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,  
 Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,  
 And recks not his own rede.—(Act I. 3. 46-51.)

*Laer.* Farewell, Ophelia, and remember well  
 What I have said to you.

*Oph.* 'Tis in my memory lock'd  
 And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

*Laer.* Farewell. [*Exit.*

*Pol.* What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

*Oph.* So please you, something touching the  
 Lord Hamlet.

*Pol.* Marry, well bethought: 90

'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late  
 Given private time to you, and you yourself  
 Have of your audience been most free and  
 bounteous:

If it be so,—as so 't is put on me,<sup>2</sup>

And that in way of caution,—I must tell you,  
 You do not understand yourself so clearly  
 As it behoves my daughter and your honour.  
 What is between you? give me up the truth.

*Oph.* He hath, my lord, of late made many  
 tenders

Of his affection to me. 100

*Pol.* Affection! pooh! you speak like a green  
 girl,

Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.

Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

*Oph.* I do not know, my lord, what I should  
 think.

*Pol.* Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself  
 a baby,

That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,

<sup>1</sup> Tend, wait,

<sup>2</sup> Put on me, urged on me.

Which are not sterling. Tender<sup>1</sup> yourself  
more dearly;

Or—not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,  
Running it thus—you'll tender me a fool.

*Oph.* My lord, he hath importun'd me with  
love 110

In honourable fashion.

*Pol.* Ay, fashion you may call 't; go to, go to.

*Oph.* And hath given countenance to his  
speech, my lord,

With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

*Pol.* Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do  
know,

When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul  
Lends the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter,  
Giving more light than heat,—extinct in both,  
Even in their promise, as it is a-making,—

You must not take for fire. [From this time

Be something scanner of your maiden presence;

Set your entreatments<sup>2</sup> at a higher rate 122

Than a command to parley. For Lord Hamlet,

Believe so much in him, that he is young,

And with a larger tether may he walk

Than may be given you: in few, Ophelia,

Do not believe his vows; for they are brokers,<sup>3</sup>

Not of that dye which their investments<sup>4</sup> show,

But mere implorers of unholy suits, 129

Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds,

The better to beguile.] This is for all:

I would not, in plain terms, from this time  
forth,

Have you so slander<sup>5</sup> any moment's leisure

As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.

Look to 't, I charge you: come your ways.

*Oph.* I shall obey, my lord. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. *The same. The platform before  
the castle.*

*Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, and MARCELLUS.*

*Ham.* The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

*Hor.* It is a nipping and an eager<sup>6</sup> air.

*Ham.* What hour now?

*Hor.* I think it lacks of twelve.

*Mar.* No, it is struck.

*Hor.* Indeed? I heard it not: then it draws  
near the season

Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.

[A flourish of trumpets, and ordnance  
shot off, within.

What does this mean, my lord?

*Ham.* The king doth wake to-night, and  
takes his rouse,

Keeps wassail, and the swaggering up-spring  
reels;

And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish  
down, 10

The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out  
The triumph of his pledge.

*Hor.* Is it a custom?

*Ham.* Ay, marry, is't:

But to my mind,—though I am native here,

And to the manner born,—it is a custom

More honour'd in the breach than the obser-  
vance.

[This heavy-headed revel east and west  
Makes us traduc'd and tax'd of other nations:  
They clepe<sup>7</sup> us drunkards, and with swinish  
phrase

Soil our addition;<sup>8</sup> and, indeed, it takes 20  
From our achievements, though perform'd at  
height,

The pith and marrow of our attribute.

So, oft it chances in particular men,

That, for some vicious mole of nature in them,

As, in their birth,—wherein they are not guilty,

Since nature cannot choose his origin,—

By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,

Offbreaking down the pales and forts of reason;

Or by some habit, that too much o'er-leavens

The form of plausive manners;—that these  
men,— 30

Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,

Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,—

Their virtues else—be they as pure as grace,

As infinite as man may undergo—

Shall in the general censure take corruption

From that particular fault: the dram of eale

Doth all the noble substance of a doubt

To his own scandal.]

*Hor.* Look, my lord, it comes!

*Enter GHOST.*

*Ham.* Angels and ministers of grace defend  
us!

<sup>1</sup> Tender, regard.

<sup>2</sup> Entreatments, solicitations.

<sup>3</sup> Brokers, bawds.

<sup>4</sup> Investments, vestures.

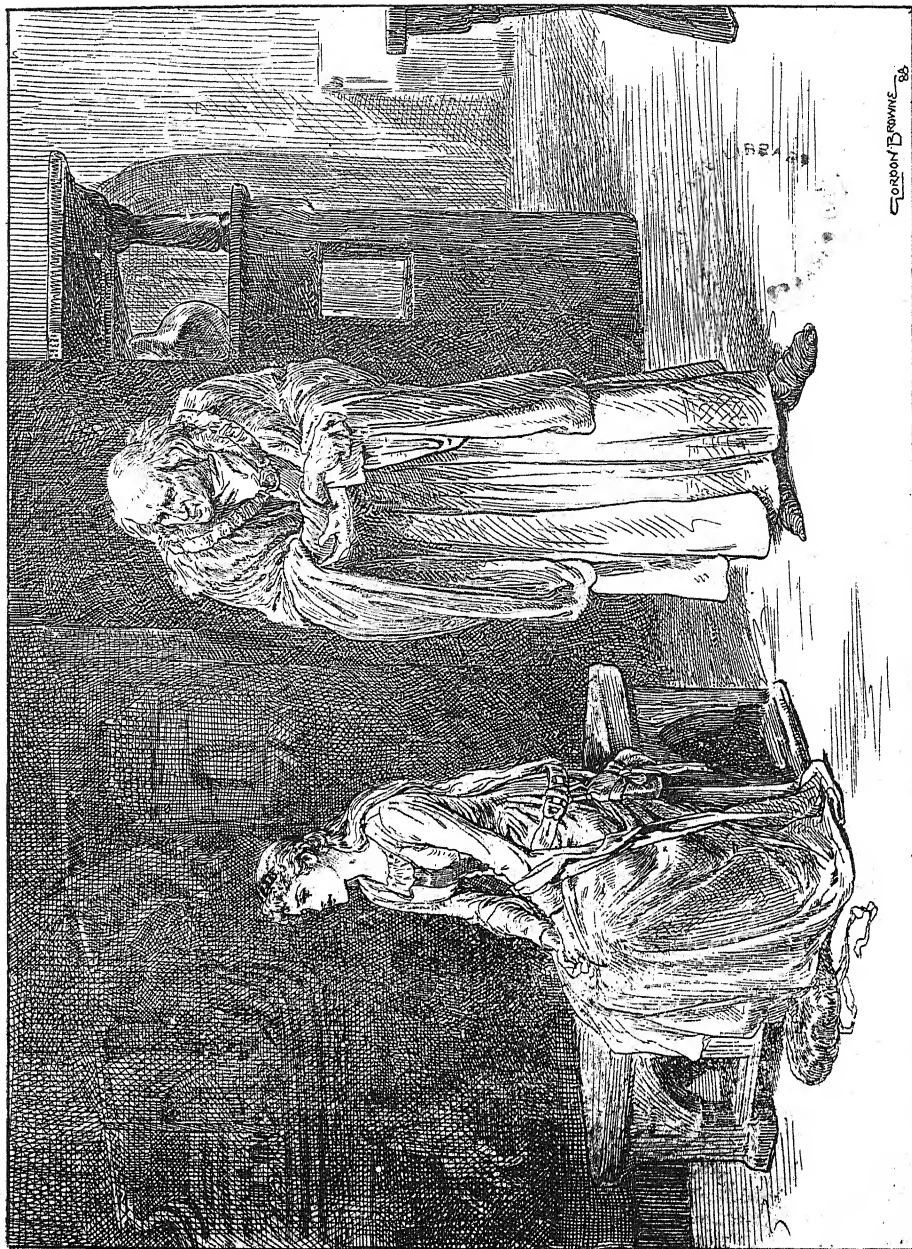
<sup>5</sup> Slander, misuse.

<sup>6</sup> Eager, sharp.

<sup>7</sup> Clepe, call.

<sup>8</sup> Addition, title.





For Lori Hamlet.  
 Better so much in him, that he is young,  
 And with a larger tether may he walk  
 Than may be given you

HAMLET.  
 ACT I. SCENE III. Lines 123-126



Be thou a spirit of health<sup>1</sup> or goblin damn'd,  
 Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts  
     from hell, 41  
 Be thy intents wicked or charitable,  
 Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,<sup>2</sup>  
 That I will speak to thee: I'll call thee Hamlet,  
 King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me!

Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell  
 Why thy canóniz'd bones,<sup>3</sup> hearsed in death,  
 Have burst their cerements; why the sepul-  
     chre,  
 Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,  
 Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws 50  
 To cast thee up again! What may this mean,



*Ham.* It waves me still.—  
 Go on; I'll follow thee.—(Act i. 4. 78, 79.)

That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,  
 Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,  
 Making night hideous; and we fools of nature  
 So horridly to shake our disposition  
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?  
 Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

[*Ghost beckons Hamlet.*]

*Hor.* It beckons you to go away with it,  
 As if it some impartment did desire  
 To you alone.

*Mar.* Look, with what courteous action 60

It waves<sup>4</sup> you to a more removed ground: 61  
 But do not go with it.

*Hor.* No, by no means.

*Ham.* It will not speak; then I will follow it.

*Hor.* Do not, my lord.

*Ham.* Why, what should be the fear?

I do not set my life at a pin's fee;  
 And for my soul, what can it do to that,  
 Being a thing immortal as itself?

It waves me forth again: I'll follow it.

*Hor.* What if it tempt you toward the flood,  
     my lord,

<sup>1</sup> A spirit of health, i.e. a saved spirit.

<sup>2</sup> Questionable shape, i.e. shape inviting question.

<sup>3</sup> Canóniz'd bones, bones buried with due funeral rites.

<sup>4</sup> Waves, beckons.

Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff  
That beetles o'er his base into the sea,  
And there assume some other horrible form,  
Which might deprive your sovereignty of  
reason,

And draw you into madness? think of it:  
The very place puts toys<sup>1</sup> of desperation,  
Without more motive, into every brain,  
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,  
And hears it roar beneath.

*Ham.* It waves me still.—  
Go on; I'll follow thee. 79

*Mar.* You shall not go, my lord.

*Ham.* Hold off your hands.

*Hor.* Be rul'd; you shall not go.

*Ham.* My fate cries out,  
And makes each petty artery in this body  
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.

[*Ghost beckons.*

Still am I call'd: unhand me, gentlemen;

[*Breaking from them.*

By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets<sup>2</sup>  
me:

I say, away!—Go on; I'll follow thee.

[*Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet.*

*Hor.* He waxes desperate with imagination.

*Mar.* Let's follow; 't is not fit thus to obey  
him.

*Hor.* Have after.<sup>3</sup> To what issue will this  
come?

*Mar.* Something is rotten in the state of  
Denmark. 90

*Hor.* Heaven will direct it.

*Mar.* Nay, let's follow him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The same. A more remote part of  
the platform.*

*Enter GHOST and HAMLET.*

*Ham.* Where wilt thou lead me? speak; I'll  
go no further.

*Ghost.* Mark me.

*Ham.* I will.

*Ghost.* My hour is almost come,  
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames  
Must render up myself.

*Ham.* Alas, poor ghost!

*Ghost.* Pity me not, but lend thy serious  
hearing

To what I shall unfold.

*Ham.* Speak; I am bound to hear.

*Ghost.* So art thou to revenge, when thou  
shalt hear.

*Ham.* What?

*Ghost.* I am thy father's spirit; 9  
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,  
And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,  
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature  
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am  
forbid

To tell the secrets of my prison-house,  
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word  
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young  
blood,

Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their  
spheres,

Thy knotted and combined locks to part,  
And each particular hair to stand on end,  
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine:<sup>4</sup> 20  
But this eternal blazon<sup>5</sup> must not be

To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O, list!  
If thou didst ever thy dear father love,—

*Ham.* O God!

*Ghost.* Revenge his foul and most unnatural  
murder.

*Ham.* Murder!

*Ghost.* Murder most foul, as in the best it is;  
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

*Ham.* Haste me to know't, that I, with  
wings as swift

As meditation or the thoughts of love, 30  
May sweep to my revenge.

*Ghost.* I find thee apt;  
And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed  
That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,  
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet,  
hear:

'T is given out that, sleeping in my orchard,  
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Den-  
mark

Is by a forged process of my death  
Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble youth,  
The serpent that did sting thy father's life  
Now wears his crown.

<sup>1</sup> Toys, freaks.

<sup>2</sup> Lets, hinders.

<sup>3</sup> Have after, follow.

<sup>4</sup> Porpentine, porcupine.

<sup>5</sup> Eternal blazon, revelation of eternity.

*Ham.* O my prophetic soul!  
My uncle! 41  
*Ghost.* Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate  
beast,  
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous  
gifts,—

Of wicked wit and gifts, that have the power  
So to seduce!—won to his shameful lust  
The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen:  
O Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!  
From me, whose love was of that dignity,  
That it went hand in hand even with the vow  
I made to her in marriage; and to decline<sup>1</sup>  
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor  
To those of mine! 52

[But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,  
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven;  
So lust, though to a radiant angel link'd,  
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,  
And prey on garbage.]

But, soft! methinks I scent the morning air;  
Brief let me be.—Sleeping within my orchard,  
My custom always in the afternoon, 60  
Upon my *séure*<sup>2</sup> hour thy uncle stole,  
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,  
And in the porches of mine ears did pour  
The leperous distilment; whose effect  
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,  
That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through  
The natural gates and alleys of the body;  
And, with a sudden vigour, it doth posset  
And curd, like eager<sup>3</sup> droppings into milk,  
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;

[And a most instant tetter bark'd about, 71  
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust  
All my smooth body.]

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand  
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd: 4  
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,  
Unhousell'd,<sup>5</sup> disappointed,<sup>6</sup> unanel'd;<sup>7</sup>  
No reckoning made, but sent to my account  
With all my imperfections on my head:  
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible! 80  
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;  
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be

A couch for luxury<sup>8</sup> and damned incest. 83  
But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,  
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive  
Against thy motheraught: leave her to heaven,  
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge



*Ham.* Remember thee!  
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat  
In this distracted globe.—(Act i. 5. 95-97.)

To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!  
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,  
And gins to pale his uneffectual fire: 90  
Adieu, adieu! Hamlet, remember me. [*Exit.*

*Ham.* O all you host of heaven! O earth!  
what else?  
And shall I couple hell?—Hold, hold, my  
heart;  
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,

<sup>1</sup> *Decline*, turn aside.      <sup>2</sup> *Séure*, unsuspecting.  
<sup>3</sup> *Eager*, sour.      <sup>4</sup> *Dispatch'd*, deprived.  
<sup>5</sup> *Unhousell'd*, without the sacrament.  
<sup>6</sup> *Disappointed*, unprepared.  
<sup>7</sup> *Unanel'd*, without extreme unction.

<sup>8</sup> *Luxury*, lust.

But bear me stiffly up. Remember thee!  
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a  
seat

In this distracted globe. Remember thee!  
Yea, from the table of my memory  
I'll wipe away all trivial fond<sup>1</sup> records, 99  
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,  
That youth and observation copied there;  
And thy commandment all alone shall live  
Within the book and volume of my brain,  
Unmix'd with baser matter: yes, by heaven!—  
O most pernicious woman!  
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!  
My tables,—meet it is I set it down,  
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;  
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark:

[Writing.]

So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;  
It is, "Adieu, adieu! remember me." 111  
I have sworn't.

*Hor.* [Within] My lord, my lord!

*Mar.* [Within] Lord Hamlet!

*Hor.* [Within] Heaven secure him!

*Ham.* So be it!

*Mar.* [Within] Illo, ho, ho, my lord!

*Ham.* Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come.

*Enter HORATIO and MARCELLUS,*

*Mar.* How is't, my noble lord?

*Hor.* What news, my lord?

*Ham.* O, wonderful!

*Hor.* Good my lord, tell it.

*Ham.* No; you'll reveal it.

*Hor.* Not I, my lord, by heaven.

*Mar.* Nor I, my lord.

*Ham.* How say you, then; would heart of  
man once think it?— 121

But you'll be secret?

*Hor. Mar.* Ay, by heaven, my lord.

*Ham.* There's ne'er a villain dwelling in  
all Denmark

But he's an arrant knave.

*Hor.* There needs no ghost, my lord, come  
from the grave

To tell us this.

*Ham.* Why, right; you're i' the right;  
And so, without more circumstance<sup>2</sup> at all,  
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part:

You, as your business and desire shall point  
you;

For every man hath business and desire, 130  
Such as it is; and for mine own poor part,  
Look you, I'll go pray.

*Hor.* These are but wild and whirling words,  
my lord.

*Ham.* I'm sorry they offend you, heartily;  
Yes, faith, heartily.

*Hor.* There's no offence, my lord.

*Ham.* Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is,

Horatio,

And much offence too. Touching this vision  
here,

It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you:  
For your desire to know what is between us,  
O'ermaster't as you may. And now, good  
friends, 140

As you are friends, scholars, and soldiers,  
Give me one poor request.

*Hor.* What is't, my lord? we will.

*Ham.* Never make known what you have  
seen to-night.

*Hor. Mar.* My lord, we will not.

*Ham.*

Nay, but swear't.

*Hor.*

In faith,

My lord, not I.

*Mar.* Nor I, my lord, in faith.

*Ham.* Upon my sword.

*Mar.* We have sworn, my lord, already.

*Ham.* Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.

*Ghost.* [Beneath] Swear.

*Ham.* Ah, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou  
there, true-penny?— 150

Come on: you hear this fellow in the cellarage:  
Consent to swear.

*Hor.* Propose the oath, my lord.

*Ham.* Never to speak of this that you have  
seen,

Swear by my sword.

*Ghost.* [Beneath] Swear.

*Ham.* *Hic et ubique?* then we'll shift our  
ground.

Come hither, gentlemen,

And lay your hands again upon my sword:

Never to speak of this that you have heard,

Swear by my sword. 160

*Ghost.* [Beneath] Swear.

*Ham.* Well said, old mole! canst work i'  
the earth so fast?

<sup>1</sup> Fond, foolish.

<sup>2</sup> Circumstance, circumlocation.

A worthy pioner! Once more remove, good friends. 163

*Hor.* O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!

*Ham.* And therefore as a stranger give it welcome.

There are more things in heaven and earth,  
Horatio,

Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.

But come;

Here, as before, never, so help you mercy,

How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,—

As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet

To put an antic disposition on,— 172

That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,

With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-shake,

Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,

As "Well, well, we know," or "We could, an  
if we would,"

Or "If we list to speak," or "There be, an if  
they might,"

Or such ambiguous giving out, to note

That you know aught of me: this not to do,

So grace and mercy at your most need help you,  
Swear. 181

*Ghost.* [*Beneath*] Swear.

*Ham.* Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! [*They  
swear.*] So, gentlemen,

With all my love I do commend me to you:

And what so poor a man as Hamlet is

May do t'express his love and friending to  
you,

God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in to-  
gether;

And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.

The time is out of joint: O cursed spite,

That ever I was born to set it right! 190

Nay, come, let's go together. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I. *Elsinore. A room in Polonius'  
house.*

*Enter POLONIUS and REYNALDO.*

*Pol.* Give him this money and these notes,  
Reynaldo.

*Rey.* I will, my lord.

*Pol.* You shall do marvell's wisely, good  
Reynaldo,

Before you visit him, to make inquiry  
Of his behaviour.

*Rey.* My lord, I did intend it.

[*Pol.* Marry, well said; very well said. Look  
you, sir,

Inquire me first what Danskers are in Paris;  
And how, and who, what means, and where  
they keep,

What company, at what expense; and finding,  
By this encompassment and drift of question,  
That they do know my son, come you more  
nearer 11

Than your particular demands will touch it:  
Take you, as 't were, some distant knowledge  
of him;

As thus, "I know his father and his friends,  
And in part him;" do you mark this, Reynaldo?

*Rey.* Ay, very well, my lord.

*Pol.* "And in part him; but," you may say,  
"not well:

But, if 't be he I mean, he's very wild;  
Addicted so and so;" and there put on him  
What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank  
As may dishonour him; take heed of that; 21  
But, sir, such wanton, wild and usual slips  
As are companions noted and most known  
To youth and liberty.

*Rey.* As gaming, my lord.

*Pol.* Ay, or drinking, fencing, swearing,  
Quarrelling, drabbing: you may go so far.

*Rey.* My lord, that would dishonour him.

*Pol.* Faith, no; as you may season it in the  
charge.

You must not put another scandal on him,  
That he is open to incontinency; 30  
That's not my meaning: but breathe his faults  
so quaintly<sup>1</sup>

That they may seem the taints of liberty,  
The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind,  
A savageness in unreclaimed<sup>2</sup> blood,  
Of general assault.

<sup>1</sup> *Quaintly*, artfully.

<sup>2</sup> *Unreclaimed*, untamed.

*Reg.* But, my good lord,—  
*Pol.* Wherefore should you do this?  
*Reg.* Ay, my lord,  
 I would know that.  
*Pol.* Marry, sir, here's my drift;  
 And I believe it is a fetch of warrant:<sup>1</sup>  
 You laying these slight sullies on my son,  
 As 't were a thing a little soil'd i' the working,  
 Mark you, 41  
 Your party in converse, him you would sound,



*Pol.* Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth.  
 —(Act II. 1. 63.)

Having ever seen in the prenominate crimes  
 The youth you breathe of guilty, be assur'd  
 He closes with you in this consequence;  
 "Good sir," or so, or "friend," or "gentleman,"  
 According to the phrase or the addition<sup>2</sup>  
 Of man and country.

*Reg.* Very good, my lord.  
*Pol.* And then, sir, does he this,—he does—  
 What was I about to say? By the mass, I  
 was about to say something: where did I leave?  
*Reg.* At "closes in the consequence," at  
 "friend or so," and "gentleman." 53  
*Pol.* At "closes in the consequence,"—ay,  
 marry;

He closes with you thus: "I know the gentle-  
 man;  
 I saw him yesterday, or t' other day,  
 Or then, or then, with such, or such, and, as  
 you say,  
 There was he gaming, there o'ertook in 's rouse,  
 There falling out at tennis:" or perchance,  
 "I saw him enter such a house of sale," 60  
 Videlicet, a brothel, or so forth.  
 See you now;  
 Your bait of falsehood takes this carp of truth:  
 And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,<sup>3</sup>  
 With windlasses<sup>4</sup> and with assays of bias,<sup>5</sup>  
 By indirections find directions out:  
 So, by my former lecture and advice,  
 Shall you my son. You have me, have you  
 not?  
*Reg.* My lord, I have.  
*Pol.* God be wi' you! fare you well.  
*Reg.* Good my lord!] 70  
*Pol.* Observe his inclination in yourself.  
*Reg.* I shall, my lord.  
*Pol.* And let him ply his music.  
*Reg.* Well, my lord.  
*Pol.* Farewell! [*Exit Reynaldo.*]

*Enter OPHELIA.*

How now, Ophelia! what's the matter?  
*Oph.* O my lord, my lord, I have been so  
 affrighted!  
*Pol.* With what, i' the name of God?  
*Oph.* My lord, as I was sewing in my cham-  
 ber,  
 Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbrac'd;  
 No hat upon his head, his stockings foul'd,  
 Ungarter'd, and down-gyved<sup>6</sup> to his ancle;  
 Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each  
 other, 81  
 And with a look so piteous in purp'rt  
 As if he had been loosed out of hell  
 To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.  
*Pol.* Mad for thy love?  
*Oph.* My lord, I do not know;  
 But, truly, I do fear it.  
*Pol.* What said he?

<sup>1</sup> *Fetch of warrant*, warranted device.

<sup>2</sup> *Addition*, title.

<sup>3</sup> *Of reach*, i.e. far-sighted.

<sup>4</sup> *Windlasses*, roundabout ways.

<sup>5</sup> *Assays of bias*, indirect attempts.

<sup>6</sup> *Down-gyved*, i.e. hanging about his ankles like gyves  
 or fetters.



*Oph.* He took me by the wrist, and held me hard;  
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;  
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,  
He falls to such perusal of my face 90

As he would draw it. Long stay'd he so;  
At last, a little shaking of mine arm,  
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,  
He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,  
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk,<sup>1</sup>



*Oph.* He took me by the wrist, and held me hard.—(Act ii. 1. 87.)

And end his being: that done, he lets me go:  
And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,  
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;  
For out o' doors he went without their help,  
And, to the last, bended their light on me.

*Pol.* Come, go with me: I will go seek the king. 101

This is the very ecstasy<sup>2</sup> of love;  
Whose violent property fordoes<sup>3</sup> itself,  
And leads the will to desperate undertakings,  
As oft as any passion under heaven  
That does afflict our natures. I am sorry.

What, have you given him any hard words of late?

*Oph.* No, my good lord; but, as you did command,  
I did repel his letters, and denied 109  
His access to me.

*Pol.* That hath made him mad.—  
I am sorry that with better heed and judgment  
I had not quoted<sup>4</sup> him: [I fear'd he did but  
trifle,  
And meant to wreck thee; but, beshrew my  
jealousy!<sup>5</sup>  
By heaven, it is as proper to our age

<sup>1</sup> Bulk, breast.

<sup>2</sup> Ecstasy, madness.

<sup>3</sup> Fordoes, destroys.

<sup>4</sup> Quoted, observed.

<sup>5</sup> Jealousy, suspicion.

{To cast<sup>1</sup> beyond ourselves in our opinions,  
 {As it is common for the younger sort  
 {To lack discretion.} Come, go we to the king:  
 This must be known; which, being kept close,  
 might move  
 More grief to hide than hate to utter love.  
 Come. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II. *The same. A room in the castle.*

*Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, and Attendants.*

*King.* Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern!  
 Moreover that we much did long to see you,  
 The need we have to use you did provoke  
 Our hasty sending. Something have you heard  
 Of Hamlet's transformation; so I call it,  
 Sith nor the exterior nor the inward man  
 Remembers that it was. What it should be,  
 More than his father's death, that thus hath  
 put him  
 So much from the understanding of himself,  
 I cannot dream of: I entreat you both, <sup>10</sup>  
 That, being of so young days brought up with  
 him,  
 And sith so neighbour'd to his youth and  
 humour,  
 That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court  
 Some little time: so by your companies  
 To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather,  
 So much as from occasion you may glean,  
 Whether aught to us unknown afflicts him thus,  
 That open'd lies within our remedy.  
*Queen.* Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd  
 of you; <sup>10</sup>  
 And sure I am two men there are not living  
 To whom he more adheres. If it will please you  
 To show us so much gentry<sup>2</sup> and good will  
 As to expend your time with us awhile,  
 For the supply and profit of our hope,  
 Your visitation shall receive such thanks  
 As fits a king's remembrance.  
*Ros.* Both your majesties  
 Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,  
 Put your dread pleasures more into command  
 Than to entreaty.

*Guil.* But we both obey, <sup>20</sup>

And here give up ourselves, in the full bent,<sup>3</sup>  
 To lay our service freely at your feet, <sup>31</sup>  
 To be commanded.

*King.* Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern.

*Queen.* Thanks, Guildenstern and gentle Rosencrantz:

And I beseech you instantly to visit  
 My too-much-changed son.—Go, some of you,  
 And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

*Guil.* Heavens make our presence and our  
 practices

Pleasant and helpful to him!

*Queen.* Ay, amen!

*[Exeunt Rosencrantz, Guildenstern,  
 and some Attendants.]*

*Enter POLONIUS.*

*Pol.* The ambassadors from Norway, my  
 good lord, <sup>40</sup>  
 Are joyfully return'd.

*King.* Thou still hast been the father of  
 good news.

*Pol.* Have I, my lord? Assure you, my  
 good liege,

I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,  
 Both to my God and to my gracious king:  
 And I do think—or else this brain of mine  
 Hunts not the trail of policy so sure  
 As it hath us'd to do—that I have found  
 The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.

*King.* O, speak of that; that do I long to  
 hear. <sup>50</sup>

*[Pol.]* Give first admittance to th' ambassa-  
 dors;

My news shall be the fruit<sup>4</sup> to that great feast

*King.* Thyself do grace to them, and bring  
 them in. *[Exit Polonius.]*

He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found  
 The head and source of all your son's distemper.

*Queen.* I doubt it is no other but the main;<sup>5</sup>  
 His father's death, and our o'erhasty marriage.

*King.* Well, we shall sift him.

*Re-enter POLONIUS, with VOLTIMAND and  
 CORNELIUS.*

Welcome, my good friends!  
 Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?

<sup>1</sup> Cast, plan.

<sup>2</sup> Gentry, courtesy.

<sup>3</sup> Bent, inclination.

<sup>4</sup> The fruit, i.e. the dessert.

<sup>5</sup> The main, i.e. the main source.

*Volt.* Most fair return of greetings and desires. 60

Upon our first, he sent out to suppress  
His nephew's levies, which to him appear'd  
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack,  
But, better look'd into, he truly found  
It was against your highness: whereat griev'd,  
That so his sickness, age, and impotence,  
Was falsely borne in hand,<sup>1</sup> sends out arrests  
On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys;  
Receives rebuke from Norway, and, in fine,  
Makes vow before his uncle never more 70  
To give the assay of arms against your majesty.  
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,  
Gives him threethousand crowns in annual fee;  
And his commission to employ those soldiers,  
So levied as before, against the Polack:  
With an entreaty, herein further shown,

[*Gives a paper.*]

That it might please you to give quiet pass  
Through your dominions for this enterprise,  
On such regards of safety and allowance 79  
As therein are set down.

*King.* It likes us well;  
And at our more consider'd time we'll read,  
Answer, and think upon this business.  
Meantime we thank you for your well-took  
labour:

Go to your rest; at night we'll feast together:  
Most welcome home!

[*Exeunt Voltimand and Cornelius.*]

*Pol.* This business is well ended.]  
My liege, and madam,—to expostulate<sup>2</sup>  
What majesty should be, what duty is,  
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,  
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and  
time.

Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit,<sup>3</sup>  
And tediousness the limbs and outward flour-  
ishes, 91

I will be brief: your noble son is mad:  
Mad call I it; for, to define true madness,  
What is't but to be nothing else but mad?  
But let that go.

[*Queen.* More matter, with less art.]

*Pol.* Madam, I swear I use no art at all.  
That he is mad, 't is true: 't is true 't is pity;

And pity 't is 't is true: a foolish figure;  
But farewell it, for I will use no art.

Mad let us grant him, then: and now remains  
That we find out the cause of this effect, 101  
Or rather say, the cause of this defect,  
For this effect defective comes by cause:  
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.  
Perpend.<sup>4</sup>

I have a daughter,—have whilst she is mine,—  
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,  
Hath given me this: now gather, and surmise.

[*Reads.*]

"To the celestial and my soul's idol, the most beau-  
tified Ophelia,"— 110

That's an ill phrase, a vile phrase,—“beauti-  
fied” is a vile phrase: but you shall hear.  
Thus: [*Reads.*]

“In her excellent white bosom, these,” &c.—

*Queen.* Came this from Hamlet to her?

*Pol.* Good madam, stay awhile; I will be  
faithful. [*Reads.*]

“Doubt thou the stars are fire;

Doubt that the sun doth move;

Doubt truth to be a liar;

But never doubt I love. 119

“O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these numbers; I have  
not art to reckon my groans: but that I love thee  
best, O most best, believe it. Adieu.

“Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst  
this machine is to him, HAMLET.”

This, in obedience, hath my daughter shown  
me:

And more above, hath his solicitings,  
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,  
All given to mine ear.

*King.* But how hath she  
Received his love?

*Pol.* What do you think of me?

*King.* As of a man faithful and honourable.

*Pol.* I would fain prove so. But what might  
you think, 121

When I had seen this hot love on the wing,—  
As I perceiv'd it, I must tell you that,  
Before my daughter told me,—what might you,  
Or my dear majesty your queen here, think,  
If I had play'd the desk or table-book,  
Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb,  
Or look'd upon this love with idle sight;

<sup>1</sup> Borne in hand, deluded.

<sup>2</sup> Expostulate, discuss in full.

<sup>3</sup> Wit, i.e. understanding.

<sup>4</sup> Perpend, consider.

What might you think? No, I went round<sup>1</sup>  
 to work, 139  
 And my young mistress thus I did bespeak:  
 "Lord Hamlet is a prince, out of thy star;  
 This must not be:" and then I prescripts gave  
 her,

That she should lock herself from his resort,  
 Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.  
 Which done, she took the fruits of my advice:  
 And he repulsed,—a short tale to make,—  
 Fell into a sadness, then into a fast,  
 Thence to a watch,<sup>2</sup> thence into a weakness,  
 Thence to a lightness,<sup>3</sup> and, by this declension  
 Into the madness wherein now he raves 150  
 And all we mourn for.

*King.* Do you think 't is this?

*Queen.* It may be, very likely.

*Pol.* Hath there been such a time—I'd fain  
 know that—

That I have positively said "'T is so,"  
 When it prov'd otherwise?

*King.* Not that I know.

*Pol.* [*Pointing to his head and shoulder*] Take  
 this from this, if this be otherwise:

If circumstances lead me, I will find  
 Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed  
 Within the centre.

*King.* How may we try it further?

*Pol.* You know, sometimes he walks four  
 hours together 160  
 Here in the lobby.

*Queen.* So he does, indeed.

*Pol.* At such a time I'll loose my daughter  
 to him:

Be you and I behind an arras then;  
 Mark the encounter: if he love her not,  
 And be not from his reason fall'n thereon,  
 Let me be no assistant for a state,  
 But keep a farm and carters.

*King.* We will try it.

*Queen.* But, look, where sadly the poor  
 wretch comes reading. 168

*Pol.* Away, I do beseech you, both away:  
 I'll board him presently:—O, give me leave.  
 [*Exeunt King, Queen, and Attendants.*]

*Enter HAMLET, reading.*

How does my good Lord Hamlet?

*Ham.* Well, God-a-mercy.

*Pol.* Do you know me, my lord?

*Ham.* Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

*Pol.* Not I, my lord.

*Ham.* Then I would you were so honest a man.

*Pol.* Honest, my lord!

*Ham.* Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes,  
 is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

*Pol.* That's very true, my lord. 180

*Ham.* For if the sun breed maggots in a  
 dead dog, being a good kissing carrion,<sup>4</sup>—Have  
 you a daughter?

*Pol.* I have, my lord.

*Ham.* Let her not walk i' the sun: concep-  
 tion is a blessing; but not as your daughter  
 may conceive:—friend, look to 't.

*Pol.* [*Aside*] Howsay you by that? Still harp-  
 ing on my daughter: yet he knew me not at  
 first; he said I was a fishmonger: he is far  
 gone, far gone: and truly in my youth I suf-  
 fered much extremity for love; very near this.  
 I'll speak to him again.—What do you read,  
 my lord? 193

*Ham.* Words, words, words.

*Pol.* What is the matter, my lord?

*Ham.* Between who?

*Pol.* I mean, the matter that you read, my  
 lord.

*Ham.* Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue  
 says here, that old men have gray beards, that  
 their faces are wrinkled, their eyes purging  
 thick amber and plum-tree gum, and that they  
 have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most  
 weak hams: all which, sir, though I most  
 powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it  
 not honesty to have it thus set down; for you  
 yourself, sir, should be old as I am, if, like a  
 crab, you could go backward.

*Pol.* [*Aside*] Though this be madness, yet  
 there is method in 't.—Will you walk out of  
 the air, my lord?

*Ham.* Into my grave? 210

*Pol.* Indeed, that is out o' the air.—[*Aside*]  
 How pregnant sometimes his replies are! a  
 happiness that often madness hits on, which  
 reason and sanity could not so prosperously  
 be delivered of. I will leave him, and suddenly  
 contrive the means of meeting between him

<sup>1</sup> Round, i.e. roundly, directly.

<sup>2</sup> Watch, sleeplessness.

<sup>3</sup> Lightness, lightheadedness.

<sup>4</sup> A good kissing carrion, i.e. carrion good for kissing.

and my daughter.—My honourable lord, I will most humbly take my leave of you.

*Ham.* You cannot, sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal, —except my life, except my life, except my life. 221

*Pol.* Fare you well, my lord.

*Ham.* These tedious old fools!

*Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*

*Pol.* You go to seek the Lord Hamlet: there he is.

*Ros.* [*To Polonius*] God save you, sir!  
[*Exit Polonius.*]

*Guil.* My honoured lord!

*Ros.* My most dear lord!



*Pol.* [*Aside*] Will you walk out of the air, my lord?  
*Ham.* Into my grave?—(Act ii. 2. 208-210.)

*Ham.* My excellent good friends! How dost thou, Guildenstern? Ah, Rosencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both? 230

[*Ros.* As the indifferent children of the earth.

*Guil.* Happy, in that we are not overhappy; On Fortune's cap we are not the very button.

*Ham.* Nor the soles of her shoe?

*Ros.* Neither, my lord.

*Ham.* Then you live about her waist, or in the middle of her favours?

*Guil.* Faith, her privates we.

*Ham.* In the secret parts of Fortune? O, most true; she is a strumpet.] What's the news? 240

*Ros.* None, my lord, but that the world's grown honest.

*Ham.* Then is doomsday near: but your news is not true. Let me question more in particular: what have you, my good friends, deserved at the hands of Fortune, that she sends you to prison hither?

*Guil.* Prison, my lord!

*Ham.* Denmark's a prison.

[*Ros.* Then is the world one. 250

*Ham.* A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons, Denmark being one o' the worst.]

*Ros.* We think not so, my lord.

*Ham.* Why, then, 'tis none to you: for

there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison.

*Ros.* Why, then, your ambition makes it one; 'tis too narrow for your mind. 259

*Ham.* O God, I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams.

*Guil.* Which dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream.

*Ham.* A dream itself is but a shadow.

*Ros.* Truly, and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality, that it is but a shadow's shadow. 263

*Ham.* Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs and outstretched heroes the beggars' shadows. Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.

*Ros. Guil.* We'll wait upon you.

*Ham.* No such matter: I will not sort you with the rest of my servants; for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore? 273

*Ros.* To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

*Ham.* Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear a halfpenny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

*Guil.* What should we say, my lord?

*Ham.* Why, any thing—but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks, which your modesties have not craft enough to colour: I know the good king and queen have sent for you. 291

*Ros.* To what end, my lord?

*Ham.* That you must teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer could charge you withal, be even<sup>1</sup> and direct with me, whether you were sent for, or no?

*Ros.* [*Aside to Guildenstern*] What say you? 300

*Ham.* [*Aside*] Nay, then, I have an eye of<sup>2</sup> you.—If you love me, hold not off. 302

*Guil.* My lord, we were sent for.

*Ham.* I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery, and your secrecy to the king and queen moults no feather. I have of late—but wherefore I know not—lost all my mirth, foregone all custom of exercises; and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted<sup>3</sup> with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me; no, nor woman neither, though by your smiling you seem to say so.

*Ros.* My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts. 325

*Ham.* Why did you laugh, then, when I said "man delights not me"?

*Ros.* To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the players shall receive from you: we coted<sup>4</sup> them on the way; and hither are they coming, to offer you service.

*Ham.* He that plays the king shall be welcome,—his majesty shall have tribute of me; the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target; the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man<sup>5</sup> shall end his part in peace; the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are tickle o' the sere; and the lady shall say her mind freely, or the blank verse shall halt for 't. What players are they? 340

*Ros.* Even those you were wont to take such delight in, the tragedians of the city.

*Ham.* How chances it they travel? their residence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

<sup>2</sup>Of, on. <sup>3</sup>Fretted, adorned. <sup>4</sup>Coted, overtook and passed.

<sup>5</sup>The humorous man, i.e. the man of "humours" or fantastic caprices.

<sup>1</sup>Even, straightforward.

[*Ros.* I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.]

*Ham.* Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? are they so followed? 350

*Ros.* No, indeed, they are not.

[*Ham.* How comes it? do they grow rusty?

*Ros.* Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace: but there is, sir, an aery of children, little eyases,<sup>1</sup> that cry out on the top of question, and are most tyrannically clapped for't: these are now the fashion; and so berattle the common stages,—so they call them,—that many wearing rapiers are afraid of goose-quills, and dare scarce come thither.

*Ham.* What, are they children? who maintains 'em? how are they escoted? Will they pursue the quality no longer than they can sing? will they not say afterwards, if they should grow themselves to common players,—as it is most like, if their means are no better,—their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim against their own succession. 363

*Ros.* Faith, there has been much to do on both sides; and the nation holds it no sin to tarre them<sup>2</sup> to controversy: there was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unless the poet and the player went to cuffs in the question.

*Ham.* Is't possible?

*Guil.* O, there has been much throwing about of brains.

*Ham.* Do the boys carry it away?

*Ros.* Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too.] 379

*Ham.* It is not very strange; for my uncle is king of Denmark, and those that would make mows at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece for his picture in little. 'Sblood, there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out. 385

[*Flourish of trumpets within.*

*Guil.* There are the players.

*Ham.* Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands, come: the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: [let me comply with you in this garb; lest my extent<sup>3</sup>

to the players, which, I tell you, must show fairly outward, should more appear like entertainment than yours.] You are welcome: but my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived.

*Guil.* In what, my dear lord? 395

*Ham.* I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw.

*Enter* POLONIUS.

*Pol.* Well be with you, gentlemen!

*Ham.* Hark you, Guildenstern; and you too; at each ear a hearer: that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swaddling-clouts.

*Ros.* Happily<sup>4</sup> he's the second time come to them; for they say an old man is twice a child.

*Ham.* I will prophesy he comes to tell me of the players; mark it.—You say right, sir: o' Monday morning; 't was so indeed.

*Pol.* My lord, I have news to tell you.

*Ham.* My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roscius was an actor in Rome,— 410

*Pol.* The actors are come hither, my lord.

*Ham.* Buz, buz!

*Pol.* Upon my honour,—

*Ham.* Then came each actor on his ass,—

*Pol.* The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ and the liberty, these are the only men. 421

*Ham.* O Jephthah, judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst thou!

*Pol.* What treasure had he, my lord?

*Ham.* Why,

“One fair daughter, and no more,  
The which he loved passing well.

*Pol.* [*Aside*] Still on my daughter.

*Ham.* Am I not i' the right, old Jephthah?

*Pol.* If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter that I love passing well. 431

*Ham.* Nay, that follows not.

*Pol.* What follows, then, my lord?

*Ham.* Why,

<sup>1</sup> *Eyases*, nestlings.

<sup>2</sup> *Tarre them*, set them on.

<sup>3</sup> *Extent*, condescension.

<sup>4</sup> *Happily*, haply.

"As by lot, God wot,"

and then, you know,

"It came to pass, as most like it was,"—

the first row of the pious chanson will show you more; for look, where my abridgment comes. 439

*Enter four or five Players.*

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all; I am glad to see ye well; welcome, good friends.—O, my old friend! why, thy face is valanced since I saw thee last; comest thou to beard me in Denmark?—What, my young lady and mistress; By'r lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine.<sup>1</sup> [Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring.]—Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at any thing we see: we'll have a speech straight: come, give us a taste of your quality: come, a passionate speech. 452

*First Play.* What speech, my good lord?

*Ham.* I heard thee speak me a speech once, but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once; for the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 't was caviare to the general: but it was—as I received it, and others, whose judgments in such matters cried in the top of mine—an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember, one said there were no sallets<sup>2</sup> in the lines to make the matter savoury, nor no matter in the phrase that might indict the author of affection;<sup>3</sup> but called it an honest method, as wholesome as sweet, and by very much more handsome than fine. One speech in it I chiefly loved: 't was *Æneas'* tale to Dido; and thereabout of it especially where he speaks of Priam's slaughter: if it live in your memory, begin at this line; let me see, let me see: 471

"The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beast,"

—'t is not so: it begins with Pyrrhus;

"The rugged Pyrrhus, he whose sable arms,  
Black as his purpose, did the night resemble

When he lay couched in the ominous horse,  
[Hath now this dread and black complexion smear'd  
With heraldry more dismal; head to foot  
Now is he total gules; horribly trick'd<sup>4</sup>  
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons,  
Bak'd and impasted with the parching streets,  
That lend a tyrannous and damned light 482  
To their vile murders: roasted in wrath and fire,  
And thus o'er-sized<sup>5</sup> with coagulate gore,]  
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus  
Old grandsire Priam seeks."

So, proceed you.

*Pol.* 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken, with good accent and good discretion.

*First Play.*

"Anon he finds him 490  
Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword,  
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,  
Repugnant to command: unequal match'd,  
Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage strikes wide;  
But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword  
The unnerved father falls. [Then senseless Ilium,  
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top  
Stoops to his base, and with a hideous crash  
Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear: for, lo! his sword,  
Which was declining on the milky head 500  
Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick:  
So, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood;  
And, like a neutral to his will and matter,  
Did nothing.]"

But, as we often see, against some storm,  
A silence in the heavens, the rack<sup>6</sup> stand still,  
The bold winds speechless, and the orb below  
As hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder  
Doth rend the region;<sup>7</sup> so, after Pyrrhus' pause,  
Aroused vengeance sets him new a-work; 510  
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall  
On Mars his armour, forg'd for proof eterne,  
With less remorse than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword  
Now falls on Priam.  
Out, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! [All you gods,  
In general synod, take away her power;  
Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,  
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven  
As low as to the fiends!]"

*Pol.* This is too long. 520

*Ham.* It shall to the barber's, with your beard. Prithee, say on: [he's for a jig or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps; say on:] come to Hecuba.

*First Play.* "But who, O, who had seen the mobled<sup>8</sup> queen—"

<sup>1</sup> *Chopine*, high shoe.

<sup>2</sup> *Sallets*, salads.

<sup>3</sup> *Affection*, i.e. affection.

<sup>4</sup> *Trick'd*, traced, coloured (in heraldry).

<sup>5</sup> *O'er-sized*, covered as with glue.

<sup>6</sup> *The rack*, the vaporous upper clouds.

<sup>7</sup> *The region*, i.e. the air.

<sup>8</sup> *Mobled*, veiled.



*Ham.* "The mobled queen"?

*Pol.* That's good; "mobled queen" is good.

*First Play.* "Run barefoot up and down, threatening the flames

With bisson<sup>1</sup> rheum; a clout upon that head  
Where late the diadem stood; and for a robe, 530  
About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins,  
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up;—  
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,  
'Gainst Fortune's state would treason have pronounced:

But if the gods themselves did see her then,  
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport  
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs,  
The instant burst of clamour that she made—  
Unless things mortal move them not at all—  
Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven,  
And passion in the gods." 541

*Pol.* Look, wher he has not turned his colour, and has tears in's eyes. Pray you, no more.

*Ham.* 'Tis well; I'll have thee speak out the rest soon.—Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do you hear, let them be well used; for they are the abstract and brief chronicles of the time: after your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live. 551

*Pol.* My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

*Ham.* God's bodykins, man, better: use every man after his desert, and who should scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity: the less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

*Pol.* Come, sirs. 559

*Ham.* Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-morrow.

[*Exit Polonius with all the Players except the First.*]

Dost thou hear me, old friend; can you play the Murder of Gonzago?

*First Play.* Ay, my lord.

*Ham.* We'll ha't to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down and insert in't, could you not?

*First Play.* Ay, my lord. 569

*Ham.* Very well. Follow that lord; and look you mock him not. [*Exit First Player.*]

<sup>1</sup> Bisson, blinding.

My good friends, I'll leave you till night: you are welcome to Elsinore. 573

*Roz.* Good my lord!

*Ham.* Ay, so God be wi' ye.

[*Exit Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*]

Now I am alone.

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!



*Ham.* Yet I,  
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,  
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,  
And can say nothing.—(Act ii. 2. 593-596.)

Is it not monstrous, that this player here,  
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,  
Could force his soul so to his own conceit,  
That, from her working, all his visage wann'd;  
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect, 581  
A broken voice, and his whole function<sup>2</sup> suiting  
With forms to his conceit?<sup>3</sup> and all for nothing!  
For Hecuba!  
What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,  
That he should weep for her? What would  
he do,

<sup>2</sup> His whole function, i.e. all his faculties.

<sup>3</sup> Conceit, conception.

Had he the motive and the cue for passion  
That I have? He would drown the stage with  
tears,

And cleave the general ear with horrid speech,  
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free, 580  
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed  
The very faculties of eyes and ears.

Yet I,

A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,<sup>1</sup>  
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,  
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,  
Upon whose property and most dear life  
A damn'd defeat<sup>2</sup> was made. Am I a coward?  
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?  
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?  
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the  
throat, 601

As deep as to the lungs? who does me this, ha?  
'S wounds, I should take it: for it cannot be  
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall  
To make oppression bitter; or, ere this  
I should have fatted all the region kites,  
With this slave's offal: bloody, bawdy villain!  
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless<sup>3</sup>  
villain!

O, vengeance! 610  
Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave,  
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,

Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,  
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with  
words,

And fall a-cursing, like a very drab,  
A scullion!

Fie upon't! foh! About,<sup>5</sup> my brain! Hum,  
I have heard

That guilty creatures sitting at a play  
Have by the very cunning of the scene 619  
Been struck so to the soul, that presently  
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;  
For murder, though it have no tongue, will  
speak

With most miraculous organ. I'll have these  
players

Play something like the murder of my father  
Before mine uncle: I'll observe his looks;  
I'll tent<sup>6</sup> him to the quick: if he but blench,  
I know my course. The spirit that I have  
seen

May be the devil: and the devil hath power  
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps  
Out of my weakness and my melancholy, 630  
As he is very potent with such spirits,  
Abuses<sup>7</sup> me to damn me: I'll have grounds  
More relative<sup>8</sup> than this. The play's the thing  
Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

[Exit.

## ACT III.

SCENE I. *Elsinore. A room in the castle.*

Enter KING, QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA,  
ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.

King. And can you, by no drift of circum-  
stance,<sup>4</sup>  
Get from him why he puts on this confusion,  
Grating so harshly all his days of quiet  
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

Ros. He does confess he feels himself dis-  
tracted;

But from what cause he will by no means speak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be  
sounded;

But, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,  
When we would bring him on to some con-  
fession 9  
Of his true state.

Queen. Did he receive you well?

Ros. Most like a gentleman.

Guil. But with much forcing of his disposi-  
tion.

Ros. Niggard of question, but of our demands  
Most free in his reply.

Queen. Did you assay him  
To any pastime?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain  
players

<sup>1</sup> Peak, mope.

<sup>2</sup> Defeat, destruction.

<sup>3</sup> Kindless, unnatural.

<sup>4</sup> Drift of circumstance, roundabout method.

<sup>5</sup> About, i.e. to work.

<sup>6</sup> Tent, probe.

<sup>7</sup> Abuses, deludes.

<sup>8</sup> Relative, i.e. to the purpose.

We o'er-raught<sup>1</sup> on the way: of these we told  
him,

And there did seem in him a kind of joy  
To hear of it: they are about the court,  
And, as I think, they have already order 20  
This night to play before him.

*Pol.* 'Tis most true:  
And he beseech'd me to entreat your majesties  
To hear and see the matter.

*King.* With all my heart; and it doth much  
content me

To hear him so inclin'd.  
Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,  
And drive his purpose on to these delights.

*Ros.* We shall, my lord.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*]

*King.* Sweet Gertrude, leave us too;  
For we have closely<sup>2</sup> sent for Hamlet hither,  
That he, as 't were by accident, may here 30  
Affront<sup>3</sup> Ophelia:

Her father and myself, lawful espials,  
Will so bestow ourselves that, seeing unseen,  
We may of their encounter frankly judge,  
And gather by him, as he is behav'd,  
If 't be the affliction of his love or no  
That thus he suffers for.

*Queen.* I shall obey you:  
And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish  
That your good beauties be the happy cause  
Of Hamlet's wildness: so shall I hope your  
virtues 40

Will bring him to his wonted way again,  
To both your honours.

*Oph.* Madam, I wish it may. [*Exit Queen.*]

*Pol.* Ophelia, walk you here. Gracious, so  
please you,

We will bestow ourselves. [*To Ophelia*] Read  
on this book;

That show of such an exercise may colour  
Your loneliness. We are oft to blame in this,—  
'Tis too much prov'd,—that with devotion's  
visage

And pious action we do sugar o'er  
The devil himself.

*King.* [*Aside*] O, 't is too true!  
How smart a lash that speech doth give my  
conscience! 50

<sup>1</sup> O'er-raught, overtook.

<sup>2</sup> Closely, secretly.

<sup>3</sup> Affront, confront.

The harlot's cheek, beautied with plastering  
art, 51

Is not more ugly to<sup>4</sup> the thing that helps it



*Ros.* He does confess he feels himself distracted;  
But from what cause he will by no means speak.  
—(Act iii. l. 5, 6.)

Than is my deed to my most painted word:  
O heavy burden!

*Pol.* I hear him coming: let's withdraw,  
my lord. [*Exeunt King and Polonius.*]

*Enter HAMLET.*

*Ham.* To be, or not to be, that is the question:  
Whether 't is nobler in the mind to suffer  
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,

<sup>4</sup> To, i.e. compared to.

Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
And by opposing end them: to die, to sleep;  
No more; and by a sleep to say we end 61  
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural  
shocks

That flesh is heir to? 'Tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;  
To sleep, perchance to dream: ay, there's the  
rub;

For in that sleep of death what dreams may  
come,

When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
Must give us pause: there's the respect<sup>1</sup>  
That makes calamity of so long life;

For who would bear the whips and scorns of  
time, 70

The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's con-  
tumely,

The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,  
The insolence of office, and the spurns

That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
When he himself might his quietus<sup>2</sup> make

With a bare bodkin?<sup>3</sup> who would fardels<sup>4</sup> bear,  
To grunt<sup>5</sup> and sweat under a weary life,

But that the dread of something after death,  
The undiscover'd country from whose bourn

No traveller returns, puzzles the will, 80  
And makes us rather bear those ills we have  
Than fly to others that we know not of?

Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,  
And thus the native hue of resolution

Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,  
And enterprises of great pith and moment

With this regard their currents turn awry  
And lose the name of action. Soft you now!

The fair Ophelia! Nymph, in thy orisons 89  
Be all my sins remember'd.

*Oph.* Good my lord,  
How does your honour for this many a day?

*Ham.* I humbly thank you; well, well, well.

*Oph.* My lord, I have remembrances of yours,  
That I have longed long to re-deliver;

I pray you, now receive them.  
*Ham.* No, not I;

I never gave you aught.  
*Oph.* My honour'd lord, you know right  
well you did;

And, with them, words of so sweet breath  
compos'd

As made the things more rich: their perfume  
lost,

Take these again; for to the noble mind 100  
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.  
There, my lord.

*Ham.* Ha, ha! are you honest?<sup>6</sup>

*Oph.* My lord?

*Ham.* Are you fair?

*Oph.* What means your lordship?

*Ham.* That if you be honest and fair, your  
honesty should admit no discourse to your  
beauty.

*Oph.* Could beauty, my lord, have better  
commerce than with honesty? 110

*Ham.* Ay, truly; for the power of beauty  
will sooner transform honesty from what it is

to a bawd than the force of honesty can trans-  
late beauty into his likeness: this was some-  
time a paradox, but now the time gives it  
proof. I did love you once.

*Oph.* Indeed, my lord, you made me be-  
lieve so.

*Ham.* You should not have believed me;  
for virtue cannot so inoculate our old stock  
but we shall relish of it: I loved you not.

*Oph.* I was the more deceived. 121

*Ham.* Get thee to a nunnery: why wouldst  
thou be a breeder of sinners? I am myself

indifferent<sup>7</sup> honest: but yet I could accuse me  
of such things, that it were better my mother

had not borne me: I am very proud, revenge-  
ful, ambitious; with more offences at my beck  
than I have thoughts to put them in, imagina-  
tion to give them shape, or time to act them in.

What should such fellows as I do crawling  
between heaven and earth? We are arrant

knaves, all; believe none of us. Go thy ways  
to a nunnery. Where's your father? 133

*Oph.* At home, my lord.

*Ham.* Let the doors be shut upon him, that  
he may play the fool no where but in's own  
house. Farewell.

*Oph.* O, help him, you sweet heavens!

*Ham.* If thou dost marry, I'll give thee  
this plague for thy dowry: be thou as chaste  
as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape

<sup>1</sup> *Respect*, consideration.

<sup>2</sup> *Quietus*, discharge.

<sup>4</sup> *Fardels*, burdens.

<sup>3</sup> *Bodkin*, dagger.

<sup>5</sup> *Grunt*, groan.

<sup>6</sup> *Honest*, i.e. virtuous.

<sup>7</sup> *Indifferent*, fairly.

calumny. Get thee to a nunnery, go: farewell. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool: for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go; and quickly too. Farewell. 146

*Oph.* O heavenly powers, restore him!

*Ham.* I have heard of your paintings too,

well enough; God has given you one face, and you make yourselves another: you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nickname God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to, I'll no more on't; it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages: those that are married already, all



*Oph.* Take these again; for to the noble mind  
Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.  
There, my lord.—(Act iii. 1. 100-102.)

but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. [Exit.]

*Oph.* O, what a noble mind is here o'er-thrown!

The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword;

The expectancy and rose of the fair state, 160  
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,  
The observ'd of all observers, quite, quite down!

And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,  
That suck'd the honey of his music vows,  
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,

Like sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh;  
That unmatch'd form and feature of blown youth

Blasted with ecstasy:<sup>1</sup> O, woe is me  
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!

*Re-enter KING and POLONIUS.*

*King.* Love! his affections do not that way  
tend; 170

Nor what he spake, though it lack'd form a  
little,

<sup>1</sup> *Ecstasy, madness.*

Was not like madness. There 's something in  
his soul, 172

O'er which his melancholy sits on brood,  
[And I do doubt the hatch and the disclose  
Will be some danger: which for to prevent,  
I have in quick determination  
Thus set it down:] he shall with speed to  
England,

For the demand of our neglected tribute:  
Haply the seas and countries different  
With variable objects shall expel 180  
This something-settled matter in his heart,  
Whereon his brains still beating puts him thus  
From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

*Pol.* It shall do well: but yet do I believe  
The origin and commencement of his grief  
Sprung from neglected love. How now,  
Ophelia!

You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said;  
We heard it all. My lord, do as you please;  
But, if you hold it fit, after the play, 189  
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him  
To show his grief: let her be round with him;  
And I'll be plac'd, so please you, in the ear  
Of all their conference. If she find<sup>1</sup> him not,  
To England send him, or confine him where  
Your wisdom best shall think.

*King.* It shall be so:  
Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. A hall in the same.*

*Enter HAMLET and several Players.*

*Ham.* Speak the speech, I pray you, as I  
pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue:  
but if you mouth it, as many of your players  
do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines.  
Nor do not saw the air too much with your  
hand, thus; but use all gently: for in the very  
torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, the whirl-  
wind of passion, you must acquire and beget  
a temperance that may give it smoothness.  
O, it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious  
periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters,  
to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings,  
who, for the most part, are capable of nothing  
but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise: I

would have such a fellow whipped for o'er-  
doing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray  
you, avoid it.

*First Play.* I warrant your honour. 17

*Ham.* Be not too tame neither, but let your  
own discretion be your tutor: suit the action  
to the word, the word to the action; with this  
special observance, that you o'erstep not the  
modesty of nature: for any thing so overdone  
is from<sup>2</sup> the purpose of playing, whose end,  
both at the first and now, was and is, to hold,  
as 't were, the mirror up to nature; to show  
virtue her own feature, scorn her own image,  
and the very age and body of the time his  
form and pressure.<sup>3</sup> Now, this overdone, or  
come tardy off, though it make the unskilful  
laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve;  
the censure<sup>4</sup> of the which one must, in your  
allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others.  
O, there be players that I have seen play, and  
heard others praise, and that highly, not to  
speak it profanely, that neither having the  
accent of Christians nor the gait of Christian,  
pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed,  
that I have thought some of nature's journey-  
men had made men, and not made them well,  
they imitated humanity so abominably.

*First Play.* I hope we have reformed that  
indifferently with us, sir. 41

*Ham.* O, reform it altogether. And let  
those that play your clowns speak no more  
than is set down for them: for there be of  
them that will themselves laugh, to set on  
some quantity of barren spectators to laugh  
too, though in the meantime some necessary  
question of the play be then to be considered:  
that's villanous, and shows a most pitiful  
ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make  
you ready. [*Exeunt Players.*]

[*Enter POLONIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDEN-  
STERN.*]

How now, my lord! will the king hear this  
piece of work?

*Pol.* And the queen too, and that presently.

*Ham.* Bid the players make haste. [*Exit  
Polonius.*] Will you two help to hasten them?

<sup>1</sup> Find, i.e. find out.

<sup>2</sup> From, apart from, contrary to.

<sup>3</sup> Pressure, impression, stamp.

<sup>4</sup> Censure, judgment.

*Ros. Guil.* We will, my lord.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*]

*Ham.* What ho! Horatio!

*Enter HORATIO.*

*Hor.* Here, sweet lord, at your service.

*Ham.* Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man  
As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.<sup>1</sup> 60

*Hor.* O, my dear lord,—

*Ham.* Nay, do not think I flatter;  
For what advancement may I hope from thee,  
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,  
To feed and clothe thee? Why should the  
poor be flatter'd?

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,  
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee  
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou  
hear?

Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,  
And could of men distinguish, her election  
Hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been  
As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;  
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards  
Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and bless'd are  
those 73

Whose blood and judgment are so well com-  
mingled

That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger  
To sound what stop she please. Give me that  
man

That is not passion's slave, and I will wear  
him

In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,  
As I do thee.—Something too much of this.—

There is a play to-night before the king; 80  
One scene of it comes near the circumstance  
Which I have told thee of my father's death:

I prithee, when thou seest that act a-foot,  
Even with the very comment of thy soul

Observe my uncle: if his occulted<sup>2</sup> guilt  
Do not itself unkennel in one speech,

It is a damned ghost that we have seen;  
And my imaginations are as foul

As Vulcan's stithy.<sup>3</sup> Give him heedful note:  
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face, 90

And after we will both our judgments join  
In censure<sup>4</sup> of his seeming.

*Hor.*

Well, my lord.

If he steal aught the whilst this play is playing,  
And 'scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

*Ham.* They're coming to the play; I must  
be idle:<sup>5</sup>

Get you a place.



*Ham.* Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man  
As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.—(Act iii. 2. 59, 60.)

*Danish march. A flourish. Enter KING, QUEEN,  
POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, GUIL-  
DENSTERN, and others.*

*King.* How fares our cousin Hamlet?

*Ham.* Excellent, i' faith; of the chameleon's  
dish: I eat the air, promise-crammed: you  
cannot feed capons so. 100

<sup>1</sup> *Cop'd withal*, encountered with.

<sup>2</sup> *Occulted*, concealed.

<sup>3</sup> *Stithy*, i.e. forge.

<sup>4</sup> *Censure*, judgment.

<sup>5</sup> *Idle*, crazy.

*King.* I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet; these words are not mine. 102

*Ham.* No, nor mine now. [*To Polonius*] My lord, you played i' the university, you say?

*Pol.* That did I, my lord; and was accounted a good actor.

*Ham.* And what did you enact?

*Pol.* I did enact Julius Cæsar; I was killed i' the Capitol; Brutus killed me. 109

*Ham.* It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there. Be the players ready?

*Ros.* Ay, my lord; they stay upon your patience.

*Queen.* Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

*Ham.* No, good mother; here's metal more attractive.

*Pol.* [*To the King*] O, ho! do you mark that?

*Ham.* Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

[*Lying down at Ophelia's feet.*]

[*Oph.* No, my lord. 120

*Ham.* I mean, my head upon your lap?

*Oph.* Ay, my lord.

*Ham.* Do you think I meant country matters?

*Oph.* I think nothing, my lord.

*Ham.* That's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs.

*Oph.* What is, my lord?

*Ham.* Nothing.]

*Oph.* You are merry, my lord.

*Ham.* Who, I? 130

*Oph.* Ay, my lord.

*Ham.* O God, your only jig-maker. What should a man do but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within's two hours.

*Oph.* Nay, 't is twice two months, my lord.

*Ham.* So long? Nay, then, let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables. O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet? Then there's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year: but, by'r lady, he must build churches, then; [or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse, whose epitaph is, "For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot."] 145

*Hautboys play. The dumb-show enters.*

*Enter a KING and a QUEEN very lovingly; the QUEEN embracing him, and he her. She kneels, and makes*

*show of protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck: lays him down upon a bank of flowers: she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the KING's ears, and exit. The QUEEN returns; finds the KING dead, and makes passionate action. The Poisoner, with some two or three Mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The Poisoner wooes the QUEEN with gifts: she seems loth and unwilling awhile, but in the end accepts his love.*

[*Exeunt.*]

*Oph.* What means this, my lord?

*Ham.* Marry, this is miching mallecho; it means mischief.

*Oph.* Belike this show imports the argument of the play. 150

*Enter Prologue.*

*Ham.* We shall know by this fellow: [the players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all.

*Oph.* Will he tell us what this show meant?

*Ham.* Ay, or any show that you'll show him: be not you ashamed to show, he'll not shame to tell you what it means.

*Oph.* You are naught, you are naught: I'll mark the play.]

*Pro.* For us, and for our tragedy,  
Here stooping to your clemency, 160  
We beg your hearing patiently. [*Exit.*]

*Ham.* Is this a prologue, or the posy<sup>1</sup> of a ring?

*Oph.* 'T is brief, my lord.

*Ham.* As woman's love.

*Enter a KING and a QUEEN.*

*P. King.* Full thirty times hath Phoebus' cart<sup>2</sup> gone round

Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' orb'd ground,  
And thirty dozen moons with borrow'd sheen  
About the world have times twelve thirties been,  
Since love our hearts and Hymen did our hands  
Unite commutual in most sacred bands. 170

*P. Queen.* So many journeys may the sun and moon

Make us again count o'er ere love be done!  
But, woe is me, you are so sick of late,  
So far from cheer and from your former state,  
That I distrust you. Yet, though I distrust,  
Discomfort you, my lord, it nothing must:  
[For women's fear and love hold quantity;  
In neither aught, or in extremity.]

<sup>1</sup> *Posy*, i.e. a rhymed motto.

<sup>2</sup> *Cart*, chariot.



{ Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know;  
{ And as my love is siz'd, my fear is so: 180  
{ Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;  
{ Where little fears grow great, great love grows there. }

*P. King.* Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too;

My operant powers their functions leave<sup>1</sup> to do:  
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,  
Honour'd, belov'd; and haply one as kind  
For husband shalt thou—

*P. Queen.* O, confound the rest!  
Such love must needs be treason in my breast:  
In second husband let me be accurst!  
None wed the second but who kill'd the first. 190

*Ham.* [*Aside*] Wormwood, wormwood.

{ *[P. Queen.* The instances<sup>2</sup> that second marriage  
move

Are base respects<sup>3</sup> of thrift, but none of love:  
A second time I kill my husband dead

When second husband kisses me in bed. }

*P. King.* I do believe you think what now you speak;

But what we do determine oft we break.

{ [Purpose is but the slave to memory;

{ Of violent birth, but poor validity:<sup>4</sup>  
Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree, 200

But fall unshaken when they mellow be.

Most necessary 't is that we forget

{ To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt: }

What to ourselves in passion we propose,

The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.

{ [The violence of either grief or joy

{ Their own enactures with themselves destroy:

Where joy most revels, grief doth most lament;

Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.

This world is not for aye, nor 't is not strange 210

That even our loves should with our fortunes change;

For 't is a question left us yet to prove,

Whether<sup>5</sup> love lead fortune, or else fortune love.

The great man down, you mark his favourite flies;

The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies.

And hitherto doth love on fortune tend:

For who not needs shall never lack a friend;

And who in want a hollow friend doth try.

Directly seasons<sup>6</sup> him his enemy.

But, orderly to end where I begun, 220

Our wills and fates do so contrary run,

That our devices still are overthrown;

Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own: }

So think thou wilt no second husband wed;

But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead.

*P. Queen.* Nor earth to me give food nor heaven light!

Sport and repose lock from me day and night!

{ [To desperation turn my trust and hope!

{ An anchor's<sup>7</sup> cheer in prison be my scope!

{ Each opposite,<sup>8</sup> that blanks<sup>9</sup> the face of joy, 230

{ Meet what I would have well, and it destroy! }

Both here and hence pursue me lasting strife,

If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

*Ham.* If she should break it now!

*P. King.* 'T is deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here awhile;

My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile  
The tedious day with sleep. [*Sleeps.*

*P. Queen.* Sleep rock thy brain;  
And never come mischance between us twain! [*Exit.*

*Ham.* Madam, how like you this play?

*Queen.* The lady doth protest too much,  
methinks. 240

*Ham.* O, but she'll keep her word.

*King.* Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in't?

*Ham.* No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest; no offence i' the world.

*King.* What do you call the play?

*Ham.* The Mouse-trap. Marry, how? Tropically. This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the duke's name; his wife, Baptista: you shall see anon; 't is a knavish piece of work: but what o' that? your majesty, and we that have free souls, it touches us not: let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung. 253

*Enter* LUCIANUS.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.

*Oph.* You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

*Ham.* I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.

{ [*Oph.* You are keen, my lord, you are keen. }

*Ham.* It would cost you a groaning to take off my edge. 260

*Oph.* Still better, and worse.

*Ham.* So you must take your husbands. ]  
Begin, murderer; [pox.] leave thy damnable faces, and begin. Come: "the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge."

*Luc.* Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;  
Confederate season, else no creature seeing;  
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,

<sup>1</sup> Leave, leave off, cease.      <sup>2</sup> Instances, inducements.

<sup>3</sup> Respects, considerations.      <sup>4</sup> Validity, efficacy.

<sup>5</sup> Whether, pronounced (as it was often written) *wh'er*.

<sup>6</sup> Seasons, i.e. brings to maturity in his true character.

<sup>7</sup> Anchor's, i.e. anchorite's, hermit's.

<sup>8</sup> Opposite, obstacle.

<sup>9</sup> Blanks, blanches, pales.

With Hecate's<sup>1</sup> ban thrice blasted, thrice infected,  
Thy natural magic and dire property 270  
On wholesome life usurp immediately.

[*Pours the poison into the sleeper's ears.*]

*Ham.* He poisons him i' the garden for his  
estate. His name's Gonzago: the story is  
extant, and writ in choice Italian: you shall  
see anon how the murderer gets the love of  
Gonzago's wife.

*Oph.* The king rises.

*Ham.* What, frighted with false fire!

*Queen.* How fares my lord?

*Pol.* Give o'er the play.

*King.* Give me some light: away! 280

*All.* Lights, lights, lights!

[*Exeunt all except Hamlet and Horatio.*]

*Ham.* Why, let the stricken deer go weep,  
The hart ungalled play;

For some must watch, while some  
must sleep:

So runs the world away.

[*Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers,  
—if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with  
me,—with two Provincial roses on my razed  
shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry<sup>2</sup> of players,  
sir?*]

*Hor.* Half a share. 290

*Ham.* A whole one, I.]

For thou dost know, O Damon dear,  
This realm dismantled was

Of Jove himself; and now reigns here  
A very, very—pajock.

*Hor.* You might have rhymed.

*Ham.* O good Horatio, I'll take the ghost's  
word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive?

*Hor.* Very well, my lord.

*Ham.* Upon the talk of the poisoning? 300

*Hor.* I did very well note him.

*Ham.* Ah, ha! Come, some music! come,  
the recorders!<sup>3</sup>

For if the king like not the comedy,

Why, then, belike, he likes it not, perdy.

Come, some music!

*Re-enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*

*Guil.* Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word  
with you.

*Ham.* Sir, a whole history.

*Guil.* The king, sir,— 310

*Ham.* Ay, sir, what of him?

*Guil.* Is, in his retirement, marvellous dis-  
tempered.<sup>4</sup>

*Ham.* With drink, sir?

*Guil.* No, my lord, rather with choler.

*Ham.* Your wisdom should show itself more  
richer to signify this to his doctor; for, for me  
to put him to his purgation<sup>5</sup> would perhaps  
plunge him into far more choler. 319

*Guil.* Good my lord, put your discourse into  
some frame, and start not so wildly from my  
affair.

*Ham.* I am tame, sir: pronounce.

*Guil.* The queen, your mother, in most great  
affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

*Ham.* You are welcome.

*Guil.* Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is  
not of the right breed. If it shall please you  
to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your  
mother's commandment: if not, your pardon,<sup>6</sup>  
and my return shall be the end of my busi-  
ness. 320

*Ham.* Sir, I cannot.

*Guil.* What, my lord?

*Ham.* Make you a wholesome answer; my  
wit's diseased: but, sir, such answer as I can  
make, you shall command; or, rather, as you  
say, my mother: therefore no more, but to the  
matter: my mother, you say,—

*Ros.* Then thus she says; your behaviour  
hath struck her into amazement and admira-  
tion.<sup>7</sup> 329

*Ham.* O wonderful son, that can so aston-  
ish a mother! But is there no sequel at the  
heels of this mother's admiration? impart.

*Ros.* She desires to speak with you in her  
closet, ere you go to bed.

*Ham.* We shall obey, were she ten times  
our mother. Have you any further trade<sup>8</sup>  
with us?

*Ros.* My lord, you once did love me.

*Ham.* So I do still, by these pickers and  
stealers. 340

<sup>4</sup> *Distempered*, discomposed (used also of bodily disorder).

<sup>5</sup> *Purgation*, a play upon the legal and medical senses of the word.

<sup>6</sup> *Your pardon*, i.e. your leave to go.

<sup>7</sup> *Amazement and admiration*, i.e. surprise and wonder.

<sup>8</sup> *Trade*, business.

<sup>1</sup> *Hecate*, pronounced Hecat.

<sup>2</sup> *Cry*, company (from a *cry* of hounds).

<sup>3</sup> *Recorders*, musical instruments.

*Ros.* Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do surely bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

*Ham.* Sir, I lack advancement.

*Ros.* How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark?

*Ham.* Ay, sir, but "While the grass grows,"<sup>1</sup>  
—the proverb is something musty. 359

*Re-enter Players with recorders.*

O, the recorders! let me see one. To withdraw with you:—why do you go about to recover the wind of me,<sup>2</sup> as if you would drive me into a toil?

*Guil.* O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

*Ham.* I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

*Guil.* My lord, I cannot.

*Ham.* I pray you.

*Guil.* Believe me, I cannot.

*Ham.* I do beseech you. 370

*Guil.* I know no touch of it, my lord.

*Ham.* It is as easy as lying: govern these ventages<sup>3</sup> with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

*Guil.* But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill. 378

*Ham.* Why look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass; and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret<sup>4</sup> me, you cannot play upon me.

<sup>1</sup> "While the grass grows the steed starves."

<sup>2</sup> To recover the wind of me, i.e., in hunting, to get to windward of the game, that it may be driven into the toil without scenting it.

<sup>3</sup> These ventages, the stops.

<sup>4</sup> Fret, a quibble; the frets are the stops of an instrument.

*Enter POLONIUS.*

God bless you, sir!

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*Pol.* My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.

*Ham.* Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?

*Pol.* By the mass, and 't is like a camel, indeed.

*Ham.* Methinks it is like a weasel.

*Pol.* It is backed like a weasel.

*Ham.* Or like a whale?

*Pol.* Very like a whale. 399

*Ham.* Then will I come to my mother by and by. They fool me to the top of my bent.<sup>5</sup> I will come by and by.<sup>6</sup>

*Pol.* I will say so.

*Ham.* By and by is easily said. [*Exit Polonius.*—Leave me, friends.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, Horatio, and Players.*

'T is now the very witching time of night,  
When churchyards yawn, and hell itself  
breathes out

Contagion to this world: now could I drink  
hot blood,

And do such bitter business as the day

Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my  
mother. 410

O heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever

The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:

Let me be cruel, not unnatural:

I will speak daggers to her, but use none;

[My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites;

How in my words soever she be shent,<sup>7</sup>

To give them seals<sup>8</sup> never, my soul, consent!]

[*Exit.*

SCENE III. A room in the same.

*Enter KING, ROSENCRANTZ, and GUILDENSTERN.*

*King.* I like him not, nor stands it safe  
with us

To let his madness range. Therefore prepare  
you;

I your commission will forthwith dispatch,

<sup>5</sup> Bent, tension, as of a bent bow.

<sup>6</sup> By and by, immediately.

<sup>7</sup> Shent, confounded, put to shame.

<sup>8</sup> To give them seals, i.e. to put them in execution.

And he to England shall along with you:  
 [The terms of our estate may not endure  
 Hazard so near us as doth hourly grow  
 Out of his lunacies.

*Guil.* We will ourselves provide:  
 Most holy and religious fear it is  
 To keep those many many bodies safe  
 That live and feed upon your majesty. 10

*Ros.* The single and peculiar life is bound,  
 With all the strength and armour of the mind  
 To keep itself from noyance;<sup>1</sup> but much more  
 That spirit upon whose weal depends and  
 rests\*

The lives of many. The cease<sup>2</sup> of majesty  
 Dies not alone; but, like a gulf, doth draw  
 What's near it with it; it is a massy wheel,



*Ham.* Now might I do it pat, now he is praying.—(Act iii. 3. 73.)

Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,  
 To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser  
 things 19  
 Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,  
 Each small annexment, petty consequence,  
 Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone  
 Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.]

*King.* Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy  
 voyage;

For we will fetters put upon this fear,  
 Which now goes too free-footed.

*Ros. Guil.* We will haste us.

[*Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.*

*Enter* POLONIUS.

*Pol.* My lord, he's going to his mother's  
 closet:

Behind the arras I'll convey myself,  
 To hear the process; I'll warrant she'll tax  
 him home: 29

And, as you said, and wisely was it said,  
 'Tis meet that some more audience than a  
 mother,

Since nature makes them partial, should o'er-  
 hear

<sup>1</sup> *Noyance*, injury.

<sup>2</sup> *Cease*, extinction.

The speech, of vantage.<sup>1</sup> Fare you well, my liege: 33

I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,  
And tell you what I know.

King. Thanks, dear my lord.  
[Exit Polonius.]

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;  
It hath the primal eldest curse upon 't,  
A brother's murder! Pray can I not,  
Though inclination be as sharp as will: 39  
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent,  
And, like a man to double business bound,  
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,  
And both neglect. What if this cursed hand  
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,  
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens  
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves  
mercy

But to confront the visage of offence?  
And what's in prayer but this twofold force,  
To be forestalled ere we come to fall, 49  
Or pardon'd being down? Then I'll look up;  
My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer  
Can serve my turn? "Forgive me my foul  
murder?"

That cannot be, since I am still possess'd  
Of those effects for which I did the murder,  
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.  
May one be pardon'd, and retain the offence?  
In the corrupted currents of this world  
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;  
And oft 't is seen the wicked prize itself  
Buys out the law: but 't is not so above; 60  
There is no shuffling, there the action lies  
In his true nature; and we ourselves compell'd,  
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,  
To give in evidence. What then? what rests?<sup>2</sup>  
Try what repentance can: what can it not?  
Yet what can it when one can not repent?  
O wretched state! O bosom black as death!  
O limed<sup>3</sup> soul, that struggling to be free  
Art more engag'd.<sup>4</sup> Help, angels! Make  
assay!  
Bow, stubborn knees; and, heart with strings  
of steel, 70  
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!  
All may be well. [Retires and kneels.]

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is  
praying;  
And now I'll do 't: and so he goes to heaven;  
And so am I reveng'd. That would<sup>5</sup> be scann'd:  
A villain kills my father; and, for that,  
I, his sole son, do this same villain send  
To heaven.

O, this is hire and salary, not revenge.  
He took my father grossly, full of bread, 80  
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush<sup>6</sup> as  
May;

And how his audit stands who knows save  
heaven?

But, in our circumstance and course of thought,  
'Tis heavy with him: and am I, then, reveng'd,  
To take him in the purging of his soul,  
When he is fit and season'd for his passage?  
No.

Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid  
hent:

When he is drunk asleep, or in his rage,  
[Or in the incestuous pleasure of his bed;] 90  
At gaming, swearing, or about some act  
That has no relish of salvation in't;  
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at  
heaven,

And that his soul may be as damn'd and black  
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays:  
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days.

[Exit.]

[The King rises and advances.]

King. My words fly up, my thoughts remain  
below:

Words without thoughts never to heaven go.  
[Exit.]

SCENE IV. Another room in the same.

Enter QUEEN and POLONIUS.

Pol. He will come straight. Look you lay  
home to him:  
Tell him his pranks have been too broad<sup>7</sup> to  
bear with,  
And that your grace hath screen'd and stood  
between

<sup>1</sup> *Of vantage*, i.e. from a point of vantage.

<sup>2</sup> *Rests*, remains. <sup>3</sup> *Limed*, caught with bird-lime.

<sup>4</sup> *Engag'd*, entangled.

<sup>5</sup> *Would*, i.e. requires to.

<sup>6</sup> *Flush*, full of vigour.

<sup>7</sup> *Broad*, unrestrained.

Much heat and him. I'll sconce me even here.  
Pray you, be round with him.

*Ham.* [Within] Mother, mother, mother!

*Queen.* I'll warrant you;

Fear me not: withdraw, I hear him coming.

[*Polonius goes behind the arras.*]

*Enter HAMLET.*

*Ham.* Now, mother, what's the matter?

*Queen.* Hamlet, thou hast thy father much  
offended. 10

*Ham.* Mother, you have my father much  
offended.

*Queen.* Come, come, you answer with an  
idle tongue.

*Ham.* Go, go, you question with a wicked  
tongue.

*Queen.* Why, how now, Hamlet!

*Ham.* What's the matter now?

*Queen.* Have you forgot me?

*Ham.* No, by the rood, not so:  
You are the queen, your husband's brother's  
wife;

And—would it were not so!—you are my  
mother.

*Queen.* Nay, then, I'll set those to you that  
can speak.

*Ham.* Come, come, and sit you down; you  
shall not budge;

You go not till I set you up a glass 19

Where you may see the inmost part of you.

*Queen.* What wilt thou do? thou wilt not  
murder me? Help, help, ho!

*Pol.* [Behind] What, ho! help, help, help!

*Ham.* [Drawing] How now! a rat? Dead,  
for a ducat, dead!

[*Makes a pass through the arras.*]

*Pol.* [Behind] O, I am slain!

[*Falls and dies.*]

*Queen.* O me, what hast thou done?

*Ham.* Nay, I know not:  
Is it the king?

*Queen.* O, what a rash and bloody deed is  
this!

*Ham.* A bloody deed! almost as bad, good  
mother, 28

As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

*Queen.* As kill a king!

*Ham.* Ay, lady, 't was my word.

[*Lifts up the arras, and sees Polonius.*]

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Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!  
I took thee for thy better: take thy fortune;  
Thou find'st to be too busy in some danger.  
Leave wringing of your hands: peace! sit you  
down,

And let me wring your heart: for so I shall,  
If it be made of penetrable stuff;  
If damned custom have not braz'd it so,  
That it is proof and bulwark against sense.<sup>1</sup>

*Queen.* What have I done, that thou dar'st  
wag thy tongue

In noise so rude against me?

*Ham.* Such an act 40  
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,  
Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose  
From the fair forehead of an innocent love  
And sets a blister there, makes marriage-vows  
As false as dicers' oaths: O, such a deed  
As from the body of contraction<sup>2</sup> plucks  
The very soul, and sweet religion makes  
A rhapsody of words: heaven's face doth glow;  
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,  
With tristful visage, as against the doom, 50  
Is thought-sick<sup>3</sup> at the act.

*Queen.* Ay me, what act,  
That roars so loud, and thunders in the index?

*Ham.* Look here, upon this picture, and on  
this,

The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.  
See, what a grace was seated on this brow;  
Hyperion's curls; the front of Jove himself;  
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;  
A station<sup>4</sup> like the herald Mercury  
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;  
A combination and a form indeed, 60  
Where every god did seem to set his seal,  
To give the world assurance of a man:  
This was your husband. Look you now, what  
follows:

Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear,  
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you  
eyes?

Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,  
And batten<sup>5</sup> on this moor? Ha! have you  
eyes?

<sup>1</sup> Sense, feeling.

<sup>2</sup> Contraction, i.e. marriage contract.

<sup>3</sup> Thought-sick, sick with anxiety.

<sup>4</sup> Station, attitude in standing.

<sup>5</sup> Batten, grow fat.

You cannot call it love; for at your age  
 The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,  
 And waits upon the judgment: and what  
 judgment 70  
 Would step from this to this? [Sense, sure,  
 you have,  
 Else could you not have motion:<sup>1</sup> but sure  
 that sense

Is apoplex'd: for madness would not err,  
 Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd  
 But it reserv'd some quantity<sup>2</sup> of choice,  
 To serve in such a difference. What devil was't  
 That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind?<sup>3</sup>  
 Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,  
 Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans<sup>4</sup> all,  
 Or but a sickly part of one true sense 80



*Ham.* Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!  
 I took thee for thy better.—(Act iii. 4. 31, 32.)

Could not so mope.]

O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,  
 If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,  
 To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,  
 And melt in her own fire: proclaim no shame  
 When the compulsive ardour gives the charge,  
 Since frost itself as actively doth burn,  
 And reason panders will.

*Queen.* O Hamlet, speak no more:  
 Thou turn'st mine eyes into ay very soul;  
 And there I see such black and grained<sup>5</sup> spots  
 As will not leave their tinct.

[*Ham.*

Nay, but to live  
 In the rank sweat of an enseamed<sup>6</sup> bed, 92  
 Stew'd in corruption, honeying and making  
 love  
 Over the nasty sty,—]

*Queen.* O, speak to me no more;  
 These words, like daggers, enter in mine ears;  
 No more, sweet Hamlet!

*Ham.* A murderer and a villain;  
 A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe  
 Of your precedent<sup>7</sup> lord; a vice of kings;<sup>8</sup>  
 A cutpurse of the empire and the rule,

<sup>1</sup> Motion, emotion.

<sup>2</sup> Quantity, portion.

<sup>3</sup> Hoodman-blind, blindman's-buff.

<sup>4</sup> Sans, without.

<sup>5</sup> Grained, dyed in grain.

<sup>6</sup> Enseamed, defiled.

<sup>7</sup> Precedent, former.

<sup>8</sup> A vice of kings, i.e. a buffoon king.

That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,  
And put it in his pocket!

*Queen.* No more! 101

*Ham.* A king of shreds and patches,—

*Enter GHOST.*

Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,  
You heavenly guards! What would your  
gracious figure?

*Queen.* Alas, he's mad!

*Ham.* Do you not come your tardy son to  
chide,

That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by  
The important<sup>1</sup> acting of your dread command?  
O, say!

*Ghost.* Do not forget: this visitation 110  
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.  
But, look, amazement on thy mother sits:  
O, step between her and her fighting soul:  
Conceit<sup>2</sup> in weakest bodies strongest works:  
Speak to her, Hamlet.

*Ham.* How is it with you, lady?

*Queen.* Alas, how is't with you,  
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,  
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse?  
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;  
[And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,  
Your bedded<sup>3</sup> hair, like life in excrements,  
Starts up, and stands on end.] O gentle son,  
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper  
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

*Ham.* On him, on him! Look you, how pale  
he glares!

His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to  
stones,  
Would make them capable.<sup>4</sup> Do not look  
upon me;

Lest with this piteous action you convert  
My stern effects: then what I have to do  
Will want true colour; tears per chance for  
blood. 130

*Queen.* To whom do you speak this?

*Ham.* Do you see nothing there?

*Queen.* Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.

*Ham.* Nor did you nothing hear?

*Queen.* No, nothing but ourselves.

*Ham.* Why, look you there! look, how it  
steals away!

My father, in his habit as he liv'd!

Look, where he goes, even now, out at the  
portal! [*Exit Ghost.*]

*Queen.* This is the very coinage of your brain:  
This bodiless creation ecstasy<sup>5</sup>  
Is very cunning in.

*Ham.* Ecstasy!

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep  
time, 140

And makes as healthful music: 'tis not mad-  
ness

That I have utter'd: bring me to the test,  
And I the matter will re-word; which madness  
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,  
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,  
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks:  
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,  
Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,  
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;  
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come;  
[And do not spread the compost<sup>6</sup> on the weeds,  
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my  
virtue; 152]

For in the fatness of these pursy times  
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,  
Yea, curb<sup>7</sup> and woo for leave to do him good.]

*Queen.* O Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart  
in twain.

*Ham.* O, throw away the worser part of it,  
And live the purer with the other half.  
Good night: but go not to my uncle's bed;  
Assume a virtue, if you have it not. 160

[That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,  
Of habits devil, is angel yet in this,  
That to the use of actions fair and good  
He likewise gives a frock or livery,  
That aptly is put on. Refrain to-night,  
And that shall lend a kind of easiness  
To the next abstinence: the next more easy;  
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,  
And either lay the devil, or throw him out  
With wondrous potency. Once more, good  
night:] 170

And when you are desirous to be bless'd,  
I'll blessing beg of you. For this same lord,

[*Pointing to Polonius.*]

I do repent: but heaven hath pleas'd it so,

<sup>1</sup> Important, urgent.

<sup>2</sup> Conceit, imagination.

<sup>3</sup> Bedded, matted.

<sup>4</sup> Capable, susceptible.

<sup>5</sup> Ecstasy, madness.

<sup>6</sup> Compost, manure.

<sup>7</sup> Curb (Fr. *courber*), bow.



To punish me with this, and this with me,  
That I must be their scourge and minister.  
I will bestow him, and will answer well 176  
The death I gave him. So, again, good night.  
I must be cruel, only to be kind:  
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.  
[One word more, good lady.

*Queen.*

What shall I do?

*Ham.* Not this, by no means, that I bid  
you do: 181

Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed;  
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his  
mouse;<sup>1</sup>

And let him, for a pair of reechy<sup>2</sup> kisses,



*Ham.* Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,  
You heavenly guards! What would your gracious figure?—(Act iii 4. 103, 104.)

Or paddling in your neck with his damn'd  
fingers,

Make you to ravel all this matter out,  
That I essentially am not in madness,  
But mad in craft. 'T were good you let him  
know;

For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,  
Would from a paddock,<sup>3</sup> from a bat, a gib,<sup>4</sup>  
Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?  
No, in despite of sense and secrecy, 192  
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,

Let the birds fly, and, like the famous ape,  
To try conclusions,<sup>5</sup> in the basket creep,  
And break your own neck down.

*Queen.* Be thou assur'd, if words be made  
of breath,

And breath of life, I have no life to breathe  
What thou hast said to me.

*Ham.* I must to England; you know that?

*Queen.* Alack,

I had forgot: 't is so concluded on. 201

*Ham.* There's letters seal'd: and my two  
schoolfellows,

<sup>1</sup> *Mouse*, a term of endearment.

<sup>2</sup> *Reechy*, dirty.

<sup>3</sup> *Paddock*, toad.

<sup>4</sup> *Gib*, tomcat.

<sup>5</sup> *Conclusions*, experiments.

Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd,  
 They bear the mandate; they must sweep my  
 way,  
 And marshal me to knavery. Let it work;  
 For 'tis the sport to have the engineer  
 Hoist with his own petar:<sup>1</sup> and 't shall go hard  
 But I will delve one yard below their mines,  
 And blow them at the moon: O, 't is most  
 sweet

When in one line two crafts directly meet.<sup>2</sup> 211  
 This man shall set me packing:  
 I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room.  
 Mother, good night. Indeed this counsellor  
 Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,  
 Who was in life a foolish prating knave.  
 Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you.  
 Good night, mother.]  
*[Exeunt severally; Hamlet dragging in Polonius.]*

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Elsinore. A room in the castle.*

*Enter KING, QUEEN, ROSENCRANTZ, and  
 GUILDENSTERN.*

*King.* There's matter in these sighs, these  
 profound heaves:  
 You must translate: 't is fit we understand  
 them.

Where is your son?

*Queen.* Bestow this place on us a little while.

*[To Rosencrantz and Guildenstern,  
 who exeunt.]*

Ah, my good lord, what have I seen to-night?

*King.* What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

*Queen.* Mad as the sea and wind, when both  
 contend

Which is the mightier: in his lawless fit,  
 Behind the arras hearing something stir,  
 Whips out his rapier, cries "A rat, a rat!"  
 And, in this brainish<sup>3</sup> apprehension, kills 11  
 The unseen good old man,

*King.* O heavy deed!

It had been so with us, had we been there:  
 His liberty is full of threats to all,  
 To you yourself, to us, to every one.  
 Alas, how shall this bloody deed be answer'd?  
 It will be laid to us, whose providence  
 Should have kept short,<sup>4</sup> restrain'd and out of  
 haunt,

This mad young man: but so much was our  
 love,

We would not understand what was most fit,  
 But, like the owner of a foul disease, 21

To keep it from divulging, let it feed 22  
 Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?  
*Queen.* To draw apart the body he hath  
 kill'd:

O'er whom his very madness, like some ore<sup>5</sup>  
 Among a mineral<sup>6</sup> of metals base,  
 Shows itself pure; he weeps for what is done.

*King.* O Gertrude, come away!  
 The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch,  
 But we will ship him hence: and this vile deed  
 We must, with all our majesty and skill, 31  
 Both countenance and excuse. Ho, Guilden-  
 stern!

*Re-enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*

Friends both, go join you with some further  
 aid:

Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,  
 And from his mother's closet hath he dragg'd  
 him:

Go seek him out; speak fair, and bring the body  
 Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.

*[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.]*  
 Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends;  
 And let them know, both what we mean to do,  
 And what's untimely done: so, haply, slander—  
 Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter, 41  
 As level as the cannon to his blank,<sup>7</sup>  
 Transports his poison'd shot—may miss our  
 name,

And hit the woundless air. O, come away!  
 My soul is full of discord and dismay.

*[Exeunt.]*

<sup>1</sup> *Petar*, petard.

<sup>2</sup> *Packing*, plotting (as well as in its present sense).

<sup>3</sup> *Brainish*, brainsick. <sup>4</sup> *Kept short*, under control.

<sup>5</sup> *Ore*, probably = gold.

<sup>6</sup> *Mineral*, lode.

<sup>7</sup> *Blank*, mark.

SCENE II. *The same. Another room in the same.*

*Enter HAMLET.*

*Ham.* Safely stowed.

*Ros. Guil.* [Within] Hamlet! Lord Hamlet!

*Ham.* But soft, what noise? who calls on Hamlet? O, here they come.

*Enter ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN.*

*Ros.* What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?

*Ham.* Compounded it with dust, whereto 't is kin.

*Ros.* Tell us where 't is, that we may take it thence,  
And bear it to the chapel.

*Ham.* Do not believe it.

*Ros.* Believe what? 10

*Ham.* That I can keep your counsel, and not mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a sponge! what replication should be made by the son of a king?

*Ros.* Take you me for a sponge, my lord?

*Ham.* Ay, sir; that soaks up the king's countenance,<sup>1</sup> his rewards, his authorities. But such officers do the king best service in the end: he keeps them, like an ape doth nuts, in the corner of his jaw; first mouthed, to be last swallowed: when he needs what you have gleaned, it is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you shall be dry again. 23

*Ros.* I understand you not, my lord.

*Ham.* I am glad of it: a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear.

*Ros.* My lord, you must tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.

*Ham.* The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing— 30

*Guil.* A thing, my lord?

*Ham.* Of nothing: bring me to him. Hide fox, and all after. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *The same. Another room in the same.*

*Enter KING, attended.*

*King.* I have sent to seek him, and to find the body.

How dangerous is it that this man goes loose! Yet must not we put the strong law on him: He's lov'd of the distracted multitude, Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes;



Queen. Behind the arras hearing something stir,  
Whips out his rapier, cries "A rat, a rat!"  
And, in this brainish apprehension, kills  
The unseen good old man.—(Act iv. 1. 9-12.)

And where 't is so, the offender's scourge is weigh'd,  
But never the offence. To bear all smooth and even,  
This sudden sending him away must seem  
Deliberate pause: diseases desperate grown  
By desperate appliance are reliev'd, 10  
Or not at all.

*Enter ROSENCRANTZ.*

How now! what hath befall'n?

*Ros.* Where the dead body is bestow'd, my lord,  
We cannot get from him.

<sup>1</sup> Countenance, favour.

*King.* But where is he?  
*Ros.* Without, my lord; guarded, to know  
 your pleasure.  
*King.* Bring him before us.  
*Ros.* Ho, Guildenstern! bring in my lord.

*Enter HAMLET and GUILDENSTERN.*

*King.* Now, Hamlet, where 's Polonius?  
*Ham.* At supper.  
*King.* At supper! where? 19  
*Ham.* Not where he eats, but where he is  
 eaten: a certain convocation of politic worms  
 are e'en at him. Your worm is your only  
 emperor for diet: we fat all creatures else to  
 fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots: your  
 fat king and your lean beggar is but variable  
 service,—two dishes, but to one table: that's  
 the end.

*King.* Alas, alas!

*Ham.* A man may fish with the worm that  
 hath eat of a king, and eat of the fish that  
 hath fed of that worm. 30

*King.* What dost thou mean by this?

*Ham.* Nothing but to show you how a king  
 may go a progress through the guts of a  
 beggar.

*King.* Where is Polonius?

*Ham.* In heaven; 'send thither to see: if  
 your messenger find him not there, seek him  
 i' the other place yourself. But, indeed, if you  
 find him not within this month, you shall nose  
 him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

*King.* Go seek him there. 40

*[To some Attendants.]*

*Ham.* He will stay till ye come.

*[Exeunt Attendants.]*

*King.* Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial  
 safety,—  
 Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve  
 For that which thou hast done,—must send  
 thee hence  
 With fiery quickness: therefore prepare thyself;  
 The bark is ready, and the wind at help,  
 The associates tend,<sup>1</sup> and everything is bent  
 For England.

*Ham.* For England!

*King.* Ay, Hamlet.

*Ham.* Good.

*King.* So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.  
*Ham.* I see a cherub that sees them. But,  
 come; for England! Farewell, dear mother.

*King.* Thy loving father, Hamlet. 52

*Ham.* My mother: father and mother is  
 man and wife; man and wife is one flesh; and  
 so, my mother. Come, for England! *[Exit.]*

*King.* Follow him at foot; tempt him with  
 speed aboard;

Delay it not; I'll have him hence to-night:  
 Away! for everything is seal'd and done  
 That else leans on the affair: pray you, make  
 haste.

*[Exeunt Rosencrantz and Guildenstern.]*

*[And, England, if my love thou hold'st at  
 aught,— 60*

As my great power thereof may give thee sense,  
 Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red  
 After the Danish sword, and thy free awe,  
 Pays homage to us,—thou mayst not coldly set<sup>2</sup>  
 Our sovereign process; which imports at full,  
 By letters congruing to that effect,  
 The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England;  
 For like the hectic in my blood he rages, 68  
 And thou must cure me: till I know 't is done,  
 Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun.]  
*[Exit.]*

#### SCENE IV. *A plain in Denmark.*

*[Enter FORTINBRAS, a Captain, and Forces,  
 marching.]*

*For.* Go, captain, from me greet the Danish  
 king;  
 Tell him that by his license Fortinbras  
 Claims the conveyance of a promis'd march  
 Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.  
 If that his majesty would ought with us,  
 We shall express our duty in his eye;<sup>3</sup>  
 And let him know so.

*Cap.* I will do 't, my lord.

*For.* Go softly<sup>4</sup> on.

*[Exeunt Fortinbras and Forces.]*

*Enter HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN,  
 and others.*

*Ham.* Good sir, whose powers are these?

<sup>2</sup> *Coldly set*, regard with indifference.

<sup>3</sup> *In his eye*, in his presence.

<sup>4</sup> *Softly*, slowly.

<sup>1</sup> *Tend*, attend, wait.

*Cap.* They are of Norway, sir.

10

*Ham.* How purpos'd, sir, I pray you?

*Cap.* Against some part of Poland.

*Ham.* Who commands them, sir?

*Cap.* The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.

*Ham.* Goes it against the main<sup>1</sup> of Poland, sir,  
Or for some frontier?

*Cap.* Truly to speak, and with no addition,  
We go to gain a little patch of ground  
That hath in it no profit but the name.  
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;  
Nor will it yield to Norway or the Pole 21  
A ranker<sup>2</sup> rate, should it be sold in fee.

*Ham.* Why, then, the Polack never will  
defend it.

*Cap.* Yes, it is already garrison'd.

*Ham.* Two thousand souls and twenty thou-  
sand ducats

Will not debate the question of this straw:  
This is the imposthume<sup>3</sup> of much wealth and  
peace,

That inward breaks, and shows no cause without  
Why the man dies. I humbly thank you, sir.

*Cap.* God be wi' you, sir. [*Exit.*]

*Ros.* Will't please you go, my lord?

*Ham.* I'll be with you straight. Go a little  
before. [*Exeunt all except Hamlet.*]

How all occasions do inform against me, 32  
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,  
If his chief good and market of his time

Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.  
Sure, he that made us with such large discourse,<sup>4</sup>

Looking before and after, gave us not  
That capability and godlike reason

To fust<sup>5</sup> in us unus'd. Now, whether it be  
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple 40

Of thinking too precisely on the event,—  
A thought which, quarter'd, hath but one

part wisdom,  
And ever three parts coward,—I do not know

Why yet I live to say "This thing's to do;"  
Sith<sup>6</sup> I have cause, and will, and strength,

and means  
To do't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me:

Witness this army, of such mass and charge,  
Led by a delicate and tender prince,

Whose spirit, with divine ambition puff'd,  
Makes mouths at the invisible event, 50  
Exposing what is mortal and unsure  
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,  
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great  
Is not to stir without great argument,  
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw  
When honour's at the stake. How stand I,  
then,

That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,  
Excitements of my reason and my blood,  
And let all sleep? while, to my shame, I see  
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,  
That for a fantasy and trick of fame 61  
Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot  
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,  
Which is not tomb enough and continent<sup>7</sup>  
To hide the slain? O, from this time forth,  
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE V. *Elsinore. A room in the castle.*

*Enter QUEEN and HORATIO.*

*Queen.* I will not speak with her.

*Hor.* She is importunate, indeed distract;  
Her mood will needs be pitied.

*Queen.* [What would she have?]

*Hor.* She speaks much of her father; says  
she hears

There's tricks i' the world; and hems, and  
beats her heart;

Spurns enviously<sup>8</sup> at straws; speaks things  
in doubt,

That carry but half sense: her speech is  
nothing,

Yet the unshaped use of it doth move  
The hearers to collection;<sup>9</sup> they aim at it,

And botch the words up fit to their own  
thoughts; 10

Which, as her winks and nods and gestures  
yield them,

Indeed would make one think there might be  
thought,

Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

*Queen.* [*Aside*] 'T were good she were spoken  
with; for she may strew

Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.]

<sup>1</sup> The main, the chief power.

<sup>2</sup> Ranker, richer.

<sup>3</sup> Imposthume, abscess.

<sup>4</sup> Discourse, reasoning faculty.

<sup>5</sup> Fust, grow stale.

<sup>6</sup> Sith, since.

<sup>7</sup> Continent, i.e. that which contains.

<sup>8</sup> Enviously, angrily.

<sup>9</sup> Collection, inference.

Let her come in. *[Exit Horatio.]*  
 To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,  
 Each toy seems prologue to some great amiss:<sup>1</sup>  
 So full of artless jealousy<sup>2</sup> is guilt,  
 It spills itself in fearing to be spilt. 20

*Re-enter HORATIO, with OPHELIA.*

*Oph.* Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

*Queen.* How now, Ophelia!

*Oph.* *[Sings]*

How should I your true love know  
 From another one?

By his cockle hat<sup>3</sup> and staff,  
 And his sandal shoon.

*Queen.* Alas, sweet lady, what imports this song?

*Oph.* Say you? nay, pray you, mark.

*[Sings]* He is dead and gone, lady,

He is dead and gone;  
 At his head a grass-green turf,  
 At his heels a stone. 30

*Queen.* Nay, but, Ophelia,—

*Oph.* Pray you, mark.

*[Sings]* White his shroud as the mountain snow,

*Enter KING.*

*Queen.* Alas, look here, my lord.

*Oph.* *[Sings]*

Larded<sup>4</sup> with sweet flowers;  
 Which bewept to the grave did go  
 With true-love showers.

*King.* How do you, pretty lady? 40

*Oph.* Well, God 'ild you!<sup>5</sup> They say the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!

*King.* Conceit upon her father.

*Oph.* Pray you, let's have no words of this; but when they ask you what it means, say you this:

*[Sings]* To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day.

All in the morning betime,  
 And I a maid at your window, 50  
 To be your Valentine.

*[Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes,  
 And dupp'd<sup>6</sup> the chamber-door;*

Let in the maid, that out a maid  
 Never departed more.]

*King.* Pretty Ophelia!

*Oph.* Indeed, la, without an oath, I'll make an end on't:

*[Sings]* By Gis<sup>7</sup> and by Saint Charity,

Alack, and fie for shame!

Young men will do 't, if they come to 't;

By cock,<sup>8</sup> they are to blame.

Quoth she, before you tumbled me,

You promis'd me to wed.

So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,

An thou hadst not come to my bed.]

*King.* How long hath she been thus? 67

*Oph.* I hope all will be well. We must be patient: but I cannot choose but weep, to think they should lay him i' the cold ground. My brother shall know of it: and so I thank you for your good counsel. Come, my coach! Good night, ladies; good night, sweet ladies; good night, good night. *[Exit.]*

*King.* Follow her close; give her good watch, I pray you. *[Exit Horatio.]*

O, this is<sup>9</sup> the poison of deep grief; it springs All from her father's death. O Gertrude, Gertrude,

When sorrows come, they come not single spies,  
 But in battalions! *[First, her father slain:*  
 Next, your son gone; and he most violent  
 author 80

Of his own just remove: the people muddied,  
 Thick and unwholesome in their thoughts  
 and whispers,

For good Polonius' death; and we have done  
 but greenly,

In hugger-mugger<sup>10</sup> to inter him: poor  
 Ophelia

Divided from herself and her fair judgment,  
 Without the which we are pictures, or mere  
 beasts:

Last, and as much containing as all these,  
 Her brother is in secret come from France,  
 Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds,  
 And wants not buzzers to infect his ear 90  
 With pestilent speeches of his father's death;  
 Wherein necessity, of matter beggar'd,  
 Will nothing stick our person to arraign  
 In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,

<sup>1</sup> *Amiss*, misfortune. <sup>2</sup> *Jealousy*, suspicion.

<sup>3</sup> *Cockle hat*, badge of pilgrims bound for places of devotion beyond sea. <sup>4</sup> *Larded*, garnished.

<sup>5</sup> *God 'ild you*, God yield you (*i.e.* God bless you).

<sup>6</sup> *Dupp'd*, opened (*dup* = do up, *i.e.* lift the latch).

<sup>7</sup> *Gis*, *i.e.* Jesus.

<sup>8</sup> *Cock*, a vulgarism for God.

<sup>9</sup> *This is*, pronounce *this*'.

<sup>10</sup> *In hugger-mugger*, secretly.

Like to a murdering-piece,<sup>1</sup> in many places  
Gives me superfluous death.] [*A noise within.*

*Queen.* Alack, what noise is this?

*King.* Where are my Switzers? Let them  
guard the door.

*Enter a Gentleman.*

What is the matter?

*Gent.* Save yourself, my lord:

The ocean, overpeering of his list,<sup>2</sup> 99  
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste  
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,<sup>3</sup>  
O'erbears your officers. The rabble call him  
lord;

[And, as the world were now but to begin,  
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,  
The ratifiers and props of every word,]

They cry, "Choose we; Laertes shall be king!"  
Caps, hands, and tongues applaud it to the  
clouds,

"Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!"

*Queen.* How cheerfully on the false trail  
they cry! 109

O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs!

*King.* The doors are broke. [*Noise within.*

*Enter LAERTES, armed; Danes following.*

*Laer.* Where is this king? Sirs, stand you  
all without.

*Danes.* No, let's come in.

*Laer.* I pray you, give me leave.

*Danes.* We will, we will.

[*They retire without the door.*

*Laer.* I thank you: keep the door. O thou  
vile king,

Give me my father!

[*Queen.* Calmly, good Laertes.

*Laer.* That drop of blood that's calm pro-  
claims me bastard;

Cries cuckold to my father; brands the harlot  
Even here, between the chaste unsmirched  
brows 119

Of my true mother.]

*King.* What's the cause, Laertes,

That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?

Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our person:  
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,

That treason can but peep to what it would.  
Acts little of his will. Tell me, Laertes,  
Why thou art thus incens'd: let him go, Ger-  
trude:

Speak, man.

*Laer.* Where is my father?

*King.* Dead.

*Queen.* But not by him.

*King.* Let him demand his fill.

*Laer.* How came he dead? I'll not be  
juggled with: 130

To hell, allegiance! [vows, to the blackest devil!]  
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit!]  
I dare damnation:] to this point I stand,—  
That both the worlds I give to negligence,  
Let come what comes; only I'll be reveng'd  
Most thoroughly for my father.

*King.* Who shall stay you?

*Laer.* My will, not all the world:

And for my means, I'll husband them so well,  
They shall go far with little.

*King.* Good Laertes,

[If you desire to know the certainty 140]  
Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your  
revenge,

That, swoopstake, you will draw both friend  
and foe,

Winner and loser?

*Laer.* None but his enemies.

*King.* Will you know them, then?

*Laer.* To his good friends thus wide I'll  
ope my arms,

And, like the kind life-rendering pelican  
Repay them with my blood.

*King.* Why, now you speak  
Like a good child and a true gentleman.]

That I am guiltless of your father's death,  
And am most sensibly in grief for it, 150  
It shall as level to your judgment pierce  
As day does to your eye.

*Danes.* [*Within*] Let her come in.

*Laer.* How now! what noise is that?

*Re-enter OPHELIA.*

O heat, dry up my brains! tears seven-times  
salt,

Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!  
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid by weight,  
Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May!  
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!

<sup>1</sup> A murdering-piece, a cannon loaded with case-shot.

<sup>2</sup> List, boundary.

<sup>3</sup> Head, armed force.

O heavens! is't possible a young maid's  
wits

Should be as mortal as an old man's life? 160

Nature is fine<sup>1</sup> in love; and, where 't is fine,

It sends some precious instance of itself

After the thing it loves.

*Oph.* [*Sings*]

They bore him barefaced on the bier;  
Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny;  
And in his grave rain'd many a tear;—

Fare you well, my dove!

*Laer.* Hadst thou thy wits, and didst per-  
suade revenge,

It could not move thus.



*Oph.* There's rosemary, that's for remembrance.—(Act iv. 5. 175, 176.)

*Oph.* You must sing, "Down a-down, an you  
call him a-down-a." O, how the wheel becomes  
it! It is the false steward, that stole his  
master's daughter. 173

*Laer.* This nothing's more than matter.

*Oph.* There's rosemary, that's for remem-  
brance; pray you, love, remember: and there  
is pansies,<sup>2</sup> that's for thoughts.

*Laer.* A document<sup>3</sup> in madness; thoughts  
and remembrance fitted. 179

*Oph.* There's fennel for you, and colum-

bins: there's rue for you; and here's some  
for me: we may call it herb of grace o' Sun-  
days: O, you must wear your rue with a dif-  
ference. There's a daisy: I would give you  
some violets, but they withered all when my  
father died:—they say he made a good  
end,—

[*Sings*] For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.

*Laer.* Thought and affliction, passion, hell  
itself,

She turns to favour and to prettiness.

*Oph.* [*Sings*]

And will he not come again?  
And will he not come again?

190

<sup>1</sup> Fine, delicate, tender.

<sup>2</sup> Pansies, Fr. *pensées*, thoughts.

<sup>3</sup> Document, instruction.



No, no, he is dead,  
Go to thy death-bed,  
He never will come again.  
His beard was as white as snow,  
All flaxen was his poll:

He is gone, he is gone,  
And we cast away moan:  
God ha' mercy on his soul!

And of all Christian souls, I pray God.—God  
be wi' ye. [Exit.

*Laer.* Do you see this, O God? 201

*King.* Laertes, I must commune with your  
grief,

Or you deny me right. Go but apart,  
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you  
will,

And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and  
me:

If by direct or by collateral hand  
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,  
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,  
To you in satisfaction; but if not, 209  
Be you content to lend your patience to us,  
And we shall jointly labour with your soul  
To give it due content.

*Laer.* Let this be so;  
His means of death, his obscure burial,  
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,  
No noble rite nor formal ostentation,  
Cry to be heard, as 't were from heaven to  
earth,

That I must call 't in question.

*King.* So you shall;  
And where the offence is let the great axe fall.  
I pray you, go with me. [Exit.

[SCENE VI. *The same. Another room in the  
same.*

*Enter HORATIO and a Servant.*

*Hor.* What are they that would speak with  
me?

*Serv.* Sea-faring men, sir: they say they  
have letters for you.

*Hor.* Let them come in. [Exit Servant.  
I do not know from what part of the world  
I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

*Enter Sailors.*

*First Sail.* God bless you, sir.

*Hor.* Let him bless thee too.

192

*First Sail.* He shall, sir. an't please him.  
There's a letter for you, sir,—it comes from  
the ambassador that was bound for England,  
—if your name be Horatio, as I am let to  
know it is. 11

*Hor.* [Reads] "Horatio, when thou shalt have  
overlooked this, give these fellows some means<sup>1</sup> to  
the king: they have letters for him. Ere we were  
two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appoint-  
ment gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of  
sail, we put on a compelled valour; and in the grapple  
I boarded them: on the instant they got clear of our  
ship; so I alone became their prisoner. They have  
dealt with me like thieves of mercy: but they knew  
what they did; I am to do a good turn for them.  
Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair  
thou to me with as much haste as thou wouldst fly  
death. I have words to speak in thine ear will make  
thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bore  
of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee  
where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold  
their course for England: of them I have much to  
tell thee. Farewell. 30

"He that thou knowest thine, HAMLET."

Come, I will make you way for these your  
letters;

And do't the speedier, that you may direct me  
To him from whom you brought them.

[Exit.

SCENE VII. *The same. Another room in the  
same.*

*Enter KING and LAERTES.*

*King.* Now must your conscience my acquit-  
tance seal,

And you must put me in your heart for friend,  
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,  
That he which hath your noble father slain  
Pursued my life.

*Laer.* It well appears: [but tell me]  
Why you proceeded not against these feats,  
So crimeful and so capital in nature,  
As by your safety, wisdom, all things else,  
You mainly were stirr'd up.

*King.* O, for two special reasons,  
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much un-  
sinew'd, 10

And yet to me they are strong. The queen  
his mother

<sup>1</sup> Means, i.e. means of access.

Lives almost by his looks; and for myself,—  
My virtue or my plague, be it either which,—  
She's so conjunctive<sup>1</sup> to my life and soul,  
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,  
I could not but by her. The other motive,  
Why to a public count I might not go,  
Is the great love the general gender<sup>2</sup> bear  
him;

Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,  
Would, like the spring that turneth wood to  
stone, 20

Convert his gyves to graces; so that my arrows,  
Too slightly timber'd for so loud a wind,  
Would have reverted to my bow again,  
And not where I had aim'd them.]

*Laer.* And so have I a noble father lost;  
A sister driven into desperate terms,  
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,  
Stood challenger on mount of all the age  
For her perfections: but my revenge will come.

*King.* Break not your sleeps for that: you  
must not think 30

That we are made of stuff so flat and dull  
That we can let our beard be shook with  
danger

And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear  
more:

I lov'd your father, and we love ourself;  
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine—

*Enter a Messenger.*

How now! what news?

*Mess.* Letters, my lord, from Hamlet:  
This to your majesty; this to the queen.

*King.* From Hamlet! who brought them?

*Mess.* Sailors, my lord, they say; I saw them  
not:

They were given me by Claudio; he receiv'd  
them 40

Of him that brought them.

*King.* Laertes, you shall hear them.  
Leave us. [*Exit Messenger.*]

[*Reads*] "High and mighty, You shall know I  
am set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I  
beg leave to see your kingly eyes: when I shall, first  
asking your pardon thereunto, recount the occasion  
of my sudden and more strange return.

"HAMLET."

What should this mean? Are all the rest  
come back? 50

Or is it some abuse,<sup>3</sup> and no such thing?

*Laer.* Know you the hand?

*King.* 'T is Hamlet's character. "Naked!"  
And in a postscript here, he says, "alone."  
Can you advise me?

*Laer.* I'm lost in it, my lord. But let him  
come;

It warms the very sickness in my heart,  
That I shall live and tell him to his teeth,  
"Thus didst thou."

*King.* If it be so, Laertes,—  
As how should it be so? how otherwise?—  
Will you be rul'd by me?

*Laer.* Ay, my lord; 60  
So you will not o'errule me to a peace.

*King.* To thine own peace. If he be now  
return'd,

As checking at his voyage, and that he means  
No more to undertake it, I will work him  
To an exploit, now ripe in my device,  
Under the which he shall not choose but fall:  
And for his death no wind of blame shall  
breathe;

But even his mother shall uncharge<sup>4</sup> the  
practice,<sup>5</sup>

And call it accident.

*Laer.* My lord, I will be rul'd;  
The rather, if you could devise it so, 70  
That I might be the organ.

*King.* It falls right.  
You have been talk'd of since your travel  
much,

And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality  
Wherein, they say, you shine: your sum of parts  
Did not together pluck such envy from him,  
As did that one; and that, in my regard,  
Of the unworthiest siege.<sup>6</sup>

*Laer.* What part is that, my lord?

*King.* A very riband in the cap of youth,  
Yet needful too; for youth no less becomes  
The light and careless livery that it wears 80  
Than settled age his sables and his weeds,  
Importing health and graveness. Two months  
since,

<sup>3</sup> Abuse, deception.

<sup>4</sup> Uncharge, make no accusation against.

<sup>5</sup> Practice, stratagem.

<sup>6</sup> Unworthiest siege, lowest rank.

<sup>1</sup> Conjunctive, closely united.

<sup>2</sup> General gender, common race.

Here was a gentleman of Normandy:— 83  
 [I have seen myself, and serv'd against, the  
 French,  
 And they can well on horseback: but this  
 gallant  
 Had witchcraft in 't; he grew unto his seat;  
 And to such wondrous doing brought his horse,  
 As had he been incorps'd<sup>1</sup> and demi-natur'd  
 With the brave beast: so far he topp'd<sup>2</sup> my  
 thought,  
 That I, in forgery of shapes and tricks, 90  
 Come short of what he did.

*Laer.* A Norman was 't?

*King.* A Norman.

*Laer.* Upon my life, Lamond.

*King.* The very same.

*Laer.* I know him well: he is the brooch,<sup>3</sup>  
 indeed,  
 And gem of all the nation.]

*King.* He made confession of you;  
 And gave you such a masterly report,  
 For art and exercise in your defence,  
 And for your rapier most especially,  
 That he cried out, 't would be a sight indeed,  
 If one could match you: the scrimers<sup>4</sup> of their  
 nation, 101

He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,  
 If you oppos'd them. Sir, this report of his  
 Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy  
 That he could nothing do but wish and beg  
 Your sudden coming o'er, to play with him.  
 Now, out of this—

*Laer.* What out of this, my lord?

*King.* Laertes, was your father dear to you?  
 Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,  
 A face without a heart?

*Laer.* Why ask you this?

[*King.* Not that I think you did not love  
 your father; 111

But that I know love is begun by time,  
 And that I see, in passages of proof,  
 Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.  
 There lives within the very flame of love  
 A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it;  
 And nothing is at a like goodness still,  
 For goodness, growing to a pluriy,<sup>5</sup>

Dies in his own too-much: that we would do,  
 We should do when we would; for this  
 "would" changes, 120

And hath abatements and delays as many  
 As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;  
 And then this "should" is like a spendthrift  
 sigh,

That hurts by easing. But, to the quick o'  
 the ulcer:

Hamlet comes back:] what would you under-  
 take,

To show yourself your father's son indeed  
 More than in words?

*Laer.* To cut his throat i' the church.

*King.* No place, indeed, should murder  
 sanctuarize;<sup>6</sup>

Revenge should have no bounds. But, good  
 Laertes,

Will you do this, keep close within your  
 chamber. 130

Hamlet return'd shall know you are come  
 home:

We'll put on those shall praise your excellence  
 And set a double varnish on the fame

The Frenchman gave you; bring you, in fine  
 together

And wager on your heads: he, being remiss,<sup>7</sup>  
 Most generous, and free from all contriving,  
 Will not peruse the foils; so that, with ease,  
 Or with a little shuffling, you may choose  
 A sword, unbated,<sup>8</sup> and, in a pass of practice,<sup>9</sup>  
 Require him for your father.

*Laer.* I will do 't: 140

And for that purpose I'll anoint my sword.

I bought an unction of a mountebank,<sup>10</sup>

So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,  
 Where it draws blood no cataplasm<sup>11</sup> so rare,  
 Collected from all simples that have virtue  
 Under the moon, can save the thing from  
 death

That is but scratch'd withal: I'll touch my  
 point

With this contagion, that, if I gall him slightly,  
 It may be death.

*King.* Let's further think of this;

<sup>1</sup> *Incorps'd*, incorporate.      <sup>2</sup> *Toppp'd*, surpassed.

<sup>3</sup> *Brooch*, an ornamental buckle worn in the hat.

<sup>4</sup> *Scrimers* (Fr. *escrimeurs*), fencers.

<sup>5</sup> *Pluriy*, plethora.

<sup>6</sup> *Sanctuarize*, afford sanctuary to; probably a self-coined verb.

<sup>7</sup> *Remiss*, careless.

<sup>8</sup> *Unbated*, unblunted.

<sup>9</sup> *A pass of practice*, a treacherous thrust.

<sup>10</sup> *Mountebank*, quack-doctor.

<sup>11</sup> *Cataplasm*, salve.

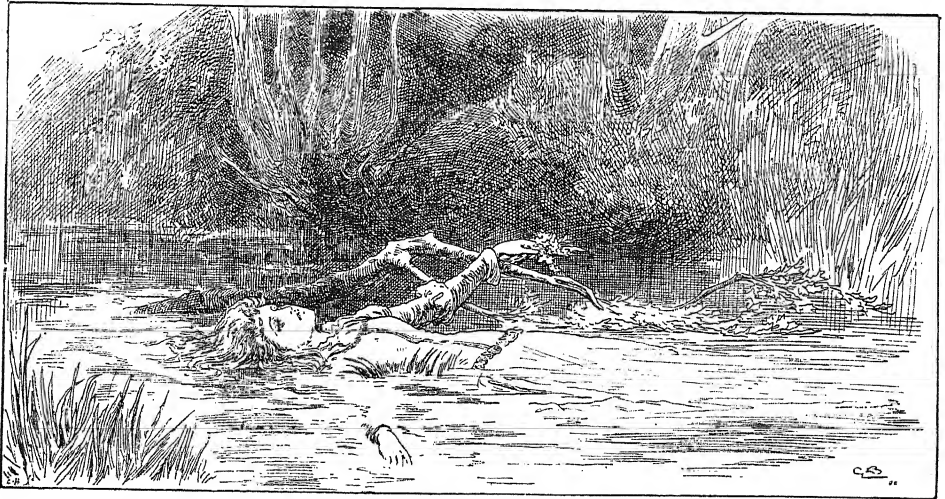
[Weigh what convenience both of time and means  
May fit us to our shape: if this should fail,  
And that our drift look through our bad performance,  
T were better not assay'd: therefore this project  
Should have a back or second, that might hold,

If this should blast in proof.<sup>1</sup> Soft! let me see:]

We'll make a solemn wager on your cunning; I ha't:

When in your motion you are hot and dry,—  
As make your bouts more violent to that end,—  
And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepar'd him

A chalice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,



*Queen.* Her clothes spread wide,  
And mermaid-like awhile they bore her up.—(Act iv. 7. 176, 177.)

If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck,<sup>2</sup>  
Our purpose may hold there. But stay, what noise?

*Enter QUEEN.*

How now, sweet queen!

*Queen.* One woe doth tread upon another's heel,

So fast they follow: your sister's drown'd, Laertes.

*Laer.* Drown'd! O, where?

*Queen.* There is a willow grows aslant a brook,

That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;  
There with fantastic garlands did she come  
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,

170

[That liberal<sup>3</sup> shepherds give a grosser name,  
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them:]

There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds  
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver<sup>4</sup> broke;  
When down her weedy trophies and herself  
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide,

And mermaid-like awhile they bore her up;  
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes,  
As one incapable<sup>5</sup> of her own distress,  
Or like a creature native and indu'd  
Unto that element: but long it could not be  
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,  
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay  
To muddy death.

180

<sup>1</sup> *Blast in proof*, i.e. in proving, like badly-tempered cannon.

<sup>2</sup> *Stuck*, i.e. thrust.

<sup>3</sup> *Liberal*, free-spoken.

<sup>4</sup> *Sliver*, a branch stripped from the tree.

<sup>5</sup> *Incapable*, insensible.

*Laer.* Alas, then, she is drown'd?

*Queen.* Drown'd, drown'd. 185

*Laer.* Too much of water hast thou, poor

Ophelia,

And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet

It is our trick;<sup>1</sup> nature her custom holds,

Let shame say what it will: when these are gone,

The woman will be out. Adieu, my lord: 190  
I have a speech of fire that fain would blaze,

But that this folly douts it.<sup>2</sup> [*Exit.*

*King.* Let's follow, Gertrude:

How much I had to do to calm his rage!

Now fear I this will give it start again;

Therefore let's follow. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

SCENE I. *Elsinore. A churchyard.*

*Enter two Clowns, with spades, &c.*

*First Clo.* Is she to be buried in Christian burial that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

*Sec. Clo.* I tell thee she is; and therefore make her grave straight:<sup>3</sup> the crowner hath sat on her, and finds it Christian burial.

*First Clo.* How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence?

*Sec. Clo.* Why, 'tis found so.

*First Clo.* It must be *se offendendo*;<sup>4</sup> it cannot be else. For here lies the point: if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an act: and an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do, to perform: argal,<sup>5</sup> she drowned herself wittingly. 13

*Sec. Clo.* Nay, but hear you, Goodman delver,—

*First Clo.* Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here stands the man; good: if the man go to this water and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that; but if the water come to him and drown him, he drowns not himself: argal, he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life.

*Sec. Clo.* But is this law? 23

*First Clo.* Ay, marry, is 't; crowner's quest law.

*Sec. Clo.* Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of Christian burial.

<sup>1</sup> Trick, habit.

<sup>2</sup> Douts it, puts it out.

<sup>3</sup> Straight, straightway.

<sup>4</sup> *Se offendendo*, i.e. *se defendendo*, a finding of the jury in justifiable homicide.

<sup>5</sup> Argal, the Clown's form of ergo.

*First Clo.* Why, there thou sayst: and the more pity that great folk should have countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves, more than their even Christian.<sup>6</sup> Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers: they hold up<sup>7</sup> Adam's profession.

*Sec. Clo.* Was he a gentleman?

*First Clo.* He was the first that ever bore arms.

*Sec. Clo.* Why, he had none. 39

*First Clo.* What, art a heathen? How dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says, Adam digged: could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee: if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

*Sec. Clo.* Go to.

*First Clo.* What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter?

*Sec. Clo.* The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants. 50

*First Clo.* I like thy wit well, in good faith: the gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill: now, thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church: argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again, come.

*Sec. Clo.* "Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?" ✓

*First Clo.* Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

*Sec. Clo.* Marry, now I can tell. 60

*First Clo.* To't.

*Sec. Clo.* Mass, I cannot tell.

<sup>6</sup> Even Christian, fellow Christian. <sup>7</sup> Hold up, maintain.

*Enter HAMLET and HORATIO, at some distance.*

*First Clo.* Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and when you are asked this question next, say "a grave-maker:" the houses that he makes last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan; fetch me a stoop of liquor.

[*Exit Sec. Clown.*  
*He digs, and sings.*

In youth when I did love, did love,  
Methought it was very sweet, 70  
To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my behave,  
O, methought there was nothing meet.

*Ham.* Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making?

*Hor.* Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

*Ham.* 'Tis e'en so: the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

*First Clo.* [*Sings*]

But age, with his stealing steps,  
Hath claw'd me in his clutch, 80  
And hath shipped me into the land,  
As if I had never been such.

[*Throws up a skull.*

*Ham.* That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once: how the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! It might be the pate of a politician,<sup>1</sup> which this ass now o'er-reaches; one that would circumvent God, might it not?

*Hor.* It might, my lord. 89

[*Ham.* Or of a courtier, which could say "Good morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?" This might be my lord such-a-one, that praised my lord such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it; might it not?

*Hor.* Ay, my lord.

*Ham.* Why, e'en so: and now my Lady Worm's; chapless, and knocked about the mazzard<sup>2</sup> with a sexton's spade: here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to see 't.] Did these bones cost no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with 'em? mine ache to think on 't. 101

*First Clo.* [*Sings*]

A pickaxe, and a spade, a spade,  
For and a shrouding-sheet:

O, a pit of clay for to be made  
For such a guest is meet.

[*Throws up another skull.*

*Ham.* There's another: why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits<sup>3</sup> now, his quillets,<sup>4</sup> his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? [*Hum!* This fellow might be in 's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes,<sup>5</sup> his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries: is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more, ha? 121

*Hor.* Not a jot more, my lord.

*Ham.* Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

*Hor.* Ay, my lord, and of calf-skins too.

*Ham.* They are sheep and calves which seek out assurance<sup>6</sup> in that.] I will speak to this fellow. Whose grave's this, sirrah?

*First Clo.* Mine, sir.

[*Sings*] O, a pit of clay for to be made  
For such a guest is meet. 130

*Ham.* I think it be thine, indeed; for thou liest in 't.

*First Clo.* You lie out on 't, sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in 't, and yet it is mine.

*Ham.* Thou dost lie in 't, to be in 't, and say it is thine: 't is for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest.

*First Clo.* 'T is a quick lie, sir; 't will away again, from me to you. 140

*Ham.* What man dost thou dig it for?

*First Clo.* For no man, sir.

*Ham.* What woman, then?

*First Clo.* For none, neither.

*Ham.* Who is to be buried in 't?

<sup>3</sup> *Quiddits*, equivocations. <sup>4</sup> *Quillets*, nice distinctions.

<sup>5</sup> *Statutes*, mortgages.

<sup>6</sup> *Assurance*, a play on the legal meaning, a conveyance of lands or tenements by deed.

<sup>1</sup> *Politician*, schemer.

<sup>2</sup> *Mazzard*, skull.

*First Clo.* One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead. 147

*Ham.* How absolute<sup>1</sup> the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken note of it; the age is grown so picked,<sup>2</sup> that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his

kibe.<sup>3</sup> How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

*First Clo.* Of all the days i' the year, I came to 't that day that our last king Hamlet o'er-came Fortinbras.

*Ham.* How long is that since? 158

*First Clo.* Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: it was the very day that young



*Ham.* I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy.—(Act v. 1. 203, 204.)

Hamlet was born; he that is mad, and sent into England. 162

*Ham.* Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

*First Clo.* Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, it's no great matter there.

*Ham.* Why?

*First Clo.* 'T will not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he. 170

*Ham.* How came he mad?

*First Clo.* Very strangely, they say.

*Ham.* How strangely?

*First Clo.* Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

*Ham.* Upon what ground?

*First Clo.* Why, here in Denmark: I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

*Ham.* How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot? 179

*First Clo.* I' faith, if he be not rotten before he die,—[as we have many pocky corses now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying in,—] he will last you some eight year or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

*Ham.* Why he more than another?

*First Clo.* Why, sir, his hide is so tanned

<sup>1</sup> Absolute, positive.

<sup>2</sup> Picked, smart.

<sup>3</sup> Kibe, chilblain.

with his trade that he will keep out water a great while; and your water is a sore decayer of your [whoreson] dead body. Here's a skull now; this skull has lain in the earth three-and-twenty years.

191

*Ham.* Whose was it?

*First Clo.* A whoreson mad fellow's it was; whose do you think it was?

*Ham.* Nay, I know not.

*First Clo.* A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! 'a poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester.

*Ham.* This?

200

*First Clo.* E'en that.

*Ham.* Let me see. [*Takes the skull.*] Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio: a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour<sup>1</sup> she must come; make her laugh at that. Prithee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

*Hor.* What's that, my lord?

*Ham.* Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' the earth?

*Hor.* E'en so.

220

*Ham.* And smelt so? pah!

[*Puts down the skull.*]

*Hor.* E'en so, my lord.

*Ham.* To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

*Hor.* 'T were to consider too curiously, to consider so.

228

*Ham.* No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to lead it: as thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make

loam; and why of that loam whereto he was converted might they not stop a beer-barrel? Imperious<sup>2</sup> Caesar, dead and turn'd to clay, Might stop a hole to keep the wind away: O, that that earth which kept the world in awe Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!<sup>3</sup> But soft! but soft! aside: here comes the king,

*Enter Priests, &c. in procession; the Corpse of OPHELIA, LAERTES and Mourners following; KING, QUEEN, their trains, &c.*

The queen, the courtiers: who is that they follow?

241

And with such maimed rites? This doth betoken

The corse they follow did with desperate hand Fordo its own life: 't was of some estate.

Couch<sup>4</sup> we awhile, and mark.

[*Retiring with Horatio.*]

*Laer.* What ceremony else?

*Ham.*

That is Laertes,

A very noble youth: mark.

*Laer.* What ceremony else?

*First Priest.* Her obsequies have been as far enlarg'd

As we have warranty: her death was doubtful; And, but that great command o'ersways the order,

251

She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd Till the last trumpet; for charitable prayers, Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her:

Yet here she is allow'd her virgin crants,<sup>5</sup>

Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home

Of bell and burial.

*Laer.* Must there no more be done?

*First Priest.*

No more be done:

We should profane the service of the dead

To sing a requiem, and such rest to her

260

As to peace-parted souls.

*Laer.*

Lay her i' the earth;

And from her fair and unpolluted flesh

May violets spring! I tell thee, churlish priest,

A ministering angel shall my sister be,

When thou liest howling.

*Ham.*

What, the fair Ophelia!

<sup>1</sup> Favour, complexion.

<sup>2</sup> Imperious, imperial.

<sup>4</sup> Couch, lie close.

<sup>3</sup> Flaw, blast of wind.

<sup>5</sup> Crants, garland.



*Queen.* Sweets to the sweet: farewell! 266

[Scattering flowers.

I hop'd thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's  
wife;

I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd,  
sweet maid,

And not have strew'd thy grave.

*Laer.*

O, treble woes

Fall ten times treble on that cursed head 270  
Whose wicked deed thy meet infernal grace

Whose wicked deed thy most ingenious<sup>1</sup> sense  
Depriv'd thee of! Hold off the earth awhile,  
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms:

[Leaps into the grave.

Now pile your dust upon the quick and dead,



*Ham.* What is he whose grief  
Bears such an emphasis?—(Act v. 1. 277, 278.)

Till of this flat a mountain you have made  
T' o'ertop old Pelion or the skyish head  
Of blue Olympus.

*Ham.* [*Advancing*] What is he whose grief  
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of  
sorrow

Cónjures the wandering stars and makes them  
stand

Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,  
Hamlet the Dane. [*Leaps into the grave.*]

*Laer.* The devil take thy soul!

[Grappling with him.

*Ham.* Thou pray'st not well.

I prithee, take thy fingers from my throat;  
For, though I am not splenitive and rash,

Yet have I something in me dangerous,  
Which let thy wisdom fear: hold off thy hand!

*King.* Pluck them asunder.

Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet!

All. Gentlemen.—

*Hor.* Good my lord, be quiet.

[The Attendants part them, and they  
come out of the grave.

*Ham.* Why, I will fight with him upon this theme

Until my eyelids will no longer wag. 290

*Queen.* O my son, what theme?

*Ham.* I lov'd Ophelia: forty thousand bro-  
thers

Could not, with all their quantity of love,  
Make up my sum. What wilt thou do for her?

*King.* O, he is mad, Laertes.

<sup>1</sup> *Ingenious*, keen in apprehension.

*Queen.* For love of God, forbear him.

*Ham.* 'S wounds, show me what thou 'lt do:  
Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't  
tear thyself?

Woo't drink up eisel? eat a crocodile?  
I'll do 't. Dost thou come here to whine? 300  
To outface me with leaping in her grave?  
Be buried quick with her, and so will I:  
And if thou prate of mountains, let them throw  
Millions of acres on us, till our ground,  
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,  
Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, an thou 'lt mouth,  
I'll rant as well as thou.

*Queen.* This is mere madness:  
And thus awhile the fit will work on him;  
Anon, as patient as the female dove 309  
When that her golden couplets are disclos'd,  
His silence will sit drooping.

*Ham.* Hear you, sir;  
What is the reason that you use me thus?  
I lov'd you ever: but it is no matter;  
Let Hercules himself do what he may,  
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day.

[*Exit.*

*King.* I pray you, good Horatio, wait upon  
him.— [*Exit Horatio.*

[*To Laertes*] Strengthen your patience in our  
last night's speech;

We'll put the matter to the present push.<sup>1</sup>  
Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.  
This grave shall have a living monument:  
An hour of quiet shortly shall we see; 321  
Till then, in patience our proceeding be.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. A hall in the castle.*

*Enter HAMLET and HORATIO:*

*Ham.* So much for this, sir: now shall you  
see the other;  
You do remember all the circumstance?

*Hor.* Remember it, my lord!

*Ham.* Sir, in my heart there was a kind of  
fighting,  
That would not let me sleep: methought I lay  
Worse than the mutines<sup>2</sup> in the bilboes.<sup>3</sup>  
Rashly,<sup>4</sup>—

And prais'd be rashness for it, let us know,  
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well  
When our deep plots do fail; and that should  
teach us

There's a divinity that shapes our ends, 10  
Rough-hew them how we will,—

*Hor.* That is most certain

*Ham.* Up from my cabin,

My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark  
Grop'd I to find out them: had my desire,  
Finger'd their packet, and, in fine, withdrew  
To mine own room again: making so bold,  
My fears forgetting manners, to unseal  
Their grand commission; where I found,

Horatio,—

O royal knavery!—an exact command,— 15  
Larded with many several sorts of reasons,  
Importing Denmark's health, and England's  
too,

With, ho! such bugs<sup>5</sup> and goblins in my life,—  
That, on the supervise, no leisure bated,<sup>6</sup>  
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,  
My head should be struck off.

*Hor.* Is't possible?

*Ham.* Here's the commission: read it at  
more leisure.

But wilt thou hear me how I did proceed?

*Hor.* I beseech you.

*Ham.* Being thus be-netted round with vil-  
lanies,— 29

Ere I could make a prologue to my brains,  
They had begun the play,—I sat me down;  
Devis'd a new commission; wrote it fair:  
I once did hold it, as our statists do,  
A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much  
How to forget that learning; but, sir, now  
It did me yeoman's service: wilt thou know  
Th' effect of what I wrote?

*Hor.* Ay, good my lord.

*Ham.* An earnest conjuration from the  
king,—

As England was his faithful tributary,  
As love between them like the palm might  
flourish, 40

As peace should still her wheaten garland wear  
And stand a comma 'tween their amities,  
And many such-like "as'es" of great charge,—

<sup>1</sup> *Present push*, instant test.

<sup>2</sup> *Mutines*, mutineers.

<sup>3</sup> *Bilboes*, fetters used on board ship.

<sup>4</sup> *Rashly*, hastily.

<sup>5</sup> *Bugs*, bugbears.

<sup>6</sup> *No leisure bated*, i.e. without any abatement or inter-  
mission of time.

That, on the view and knowing of these contents,

Without debatement further, more or less,  
He should the bearers put to sudden death,  
Not shriving-time allow'd.

*Hor.* How was this seal'd?

*Ham.* Why, even in that was heaven ordi-  
nant.

I had my father's signet in my purse, 49  
Which was the model of that Danish seal;  
Folded the writ up in the form of the other;  
Subscrib'd it; gave 't the impression; plac'd it  
safely,

The chaneling never known. Now, the next  
day

Was our sea-fight; and what to this was sequent  
Thou know'st already.

*Hor.* So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go  
to 't.

*Ham.* Why, man, they did make love to this  
employment;

They are not near my conscience; their defeat  
Doth by their own insinuation grow: 59

'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes  
Between the pass and fell incensed points  
Of mighty opposites.<sup>1</sup>

*Hor.* Why, what a king is this!

[*Ham.* Does it not, thinks't thee, stand me  
now upon<sup>2</sup>—

He that hath kill'd my king, and whor'd my  
mother;

Popp'd in between the election and my hopes;  
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,  
And with such cozenage,—is't not perfect  
conscience

To quit him with this arm? and is't not to be  
damn'd

To let this canker of our nature come

In<sup>3</sup> further evil?]

*Hor.* It must be shortly known to him from  
England

What is the issue of the business there.

*Ham.* It will be short: the interim is mine;  
And a man's life's no more than to say "one."

But I am very sorry, good Horatio,

That to Laertes I forgot myself;

For, by the image of my cause, I see

The portraiture of his: I'll court his favours:  
But, sure, the bravery<sup>4</sup> of his grief did put me  
into a towering passion.

*Hor.* Peace! who comes here?

*Enter OSRIC.*

*Osr.* Your lordship is right welcome back  
to Denmark. 82

*Ham.* I humbly thank you, sir. [*Aside to  
Horatio*] Dost know this water-fly?

*Hor.* [*Aside to Hamlet*] No, my good lord.

*Ham.* [*Aside to Horatio*] Thy state is the  
more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know him.

[*He hath much land, and fertile: let a beast  
be lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at  
the king's mess: 'tis a chough, but, as I say,  
spacious in the possession of dirt.*] 90

*Osr.* Sweet lord, if your lordship were at  
leisure, I should impart a thing to you from  
his majesty.

*Ham.* I will receive it, sir, with all dili-  
gence of spirit. Put your bonnet to his right  
use; 'tis for the head.

*Osr.* I thank your lordship, it is very hot.

*Ham.* No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the  
wind is northerly. 99

*Osr.* It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

*Ham.* But yet methinks it is very sultry  
and hot for my complexion.

*Osr.* Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sul-  
try,—as't were,—I cannot tell how. But, my  
lord, his majesty bade me signify to you, that  
he has laid a great wager on your head: sir,  
this is the matter,—

*Ham.* I beseech you, remember— 108

[*Hamlet moves him to put on his hat.*

*Osr.* Nay, in good faith; for mine ease, in  
good faith. Sir, here is newly come to court  
Laertes; believe me, an absolute gentleman,  
full of most excellent differences,<sup>5</sup> of very soft  
society and great showing: indeed, to speak  
feelingly of him, he is the card or calendar of  
gentry,<sup>6</sup> for you shall find in him the contin-  
ent of what part a gentleman would see.

[*Ham.* Sir, his definement suffers no perdi-  
tion in you; though, I know, to divide him  
inventorially would dizzy the arithmetic of

<sup>1</sup> *Opposites*, opponents.

<sup>2</sup> *Does it not, stand me upon*, i.e. is it not imperative  
on me?

<sup>3</sup> *In*, into.

<sup>4</sup> *Bravery*, ostentatious display.

<sup>5</sup> *Differences*, distinctions from others; probably an  
allusion to the term in heraldry.

<sup>6</sup> *Gentry*, gentility.

memory, and yet but yaw<sup>1</sup> neither, in respect of his quick sail. But in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a soul of great article, and his infusion<sup>2</sup> of such dearth<sup>3</sup> and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror, and who else would trace<sup>4</sup> him, his umbrage, nothing more.

*Osr.* Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

*Ham.* The concernancy, sir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

*Osr.* Sir? 180

*Hor.* Is't not possible to understand in another tongue? You will do't, sir, really.]

*Ham.* What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

*Osr.* Of Laertes?

*Hor.* [*Aside to Hamlet*] His purse is empty already: all's golden words are spent.

*Ham.* Of him, sir.

*Osr.* I know you are not ignorant— 189

*Ham.* I would you did, sir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me.<sup>5</sup> Well, sir.

*Osr.* You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is—

*Ham.* I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but, to know a man well, were to know himself.

*Osr.* I mean, sir, for his weapon; [but in the imputation<sup>6</sup> laid on him by them, in his meed he's unfellowed.] 190

*Ham.* What's his weapon?

*Osr.* Rapier and dagger.

*Ham.* That's two of his weapons: but, well.

*Osr.* The king, sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary horses: against the which he has imposed,<sup>7</sup> as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers,<sup>8</sup> and so: three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.<sup>9</sup> 190

*Ham.* What call you the carriages?

<sup>1</sup> *Yaw*, to move unsteadily (nautical term).

<sup>2</sup> *Infusion*, essential qualities. <sup>3</sup> *Dearth*, dearthness.

<sup>4</sup> *Trace*, follow. <sup>5</sup> *Approve me*, be to my credit.

<sup>6</sup> *Imputation*, repute.

<sup>7</sup> *Imposed*, staked (perhaps=impawned).

<sup>8</sup> *Hangers*, straps by which the sword was attached to the girdle. <sup>9</sup> *Liberal conceit*, lavish ornamentation.

[*Hor.* [*Aside to Hamlet*] I knew you must be edified by the margent ere you had done.]

*Osr.* The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

*Ham.* The phrase would be more germane to the matter, if we could carry cannon by our sides: [I would it might be hangers till then. But, on: six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages; that's the French bet against the Danish. Why is this "imposed," as you call it?] 191

*Osr.* The king, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits: he hath laid on twelve for nine; and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

*Ham.* How if I answer no?

*Osr.* I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial. 199

*Ham.* Sir, I will walk here in the hall: if it please his majesty, 't is the breathing time of day with me; let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him an I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame and the odd hits.

*Osr.* Shall I re-deliver you e'en so?

*Ham.* To this effect, sir, after what flourish your nature will.

*Osr.* I commend my duty to your lordship.

*Ham.* Yours, yours. [*Exit Osr.*] He does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for's turn. 192

[*Hor.* This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

*Ham.* He did comply<sup>10</sup> with his dug, before he sucked it. Thus has he, and many more of the same breed that I know the drossy age dotes on, only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter; a kind of yesty collection, which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out. 202

*Enter a Lord.*

*Lord.* My lord, his majesty commended him

<sup>10</sup> *Comply*, use ceremony.

to you by young Osric, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall: he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

*Ham.* I am constant to my purposes; they follow the king's pleasure: if his fitness speaks, mine is ready; now or whensoever, provided I be so able as now. 211

*Lord.* The king and queen and all are coming down.

*Ham.* In happy time.<sup>1</sup>

*Lord.* The queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes before you fall to play.

*Ham.* She well instructs me. [*Exit Lord.*]

*Hor.* You will lose this wager, my lord.

*Ham.* I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart: but it is no matter.

*Hor.* Nay, good my lord,—

*Ham.* It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving<sup>2</sup> as would perhaps trouble a woman.

*Hor.* If your mind dislike any thing, obey it. I will forestall their repair hither, and say you are not fit. 220

*Ham.* Not a whit, we defy augury; there's a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 't is not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness is all: since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes? Let be.

*Enter KING, QUEEN, LAERTES, Lords, OSRIC, and Attendants with foils, &c.*

*King.* Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

[*The King puts Laertes' hand into Hamlet's.*]

*Ham.* Give me your pardon, sir: I have done you wrong;

But pardon't, as you are a gentleman.

[*This presence knows,*

And you must needs have heard, how I am punish'd 240

With sore distraction. What I have done, That might your nature, honour, and exception<sup>3</sup> Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness. Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never Hamlet:

If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away, And when he's not himself does wrong Laertes, Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it. Who does it, then? His madness: if't be so, Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd; His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy. 250

Sir, in this audience,]

Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil Free me so far in your most generous thoughts, That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house, And hurt my brother.

*Laer.* I am satisfied in nature, Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most To my revenge: but in my terms of honour I stand aloof; and will no reconciliation Till by some elder masters, of known honour, I have a voice and precedent of peace, 260 To keep my name ungor'd. But till that time I do receive your offer'd love like love, And will not wrong it.

*Ham.* I embrace it freely; And will this brother's wager frankly play. Give us the foils. Come on.

*Laer.* Come, one for me. *Ham.* I'll be your foil, Laertes: in mine ignorance Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night, Stick fiery off indeed.

*Laer.* You mock me, sir.

*Ham.* No, by this hand.

*King.* Give them the foils, young Osric. Cousin Hamlet, 270

You know the wager?

*Ham.* Very well, my lord; Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side.

*King.* I do not fear it; I have seen you both: But since he's better'd, we have therefore odds.

*Laer.* This is too heavy, let me see another.

*Ham.* This likes me well. These foils have all a length? [*They prepare to play.*]

*Os.* Ay, my good lord.

<sup>1</sup> In happy time, à la bonne heure.

<sup>2</sup> Gain-giving, misgiving.

<sup>3</sup> Exception, objection, as in the phrase "to take exception."

*King.* Set me the stoups of wine upon that table.  
 If Hamlet give the first or second hit,  
 Or quit in answer of the third exchange, 280  
 Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;  
 The king shall drink to Hamlet's better breath;

And in the cup an union<sup>1</sup> shall he throw,  
 Richer than that which four successive kings  
 In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me  
 the cups;  
 And let the kettle<sup>2</sup> to the trumpet speak,  
 The trumpet to the cannoneer without,



*Ham.* The point envenom'd too!  
 Then, venom, to thy work. [*Stabs the King.*—(Act v. 2. 332, 333.)

The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth,

"Now the king drinks to Hamlet." Come, begin;  
 And you, the judges, bear a wary eye. 290

*Ham.* Come on, sir.

*Laer.* Come, my lord. [*They play.*

*Ham.* One.

*Laer.* No.

*Ham.* Judgment.

*Osr.* A hit, a very palpable hit.

*Laer.* Well; again.

*King.* Stay; give me drink.—Hamlet, this  
 pearl is thine;

Here's to thy health.

[*Trumpets sound, and cannon shot  
 off within.*

Give him the cup.

*Ham.* I'll play this bout first; set it by  
 awhile.—

Come. [*They play.*] Another hit; what say  
 you?

*Laer.* A touch, a touch, I do confess.

*King.* Our son shall win.

*Queen.* He's fat and scant of breath.

<sup>1</sup> *Union*, pearl.

<sup>2</sup> *Kettle*, kettledrum.

Here, Hamlet, take my napkin,<sup>1</sup> rub thy brows:  
The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet.

*Ham.* Good madam!

*King.* Gertrude, do not drink.

*Queen.* I will, my lord; I pray you, pardon me. [*Drinks.*]

*King.* [*Aside*] It is the poison'd cup; it is too late. 303

*Ham.* I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by.

*Queen.* Come, let me wipe thy face.

*Laer.* My lord, I'll hit him now.

*King.* I do not think 't.

*Laer.* [*Aside*] And yet it is almost 'gainst my conscience.

*Ham.* Come, for the third, Laertes: you but dally;

I pray you, pass with your best violence;

I am afeard you make a wanton of me. 310

*Laer.* Say you so? come on. [*They play.*]

*Osr.* Nothing, neither way.

*Laer.* Have at you now!

[*Laertes wounds Hamlet; then, in scuffling, they change rapiers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes.*]

*King.* Part them; they are incens'd.

*Ham.* Nay, come, again. [*The Queen falls.*]

*Osr.* Look to the queen there, ho!

*Hor.* They bleed on both sides. How is it, my lord?

*Osr.* How is 't, Laertes?

*Laer.* Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe, Osrice;

I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

*Ham.* How does the queen?

*King.* She swoons to see them bleed.

*Queen.* No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear Hamlet,— 320

The drink, the drink! I am poison'd. [*Dies.*]

*Ham.* O villainy! Ho! let the door be lock'd:

Treachery! seek it out.

*Laer.* It is here, Hamlet: Hamlet, thou art slain;

No medicine in the world can do thee good,

In thee there is not half an hour of life;

The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,

Unbated and envenom'd: the foul practice

Hath turn'd itself on me; lo, here I lie, 329  
Never to rise again: thy mother's poison'd:  
I can no more: the king, the king's to blame.

*Ham.* The point envenom'd too!

Then, venom, to thy work. [*Stabs the King.*]

*All.* Treason! treason!

*King.* O, yet defend me, friends; I am but hurt.

*Ham.* Here, thou incestuous, murderous damned Dane,

Drink off this potion: is thy union here?

Follow my mother. [*King dies.*]

*Laer.* He is justly serv'd;

It is a poison temper'd by himself. 339

Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:  
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,

Nor thine on me! [*Dies.*]

*Ham.* Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.

I am dead, Horatio. Wretched queen, adieu!

You that look pale and tremble at this chance,

That are but mutes or audience to this act,

Had I but time—as this fell sergeant, death,

Is strict in his arrest—O, I could tell you—

But let it be. Horatio, I am dead; 349

Thou liv'st; report me and my cause aright  
To the unsatisfied.

*Hor.* Never believe it:

I am more an antique Roman than a Dane:

Here's yet some liquor left.

*Ham.* As thou'rt a man,

Give me the cup: let go; by heaven, I'll have 't.

O good Horatio, what a wounded name,

Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me!

If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,

Absent thee from felicity awhile,

And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,

To tell my story.

[*March at some distance, and shot within.*]

What warlike noise is this?

*Osr.* Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland, 361

To the ambassadors of England gives

This warlike volley.

*Ham.* O, I die, Horatio;

The potent poison quite o'er-crows<sup>2</sup> my spirit:

<sup>2</sup> *O'er-crows*, triumphs over (as a cock over his beaten antagonist).

<sup>1</sup> *Napkin*, handkerchief.

I cannot live to hear the news from England;  
 But I do prophesy the election lights  
 On Fortinbras: he has my dying voice;  
 So tell him, with the occurrents,<sup>1</sup> more and less,  
 Which have solicited<sup>2</sup>—The rest is silence.

[Dies.

*Hor.* Now cracks a noble heart. Good  
 night, sweet prince, 370

And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!

[Why does the drum come hither?

[*March within.*

*Enter FORTINBRAS, the English Ambassadors,  
 and others.*

*Fort.* Where is this sight?

*Hor.* What is it ye would see?

If aught of woe or wonder, cease your search.

*Fort.* This quarry<sup>3</sup> cries on havoc. O proud  
 Death,

What feast is toward<sup>4</sup> in thine eternal cell,  
 That thou so many princes at a shot  
 So bloodily hast struck?

*First Amb.* The sight is dismal;  
 And our affairs from England come too late:  
 The ears are senseless that should give us  
 hearing, 380

To tell him his commandment is fulfill'd,  
 That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead:  
 Where should we have our thanks?

*Hor.* Not from his mouth,  
 Had it the ability of life to thank you:  
 He never gave commandment for their death.  
 But since, so jump<sup>5</sup> upon this bloody question,  
 You from the Polack wars, and you from  
 England,

Are here arriv'd, give order that these bodies  
 High on a stage be placed to the view; 389  
 And let me speak to the yet unknowing world  
 How these things came about: so shall you  
 hear

Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts;  
 Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters;  
 Of deaths put on by cunning and forc'd cause;  
 And, in this upshot, purposes mistook  
 Fall'n on th' inventors' heads: all this can I  
 Truly deliver.

*Fort.* Let us haste to hear it,  
 And call the noblest to the audience.  
 For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune:  
 I have some rights of memory in this kingdom,  
 Which now to claim my vantage doth invite  
 me. 401

*Hor.* Of that I shall have also cause to  
 speak,  
 And from his mouth whose voice will draw on  
 more:

But let this same be presently perform'd,  
 Even while men's minds are wild; lest more  
 mischance,  
 On plots and errors, happen.

*Fort.* Let four captains  
 Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage;  
 For he was likely, had he been put on,  
 T' have prov'd most royally: and, for his pas-  
 sage,  
 The soldiers' music and the rites of war 410  
 Speak loudly for him.—  
 Take up the bodies:—such a sight as this  
 Becomes the field, but here shows much  
 amiss.—  
 Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

[*A dead march. Exeunt, bearing off the  
 dead bodies; after which a peal of  
 ordnance is shot off.*]

<sup>1</sup> *Occurrents*, occurrence.

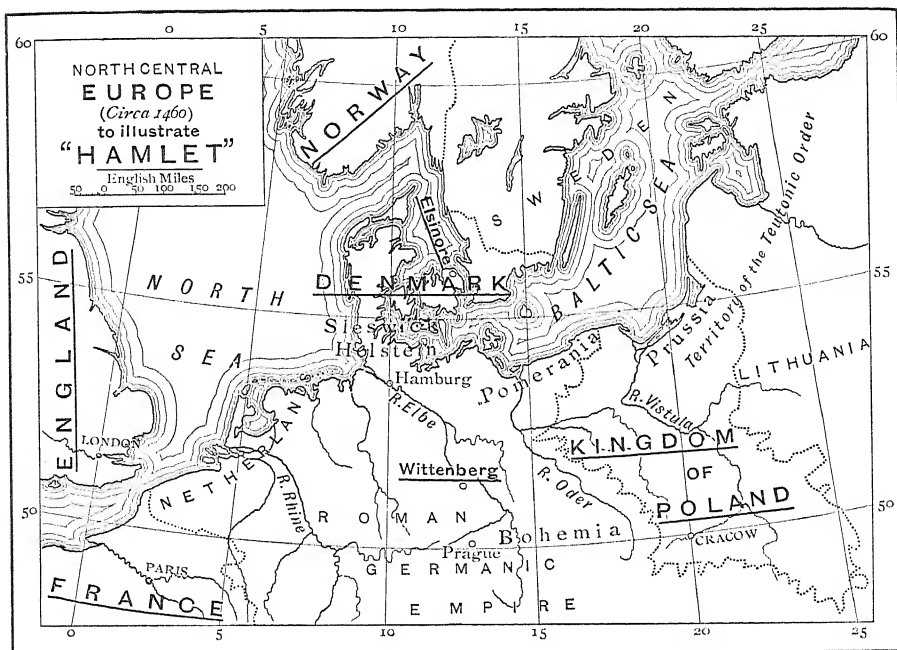
<sup>2</sup> *Solicited*, prompted, brought on.

<sup>3</sup> *Quarry*, the game killed.

<sup>4</sup> *Toward*, at hand.

<sup>5</sup> *Jump*, exactly.





## NOTES TO HAMLET.

### PREFATORY NOTE.

In the notes to this play, which is considerably the longest of Shakespeare's plays,<sup>1</sup> all the minute differences of reading will not be given, but only the more important ones; Q. 2 and F. 1 being taken as the two chief authorities for the text. Where the reading of any other text, or any emendation, is adopted, it will be stated in the notes. In quoting the Qq. we have adopted the same principle as the edd. of the Cambridge Shakespeare, that is to say, the term Qq. does not include Q. 1 (1603) unless it is expressly so stated.

### NOTE ON THE DIVISION INTO ACTS AND SCENES.

This play is not divided into acts and scenes at all in the Quarto, and in the Folio only as far as the second

scene of act ii. The modern divisions are therefore perfectly arbitrary, except in as far as they are taken from the divisions in what are called the Players' Quartos, the earliest of which was printed in 1676; but these, judging from the Quarto of 1695, are divided only into acts and not into scenes. As to the manner in which the acts are divided, it is pretty clear that act ii. should terminate with the soliloquy of Hamlet; but commentators are not agreed as to where act iii. should end. As the play is acted, it always terminates with what is called the Closet Scene between the Queen and Hamlet; but it seems clear, according to both Q. 2 and F. 1, that the author did not intend the act to terminate there. The events which occur in the last scene of act iii. (as at present arranged, and in the first and second scenes of act iv., take place, evidently, on the same night. In F. 1, after the stage-direction *Exit Hamlet tugging in Polonius*, we have *Enter King*, which shows that the next scene is merely a continuation of the one before. It is only in Q. 2 that we have the stage-direction after Hamlet's exit *Enter King and Queen with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern*; but it will be noticed that there is no *Exeunt* marked, even in Q. 2. At the end of the scene between Hamlet and his mother in Q. 1, the stage-direction, after Hamlet's exit with the dead body, is *Enter King and Lords*, when the King in-

<sup>1</sup> The longest plays of Shakespeare seem to be Hamlet, Richard III., Coriolanus, Cymbeline, Othello, and Antony and Cleopatra. According to the Globe edition the number of lines contained in each of these six plays respectively is as follows: 3928, 3506, 3407, 3342, 3303, 3067. But it must be remembered that Richard III. has no prose in it, while Coriolanus has a good deal; so that the latter play is probably, as far as words go, the next longest play to Hamlet.

identally addresses Gertrude. There is no doubt that, in that version at least, the two scenes were continuous; and if we look at scene 2 of act iv. (according to the general division of the scenes), we shall see that, evidently, Hamlet has just returned from stowing away the body of Polonius; so that this scene must take place on the same night as the interview with his mother and the accidental killing of Polonius. The same is true of scene 3, act iv., in which the King is waiting for the return of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern with Hamlet, to fetch whom the King has sent them; nor between scenes 3 and 4 can there be an interval of any length; for the King says in his speech, act iv. scene 3, "Follow him;" and therefore when Hamlet meets Fortinbras it is on the same night as, or rather in the early morning after, the interview with his mother. But after scene 4, act iv. there must be a considerable interval, during which Laertes has had time to get from Paris to Elsinore, and Hamlet has evidently been away for several days, during which he was captured by the pirates, with whom he appears to have remained some little time. When this tragedy is played on the stage, and any portions of scenes 1, 2, 3, 4 of act iv. are retained, we cannot help being struck by the abruptness of Ophelia's madness, and the remarkable expedition with which Laertes has reached Denmark from Paris; nor can we help wondering how, in an age when news travelled slowly, he could possibly have heard of his father's death in so short a time. In fact the modern division into acts and scenes—at least as far as acts iii. and iv. are concerned—is a very lame one. But as act iii. is, even at present, of preposterous length, it would be impossible to divide the play, consistently with probability, without making it in six acts. It may be interesting to see which of the tragedies in F. 1 are divided into acts and scenes; we therefore give a list of them in the order in which they are printed, showing how far they are so divided:

- Troilus and Cressida (Q. and F.); not divided into acts and scenes.
- Coriolanus (F.); divided into acts only.
- Titus Andronicus (Q. and F.); no division in Q.; divided into acts only in F.
- Romeo and Juliet (Q. and F.); act i. scene 1; no other division.
- Timon of Athens (F.); not divided into acts and scenes.
- Julius Caesar (F.); divided into acts only.
- Macbeth (F.); divided into acts and scenes.
- Lear (Q. and F.); no division in Q.; divided into acts and scenes in F.
- Othello (Q. and F.); in Q. the only divisions marked are acts ii. iv. and v.; divided into acts and scenes in F.
- Antony and Cleopatra (F.); not divided into acts or scenes.
- Cymbeline (F.); divided into acts and scenes.

## ACT I. SCENE 1.

## 1. Lines 1, 2:

Ber. *Who's there?*

Fran. *Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold yourself.*

It would seem that only one of the commentators,

Tschischwitz, has noticed the significance of the fact that Bernardo, who is going to relieve guard, challenges Francisco, who is a sentinel still on duty, and who, of course, should challenge him, as he points out in his answer:

Nay, answer me: stand, and unfold yourself.

This is one of the many dramatic touches in this opening scene, which, so far from being unnecessary—as Seymour, in his Remarks, with a singular obtuseness, declared it to be—is one of the most remarkable examples of Shakespeare's skill in construction. Coleridge, whose subtle and eloquent remarks on this scene should be read in their entirety, fully perceived its dramatic force. The author here puts before us a vivid picture of the state of vague disquiet and alarm which existed in Denmark at the time the action of the play commences; the rapidity with which events had succeeded one another in the last month or so; the sudden death of the elder Hamlet, so quickly followed by the marriage of his widow with her late husband's brother; and the accession of the latter to the throne instead of the young heir-apparent; the mysterious warlike preparations and rumours; and last, but not least, the alarming whispers of the appearance of the late king's spectre near the scene of his mysterious death; all these circumstances form a fitting prologue to the tragedy that is to follow. The nervous anxiety of Bernardo, who is afraid to be left alone on his watch, and the simple and reverent faith in the apparition which Marcellus shows, are contrasted with the scepticism of Horatio; whose attitude towards the Ghost is that of doubt, exactly as we should have expected in the chosen intimate of Hamlet. But Horatio, once having seen the Ghost, is thoroughly convinced, and doubts no more; while Hamlet, though he has much more reason to be thoroughly convinced of the genuineness of the apparition, yet is persecuted with doubts almost to the very last.

We should naturally expect the challenge here to come from Francisco; but Q. 2 and F. 1 both agree in giving the line to Bernardo; and as, in both cases, the question *Who's there?* is printed as a separate line, we are scarcely justified in supposing that it was intended to be given to Francisco. In Q. 1 the scene opens thus:

*Enter two Centinels.*

1 Stand; who is that?

2 'T is I.

1 O you come most carefully upon your watch.

It is clear that there the challenge is given by the sentinel on duty, and not by the one coming to relieve him. It would be interesting to know if the alteration, found in Q. 2 and F. 1, was made deliberately by Shakespeare himself. Tschischwitz suggests that "in thus representing Bernardo as so forgetful of all military use and wont as to challenge Francisco who is on guard" there was a "psychological motive;" but if we imagine the scene a dark night, and that Francisco, pacing on his watch, sees the dim outline of a figure advancing, challenges it, pauses for an answer, then impatiently says, *Nay answer me*, the "psychological motive" is, perhaps, quite as intelligible.

2. Line 3: *Long live the king!*—Malone suggested that this might be a watchword; but, as Delius pointed out, in line 15, below, Horatio and Marcellus make each a different answer to the challenge. Furness (vol. i. p. 4) quotes

from Pye's Comments on the Commentators, 1807, a very probable conjecture; the writer "believes that it corresponds to the former usage in France, where, to the common challenge *Qui vive?* the answer was *Vive le Roi*, like the modern answer 'A friend.'"

3. Line 6: *You come most carefully UPON your hour.*—We have given to *upon* the sense of "exactly" or "just at." The Clarendon editors notice this as an unusual phrase, and explain it "just as your hour is about to strike," and compare Richard III. iii. 2. 5: "*Upon* the stroke of four," and iv. 2. 111 in the same play, "*Upon* the stroke of ten." We may also compare Measure for Measure, iv. 1. 34-36:

There have I made my promise  
Upon the heavy middle of the night  
To call upon him;

and the curious expression in Romeo and Juliet, i. 3. 71-73, where Lady Capulet says:

by my count,  
I was your mother much *upon* these years  
That you are now a maid.

4. Line 13: *The RIVALS of my watch.*—*Rivals* is used here in its primitive sense of "partners," which is the word employed by Q. 1. The word is derived from Latin *rivalis*, "one who uses the same stream or brook with another," so, "a near neighbour." Compare Heywood's Rape of Lucrece:

Tullia. Aruns associate him.  
Aruns. A *rival* with my brother in his honours.

—Works, vol. v. p. 203.

Shakespeare uses *rivalry* in a similar sense in Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 5. 6-9: "Caesar, having made use of him in the wars 'gainst Pompey, presently denied him *rivalry*; would not let him partake in the glory of the action."

5. Line 21: *What, has THIS THING appear'd again to-night?*—The FF. and Q. 1. give this speech to Marcellus, the Qq. to Horatio. Surely it should belong to Horatio. Bernardo addresses in the previous line and welcomes Horatio first, then Marcellus. It is natural Horatio should answer first, and the line is characteristic of his sceptical attitude at this time with regard to the Ghost. Marcellus would never use such a vague and contemptuous expression as *this thing* of that which is always to him a *dreaded sight*, an *apparition*. It appears to me that much of the wonderful dramatic force of this opening scene, noticed in note 1 above, would be missed if Horatio does not speak this line in a tone of polite incredulity, an incredulity which is soon to be changed for reverent horror when with his own eyes he beholds the spectre whose existence he now doubts.

6. Line 33: *What we two nights have seen.*—So FF. Qq. (including Q. 1) read *What we have two nights seen*. The reading of FF. here seems preferable, because it is better not to separate the auxiliary verb from the participle if possible, and because the speaker particularly wishes to emphasize the fact that the sight has been seen by them not once but twice before (line 25 above). As to the construction, it is rather awkward, but the sense is quite intelligible. We may either take *What* to equal "*With what*" or "*Concerning what*;" or we may take the

whole sentence to be the explanation of the *story* in the preceding line. Hammer gave this line to Marcellus, as if in his eagerness to tell the story he interrupted Bernardo; an arrangement which, perhaps, makes the next speech of Horatio more forcible, wherein he declares that he wants to hear Bernardo's version of the story, and not that of Marcellus.

7. Line 42: *Thou art a SCHOLAR; speak to it, Horatio.*—The supposed power of Latin over ghosts is a very familiar superstition, arising doubtless from the Church's exorcisms being in Latin. Tschischwitz, quoted by Furness, says: "Evil spirits were not exorcised by the sign of the cross alone, but cried out to the exorciser the Latin hexameter *Signa te signa, temere me tangis et angis*, a verse which being a palindrome reveals its diabolic origin." Compare Much Ado, ii. 1. 264: "I would to God some *scholar* would conjure her." Reed quotes Beaumont and Fletcher's Night-Walker, ii. 1:

Let's call the butler up, for he *speaks Latin*,  
And that will daunt the devil.

—Works, Edn. Dyce, vol. v. p. 143.

8. Line 44: *it HARROWS me with fear and wonder.*—This is substantially the reading of FF.; F. 1, F. 2 print the word *harroues*. Qq. all read *horroues*. The Players' Quarto, 1676, coolly alters it to *startles*. Q. 1 has a peculiar reading, *horvors*, which has not, I think, received the attention it deserves. There is no other instance, that I am aware of, of the use of *horror* as a verb; but it certainly is a most forcible expression, especially if we remember the original meaning of the Latin word *horreo*, from which *horror* is derived. The substantive is frequently used of "that which causes *horror*," so that there is no reason why a verb coined from that word should not be used in a transitive sense. As to *harroun*, Shakespeare only uses the verb three times; twice in this play, figuratively in both cases, and in a quibbling sense in Coriolanus, v. 3. 33, 34:

Let the Volces

Plough Rome, and *harrou* Italy.

In the other passage of this play where it occurs, i. 5. 16, in the speech of the Ghost, it is used with *up*; and here I think it is used in a similar sense, and that there is no idea of referring to *haro*, a cry of distress. Johnson thought that the word should be written *harvy*, and should have the same sense as in the well-known phrase, "the *harrowing* of hell;" but if *harrow* be the right reading, there can be little doubt, though it occurs here without the preposition, that it is used, as in the passage below, in a sense derived from its ordinary and agricultural meaning. It would be a bold measure, in the text of a play so familiar as this, to introduce any innovation; but certainly the reading of Q. 1, if a misprint, is a singularly felicitous one; for it exactly describes that effect of fear which makes the skin "bristle" as it were, that peculiar feeling which, in vulgar parlance, is called "goose flesh."

Nearly all the commentators quote Milton's use of the word *harrow*, in a similar figurative sense, in Comus, line 565:

Amaz'd I stood, *harrow'd* with grief and fear.

9. Line 45: *Question it.*—This is the reading of FF. and Q. 1; Qq. have *Speake to it*.

10. Lines 62, 63:

*when, in an angry PARLE,*

*He smote the SLEDDED POLACKS on the ice.*

*Sledged* (formed from sled or sledge) is so spelt in Ff.; all the Qq. print *sleaded*. *Polacks* is Malone's conjecture. Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3, Q. 4 have *pollax*; Q. 5, F. 1, F. 2, Q. 6 *Pollax*; F. 3 *Polax*; and F. 4 *Poleaxe*, which Rowe adopted, changing its form to *pole-axe*. Dyce remarks that it would seem that *Pollax* of the old editions was intended for the plural of the word, as when the word occurs in the singular number—as it does in ii. 2. 63, 75—it is spelt there *Polacke* (Q. 1), *Pollacke* (Qq.), *Poleak* (F. 1), *Polak* (F. 2, F. 3, F. 4), but never with *x*. As to the derivation of the word, Caldecott quotes Giles Fletcher's *Russe Commonwealth*, 12mo. 1501, fo. 65: "The Polonian, whom the Russe calleth *Laches*, noting the first author or founder of the nation, who was called *Laches* or *Leches*, whereunto is added *Po*, which signifieth people, and so is made *Polaches*; that is, the people or posteritie of *Laches*; which the Latines, after their manner of writing, call *Polanos*" (Caldecott's edn. of *Hamlet*, note 3). Malone's emendation *Polacks* has been very generally accepted; but there is much to be said on the other side. In the first place the word *parle* clearly points to a peaceful conference and not to a battle. Shakespeare uses the word in the sense of *parley* several times; and once in the sense of mere conversation, in *The Two Gent. of Verona*, i. 2. 5. True, the word is here qualified in the text by the epithet *angry*; but it is very unlikely that the elder Hamlet, who is represented as a man of great dignity and self-restraint, should have struck at a number of the enemy at a *parley*, however *angry*. As to the use of the word *smite*, Shakespeare seems never to use it in what may be called its Scriptural sense. He generally uses it of a single sharp blow; and we may compare with this passage one in *Lucrece*, line 176:

*His falchion on a flint he softly smiteth.*

Nor, when we look at the whole passage, does it seem to refer so much to the brave and passionate attack of one man on a number of the enemy, as to the rare expression of anger on the part of one who generally had his temper under complete control. Compare also what Horatio says in describing the countenance of the Ghost to Hamlet, i. 2. 232:

*A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.*

The chief difficulty in accepting *pole-axe* lies in the word *sledged*, the reading of Ff.; Qq. (including Q. 1) read *sleaded*, which might easily be a misprint for *leaded*; but we should have expected, in this case, *his* instead of *the*. The final *s* of *his* might easily have got attached to *leaded*. It is true that Shakespeare does not use the word *leaded* anywhere; but then he does not use *sledged*; so that it is only the choice between two apax-legomena. The word *leaded* occurs in Baret's *Alvearie*, 1573 (sub *Lead*): "a vessel or other thing that is *leaded* or *tinned*." What we want to find is, first, some early use of the word *leaded*—"weighted with lead," and, secondly, some mention of the fact that the *poleaxe* so weighted was a weapon used by the Northern peoples of Europe. On this point it is worth noticing Boswell's quotation from Milton's *Brief History of Moscovia*: "After that the same day he sent a great and glorious Duke, one of them that *held the golden*

*pole-ax*, with his retinue, and sundry sorts of meath to drink merrily with the ambassador" (Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 177).

11. Line 65: *JUMP at this dead hour*.—All the Qq. have *jump*, the Ff. *just*, which means precisely the same—"a familiar word," as Malone notes, "substituted for the more ancient." But *jump* is decidedly the more significant word of the two. It is used again, v. 2. 386 below, and in *Othello*, ii. 3. 392. Steevens quotes Chapman's *May-Day*: "Your appointment was *jump* at three." Compare Scot, *Discoverie of Witchcraft*: "wherein they meete and agree *jump* with the papists;" and "so flat they fall *jump* in judgement and opinion, though verie erroneouslie, with the foresaid *Pcellus*" (Reprint, Nicholson, 1886, pp. 413, 416).

12. Line 75: *Why such IMPRESS of shipwrights?*—Some commentators have endeavoured to twist the line in the text into an argument for supposing that, in the reign of Elizabeth, shipwrights as well as seamen were liable to a forcible *impressment*; but Steevens points out that *impress* was merely giving the men "*prest* money (from *pret* Fr.)" as an earnest of their being engaged, and he quotes from Chapman's *Homer's Odyssey*, bk. ii., where *press* could hardly bear the sense of "a forcible impressment:"

*I, from the people straight, will press for you,  
Free volunteers.*

Tschischwitz says that "the word must be *imprest* (Ital. *impresto*), equivalent to "handsel" (Furness, vol. i. p. 14). This may be all perfectly true; but it is an undoubted fact that, in the only two other passages in which Shakespeare uses the word *impress*, he uses it in a sense of forcible or involuntary impressment; viz. in *Troilus and Cressida*, ii. 1. 106, 107: "Ajax was here the voluntary, and you as under an *impress*;" and Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 7. 35-37:

*Your ships are not well manned,—  
Your mariners are mulcters, reapers, people  
Ingross'd by swift impress.*

Perhaps the latter passage may justify us in explaining the word *impress*, not in the sense of forcible impressment in the modern sense, by a press-gang, but as simply used for enrolment under an emergency such as a sudden war.

13. Lines 93, 94:

*the same CO-MART,*

*And carriage of the ARTICLE DESIGN'D.*

*Co-mart* is the reading of Qq., and is both a more vivid word and better for the rhythm of the line than the *covenant* of Ff. *Co-mart* would mean, as Malone says, "a joint bargain," and may have been coined by Shakespeare, who uses *mart* as a verb = to traffic, in *Cymbeline*, i. 6. 151:

*to mart*

*As in a Romish stew.*

In the latter part of the sentence we follow in the text the reading of F. 2, F. 3, F. 4. F. 1 prints *Article designe*, Q. 2, Q. 3 *article desseigne*, Q. 4 *articles deseigne*, Q. 5, Q. 6 *Articles designe*. The phrase means, "the import of the article drawn up between them."

14. Line 96: *UNIMPROVED mettle hot and full*.—The word *unimproved* may be taken here in any one of several senses, all of which apply well enough to the context, and have more or less authority—*untutored*, *unquestioned*, *untried*. The Clarendon Press edd. consider that the

first meaning "seems to accord best with the context, 'young,' 'hot,' 'full.'" Q. 1 has *inapproved*, a very probable reading.

15. Line 98: SHARK'D up a LIST of lawless resolute.—On *shark* compare S. Rowley, When you see me, you know me [D 4, verso]: "I thinke if a fat purse come ith' way, thou wouldst not refuse it. Therefore leave the Court and *sharke* with mee." Q. 1 has a reading here "a sight of landless resolute" which deserves to be noticed. The use of *sight*=quantity, was quite a legitimate use of the word in the sixteenth century. For instance, we find that Andrew Boorde (in his Boke of Knowledge), speaking of St. Sophia's Church at Constantinople, says: "the church is called Saynte Sophyes Church, in the whyche be a wonderfull sight of prestes: they say that there is a thousand prestes that doth belong to the church" (Reprint, 1870, p. 172). *Sight*, in this sense, is now accounted a vulgarism. It certainly was not so in Shakespeare's time, and Hunter is perhaps right when he prefers the reading of Q. 1 to that of any older copy.

16. Line 103: *terms* COMPULSATIVE.—Qq. print *compulsatory*.—Neither form of the word appears anywhere else in Shakespeare. *Compulsive* occurs iii. 4. 86 below.

17. Line 107: *romage*.—Furness, New Variorum Ed. p. 17, quotes Wedgwood's Dictionary, s.v. *Rummage*: "Two words seem confounded. 1. *Rummage*, the proper stowing of merchandise in a ship, from Dutch *ruim*, French *rum*, the hold of a ship. Hence to *rummage*, to search among the things stowed in a given receptacle. 2. But in addition to the foregoing the word is sometimes used in the sense of racket, disturbance [as here]." Nares derives the word from "room," "roomage."

18. Lines 108–125.—This passage is, unfortunately, found only in Qq.

19. Line 112: A MOTE it is to trouble the mind's eye.—Q. 2, Q. 3, Q. 4 print *moth*, which Q. 5, Q. 6 modernized into *note*. The two spellings were formerly interchangeable. Compare Florio: "*Festuccio*, a little sticke, a fease-strawe, a tooth-picke, a *moth*, a little beame."

20. Lines 113–120.—Compare Julius Cæsar, ii. 2, and especially lines 18 and 24:

And graves have yawn'd and yielded up their dead;

And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.

The description, in both cases, seems to have been suggested by passages in North's Plutarch. See note 127 to Julius Cæsar.

21. Lines 117, 118:

AS, STARS with trains of fire, and dews of blood,  
DISASTERS in the sun.

It is pretty clear that one line, if not more, preceding this passage has been omitted; for by no manner of twisting the words can one make anything but an imperfect sentence of the lines as they stand. The fact is, this speech was never spoken on the stage so far as we know. It is not in Q. 1, nor in Ff., and it is marked for omission in the Players' Quarto of 1695. Singer proposed, for the missing line:

And as the earth, so portents fill'd the sky.

I think that Shakespeare would have avoided the word *portents*, because of the occurrence of *portentous* in line 109 above. Perhaps the missing line might have been something like

The sky itself was fill'd with prodigies;

or he may have used the word *firmament*=sky. Some commentators would substitute for *disasters* in some verb or other. It is much more probable that a line was overlooked by the transcriber, and that, the passage never being spoken, the want was not supplied. Malone, who is followed by some other commentators, thought that the corruption lay in the words *As stars*, for which he proposed to substitute *Asters* or *Astres*=stars, and he refers to an old collection of poems called *Diana*, by John Southern, 1580, where this word is used; but there it is evidently only taken from the French *astre*, a star. Furness quotes from Florio's Dictionary: "*Stella*: a starre, an *aster*, a planet." Malone is wrong in saying that *stars* occurs in the next line; because the word in Qq. is distinctly *starre* (the singular); nor do any of the other Qq. read the plural, so that we may reject the affected word *astres* as unnecessary. As for the other emendations, I do not see that the sense of the passage is at all improved by changing *Disasters in* to *Disastering*, or to "*Disasters dimn'd the sun*," because, as a fact, these fiery stars and dews of blood would not affect the sun, while *Disasters in the sun* has a very natural sense if we take it to mean that there were peculiar appearances on the sun's face that were held to indicate *disasters*. In that curious book, *Lycosthenes De Prodigiiis*, there are many illustrations of such phenomena as *fiery stars*, *rains or dews of blood*, and singular appearances in the sun. We have therefore followed most editors in leaving a vacant space between lines 116 and 117, supposing a line to have dropped out.

22. Line 118: *the moist star*.—Compare Winter's Tale, i. 2. 1:

Nine changes of the watery star hath been.

23. Line 122: *As HARBINGERS preceding still the fates*.—Compare Comedy of Errors, iii. 2. 12; Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 2. 380; and Macbeth, i. 4. 45, and see note 50 of that play.

24. Line 125: *climatures*.—Perhaps we should read the singular, *climature*, so Dyce. The word does not occur again in Shakespeare, nor can we find any instance of its occurrence elsewhere in Elizabethan literature. Even the French word *climature* is not given in Cotgrave, and it is at present doubtful whether Shakespeare invented the word or whether he had met with it in some out-of-the-way book of his time. The Clarendon Press edd. suggest that "possibly it is used for those who live under the same climate."

25. Line 127: *I'll cross it, though it blast me*.—"The person," says Blakeway (Variorum Ed. vol. vii. p. 186), "who crossed the spot on which a spectre was seen, became subjected to its malignant influence. Among the reasons given in a curious paper, printed in the third volume of Mr. Lodge's Illustrations of British History, p. 48, for supposing the young Earl of Derby (Ferdinando, who died April, 1594) to have been bewitched, is the following: 'On

Fryday, in his chamber at Knowsley, aboute 6 of clocke at nighte, there appeared a man talle, as hee thoughte, who *twise crossed him swiftly*, and when hee came to the place where hee sawe him, hee fell sycke."

## 26. Lines 136-139:

*Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life  
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,  
For which, they say, YOU spirits oft walk in death,  
Speak of it: stay, and speak!*

Steevens quotes Dekker's Knight's Conjuring: "If any of them had bound the spirit of gold by any charmes in caves, or in iron fetters under the ground, they should for their own soules quiet (which questionlesse else would whine up and down) if not for the good of their children, release it."

In line 138 the Qq. read *your*.

27. Line 150: *The cock, that is the trumpet to the MORN.*  
—Ff., instead of *morn*, read *day*. Q. 1 has *morning*.

## 28. Lines 154, 155:

*The EXTRAVAGANT and ERRING spirit hies  
To his confine.*

Compare "*extravagant* and wheeling stranger," Othello, i. 1. 137; and the General Confession in the Prayer-book: "We have *erred* and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep." The similarity of this passage to one in St. Ambrose's hymn in the Salisbury service has been pointed out:

Procco diei jam sonat:  
Hôc excitatus Lucifer—  
Hôc omnis Errorum chorus  
Viam nocendi deserit,  
Gallo canente.

Douce thought that Shakespeare had seen these lines, and that his use of them here implies that he was a Latin scholar. Steevens points out that Chapman, in his translation of the Odyssey, uses the word *erring*—"wandering" in two passages, viz. where Telemachus calls Ulysses "*My erring father*" (bk. iv. line 435); and again in bk. ix. line 362: "*Erring Grecians*."

29. Line 163: *No FAIRY TAKES.*—On the question of malignant *fairies* see Comedy of Errors, note 103. For the use of *take* in this peculiar sense compare Merry Wives, iv. 4. 32:

And there he blasts the tree, and *takes* the cattle.

And see *taking*, as an adjective in the same sense, in Lear, ii. 4. 165, 166:

Strike her young bones,  
You *taking* airs, with lameness!

And, as a substantive, Lear, iii. 4. 60, 61: "Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and *taking*!"

The Clarendon edd. explain *takes* here as—"infects;" but the sense given in our foot-note seems to be the nearest one can get for this very singular use of the verb *take*. In Baret's Alvearie, 1573, we have among the numerous uses of this word the following: "To be blasted: to be *taken*: to haue a member sodenly benumbed, dead, and mortified. *Aflari sydere*;" and also: "The ague *taketh*. *Febris aliquem occupat*;" and "A *taking* or benumbing when one is sodainly deprived of the use of his limmes, a totall putrefaction of any member. *Syderatio*." Halliwell (Archaic and Provincial Dict.) quotes

from Palsgrave (*sub voce*) "*Taken*, as chyldernes lymmes be by the fayries, *faée*," (Cotgrave has under *Fée*: "*taken*, betwitched"), and this explanation of the word is further borne out by a passage from Markham: "*Of a horse that is taken*. A horse that is bereft of his feeling, mooving, or styrring, is said to be *taken*, and in sooth so hee is, in that he is arrested by so villainous a disease; yet some farriers, not well understanding the ground of the disease, conster the word *taken* to be striken by some planet or evil spirit, which is false" (Treatise on Horses, ch. viii. ed. 1595); *take* (sub.), in the Dorsetshire dialect, means a sudden illness, and is also a vulgar name for sciatica.

These two latter meanings are connected with the common meaning of the verb "to seize suddenly;" but from all the passages quoted it is evident that the special malignant effect supposed to be produced, whether by stars or by fairies, was a numbing effect upon the limbs.

30. Line 164: *So hallow'd and so gracious is THE time.*  
—All the Qq. have *that*.

## 31. Lines 166, 167:

*But, look, the morn, in RUSSET mantle clad,  
Walks o'er the dew of yon high EASTERN hill.*

For *russet*—not "rosy," as Hunter explains it, but "grey"—see Midsummer Night's Dream, note 178. Everyone who has kept watch out of doors all through the night knows that grey light which is the first precursor of morning, after which comes, if it comes at all, the red and golden colour. Shakespeare refers to this characteristic of early dawn in Much Ado, v. 3. 24-26:

the gentle day,  
Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about  
Dapples the drowsy east with spots of *grey*;  
and in Romeo and Juliet, iii. 5. 19:

I'll say yon *grey* is not the morning's eye.

Qq. read *eastward*; but Steevens very aptly cites from Chapman's Odyssey, bk. xiii. lines 49, 50:

Ulysses still  
An eye directed to the *Eastern* hill;  
and Staunton quotes from Spenser:

Phœbus' fiery car  
In haste was climbing up the *eastern* hill.

32. Line 175: *Where we shall find him most CONVENIENT.*—This is the reading of Qq.; Ff. and Q. 1. have *conveniently*. Shakespeare often uses the adjective adverbially; and here it seems to suit the rhythm better not to have the weak double ending which the reading of Ff. necessitates.

## ACT I. SCENE 2.

33. Line 11: *With ONE auspicious and ONE dropping eye.*  
—So Ff., with most editors follow. Qq. have:

With an auspicious and a dropping eye.

My coadjutor, Mr. Symons, says of the reading of Ff.: "This to my ear is mere burlesque. The antithesis in this and the next two lines is certainly strained, purposely, but I do not think Shakespeare intended Clandius to say anything quite so ridiculous as the Ff. and their followers would have us suppose. Compare a very similar passage in Winter's Tale, v. 2. 80-82 (which is a piece of mere sprightly fancifulness, very different in spirit from the cold balancing of the hypocritical King): "She had *one*

*eye declin'd* for the loss of her husband, *another* elevated that the oracle was fulfill'd." There is much good sense in this; but is not the antithesis clearly indicated by the context; and does not the reading of Qq. unnecessarily weaken the characteristic artificiality of the passage? Compare below, line 13, "in *equal* scale," which also points at the more definitive *one* and *one* rather than the vague *an* and *a*.—F. A. M.

34. Line 24: *all bands of law*.—This is the reading of Qq.; Ff. print *bonds*. The two words were spelt the same, or interchanged at pleasure. See note 28 to Richard II.

35. Line 38: these *DILATED* articles.—This is the spelling of the Ff.; Qq. have *delated*; Q. 1. *related*. Shakespeare uses the word *dilate* in Othello, i. 3. 153:

That I would all my pilgrimage *dilate*,  
in the sense of "narrate at length;" and again in Comedy of Errors, i. 1. 123; "to *dilate* at full." There seems to be no reason to retain the spelling of Qq. here, more especially as *delate* does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare. That word had a special legal sense—"to accuse," "to denounce," a sense still retained in the judicatories of the Scottish Church (see Imperial Dict. *sub voce*). The Clarendon Press edd. say that, according to Minsheu, *delate* is only another form of *dilate*, meaning "to speak at large." Bacon uses *delate*="to carry," "to convey." The King, of course, refers here to the letters given to the ambassadors. See above, lines 27, 28.

36. Line 45: *And LOSE your voice*.—Ff. have *loose*, which was synonymous with *lose*.

37. Line 50: *Dread my lord*.—This is the reading of the Ff., and it seems more spirited than *My dread Lord* of the Qq.

38. Line 56: *leave and PARDON*.—This is merely a polite way of begging for leave to go; as, later (in iii. 2. 328-330): "your *pardon*, and my return shall be the end of my business."

39. Lines 58-60.—These three expressive lines are omitted in Ff.

40. Lines 64: *But now, my COUSIN Hamlet, and my son*.—On the general use of the word *cousin* for almost any blood-relationship, see Twelfth Night, note 18.

41. Line 65: *A little more than kin, and less than KIND*.—Compare W. Rowley, Search for Money, 1602 (Percy Soc. ed. p. 5): "I would he were not so neere to us in *kindred*, then sure he would be neerer in *kindnesse*." Some would take *kind* here=the German *kind*, i.e. child, pronouncing it as if it were written *kin'd*, and a play upon the words were intended. Mr. Wilson Barrett adopts this reading;<sup>1</sup> but it is not effective. No doubt there is a double meaning here in *kind*, as Shakespeare is rather fond of the word in the sense of *race*. Compare Richard II. iv. 1. 141:

Shall kin with kin and *kind* with *kind* confound;

<sup>1</sup> Mr. C. Ribton-Turner, in the preface to his arrangement of the tragedy for Mr. Barrett, ingeniously defends this reading; but, I believe, he is mistaken in connecting *kind* in the sense of son (of which he says *kind* is but the vulgar form) with A. Sax. *cyri*, which means rather a race or tribe.

and Julius Cæsar, ii. 1. 32, 33:

And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,

Which hatch'd would, as his *kind*, grow mischievous.

Compare also Two Gentlemen of Verona, ii. 3. 2, 3, where Launce says "all the *kind* of the Launces have this very fault;" so that Hamlet may mean to say he is something more than a mere kinsman to his uncle, yet that the treatment he receives from him is less than that which one would show to any of one's own species or race. Compare also Hamlet's use of *kindless*=unnatural applied to the king in the soliloquy, ii. 2. 609:

Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, *kindless* villain!

42. Lines 66, 67:

King. *How is it that the clouds still hang on you?*

Ham. *Not so, my lord; I am too much i' the SUN.*

Qq. read *Not so much* (an evident misprint), and, in the latter part of the line, *in the sonne*, which some have wished to interpret as a quibble on *son* and *son*. A great deal of commentary has been written on this line. There is no doubt that there is an allusion to the proverb which Johnson mentions: "Out of heaven's blessing into the warm sun." Compare Lear, ii. 2. 167-169:

Good king, that must approve the common saw,—

Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st

To the warm sun!

Dyce points out that this proverbial expression is found in various authors from Heywood down to Swift. In Furness will be found quoted a very apt passage from the Preface to Grindal's Profitable Doctrine, 1555: "they were brought from the good to the bad, and from Goddes blessing (as the proverb is) into a warme sonne" (vol. i. p. 34). *To be in the Sun* would seem therefore to be a colloquial expression for "to be in misery." Hunter tries to make out that it distinctly meant "to have no home;" but his long remarks on this passage are more ingenious than convincing. Dr. Brinsley Nicholson points out, in Notes and Queries, 25th May, 1887, that Hamlet may use the words *i' the sun* as equivalent to "in the sunshine of your favour," uttering them as an ironical compliment to the king.

43. Line 68: *Good Hamlet, cast thy NIGHTED colour off*.—So Qq.; Ff. read *nightly*; but compare Lear, iv. 5. 10-14:

It was great ignorance, Gloucester's eyes being out,  
To let him live: where he arrives he moves  
All hearts against us: Edmund, I think, is gone,  
In pity of his misery, to dispatch  
His *nighted* life.

44. Line 77: *good mother*.—Q. 2, Q. 3 have the absurd misprint *coold mother*, which led the person or persons responsible for the emendations in the so-called Players' Quartos to print the line:

'T is not alone *this morning cloke* could smother.

What the *cloke* was to *smother* does not appear. It is a grand instance of an aposiopesis. How Betterton could have ever spoken such rubbish passes one's comprehension.

45. Line 79: *Nor WINDY SUSPIRATION of forc'd breath*.—Caldecott quotes a somewhat parallel expression from the Spanish Tragedy, act iv.:

By force of *windy sighs* thy spirit breathes.

—Hawkins, vol. ii. p. 92.

46. Line 82: *Together with all forms*, MOODS, SHOWS of grief.—So Ff. substantially. 'F. 1, F. 2 *shewes*; F. 3, F. 4 *shews*. Q. 1 has no parallel here. Q. 2, Q. 3 read *chapes*, and Q. 4, Q. 5 *shapes*. For *moods* Q. 1695 substituted *modes* (an alteration which is generally attributed to Capell); but both Qq. and Ff. substantially agree here, though Q. 2, Q. 3, Q. 4 print *moodes*, and not *moods*. Dyce prints *modes*, observing that *moodes* and *moods* are but "an old spelling of *modes*; nothing can be plainer than that Hamlet, throughout this speech, is dwelling entirely on the outward and visible signs of madness." But are not *moods* the outward *moral* signs of grief, the affectation of sighs and tears and downcast looks to which Hamlet alludes above in lines 78-80? As for *shows*, it is surely preferable to *shapes*, which jars on one's ear rather here; though the word *shape* is constantly used in the sense of "a costume," "a disguise" (See Love's Labour's Lost, note 112).

47. Line 85: *But I have that within which PASSETH show*.—Qq. read *passes*; but the reason for the reading of F. 1 is obvious; it was in order to avoid the cacophony of the final *s* in *passes* and *show*. The repetition of the word *show* here (see line 82 above) is, I think, emphatic.

48. Line 92: OBSEQUIOUS sorrow.—Compare Titus Andronicus, v. 3. 152:

To shed *obsequious* tears upon this trunk;

and Sonnet xxxi. 5-7:

How many a holy and *obsequious* tear  
Hath dear-religious love stol'n from mine eye,  
As interest of the dead.

The only other passage in Shakespeare where *obsequious* is used in this sense is III. Henry VI. ii. 5. 118. *Obsequiously* is used in a similar sense in Richard III. i. 2. 3.

49. Lines 110-112:

And with no less nobility of love  
Than that which dearest father bears his son,  
Do I impart toward you.

Schmidt explains this phrase: "with no less nobility of love than this: I bestow upon you the love of the fondest father. *Toward* is partly governed by *love*." Theobald proposed to read *with 't, i.e.* "with the declaration of you as next heir to the throne," &c.

50. Line 113: *In going back to SCHOOL in WITTENBERG*.—The University of Wittenberg was not founded till 1502, so that its mention in Hamlet is a startling anachronism. But in an age which was careless of such things, Shakespeare was doubtless justified in bringing into his play a name so well known as Luther and Faustus had then made Wittenberg. Besides, having once made Hamlet and all the Danes of his time Christians, no anachronisms could have had any terror for him.

This is one of the passages which bears upon the difficult question of Hamlet's age. For *school*=university, compare As You Like It, note 4. Tschischwitz says that at the German universities men of mature age often attended lectures, and instances Humboldt (See Furness, vol. i. p. 390). But was it the custom, in Shakespeare's time, for adults to frequent the universities?

51. Line 129: *O, that this too too SOLID flesh would melt*.—All the Qq. for *solid* read *sallied*, which led some

anonymous critic to suggest *sullied* as the reading. But though there is no reference here (as there is, perhaps, later, in the "He's fat and scant of breath") to the stoutness of Burbage, yet the reading of Ff. is the right one.

52. Line 130: *Thaw, and RESOLVE itself into a dew*.—Caldecott cites Baret's *Alvearie*: "To thaw or resolve that which is frozen, *regelo*." Compare Lyly's *Euphues*, p. 38 (quoted by Nares): "I could be content to *resolve* myself into tears, to rid thee of trouble." See Timon, iv. 3. 442, 443:

The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge *resolves*  
The moon into salt tears.

53. Lines 131, 132:

Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd  
His CANON 'gainst SELF-SLAUGHTER! O God! God!

Qq. and Ff. print *cannon*, which was a customary spelling for both words. Q. 2, Q. 3, Q. 4, Q. 5 read *seale slaughter*, an evident misprint. Ff. have *O God, O God!* which many editors adopt. To me it seems less emphatic, less direct a cry of the soul than as the Qq. give it. Possibly the reason for the reading of Ff. was to emphasize the fact that the actor must pause some little time after *self-slaughter* and not continue with the next words as if part of the line; and for that reason it would be preferable to print the words *O God! God!* or *O God! O God!* as a broken line by themselves.

54. Line 140: HYPERION to a satyr.—*Hyperion* (always used by Shakespeare as a name of the sun) is invariably accented on the antepenultimate. The error is a common one in English poetry. Even Gray (*Progress of Poetry*) writes of—

*Hyperion's* march and glittering shafts of war.

Tennyson gives the correct accentuation in *Lucretius*, and the Aldine editor of Gray cites other examples from Drummond of Hawthornden and Aken-side. See Henry V. note 214.

55. Line 141: *beteem*.—See *Midsummer Night's Dream*, note 22. The Ff. here read *beteene*.

56. Line 146: *Frailty, thy name is woman!*—Compare Ford, 'T is Pity She's a Whore, iv. 3:

My reason tells me now, that "'t is as common  
To err in frailty as to be a woman."

57. Line 150: *discourse of reason*.—Compare *Troilus and Cressida*, ii. 2. 116, and see note 120 of that play. Compare also below, iv. 4. 36. The expression "discourse of reason" is used by Florio in his translation of Montaigne's 19th Essay, and of the Apologie of Raymond Sebond.

58. Line 155: *Had left the FLUSHING in her GALLED EYES*.—Schmidt, who is followed by some editors, explains *flushing* as referring to the redness of the eyes caused by much weeping; but the Clarendon Press edd. remark that the verb to *flush* is still used transitively, and therefore I suppose that they would interpret it "filling the eyes with water." We constantly use the expression nowadays "to *flush* a drain;" that is to say, to pour a quantity of water down it. Compare above (line 80): "the fruitful river in the eye." *Galled* eyes are eyes sore with weeping, as in Richard III. iv. 4. 53: "*galled eyes* of weeping souls." Ff. for *in* read *of*, which would seem to confirm the meaning given to *flushing* by the Clarendon edd.



59. Lines 160, 161:

*I am glad to see you well:**Horatio,—or I do forget myself.*

It is evident that Hamlet is so overcome with emotion after his soliloquy that he does not at first recognize the voice of his one intimate friend. This is a most effective and dramatic touch. With the instinct of courtesy, which is never wanting in him, he says mechanically, "I am glad to see you well." Then turning round and recognizing him, with a note of joy in his voice he greets him by his name. Mark also the subtle gradations of treatment which Hamlet shows towards Marcellus and Bernardo. The former is a friend, but not an intimate friend of his heart like Horatio; so he greets him cordially (see line 167): "I am very glad to see you;" and then turning to Bernardo, who is a comparative stranger, with a courteous bow, "Good even, sir;" which duty of politeness discharged, he turns again to Horatio, in the next line, with the same warm and hearty manner. Trivial as the beginning of this scene may seem to the reader, the actor has here the greatest opportunity of marking the characteristics of Hamlet's nature. So much does he hunger for sympathy, that the sight of the friend in whom he feels that he can confide makes him, for a moment at least, forget his great sorrow. But it is only for a moment; for he will not suffer even Horatio to speak lightly, as it were, of what is to him such a horrid profanation of all love and duty as his mother's marriage.

60. Line 164: *And what MAKE you from Wittenberg, Horatio?*—See ii. 2. 278 below: "what make you at Elsinore?" The expression is of constant recurrence in the Elizabethan writers. Compare the German "Was machen Sie?"

61. Line 167: *GOOD EVEN, sir.*—Hammer changed this to *Good morning*, and Johnson, defending the text, supposed that it was now literally come to evening. But afternoon was not recognized by the Elizabethans, and *Good even* became due immediately after the stroke of noon. The point is left without any doubt by Romeo and Juliet, ii. 4. 115-119, and the following passage in Samuel Rowley's chronicle play, *When You See Me, You Know Me* [sig. G 4]:

*Tie. God morrow to your Grace.**Prî. God morrow Tutors at Noone, 'tis God even, is it not?**Cran. We saw not your Grace to day.*

62. Line 170: *I would not HAVE your enemy say so.*—So Ff. Qq. read *hear*, which rather clashes with *ear* in the next line.

63. Lines 180, 181:

*the funeral bak'd meats**Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.*

The custom of funeral festivities was once very prevalent. The practice, says Dounce, was certainly borrowed from the *œna feralis* of the Romans. Caldecott quotes a very apposite passage from "The boke of mayd Emlyn that had v husbandes & all kockoldes: she wold make theyr berdes whether they wold or no, and gnye them to were a praty hoode full of belles'" (4to, Signat. B. II. without date. "Imprynted by John Skot in saynt Pulkers parysshe"):

*When the seconde husband was dede,**The thyrd husbande dyde she wedde*

In full goodly aray—  
But as the devyll wolde,  
Or the pyes were colde.

—Caldecott's Hamlet, Notes, p. 25.

64. Line 182: *my DEAREST foe.*—*Dear* is constantly used in old writers for anything intensely felt, whether of joy or sorrow. See note 78 to Richard II. and compare I. Henry IV. iii. 2. 123:

Which art my near'st and dearest enemy.

65. Line 183: *OR EVER I HAD seen that day.*—So Qq. Ff. have *Ere I had ever*. This slight variation is worth noticing, because we should certainly have expected that the Folio—if it is supposed to be taken from the theatre copy—would have retained the much more rhythmical reading of the Quarto and not have substituted such an awkward and cacophonous sentence as *Ere I had ever*, a sentence which it would be very difficult for an actor to speak effectively. Very likely this was one of the gratuitous corrections of the printer.

66. Line 190: *Saw who?*—There can be little doubt that this is the right punctuation; *who* being used here, as frequently in Shakespeare, for the accusative. Ff. read *Saw? Who?* Qq. including Q. 1: *Saw, who?* The Players' Quartos print as in our text. It seems an absurd piece of pedantry to alter *who* to *whom*, as Johnson did. The colloquial form of the question, however opposed to strict grammatical rules, is much more natural; and any pause between the two words is essentially undramatic, considering how excited Hamlet is by Horatio's statement.

67. Line 193: *an ATTENT ear.*—Compare Pericles, iii. 11 (of Prologue): "Be *attent*." The word is nowhere else used by Shakespeare. Some of the Qq. and Ff. have *attentive*.

68. Line 198: *In the dead VAST and middle of the night.*—*Vast* is the reading of Q. 1, Q. 5, Q. 6; Q. 2, Q. 3, Q. 4, F. 1 have *vast*, and F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 *vaste*. Compare Tempest, i. 2. 327: "at *vast* of night," where *vast* is used for void or vacancy, as in Winter's Tale, i. 1. 33: "shook hands, as over a *vast*." Malone very absurdly reads *vast*—an absurdity none the less absurd because it occurs in a preposterous line of Marston's *Malcontent*, ii. 5:

T is now about the inmodest *vast* of night.

The reading of F. 2 is equally objectionable, because it sounds like a pun on *waste* and *waist*, a verbal pleasantry quite out of keeping with the rest of Horatio's speech.

69. Line 200: *Arm'd at point.*—Ff. have *Arm'd at all points*. Compare Macbeth, iv. 3. 135, and see note 223 of that play.

70. Line 204: *distill'd.*—Ff. read (with varying spelling) *bestill'd*. *Distill'd* is of course used in the sense of "melted." Singer quotes from Sylvester's *Du Bartas* (4th ed. p. 764):

Melt thee, *distill* thee, turne to wax or snow;

and Dyce compares Addison's rendering of a passage of Claudian (*De Sexto Cons. Hon. v. 345*):

*Hæcæfactaque fulgure cuspi**Conduict, et subitis fluxere vaporibus enses—*

by the very much condensed line:

Swords by the lightning's subtle force *distill'd*.

71. Line 214: *Did you not speak to it?*—This line is generally spoken upon the stage

*Did not you speak to it?*

with the emphasis on *you*, as if the question were addressed especially to Horatio, and not to all three. Steevens has a long note to prove that the emphasis should be on *speak* and not on *you*. The important question, as he says, was whether the Ghost was spoken to, and not whether Horatio in particular spoke to it. Steevens adds that "spectres were supposed to maintain an obdurate silence till interrogated by the people to whom they appeared" (Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 211); or, in plainer language, ghosts never spoke unless they were spoken to. He also says that the vulgar notion that a ghost could only be spoken to by a scholar, *i.e.* one who knew Latin (see above, note 7), was one that would have disgraced the Prince of Denmark. But in answer to this it may be said that Hamlet would have expected Horatio to speak to the apparition, not because he was a scholar, but because he was his own particular friend, and would know how anxious he must be to learn the meaning of this appearance of his father's spirit. The difficulty as to the emphasis may be got over by distributing the emphasis between *you* and *speak* so as to make it clear that the question is addressed particularly to Horatio, but without any apparent discourtesy to the others; and also showing that Hamlet's anxiety was not confined to the question whether Horatio individually had spoken to the Ghost, but whether it had been spoken to at all.

72. Line 216: *It lifted up ITS head.*—The earlier Qq. and Ff. all have *it* (the older form of the possessive) except Q. 1, which has *his*. No editors have had the courage to preserve the archaic form except the Cambridge editors in their Clarendon Press ed. (and in the later editions of the Globe), Grant White, Keightley, and Furness. See Craik's note on Julius Caesar, i. 2. 124, quoted by Furness, in which a very interesting history of the possessive form *its* is given.

*His* was originally used for the possessive of both masculine and neuter, as it often is by Shakespeare. *Its*, for a long time, was not recognized as an admissible word; when it occurs in Shakespeare it is generally printed in F. 1 *it's*. The Saxon personal pronoun was *he* masculine, *heo* feminine, and *hit* neuter. The aspirate was afterwards dropped in the neuter, though Craik says it is still often heard in the Scottish dialect. The genitive of *heo* was *hire*, hence *her*; *his* would be the natural form of the genitive for both masculine and neuter. When Shakespeare wrote, *its* was beginning to displace the form *his* as the possessive of *it*.

73. Line 224: *Indeed, indeed.*—Qq. (except Q. 1) omit the second *indeed*, as they do the repetition of *very like* in line 227. The repetitions were probably made by the actor, and adopted (wisely, I think) in the Folio. Hamlet is here reflecting on what has been told him, and the repetition of the word marks the preoccupation of his mind.

74. Line 229: [Abruptly] *Then saw you not his face.*—This line is generally printed as a question; but Q. 2, Q. 3 have a full stop at the end of the line, which seems more

in accordance with the sense. Hamlet is questioning them very closely, cross-examining them in fact, as to the details of the appearance of the Ghost, in the identity and genuineness of which he does not yet entirely believe. He is particularly anxious to find out whether they had certain means of recognizing the apparition as that of his father. If he was armed from head to foot, and with his vizor down, they could not have seen his face, and therefore could not have been sure whose spectre it was or appeared to be. If Hamlet speaks this line, as indicated in our text, *abruptly*, Horatio's answer seems more appropriate than if he had spoken it as a tentative question; and there is an effective contrast between the lawyerlike manner in which Hamlet strives to detect them in a contradiction, and the tender feeling with which he puts the next question—

What, look'd he frowningly?

75. Lines 240–242:

Ham. *His beard was grizzled,—no?*  
Hor. *It was, as I have seen it in his life,*  
*A sable silver'd.*

This passage has given rise to some ingenious fancies on the part of commentators; Moberly holding that *grizzled* is the same as *gristly* = "foul and disordered," a meaning which neither *grizzled* nor *gristly* has in any passage in Shakespeare. [Compare *Mids. Night's Dream*, v. 1. 140, where the Prologue refers to the Lion as "This *gristly* beast;" and *Lucrece*, line 926, "carrier of *gristly* care."] On this conjectural meaning he founds the explanation that Hamlet, in asking the question, wishes to find out whether his father showed signs of a violent death, like Gloucester in II. Henry VI. iii. 2. 175. *Grizzled* is only used once in Shakespeare, in Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 13. 17, where Antony says:

To the *boy* Caesar send this *grizzled* head.

It is manifest that the meaning there is "growing grey." There is a passage in the Prologue to act iii. of *Pericles*, lines 47, 48:

the *grizzled* north  
Disgorges such a tempest forth,

in which *grizzled* is simply identical in meaning with *gristly* in its ordinary sense of "grim," "terrible;" *grizzled* is the reading of Q. 1; but F. 3, F. 4 have *gristly*. The meaning of *grizzled* here then is simply "getting grey;" and Hamlet seems to put this question with the same motive already alluded to above in note 74. Horatio's answer is scrupulously particular, and it is with regard to the exact colour implied by the word *sable* that the passage is interesting. Does *sable* mean "black" here? It is difficult to think of the elder Hamlet, a typical Dane, as a man with black hair; but the history of the word *sable* seems to give one no choice of meaning but that of a dark colour. It was derived from the animal *sable* undoubtedly, and adopted into heraldry as the equivalent of black. Shakespeare uses the adjective *sable* in *Lucrece*, line 117, as an epithet of *night*, and in the same poem, line 1074, in a figurative sense:

My *sable* ground of sin I will not paint;

here the writer is evidently thinking of the heraldic sense of the word. In the Sonnets, xii. 3, 4, *sable* is used in a very similar passage to the one in our text:

When I behold the violet past prime,  
And *sable* curls all *silver'd* o'er with white.

With the exception of the Prologue to act v. of *Pericles*, line 19, the epithet *sable* is not used in any place by Shakespeare, except in this play, ii. 2. 474, below; and in *Love's Labour's Lost*, i. 1. 233, *sable-coloured* is applied to melancholy. It seems, then, we must take *sable* here to mean at least "dark-coloured," if not "black." It is possible that the word, being originally derived from the animal, whose fur is frequently a light brown—though the darker shades are more valuable—*sable* may have been used, like *black*, in a lax sense as=any shade of darkness. That *sable* was used in somewhat a vague way seems to be proved by the following passage in Chapman. *Odyssey*, bk. ix. lines 215–217:

At entry of the haven, a *silver* ford  
Is from a rock-impressing fountain pour'd,  
All set with *sable* poplars.

It is difficult to see how *poplars* could ever be called *sable* in the sense of *black*.

76. Line 243: *I WARRANT it will*.—This is the reading of Q. 1. The other Qq. print *wasn't*, which, as the Clarendon Press edd. note, is still the provincial pronunciation of the word. Ff. have *I warrant you*. Compare All's Well that Ends Well, note 133.

77. Line 248: *Let it be TENABLE in your silence still*.—The Ff. read *treble*, a misprint which Caldecott, Knight, and other ingenious persons defend as the orthodox text.

78. Line 254: *Your LOVES, as mine to you*.—Ff. read *love*. Q. 1 has *your loves, your loves*, which Staunton thinks expresses well Hamlet's "perturbation," and "feverish impatience to be alone." It is very important to notice here that Hamlet corrects them all without distinction in their ceremonious expression of their duty. "No, not duty," he says practically, "but your *loves*;" and certainly the plural is preferable here, especially as it has been used just above, in line 251. The repetition of the Quarto might have been meant to enforce this correction; but, as a matter of fact, it is more effective on the stage when the two words *your loves* are not repeated, the emphasis on *loves* answering all the purpose required. Just as Hamlet makes no distinction between his intimate friend, Horatio, and Marcellus, who is also a friend but not an intimate one, and Bernardo, who is a comparative stranger; so afterwards, in scene 5 of this act, when he swears them both to secrecy, he makes no distinction between Horatio and Marcellus.

#### ACT I. SCENE 3.

79. Line 3: *And CONVOY IS assistant, do not sleep*.—Q. 2, Q. 3, Q. 4 read:

And *convey*, in assistant do not sleep;

The Players' Quartos read:

And *convey* in assistant, do not sleep;

but they marked the first sentence as omitted in representation, evidently because they could not make much sense of it. Our text is that of Ff., which seems to make fair sense; the meaning being "the means of conveyance are ready." Compare All's Well, iv. 3. 103: "entertained my *convoys*," i.e. "Taken into service guides," &c.

80. Lines 7, 8:

*A violet in the youth of PRIME nature,  
FORWARD, not permanent.*

*Prime* is a peculiar word, and is only used in this passage; at least no instance of its occurrence elsewhere has yet been discovered. We may compare, perhaps, the peculiar use of *prime*, the adjective, in *Othello*, iii. 3. 403:

Were they as *prime* as goats, as hot as monkeys;

though, of course, Laertes does not use it here in so gross a sense, but more in the sense of the substantives in the Sonnet, iii. 9, 10:

and she in thee

Calls back the lovely April of her *prime*.

The first Players' Quarto, 1676, altered the passage to "youth, a *prime* of nature," which the Quarto of 1695 improved by reading "youth and *prime* of nature." Shakespeare uses the expression "*prime* of youth" in III. Henry VI. ii. 1. 23, and again in Richard III. i. 2. 246: "the golden *prime* of this sweet prince." But, as the form *primy* is found in all the old copies, both Qq. and Ff., we cannot alter it. It is very possible that the form *primy* was coined by Shakespeare to represent the adjective *prime* pronounced as a dissyllable. F. 1, F. 2, by a strange misprint, have *forward* for *forward*.

81. Line 9: *The PERFUME AND SUPPLIANCE of a minute*.—So Qq.; Ff. omit *perfume and*, perhaps because the word *perfume* might have seemed out of place; but it refers, as Johnson pointed out, to the phrase *sweet, not lasting* in the line above. The same critic expressed himself dissatisfied with *supplience*, suggesting some such word as *suffiance*, referring to the process of fumigation. But, surely, though *supplience* only occurs in this passage, it is a very expressive word. It means "that which fills up a minute of our leisure time." Chapman uses it, *Iliad*, book viii. line 321 = assistance; Pallas is speaking of Hercules looking up for help to heaven:

Which ever, at command of Jove, was by my *supplience* giv'n.

This word must not be confounded with *suppliance*=supplication, which is only found in comparatively modern writers.

82. Line 12: *in THEWS and bulk*.—This word *thews*, which is nearly always used in the plural, has rather a singular history. Shakespeare uses it in all the three passages in which it occurs, viz. here, II. Henry IV. iii. 2. 277, and Julius Caesar, i. 3. 81, in its physical sense of "muscles and sinews;" but in most of our old writers *thews* (generally spelt *theves*) is used of "manners, qualities, dispositions." In Nares, *sub voce*, will be found quoted five passages from Spenser, Ben Jonson, Thomas Heywood, and the Mirror for Magistrates, in all of which it is used in the sense of mental qualities, as it is by Chancer in the *Canterbury Tales*, line 9416. In Ancren Riwle (about 1230), the word is spelt *theaves*, and is used in the sense of virtues; in Layamon's Brut, about 1200 (verse 6361), the singular, spelt *theawe*, occurs in the sense of "sinew or strength," but that is, as Sir Frederick Madden notes, "the only instance in the poem of the word being applied to bodily qualities." Some etymologists would derive *thews*, in its physical sense, from the A. Sax. *theadh* or *thead*, the thigh, and *thews*=manners from the A. Sax. *theadw*= "habit, custom, behaviour;" but, as Skeat points

out, the physical sense of the word is really the older one, the base being *thau*, from Teutonic *thu*, derived from the root *tu*=“to be strong, to swell;” and he adds that the word is quite distinct from *thigh* though the root is the same.

83. Line 15: *cautel*.—This word is only used elsewhere by Shakespeare in *A Lover's Complaint*, 302, 303:

In him a plentitude of subtle matter,  
Applied to *cautels*, all strange forms receives.

*Cautelous* (meaning crafty) occurs in *Coriolanus*, iv. 1. 33, and *Julius Caesar*, ii. 1. 129. Cotgrave has “*Cautelle*: A wile, *cautell*, sleight; a craftie reach, or fetch, guileful deuse or indeour; also, craft, subtiltie, trumperie, deceit, couzenage.”

84. Line 16: *The virtue of his WILL*.—So Qq. Ff. print *feare*, evidently caught, by mistake, from the end of the line. Qq. omit line 18 altogether, perhaps accidentally.

85. Line 21: *The SAFETY and the health of the whole state*.—This line has caused a good deal of discussion. Q. 2, Q. 3 read *safity*; Q. 5 reads *safetie*; Q. 4, Q. 6 read as in the text; and Ff. *sanctity*, which Hamner changed to *sanity*, adopting the conjecture of Theobald. *The* is omitted before *health* in all the old copies, so that the line reads in Qq. as deficient in one syllable. Collier got over the difficulty by dogmatically asserting, without producing any proof, that *safety* was frequently pronounced as a trisyllable; but, unfortunately, the word occurs in Shakespeare in some hundred passages, in no one of which is it anything but a dissyllable. The reading of Q. 2, Q. 3, *safity*, goes most decidedly against Collier's statement. *Sanctity*, the reading of Ff., would not make by any means bad sense if we could take it to mean “religious preservation of;” but the word seems always to be used by Shakespeare as=“holiness” or “the quality of a saint.” *Sanity* is only used once by Shakespeare; in this very play, below, ii. 2. 214, where it means “a sound state of mind.” We have therefore preferred, after all, the very simple emendation first made by Warburton of inserting *the* before *health*. It is very likely that before a word commencing with *he*, *the* might have dropped out; but, on the other hand, it is only fair to say that the *the* might have been purposely omitted by the poet, in order to avoid the close recurrence of *th* in four words, “*the health of they*,” but this difficulty is easily got over by the speaker; while, if *safety* be pronounced as a dissyllable, it is very difficult to get over the rhythmical deficiency of the line. It is scarcely necessary to point out that any public reader or speaker who pronounced *safety* as a trisyllable, sa-fe-ty, would find a considerable tax on his time in defending his pronunciation against adverse critics.

86. Line 26: *particular act and place*.—So Qq; Ff. have *peculiar seet and force*, which might have given rise to some interesting explanations and interpretations, had the words come to us only in this form.

87. Line 30: *If with too CREDENT ear you LIST his songs*.—It is almost incredible, but in the Quarto of 1695 this line is printed thus:

If with too *credulous* ear you hear his Songs.

As it is not one of those marked for omission on the stage,

it is clear that the alteration must have been made in the theatre after the Restoration; but to whom the credit is due of substituting such a wretchedly commonplace, ill-sounding line for that in the original we do not know.

88. Lines 39, 40:

*The canker galls the INFANTS OF THE SPRING,  
Too oft before their BUTTONS be disclos'd.*

Compare *Love's Labour's Lost*, i. 1. 100, 101:

an envious sneaping frost

That bites the first-born infants of the spring;

and compare *Mids. Night's Dream*, note 130. *Button* is a literal Englishing of the French *bouton*, bud, and is used by Shakespeare only here. It occurs, however, in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, iii. 1. 4-7:

O queene Emilia,

Fresher than May, sweeter

Than hir gold buttons on the bowes, or all

Th' enamell'd knacks o' th' meende or garden.

—Ed. Littledale (N. Shak. Soc.), p. 43.

Cotgrave has “*Bouton*: m. A *button*; also, a bud of a Vine, &c.” Instead of *their*, Ff. have *the*.

89. Lines 49-51:

WHILST, LIKE A puff'd and reckless libertine,  
Himself THE PRIMROSE PATH of dalliance treads,  
And RECKS not his own rede.

*Whilst* like a is the reading of Ff; Qq. have *Whiles a*; and below Qq. and Ff. alike read *reakes* or *reaks*, which Pope first altered into *recks*. *Rede* is read in Qq., *reade* in Ff. *The primrose path* may be compared with the *primrose way* of *Macbeth*, ii. 3. 21. *Rede* is not used anywhere else by Shakespeare. The Clarendon Press edd. compare Chaucer, *Canterbury Tales*, 1216:

Ther was noon other remedy ne *reed*.

The same editors quote Burns, *Epistle to A Young Friend* [last two lines]:

And may ye better *reck* the *rede*  
Than ever did th' Adviser.

—Ed. Macmillan, vol. i. p. 149.

90. Lines 59-72.—It is possible that these sententious precepts, given by Polonius to his son, were suggested by the advice of Euphues to Philautus. Mr. Rushton, in his *Shakespeare's Euphuism* (pp. 45, 46), has indicated the points of resemblance, but they are not very close. Shakespeare was no doubt thinking more of Lord Burleigh than of Euphues. In fact Polonius was a satire, not upon the empty-headed old courtier, but upon one who, picking up most of his wisdom from books, was under the delusion that he was a very Machiavel in politic cunning. In Q. 1 these precepts of Polonius, or as much of them as are given, are printed with two inverted commas (“) before each line, that is to say, lines 61-67, and lines 70-72, and line 78. In Q. 2 these lines have no such mark before them; but, in the speech of Laertes, lines 36 and 38-39 are so distinguished. Dyce, in “*Remarks, &c.*,” maintained that there was nothing remarkable in this; but, with due deference to him, one may be allowed to think that there is. Dyce points out that in Qq., except Q. 1 (which does not contain it), the speech of the Queen (iv. 5. 17-20) “is printed with inverted commas;” but this is not quite accurate, as that speech

of four lines, containing two rhymed couplets, is thus printed:

'To my sicke soule, as sinnes true nature is, &c.

There is only *one* inverted comma before each line, which may have been intended to show that it was omitted in representation: it is so marked in all the Players' Quartos. Dyce says that in various early plays "the Gnomie portions" are thus distinguished, and he produces instances; but it must be confessed that the marking of these passages, as far as Q. 1 and Q. 2 of Hamlet are concerned, is erratic and almost inexplicable. In this scene there are three other lines so marked in Q. 1, lines which are peculiar to that edition; they occur in the last speech of Corambis in this scene, which is as follows:

*Ofelia*, receiue none of his letters,

"For louers lines are snares to intrap the heart;

"Refuse his tokens, both of them are keyes

To vnlooke Chastitie vnto Desire;

Come in *Ofelia*, such men often proue,

"Greate in their wordes, but little in their loue.

In line 59 *see* is the reading of Ff.; Qq. have *look*; in line 62 we have adhered to the reading of Qq. "*Those friends*," instead of "*The friends*" of Ff.

91. Line 63: *Grapple them To thy soul with HOOPS of steel*.—So Q. 1 and Ff.; Qq. read *unto* instead of *to*. Pope substituted *hooks* for *hoops*, as more suitable to the word *grapple*, with which it is connected. But the Clarendon Press edd. very well say "this makes the figure suggested by *grapple* the very reverse of what Shakespeare intended; for *grappling* with hooks is the act of an enemy and not of a friend." Compare Macbeth, iii. 1. 106:

*Grapples* you to the heart and love of us.

92. Lines 64, 65:

*But do not DULL THY PALM with entertainment  
Of each new-hatch'd, unfiled'd comrade.*

Johnson explains this phrase, "Do not make thy palm callous by shaking every man by the hand;" but of course it is used figuratively for "Do not make friends with everybody." Compare v. 1. 77, 78: "the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense;" Troilus and Cressida, ii. 3. 201: "*stale* his palm;" and Cymbeline, i. 6. 106, 107:

join gripes with *hands*  
*Made hard* with hourly falsehood.

93. Lines 73, 74:

*And they in France of the best rank and station  
Are most select and generous, chief in that.*

The readings of the old copies differ very much in line 74. Q. 1 has:

Are of a most select and generall chiefe in that;

Q. 2 has:

Are of a most select and *generous* chief in that;

F. 1:

Are of a most select and generous *chief* in that.

The reading and punctuation adopted in our text is that given first by Rowe, and followed by most editors. Collier's MS. has:

Are of a most select and generous *choice* in that.

Staunton printed *sheaf* instead of *chief*, justifying this, at first sight, eccentric emendation by quoting two passages from Ben Jonson, in which *sheaf* is used figuratively = "class" or "clique." The late Dr. Ingleby approved of Staunton's conjecture, and warmly defended it on the

ground that it was another instance of Euphuism in Polonius's speech. "*Gentlemen of the first sheaf*" was an expression, according to Dr. Ingleby, taken from a *sheaf* of arrows, used by Euphuists and borrowed from archery; the *sheaf* being twenty-four arrows. Grant White got out of the difficulty by simply omitting *chief* altogether and reading:

Are most select and generous in that.

This emendation the Cambridge edd. approved of by anticipation; they give it in their Preface, vol. viii. pp. viii, ix, as "what Shakespeare probably wrote," taking the words *of* and *chief* in the MS. as alternative readings of *in* and *best* in the line above. According to this conjecture the transcriber must have inserted a *before* *most* on his own account.

The fact that both Qq. and Ff. agree with Q. 1 in retaining the words of *a* makes one hesitate to adopt the very simple emendation of Rowe. Tschischwitz thought that the words *in that* were a portion of a lost line; but it is quite possible that Shakespeare wrote the line with two extra syllables, and omitted to draw his pen through the words of *a*. In support of Staunton's conjecture it may be added that a *sheaf* (of arrows) was sometimes written *chafe* according to Halliwell's Archaic and Provincial Dictionary, though no instance is given of it.

94. Line 83: *The time INVITES you; go, your servants* TEND.—Qq. read *invests*. Compare iv. 3. 46, 47, below:

The bark is ready, and the wind at help,  
The associates *tend*.

95. Line 106: *you have tw'en these tenders for true pay*.—Moberly (quoted by Furness, New Variorum Ed. p. 71) says: "In the Dutch war of 1674, Pepys tells us that many English seamen fought on the enemy's side, and were heard during an action to cry, 'Dollars now, no tickets,' the latter being the only pay they had received in their own service. This seems to explain the opposition intended here between *tenders* and *true pay*."

96. Line 107: *TENDER yourself more dearly; i.e. regard*, as in Romeo and Juliet, iii. 1. 74, 75:

And so, good Capulet,—which name I *tender*  
As *dearly* as my own,—be satisfied.

97. Line 109: *RUNNING it thus*.—Ff. read *Roaming*, Qq. have (and are) *Wrong*. The emendation in the text—an excellent and unquestionable one—is Collier's, first adopted by Dyce.

98. Line 114: *With almost all the holy vows of heaven*.—Ff. read *with all the vovues of Heauen*, probably a correction made in the course of the play's representation by Shakespeare himself.

99. Line 115: *Ay, springes to catch woodcocks*.—The Clarendon Press edd. quote Gosson, Apologie of the Schoole of Abuse (ed. Arber, p. 72): "When Comedie comes vpon the Stage, Cupide sets vpp a *Springe* for *Woodcookes*, which are entangled ere they descrie the line, and caught before they mistrust the snare." Compare Twelfth Night, ii. 5. 92: "Now is the *woodcock* near the *gin*."

100. Line 117: *Lends the tongue vovues: these blazes, daughter*.—Two syllables would seem to have dropped out from this line. Coleridge proposed "*Go to, these*

blazes, daughter," or "these blazes, daughter, *mark you*," either of which might do excellently well—but then, how do we know it is Shakespeare? So many other things would do excellently well too.

101. Line 120: *From this time*.—So Qq.; Ff. have "For this time *Daughter*."

102. Line 127: *Do not believe his vows; for they are* BROKERS.—Cotgrave has "*Maquignonner*. To play the *Broker* . . . also, to play the bawd."

103. Line 128: *that dye*.—So (with varying spellings, *die* and *dye*) the Qq.; Ff. read *the eye*, using the word, say the Clarendon Press edd., "in the same sense in which it occurs in the *Tempest*, ii. 1. 55: 'With an *eye* of green in it,' where it signifies a dash of colour."

104. Line 130: *Breathing like sanctified and pious* BONDS.—So Qq. Ff. unanimously. In what may be called an unhappy paroxysm of critical ingenuity, Theobald pounced upon this passage, asking indignantly "what idea we can form of a *breathing* bond being *sanctified* or *pious*?" With one wave of his wand he has transformed the innocent and appropriate *bonds* into the coarse and pleonastic *bawds*. In this he has been followed by the very wariest of editors; even those miracles of purism, the Cambridge edd., printed *bawds* without a murmur. Dyce, Singer, Grant White, and Dr. Furness are amongst those who have adopted Theobald's conjecture, and all those, except Dr. Furness, will not even hear of *bonds*. Malone had the good sense to perceive that the old copies were right; and though, carried away by the general consensus in its favour, we had absolutely printed *bawds*, a little consideration made us pause. Shakespeare's text, especially in a play for which there are two such good authorities as there are for this in the shape of Q. 2 and F. 1, ought not to be altered unless the sense or rhythm absolutely demands it. Theobald's question is infinitely more ridiculous, when one comes to analyse it, than the old reading could possibly be. Shakespeare is very fond of the word *bond*, and he uses it constantly as—those sacred ties of affection which exist between two engaged lovers, or husband and wife, or brother and sister. What can be more properly called *sanctified and pious* than the *bond* which is hallowed by a sacrament? Among the many passages which could be quoted, we may take *Troilus and Cressida*, v. 2. 154–156:

Cressid is mine, tied with the *bonds* of heaven:  
Instance, O instance! strong as heaven itself;  
The *bonds* of heaven are slipp'd, dissolv'd, and loos'd.

As for *breathing*, it has here, as often in Shakespeare, the sense of "speaking," e.g. Merchant of Venice, iii. 4. 27: "*breath'd* a secret vow;" King John, iv. 3. 66, 67:

And *breathing* to his breathless excellence  
The incense of a vow.

Again, the very reasons brought forward to support Theobald's emendation, that Polonius has just compared Hamlet's vows to *brokers*, and called them "mere implorators of unholy suits," surely militate against any alteration in the text; for why should Polonius be so careful to use to his daughter polite periphrases, or synonyms for the word *bawd*, and then in the very next line employ the very word itself? Hamlet (iii. 1. 111–113)

uses this word to Ophelia: "for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a *bawd*," &c.; but, after his assumed madness, his language towards her is not over-delicate; while Polonius seems always careful to avoid any coarse expression to her. Even when he is big with his wonderful jest about *tender* (see above, lines 107–109) he avoids putting his meaning into anything like rude language; and throughout the scene of which this passage forms part, he scrupulously avoids any coarse phrase. Lastly, the word *brokers* might surely suggest the word *bonds*. It is quite true that *bawds* might have been written *bawds*, and might easily have been mistaken for *bawds*, the two words *bawds* and *bonds* being more or less interchangeable; but there is no need to suppose that there was a gratuitous misprint where all the old copies are unanimous, and where the reading, as printed, makes excellent sense.

105. Line 133: *so* SLANDER any MOMENT'S *leisure*.—*Slander* is here evidently used for misuse. Note conversely the use of *misuse* for revile or slander, as in *Taming of the Shrew*, ii. 1. 150, 160:

with twenty such vile terms,

As she had studied to *misuse* me so;

As You Like It, iv. 1. 205, 206: "You have simply *misus'd* our sex in your love-prate." Q. 2, Q. 3, and Ff. read *moment*—the most obvious of misprints, corrected in the later Qq., and piously preserved by a few later editors.

#### ACT I. SCENE 4.

106. Line 1: *The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold*.—So Qq.; F. 1 reads *is it very cold*? This reading was accepted by Mr. Irving in his representation of Hamlet, and raised some discussion at the time, not generally in favour of the innovation.

107. Line 2: *It is a nipping and an* EAGER *air*.—Qq. omit *a*. *Eager* is the French *agré*, here meaning sharp; it is used again in i. 5. 69, where it means sour. (See note 154 below.) Cotgrave has: "*Agre: Eagre, sharpe, tart, biting, sower*."

108. Lines 8, 9:

*The king doth* WAKE *to-night, and takes his rouse,*  
*Keeps* WASSAIL, *and the swaggering* UP-SPRING *reels.*

*Wake* means to hold a late revel, to drink late; *wassail* is a drinking-bout. Both words (as substantives) occur in *Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 2. 318: "at *wakes* and *wassails*." *Up-spring*, says Elze (ed. of Chapman's *Alphonsus*, p. 144, where the word occurs), was "the 'Hüpfanf,' the last and consequently the wildest dance at the old German merry-makings." The English word is a literal rendering of the German. Schmidt, in his *Shakespeare Lexicon*, characterizes the "Hüpfanf" as "an apocryphal dance," and thinks that this German name "may as well be translated from upspring" as the reverse. Dr. Elze replies conclusively in his edition of *Hamlet*, p. 133, showing that the English word (which is not known to occur in any but the two passages cited) is more than half a century younger than the German name. Caldecott thinks the term is connected with *upsay-freeze*, so familiar to us in Elizabethan comedies. See his edition, pp. 28–30 of the notes, where several interesting extracts from con-

temporary accounts of Danish drinking customs will be found.

109. Line 11: *The KETTLE-DRUM and trumpet thus bray out.*—Douce (Illustrations of Sh. ii. 205) quotes Cleaveland's *Fuscara*, or the *Bee Errant*:

Tuning his draughts with drowsie hums  
As Danes carowse by *kettle-drums*.

The *kettle-drum*, says Elze (Hamlet, p. 134), "seems originally to have been a Danish instrument, and to have been introduced into England either by Queen Anne, or by the King of Denmark, who came twice to London on a visit to K. James I."

110. Line 14: *But.*—So Qq.; Ff. have *And*.

111. Lines 17-38 are omitted in Ff.

112. Line 19: *They CLEPE us DRUNKARDS.*—*Clepe* is found in Q. 6; the earlier Qq. print *clip*. The word is from Anglo-Saxon "cleopian," to call. The spelling of the earlier Qq. probably represents the common pronunciation of the word. Compare Forby, Vocabulary of East Anglia, 1830: "*Clepe*, v. to call. The word is used by our boys at play, who *clepe* (or, as they commonly pronounce it, *clip*) sides, or opposite parties, at ball, &c." There is most likely a side-glance here at the drinking habits of the English. The Danes, however, did enjoy the reputation of being famous tipplers. Compare Othello, ii. 3. 78-88, and see note 105 to that play. The Clarendon Press edd. quote a passage from Beaumont and Fletcher (The Captain, iii. 2), in which the English and the Danes are cited as apparently the most notorious drunkards of their time:

*Lod.*                               Are the Englishmen  
Such stubborn drinkers?  
*Piso.*                               Not a leak at sea  
Can suck more liquor; you shall have their children  
Christen'd in mul'd sack, and at five years old  
Able to knock a Dane down.

113. Line 32: *Being nature's livery, or fortune's STAR.*—Theobald, unnecessarily, suggested that *star* was a misprint for *scar*. Ritson takes the word *star* to be used in the sense in which we apply the word to horses: "the white *star* or mark so common on the forehead of a dark coloured horse, is usually produced by making a *scar* on the place." Compare Cymbeline, v. 5. 364:

Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine *star*.

114. Lines 36-38:

*the DRAM OF EALE*  
DOTH ALL THE NOBLE SUBSTANCE OF A DOUBT  
To his own scandal.

This is the reading of Q. 2, Q. 3; Q. 4, Q. 5 substitute *ease* for *eale*. The Cambridge edd. chronicle forty conjectural emendations of this passage, which they themselves, in common with many editors, regard as hopelessly corrupt. Furness, in his New Variorum Ed., fills more than six pages with conjectures and comments. If the lines are, as seems most probable, corrupt, it can at least be said that nothing convincing or final has yet been proposed in the way of emendation. When every new commentator on Shakespeare has a new reading of this passage to offer, and no commentator has succeeded in impressing his own view on any, or many, of his fellows, it would be preposterous to make any variation in the text, such as it is, of

the earlier Qq., which, in the unlucky absence of a Folio text, remains our only approach to original authority. Something, however, may be done to explain this puzzling reading. In the Qq. of ii. 2. 627-629, where the Ff. print:

The Spirit that I have seen  
May be the Diuell, and the Diuel hath power  
T' assume a pleasing shape—

we read

The spirit that I have seen  
May be a *deale*, and the *deale* hath power, &c.

If *devil* may be misprinted *deale*, may not *evil* be misprinted *eale*? The error in both cases probably came from a slipshod and hasty pronunciation, perhaps a colloquialism. The remainder of the passage admits of at least two explanations. One is, that *doth* is used, transitively, as a verb, not as an auxiliary; thus *doth it of a doubt* would mean "affects it with a doubt." Dr. George Mac Donald, who takes this view, compares Measure for Measure, i. 3. 40-43:

I have on Angelo impos'd the office;  
Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike home,  
And yet my nature never in the fight  
To *do* in slander.

That is, says Dr. Mac Donald, to affect it (my nature) with slander, to bring it into slander. "Angelo may punish in my name, but, not being present, I shall not be accused of cruelty, which would be to slander my own nature" (Hamlet, 1885, p. 45). The passage quoted, however, is no very certain support. The Cambridge edd. obelize it, and Hanmer's emendation (*it* instead of *in*) is generally adopted. Strachey, Shakespeare's Hamlet, 1848, apparently understands the passage in Hamlet in the same sense; in a note to p. 44, on which he has quoted the lines as they stand in the Qq. (only replacing *eale* by *ill*), he says: "This it appears is the genuine text: the editors all adopt Stevens's conjectural emendation 'often doubt,' i.e. *often do out*, quench. But the old text seems to me better: the *noble substance* is not quenched or destroyed, but '*soiled*,' '*d'er-leavened*,' '*corrupted*,' and so its proper excellence brought into *doubt*." The other explanation is brought forward by Professor Hiram Corson, of Cornell University, in his Jottings on the Text of Hamlet (Ithaca: privately printed, 1874), pp. 13, 14: "All the difficulty of the passage is removed, I think, by understanding 'noble,' not as an adjective, as all commentators have understood it, qualifying 'substance,' but as a noun opposed to 'eale,' and the object of 'substance,' a verb of which 'doth' is its auxiliary. Thus: 'the dram of eale doth all the noble, substance of [i.e. 'with,' a sense common in the English of the time,] 'a doubt' [which works] 'to his own scandal.' 'Substance' is used in the sense of 'imbue with a certain essence;' 'his' is a neuter genitive, standing for 'noble,' and = 'its.' The dram of *ill transubstantiates* the noble, *essences* it to its own scandal. In regard to the use of 'of' and 'to,' see Abbott's Shakespearean Grammar, rev. and enl. ed. §§ 171 and 186.

"The use of 'substance,' in the sense of 'essence,' was, of course, sufficiently common, and had been for more than two centuries, to justify the interpretation given. In Macbeth, i. 5. 50, we have 'sightless substances' = 'invisible essences,' 'sightless' being used objectively. 'Being of one substance with the Father.' *Book of Common Prayer*. Chaucer, in *The Prologe of the Nonne Prestes Tale* (l. 14809

of Tyrwhitt's edition, l. 16280 of Wright's) uses the word to express the *essential* character or nature of a man. The Host objects to the Monk's Tale, as being too dull for the occasion; and, that the fault may not be thought to lie with himself, says,

'And wel I wot the *substance* is in me,  
If eny thing schal wel reported be.'

That is, I am so *substantiated*, so constituted, so tempered, such is my *cast* of spirit, that I can appreciate and enjoy, as well as the next man, a good story well told." This is decidedly ingenious, but it is a pity that Mr. Corson is unable to show us any example of the verb to *substance*. That, he says, rather rashly, "matters not. The free functional application of words which characterized the Elizabethan English, allowed, as every English scholar knows, of the use of any noun, adjective, or neuter verb, as an active verb."

115. Line 42: *Be thy INTENTS wicked or charitable*.—So Qq.; Ff. read *events*, which some fancifully defend as = issues.

116. Lines 44, 45:

*I'll call thee Hamlet,*

*King, father, royal Dane: O, answer me!*

This is, practically, the punctuation of Qq. and Ff. An anonymous writer in the St. James's Chronicle, Oct. 15, 1761 (quoted in Pye's Comments on the Commentators, 1807, p. 312), suggested that the pause should come after the word *father*. There is much plausibility in this conjecture.

117. Line 48: *cerements*.—F. 1 has *cerments*; the later Ff. *cearments*. Compare Merchant of Venice, ii. 7. 51:

To rib her *ceredcloth* in the obscure grave;

and the note 178 to that play.

118. Line 49: *Wherein we saw thee quietly IN-URN'D*.—The beautiful word *in-urn'd* comes to us from the Ff.; all the Qq. reading merely *interr'd*.

119. Line 52: *That thou, dead corse, again, IN COMPLETE STEEL*.—Compare S. Rowley, When You See Mee, You Know Mee, L 3 back:

Set forwards there, regard the Emperors state,  
First in our Court weele banquet merrily,  
Then mount on steeds, and girt in *complete steele*,  
Weele tugge at Barriers, Tilt and Tournament.

120. Line 61: *It WAVES you to a more removed ground*.—So all the Qq.; Ff. read *wafts* (as in line 78), which is not a misprint, but another form of the same word. Compare Comedy of Errors, ii. 2. 111: "who *wafts* us yonder?"

121. Line 63: *then I WILL follow it*.—Ff. have *will I*.

122. Line 70: *SUMMIT of the cliff*.—This obvious correction of the *sonnet* of Qq., *sonnet* of Ff., is due to Rowe. The Qq. spell *cliff*, *cleefe*.

123. Line 71: *That BEETLES*.—So Ff.; Qq. have *bettles* and *bettes*.

124. Line 72: *assume*.—Ff. have *assumes*.

125. Line 73: *Which might DEPRIVE YOUR SOVEREIGNTY OF REASON*.—This means, deprive your reason of its sovereignty or supreme control. Warburton well compares the Elkon Basilike: "at once to betray the *sovereignty* of

*reason* in my soul." For the peculiar construction compare Lucrece, 1186:

'T is honour to *deprive* dishonour'd life.

Compare, too, Marston, Antonio and Mellida, part i. iii. 1:

What son, what comfort that she can *deprive*!

126. Lines 75-78 are omitted in Ff., possibly, as Delius suggests, because Shakespeare had afterwards elaborated the substance of them in Lear, iv. G. 11-24.

127. Line 80: *Hold off your HANDS*.—So. Qq.; Ff. print *hand*.

128. Line 82: *artery*.—This is the spelling of Q. 6. Q. 2, Q. 3 have *arture*; Q. 4 *artyre*; Q. 5, F. 4 *attire*; F. 1, F. 2, F. 3 *Artire*. Dr. George Mac Donald suggests that the right word is *arture*, and that it was coined by Shakespeare from "*artus*, a joint—*areere*, to hold together, adjective *aretus*, tight. *Arture*, then, stands for juncture. This perfectly fits. In terror the weakest parts are the joints, for their *artures* are not *hardy*" (Hamlet, p. 49). *Artery*, however, is spelt *artyre* in Drayton's Elegies, ed. 1631, p. 298.

129. Line 83: *As hardy as the NEMEAN lion's nerve*.—The same incorrect accentuation of *Nemean* occurs in Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 1. 90:

Thus dost thou hear the *Nemean* lion roar.

130. Line 89: *Have after*.—Compare Richard III. iii. 2. 92: "Come, come, *have with you*." The Clarendon Press edd. quote from Foxe's Book of Martyrs, Latimer's saying to Ridley on the way to the stake: "*Have after*, as fast as I can follow."

## ACT I. SCENE 5.

131. Line 1: *WHERE wilt thou lead me?*—So Ff.; Qq. have *Whether*; and the Q. of 1676, *Whither*, which some editors adopt.

132. Line 11: *confind to FAST in fires*.—Compare Chaucer, The Persones Tale (ed. Tyrwhitt, p. 291): "And moreover the misese of helle shall be *in defaute of mete and drink*." Steevens quotes Nash, Pierce Penniless his Supplication to the Devil: "Whether it be a place of horror, stench and darkness, where men *see meat*, but can get none, or are ever thirsty," &c.

133. Line 18: *knotted*.—So all the Qq.; Ff. have *knotty*.

134. Line 19: *on end*.—Qq. and Ff., except Q. 1, have *an end*, a more archaic form of the same particle. Pope adopted the customary modern form from the spurious Q.

135. Lines 19, 20:

*And each particular hair to stand on end,  
Like quills upon the FRETFUL PORPENTINE.*

*Porpentine* is the reading of Qq. and Ff., as it is invariably in Shakespeare. Both forms of the word were in use. Compare the closely parallel passage in The Merry Devil of Edmonton, Induction, 2-4:

O, what a trembling horror strikes my hart!  
My stiffed hair stands vpright on my head,  
As doe the bristles of a *porcupine*.

Milton uses the same figure in Samson Agonistes, 1138:



Though all thy hairs  
Were bristles rang'd like those that ridge the back  
Of chaff wild boars, or ruff'd porcupines.

Qq. read *fearfull* instead of the *frethfull* of the Ff., and have been followed by one or two editors. The word, however applicable, seems to me more commonplace than the F. reading.

136. Lines 21, 22:

*But this ETERNAL BLAZON must be  
To ears of flesh and blood.*

*Eternal blazon* seems to be used in the sense of a revelation or description of eternity. Some understand it in the sense of "infernal," as in Julius Cæsar, i. 2. 160: "The eternal devil;" and Othello, iv. 2. 130: "some eternal villain." With this sense Rolfe amusingly compares the Yankee slang "tarnal." *Blazon* is used as here in Much Ado, ii. 1. 307. See note 128 to that play.

137. Line 22: *List, list.*—So Qq.; Ff. have *list Hamlet*.

138. Line 24.—Ff., as usual, substitute *Heaven* for *God*.

139. Line 29: *HASTE ME to know't.*—This is Rowe's emendation. Qq. print *Hast me*, F. 1 *Hast, hast me*; F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 *Haste, haste me*. Ff. have *know it*.

140. Lines 29–31:

*that I, with wings as swift  
As meditation or the thoughts of love,  
May sweep to my revenge.*

Compare Wily Beguiled, Prologue: "I'll make him fly *swifter than meditation*;" and Dekker, The Honest Whore, part i. i. 10:

I was, on *meditation's spotless wings*,  
Upon my journey thither.

—Works, ed. Dyce, vol. viii. p. 79.

141. Line 33: *That ROOTS itself in ease on Lethe wharf.*—All the Qq. have *rootes*, Ff. *rots*, which is, to say the least, as good a word. There does not seem much to choose between them. Each has a beauty and aptness of its own. Steevens quotes from Beaumont and Fletcher, The Humorous Lieutenant, iv. 3, a confirmation of the Ff. reading: "This *dull root* pluck'd from Lethe flood" (Works, ed. Dyce, vol. vi. p. ?), and Caldecott compares with the Qq. reading Antony and Cleopatra, i. 4. 47: "To *rot itself* with motion."

142. Line 35: 'Tis *given out that, sleeping in MY orchard.*—Ff. read *It's and mine*.

143. Line 41: *MY uncle!*—Ff., as usual, print *mine*.

144. Line 43: *With witchcraft of his WIT, WITH traitorous gifts.*—*Wit* is Pope's emendation of the *wits* of Qq. Ff., a misprint evidently derived from the plural *gifts* just following. F. 1, F. 2, F. 3 have *hath* instead of *with*; F. 4 reads *and*.

145. Line 45: *to his.*—So Qq., F. 3, F. 4; F. 1 prints *to to this*; F. 2 *to this*.

146. Line 47: *what a falling-off.*—Qq. omit *a*.

147. Line 50: *decline.*—See note 79 to Comedy of Errors.

148. Line 55: *So LUST, though to a radiant ANGEL link'd.*—Ff. and Q. 1 read *Lust*; the other Qq. have *but*. Qq. misprint *angle*.

149. Line 56: *sate.*—So F. 1, F. 2; F. 3, F. 4 have *seat*, and Qq. *sort*.

150. Line 60: *My custom always IN the afternoon.*—So Ff. and Q. 1; the other Qq. have *of*, which is a quite correct expression, and as likely to come from Shakespeare as *in*.

151. Line 61: *my SÉCURE hour.*—*Secure* is here used in the sense of the Latin *securus*, unguarded, careless. Staunton quotes More's Life of Edward V.: "When this lord was most afraid, he was most *secure*; and when he was *secure*, danger was over his head." *Sécre* is accented on its first syllable in Othello, iv. 1. 72.

152. Lines 61–64:

*Upon my sécre hour thy uncle stole,  
With juice of cursed HEBENON in a vial,  
And in the porches of mine ears did pour  
The leperous distilment.*

*Hebenon* is the reading of Ff.; all the Qq. print *hebona*. No such word as *hebenon* or *hebona* has ever been met with elsewhere, but the word "hebon" (from which *hebenon* might have been corrupted) is found in Marlowe's Jew of Malta, iii. 4:

As fatal be it to her as the draught  
Of which great Alexander drunk, and died:  
And with her let it work like Borgia's wine,  
Whereof his sire, the Pope, was poisoned.  
In few, the blood of Hydra, Lerna's bane:  
The juice of *Hebon*, and Cocytus' breath,  
And all the poisons of the Stygian pool  
Break from the fiery kingdom.

—Works, ed. Cunningham, pp. 104, 105; ed. Dyce, p. 164.

"Heben" is found in Spenser, i. 3 (Introduction), and ii. 7. 52, and "ebene" in Holland's Pliny, xxv. 4, in both cases meaning ebony, while (as Douce notes) the chapter on the wood ebony in the English ed. by Batman of Bartholomæus de Proprietatibus Ribus, is entitled "De Ebēno." We have no reason, however, to suppose that ebony was ever regarded as poisonous. Grey understood *hebenon* to be used by metathesis for *henebon*, or *henbane*, of which Pliny says: "An oil is made of the seed thereof, which if it be but dropped into the eares, is ynowgh to trouble the braine" (Holland's translation, *ad loc. cit.*). Elze suggests that Shakespeare may have derived the device of poisoning through the ears from Marlowe's Edward II. v. 4:

'Tis not the first time I have killed a man:  
I learn'd in Naples how to poison flowers:  
To strangle with a lawn thrust down the throat:  
To pierce the wind-pipe with a needle's point;  
Or, whilst one is asleep, to take a quill,  
And blow a little poison in his ears:  
Or open his mouth, and pour quicksilver down.

—Works, ed. Dyce, p. 217.

It may be noted that in the old German play on the subject of Hamlet, of which an account is given in the Introduction, the word *ebeno* occurs in sc. v. vi., as the name of the poison by which the murder had been effected. I quote from Furness's translation: "behold, my brother came, thirsty for the crown, and had with him the subtle [*subtilen*] juice of so-called Hebenon [*ebeno*]." This oil, or

1 Dr. Latham renders this: "the subtle (*subtilen*) juice of ebenon (*ebeno*)."

juice, has this effect: that as soon as a few drops of it mix with the blood of man, they at once clog the veins and destroy life" (vol. ii. p. 125).

153. Line 68: *posset*.—So Ff.; Qq. read *possesse*.

154. Line 69: *EAGER droppings into milk*.—Ff. print *Aggre*, which is nearer the French form of the word, *aigre*. See note 107 above. Compare Scott, *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, p. 249: "[A] *charme against vineager*. That wine wax not *eager*, write on the vessell, *Gustate & videte, quoniam suavis est Dominus*."

155. Line 71: *bark'd*.—Ff. read *bak'd*.

156. Line 77: *Unhousell'd, disappointed, unanel'd*.—*Unhousell'd*=without having taken the sacrament; it is from the Anglo-Saxon *husel*, the sacrament. *Disappointed*=unappointed, unprepared. Compare Measure for Measure, iii. 1. 60:

Therefore your best *appointment* make with speed;

i.e. preparation for death. *Unanel'd*=without having received extreme unction. Nares cites Sir Thomas More, Works, p. 345: "The extreme vnccion or *anelynge* and confirmation, he sayed be no sacraments of the church." Compare Morte d'Arthur (vol. iii. p. 350, ed. Wright): "So when hee was *houweled and eneled*, and had all that a christian man ought to have, hee prayed the bishop that his fellowes might beare his body unto Joyousgard."

157. Line 80: *O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!*—Some have conjectured that this line should be given to Hamlet, and Knight states that it was always so spoken by Garrick. I do not see the slightest reason for the change, but many against it—this in chief, that the course of the versification would be broken, very awkwardly, if this line were spoken as an interruption of the speech in which it occurs. There may be, however, a slight shade of evidence in favour of the change in the reading of Q. 1, where Hamlet is made to utter an exclamation, though not the one in the text.

158. Line 84: *But, HOWSOEVER thou PURSU'ST this act*.—Qq. print *howsomever* (now the usual vulgarism), and all but Q. 6 read *pursues*.

159. Line 89: *The glow-worm shows the MATIN to be near*.—*Matin*, used here for morning, is usually in the plural, *matins*, and the Clarendon Press ed. say that they can find no instance of this word in the sense here used. Elze, however, quotes Milton, *L'Allegro*, 114:

Ere the first cock his *matin* rings;

and *Paradise Lost*, vi. 525, 526:

and to arms

The *matin*-trumpet sung.

Neither of these passages is an absolutely precise parallel; in the former, *matin* being used in the common sense of *matins*, in the latter adjectively.

160. Line 91: *Adieu, adieu! Hamlet, remember me*.—The reading and punctuation in the text are Rowe's. Ff. read as above, but with a colon after *Hamlet*. Qq. print *Adieu, adieu, adieu, remember me*, which seems to me less expressive than the reading of the Ff.

161. Line 95: *stiffly*.—Qq. print *swiftly*.

162. Line 96: *while*.—Qq. have *whiles*.

163. Line 104: *yes*.—Ff. read *yes, yes*.

164. Lines 107–110:

*My tables,—meet it is I set it down,  
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;  
At least I'm sure it may be so in Denmark: [Writing.  
So, uncle, there you are.*

*Tables* (i.e. tablets, memorandum-books) are frequently alluded to in Elizabethan literature, and seem to have been in very general use. Compare II. Henry IV. iv. 1. 201, 202:

And therefore will he wipe his *tables* clean,  
And keep no tell-tale to his memory.

Opinions are divided as to what Hamlet wrote on his *tables*, and why he is represented as writing at all. Marshall, *Study of Hamlet*, p. 128, says: "The stage direction (*Writing*), which follows here, shows that Hamlet was intended to record something of what proceeded on his tablets, and the very fact of his doing so is a proof of the nervous agitation under which he laboured; his furious indignation against his uncle found vent in this mere act of writing him down a 'smiling villain.'"

165. Line 109: *I'm*.—So Ff.; Qq. have *I am*.

166. Line 113: *HEAVEN secure him!*—Qq. have *Heavens*.

167. Line 114: *Ham. So be it!*—This is given to Hamlet in Qq., and to Marcellus in Ff. Editors have generally decided in favour of the latter, but the former seems to me much more effective. I take it to be spoken by Hamlet in a low tone to himself, as he hears Horatio's benediction—a moment's solemn earnestness in secret before he assumes the mask of levity before his friends. Taken in this sense, the words have a very significant weight of meaning.

168. Line 115: *Már. Illo, ho, ho, my lord!*—Ff., and many editors, give this line to Horatio. But I think it agrees much better with Marcellus, and comes in the dialogue more naturally from him, so that I have adopted the reading of Qq.

169. Line 116: *Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, BIRD, come*.—Q. 1 prints *boy*, the other Qq. *and*. Hamlet mocks the shouts of his friends with terms of falconry. Compare the Birth of Merlin, ii. 1. (Tauchnitz ed. p. 292), where the clown shouts "So ho, boy, so ho, so ho!" and is answered by Prince Uter (within) "So ho, boy, so ho, illo, ho, illo, ho!" Hamlet's behaviour in the remainder of this scene is well described by Strachey (Shakespeare's Hamlet, pp. 45, 46): "His head is, as he himself says, distracted; his words are 'wild and hurling'; he tries to relieve his overstrained mind by passing from the terrific to the ludicrous, taking out his note-book to make a memorandum that 'a man may smile and smile, and be a villain, at least in Denmark'; answering his friends with a falconer's hillo; and interrupting the solemnity of swearing secrecy with jokes at the 'fellow in the cellarage,' and the 'old mole that works i' the ground so fast.' It is, [as Coleridge says] 'a sort of cunning bravado, bordering on the flights of delirium: for you may, perhaps, observe that Hamlet's wildness is but half false; he plays that subtle trick of pretending to act only when he is very near really being

what he acts." I may quote here some of the brilliant and expressive sentences in which Mr. George Meredith sums up the character of Hamlet (*The Tragic Comedians*, vol. i. p. 84): "Before the ghost walked he was an elementary hero; one puff of action would have whiffed away his melancholy. After it, he was a dizzy moralizer, waiting for the winds to blow him to his deed—or out. The apparition of his father to him poisoned a sluggish run of blood, and that venom in the blood distracted a head steeped in Wittenberg philosophy. With metaphysics in one and poison in the other, with the outer world opened on him and this world stirred to confusion, he wore the semblance of madness; he was throughout sane; sick, but never with his reason dethroned."

170. Line 133: *These are but wild and WHIRLING words, my lord.*—Qq. (except Q. 1, which has *wherling*) print *whirling*; Ff. *huriling*.

171. Line 136: *Horatio.*—Ff., by a natural confusion with the line above, read *my Lord*.

172. Line 147: *Upon my SWORD.*—In chivalrous times oaths were very generally taken on the cross of the sword. References to the custom are often met with in the Elizabethan dramas and old poems. See Caldecott, notes, pp. 38, 39. Elze quotes, very aptly, Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*, act ii. sc. 1, where Lorenzo makes Pedringano swear in the same manner. Lorenzo says "Swear on this cross, that what thou say'st is true," and after Pedringano has done so, adds:

In hope thine oath is true, here's thy reward:  
But if I prove thee perjurd and unjust,  
This very sword, wherein thou took'st thine oath,  
Shall be the worker of thy tragedy.

—Hazlitt's Dodsley, vol. v. p. 41.

173. Line 150: *Ah, ha, boy! say'st thou so? art thou there, TRUE-PENNY?*—This line is evidently parodied or plagiarized in Marston's *Malcontent*, 1604, iii. 3:

Illo, ho, ho, ho! art there, olde true penny?

The word *true-penny*, says Collier, "is (as I learn from some Sheffield authorities) a mining term, and signifies a particular indication in the soil of the direction in which ore is to be found. Hence Hamlet may with propriety address the Ghost underground by that name." Forby, in his *Vocabulary of East Anglia*, gives it as "heartily old fellow; staunch and trusty; true to his purpose or pledge." The word was colloquially used in a familiar sense, and thus, no doubt with a recollection of Hamlet, Congreve represents Valentine, counterfeiting madness, as addressing his father, Love for Love, iv. 10: "A ha! Old True-penny, say'st thou so: thou hast nick'd it" (ed. 1735, p. 92).

174. Line 156: *Hic et ubique?*—See note 7 in reference to the courteous mediæval practice of addressing ghosts in Latin—probably, though I have not met with the suggestion in print, because one is not always sure of the nationality of ghosts, and it was therefore both polite and sensible to speak to them in the language of general communication, which in the middle ages was Latin.

175. Lines 157–160.—The arrangement in the text is that of the Ff. Lines 159, 160 are transposed in Qq.

176. Line 161: *Swear.*—So Ff. and Q. 1; the other Qq. have *Swear by his sword*.

177. Line 162: *Well said, OLD MOLE! canst work i' the EARTH so fast?*—Elze compares Ford, 'Tis Pity She's a Whore, ii. 2: "Work you that way, old mole? then I have the wind of you" (ed. Hartley Coleridge, 1840, p. 31), an evident allusion to the passage in the text. *Earth* is the reading of all the Qq.; Ff. have *ground*.

178. Line 167: *YOUR philosophy.*—So Qq.; Ff. read *our*, which seems less effective than the half-colloquial, half-personal *your*.

179. Lines 169–188.—It has always seemed to me singular, that anyone who has read these lines can be found to defend the notion that Hamlet was really mad. Let mad-doctors say what they please, here is Shakespeare's own account of the matter, and anything more clear and definite could not be imagined. Hamlet here, once for all, defends himself against all misconstruction, by expressly intimating that he intends, for reasons of his own, to bear himself oddly and strangely, "To put an antic disposition on." I am quite aware that persons who are really mad can be found to express themselves, at times, quite sanely, even on the subject of their own malady—like the half-witted pauper who confessed to Thoreau that he was "deficient in intellect." But a possible symptom in insanity, and a positive fact in a play, are two quite different things; it must be remembered that we are reading a play, constructed to be understood; and it is obvious that Shakespeare has introduced this passage at the beginning of his play in order that the purport of what was to come might be quite clearly understood. To say, after carefully considering this passage, that Hamlet was really mad, is equivalent to saying that Shakespeare did not know what he was about in his own work.

180. Line 174: *this head-shake.*—So all the Qq. except Q. 6; Ff. have *thus, head shake*.

181. Line 177: "*There be, an if THEY might.*"—So all the Qq.; Ff. print *there*—the word being doubtless caught from the earlier part of the line.

182. Lines 179–181:

*this not to do,  
So grace and mercy at your most need help you,  
Swear.*

This, practically, is the reading of Ff.; Qq. print *this doe swear* in place of *this not to do*, and omit the subsequent *Swear*.

183. Line 186: *friending.*—This word, apparently a mere variant of friendship or friendliness, does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare.

## ACT II. SCENE 1.

184. Line 3: *marvell's*, an abbreviation of *marvellous*.—Q. 2, Q. 3 have *meruiles*; Q. 4 *maruelous*; F. 1 *maruels*; F. 2, F. 3, F. 4 *marvels*. For the sake of the metre, the word was pronounced as a dissyllable by the actor.

185. Line 4: *to make inquiry.*—This is the correction of Q. of 1676; the earlier Qq. read *to make inquire*, an elliptical expression which Shakespeare might have used; the Ff. *you make inquiry*=(if) you make inquiry. Shakespeare only uses *inquiry* in one other passage, in *Measure for Measure*, v. 1. 5, 6:

We have made *inquiry* of you; and we hear  
Such goodness of your justice.

186. Line 7: *Inquire me first what DANSKERS are in Paris.*—The word *Dansk* (of Danish origin) occurs in Webster's White Devil, ii. 1: "like a *Danske* drummer."

187. Line 25: *fencing*.—The mention of *fencing* among the "wanton, wild, and usual slips" of youth has puzzled some editors, but no doubt, as Malone remarks, the meaning of Polonius is, that quarrelling and brawling which was of frequent occurrence at the fencing-schools, and a common consequence of too boastful a skill in the art; he quotes Gosson, Schoole of Abuse, 1579: "The cunning of *fencers* is now applied to *quarrelling*: they think themselves no men, if for stirring of a straw, they prove not their valure upon some bodles fleshe." Elze quotes Marston's Insatiate Countesse, act iv. (Works, ed. Halliwell, vol. iii. p. 164), where "Fencer" is used, side by side with "dogg-killer" and "monster," as a term of abuse.

188. Line 28: *no*.—Omitted in Qq.

189. Line 31: *but breathe his faults so QUAINLY.*—*Quaintly* is used here for "artfully," as in Merchant of Venice, ii. 4. 6:

'T is vile, unless it may be *quaintly* ordered.

See Midsummer Night's Dream, note 132.

190. Line 34: *A savageness in UNRECLAIMED blood.*—Compare with this use of *unreclaimed* = untamed, that of *reclaimed* (in the corresponding sense of "tamed") which occurs in Romeo and Juliet, iv. 2. 47:

Since this same wayward girl is so *reclaim'd*;

and II. Henry VI. v. 2. 54, 55:

And beauty that the tyrant oft *reclaims*  
Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.

191. Line 38: *a fetch of WARRANT.*—So Ff.; Qq. read *wit*, which makes excellent sense. *A fetch of warrant* would mean a warranted device; a *fetch of wit* would mean an artful one.

192. Line 44: *breathe*.—This is Rowe's correction of the *breath* of Qq. Ff.

193. Line 50: *By the mass*.—Omitted in Ff.

194. Lines 52, 53: at "*friend or so*," and "*gentleman*."—This is omitted in Qq.

195. Line 55: *closes with you thus*.—So Ff.; Qq. omit *with you*.

196. Line 63: *carp*.—So Qq.; Ff. have *Cape*.

197. Line 65: *With WINDLASES and with assays of bias.*—*Windlass*, or *windlace*, as it should be spelt, was a word used in Shakespeare's time meaning "a circuit," "a circuitous way." Hunter (vol. ii. p. 227) quotes a passage from the 7th book of Golding's Ovid:

And like a wily fox he runs not forth directly out,  
Nor makes a *windlasse* over all the champion fields about,  
But doubling and indenting still avoids his enemy's lips,  
And turning short, as swift about as spinning wheel he whips,  
To disappoint the snatch.

Skeat says that this word was distinct from the word *windlass*, "a machine for raising heavy weights." The latter word is found in Baret's Alvearie, 1573: "A *windlasse* or pulley to drawe vp heavy thinges;" no other

form of the word being given. Minshew, 1590, has "*Wind-las* or pulley, vide Carillo;" and under the latter "Also the truckle, pully or *windle* wherwith a thing is easily drawn vp on high." The true Middle English form of this word, according to Skeat, was *windtas*, while *wind-lace* is compounded of *wind* and *lace*, the latter word being used in its older sense of a snare, or a bit of twisted string.

*Assays of bias*, a metaphor taken from the game of bowls, referring to the "twist" which is communicated to the bowl by the lead in one end of it, by the skilful use of which a player makes the bowl curve in whichever direction he wishes to send it.

198. Line 69: *God be wi' you!*—Qq. have "God *buy* ye," and F. 1, F. 2, F. 3 "God *buy* you," which mode of contracting *be wi'* into *buy* is frequent in Shakespeare and in the writers of his time. It occurs below, in the next scene, line 575, when Hamlet dismisses Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. It is only worth noticing as being one of the last stages in the transition of the common phrase *God be with ye* before it assumed its present form *Good bye*.

199. Line 71: *Observe his inclination in yourself.*—Surely it is needless to take this in any but the most obvious sense—"do you yourself observe his inclination." Both the meanings given by the Clarendon Press edd. seem to me very far-fetched: "Judge of his temptations by your own," or possibly, "Conform your own conduct to his inclinations." Polonius has just been instructing Reynaldo how he is to find out about Laertes from others; he now calls him back to add, Observe his inclination, too, on your own account. The use of the word *in* does not seem to me to present any real difficulty.

200. Line 75: *O my lord, my lord.*—So Qq.; Ff. have the weaker reading *Alas*, a change made for the sake of the metre.

201. Line 77: *chamber*.—So Ff.; Qq. have *closet*, a word which was already becoming obsolete in the sense in which it is used in the New Testament, e.g. in Matthew vi. 6: "But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy *closet*."

202. Line 95: *As it did seem to shatter all his BULK.*—Ff. have *That*. For *bulk* compare Richard III. i. 4. 40, and see note 166 to that play. Cotgrave has: "Buste: the whole *bulke* or body of a man from his face to his middle."

203. Line 97: *And, with his head over his SHOULDER turn'd.*—So Q. 2, Q. 3; all the other Qq. and the Ff. have *shoulders*. In line 101 below Ff. omit *come* (the syllable probably being supplied by a pause on the part of the actor). In line 111 Ff. have (probably by a blunder) *speed* instead of *heed*.

204. Line 112: *quoted*.—So Ff.; Qq. have *coted* (Q. 6 *coated*). Cotgrave has "Quoter. *To quote, or marke in the margint, to note by the way.*" Compare Romeo and Juliet, i. 4. 31:

What curious eye doth *quote* deformities?

On the verb to *cote*, as distinguished from to *quote*, see Love's Labour's Lost, note 116. In this same line *feard* is the reading of Qq., preferable to the *feare* of Ff.

205. Line 114: *By heaven*.—So all the Qq.; Ff. read *It seems*, probably in order to avoid the oath.

206. Line 115: TO CAST *beyond ourselves in our opinions.*—To cast is explained by the Clarendon edd. as to “contrive,” “design,” “plan,” and they quote Spenser’s *Faerie Queene*, i. 5. 12:

Of all attonce he *cast* aveng’d to be;

but can *cast* be separated here from *beyond*, and is not the meaning rather “to get out of our depth,” “to overreach ourselves,” with the idea perhaps of *casting* or throwing a quoit or a dart *beyond* the mark, as well as the idea of “calculation,” which we have in the compound word *forecast*, still in use, and in such a well-known expression, now out of date, as “to cast a nativity?” Baret (1573) gives a number of meanings for to *cast*, such as “to-muse and consider upon” (=versare animo), “to conject,” “to devine,” &c.

207. Lines 118, 119:

*This must be known; which, being kept close, might more  
More grief to hide than hate to utter love.*

The Clarendon Press edd. well say: “In the couplets which conclude scenes the sense is frequently sacrificed to the rhyme. The sense here seems to be—Hamlet’s mad conduct might cause more grief if it were hidden than the revelation of his love for Ophelia would cause hatred, *i.e.* on the part of the King and Queen. Yet the Queen afterwards expresses her approval of the match, iii. 1. 38. Compare also, v. 1. [286–289].” Whatever the sense may be, Shakespeare seems to have taken very little trouble to make it clear.

208. Line 120: *Come.*—So Qq.; the word is omitted in Ff.

## ACT II. SCENE 2.

209. Line 1: *Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern!*—“The poet, no doubt,” says Elze (pp. 149, 150), “learnt these names from some of his friends who had been in Denmark, either as players or in some other capacity, such as the two actors Pope and Bryan, the celebrated musician Dowland, the no less celebrated architect Inigo Jones, and others. See Cohn, *Shakespeare in Germany*, p. xxiii, seq., and my *Biography of Shakespeare*, p. 162 and 175, seq. At a later date a Danish courtier or ambassador of the name of Rosencrantz is reported to have attended the coronation of James I. For curiosity’s sake it may be added that two young Danish noblemen of the names of Rosencrantz and Gildenstern were students at Padua in Shakespeare’s time; the former in 1587–9, the latter in 1603. See *Jahrbuch der Deutschen Shakespeare-Gesellschaft*, xiii, 155.” The form Rosencrantz is due to Malone; the Qq. read *Rosencraus* (no doubt by a misprint for *Rosencrans*), and F. 1 has *Rosincrance*, F. 2 *Rosimeros*, F. 3, F. 4 *Rosincross*.

210. Line 6: *SITH NOR the exterior nor the inward man.*—Ff. have *Since not*. Shakespeare uses *sith* and *since* indifferently. In line 12 it is the Qq. that have *sith*, the Ff. *since*.

211. Line 10: *dream of.*—So Qq.; Ff. have *deem*, which gives good sense. With the superfluous *of*, compare Richard III. i. 3. 6: “what would betide of me?”

212. Line 12: *And sith so NEIGHBOUR'D to his youth and HUMOUR.*—*Neighbour'd* is similarly used in *Lear*, i. 1. 120–122:

shall to my bosom  
Be as well *neighbour'd*, pitied, and reliev'd,  
As thou my sometime daughter.

*Humour* is the reading of Ff.; Qq. print (in one or another form of spelling) *haviour*, which occurs in i. 2. 81 and makes excellent sense here, but seems on the whole more commonplace than *humour*, which, of course, means “mental disposition.”

213. Line 17: *Whether aught to us unknown afflicts him thus.*—Omitted in Ff.

214. Line 22: *To show us so much GENTRY;* *i.e.* courtesy. Compare v. 2. 114: “he is the card or calendar of *gentry*.” Singer quotes from Baret’s *Alvearie*: “Gentlemanliness, or *gentrie*, kindelnesse, naturall goodnesse. Generositas.”

215. Line 29: *BUT we both obey.*—Ff. omit *But*; and below, in line 31, read *Services* instead of *service*.

216. Line 43: *Assure you, my good liege.*—So Ff.; Qq. read *I assure my good liege*.

217. Line 45: *Both to my God AND to my gracious king.*—So Qq.; Ff. print *one*.

218. Line 48: *it hath.*—So Qq.; Ff. read *I have*.

219. Line 52: *My news shall be the FRUIT to that great feast.*—So Qq.; Ff. print *News*, which is an evident misprint arising out of the accidental repetition of the word from the earlier part of the line. Elze compares Marston, *The Malcontent*, Induction:

*Sty.* What are your additions?

*But.* Sooth, not greatly needfull, only as your sallet to your great feast.  
—Works, ed. Halliwell, vol. ii. p. 202.

220. Line 54: *He tells me, MY DEAR GENTRUDE, he hath found.*—So (substantially) Qq.; Ff. read:

*He tels me my sweet Queene, that he hath found.*

221. Line 56: *I doubt it is no other but the MAIN.*—The *main* is here an elliptical expression for the main source (compare similar construction in *Troilus* and *Cressida*, ii. 3. 273). II. Henry VI. i. 1. 208;

Then let’s away, and look unto the *main*  
is usually given as an example of the same form of ellipsis; but see the note on that passage, no. 48.

222. Line 67: *borne in hand.*—See *Taming of the Shrew*, note 146.

223. Line 73: *Gives him THREE thousand crowns in annual fee.*—So Ff. and Q. 1; the other Qq. have *three-score thousand*. Probably the larger sum was inserted because the copyist thought three thousand not enough; but considering the value of money at the time, it was a good addition to Fortinbras’s income; taking the gold crowns=4s. 6d., it would be equivalent to £900.

224. Line 85: *this business is WELL ended.*—Ff. have *very well*, perhaps in order to mark it as a sentence of prose.

225. Line 86: *expostulate.*—That is, “discuss in full.” *Expostulate* occurs five times in Shakespeare, which are all inserted in Schmidt under the meaning of *discuss*. But

in Richard III. iii. 7. 192 ("More bitterly could I *expostulate*") the word is evidently used in pretty much the customary sense; in Othello, iv. 1. 217 it may be taken either way. Caldecott quotes Stanley's *Aurore*, 1650, p. 44: "Pausanias had now opportunity to visit her and *expostulate* the favourable deceit, whereby she had caused his jealousy."

226. Line 105: *Perpend*.—This word is only used in Shakespeare as a sign of affectation or mockery; it is put into the mouth of the braggadocio Pistol, of the pedantic Polonius, and of the clowns in *As You Like It* and *Twelfth Night*.

227. Line 110: *the most BEAUTIFIED Ophelia*.—The word *beautified* occurs again, but participially, in *Two Gent. of Verona*, iv. 1. 55. It was not uncommon, however, as an adjective, and used in no affected sense. Nash dedicated his *Christ's Tears over Jerusalem*, 1594, "to the most *beautified* lady, the lady Elizabeth Carey;" and Caldecott quotes another dedication (of Certain Sonnets adjoined to the amorous Poeme of Diego and Gineura by R. L. Gent., 1506) "to the worthily honoured and virtuous *beautified* Lady, the Ladie Anne Glemham." It is evident, however, that in the passage in the text *beautified* is used either with a double meaning or else to emphasize the euphuism of the whole letter. In the Q. of 1603 we read "To the most *beautiful* Ophelia," and the change has evidently been made deliberately.

228. Lines 112, 113:

*but you shall hear.*

*Thus: "In her excellent white bosom, these," &c.*

This is the reading of Malone, adopted substantially from Jennens, who follows, except for the punctuation, the Qq. F. 1 has *but you shall heare these in her excellent white bosome, these*, which Corson would print *but you shall hear: "these in her excellent white bosom, these,"* taking the repetition of the word *these* for a part of the "studied oddness" of the letter.

229. Line 137: *Or given my heart a WINKING, mute and dumb*.—Qq. have *working*, which looks like a misprint. Compare Henry V. v. 2. 331, 332: "Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent *winking*." In Winter's Tale, i. 2. 317, the word *wink* is used in a somewhat similar sense:

To give mine enemy a lasting *wink*—

where *wink* signifies a closing of the eyes, not temporarily, but for ever. The tautology, *mute and dumb*, is found again in *Lucrece*, 1123:

And in my hearing be you *mute and dumb*.

230. Line 139: *No, I went ROUND to work*.—*Round* is here used in the sense of *roundly*, i.e. directly, straightforwardly, as in iii. 1. 192, and iii. 4. 5. The Clarendon Press edd. quote Bacon, *Essay* vi.: "A shew of fearfulness, which in any business doth spoil the feathers, of *round* flying up to the mark."

231. Line 140: *And my young mistress thus I did BESPEAK*.—*Bespeak*, in the sense of *speak* to, is used several times in Shakespeare. Compare *Twelfth Night*, v. 1. 192: "But I *bespoke* you fair;" and Richard II. v. 2. 18–20:

Whilst he, from the one side to the other turning,  
Bareheaded, lower than his proud steed's neck,  
*Bespoke* them thus.

232. Line 141: *Lord Hamlet is a prince, OUT OF THY STAR*.—Compare *Twelfth Night*, ii. 5. 55: "In my *stars* I am above thee." The word *star*, used as it is here for position—"the position in which fortune has placed you"—has no doubt some connection with the astrological significance of the stars. Especially after the confirmation afforded by the parallel passage in *Twelfth Night*, the emendation of F. 2—*sphere*—seems quite unnecessary.

233. Line 142: *and then I PRESCRIPTS gave her*.—Ff. print *precepts*. The *durior lectio* of the Qq. seems to me to give the better sense of the two, and it is found again in Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 8. 4, 5:

Do not exceed

The *prescript* of this scroll.

234. Line 151: *And all we MOURN for*.—Ff. print *waile*.

235. Line 160: *You know, sometimes he walks FOUR hours together*.—Hammer printed "*for hours together*." But the expression *four hours together* was a common one, *four* and *forty* being used loosely for an indefinite number. Compare Winter's Tale, v. 2. 148: "Ay, and have been so any time these *four* hours;" and Webster, *Duchess of Malfy*, iv. 1. 9: "She will muse *four* hours together." See Elze's list of similar expressions in the Shakespeare-Jahrbuch, bd. xi. Compare v. 1. 292: "*forty* thousand brothers."

236. Line 174: *you are a FISHMONGER*.—The word *fishmonger* is no doubt used in *sous-entendre*, but there are several meanings which can be assigned to it. Coleridge understands Hamlet to mean: "You are sent to fish out this secret." Malone cites a slang meaning of the word from Barnabe Rich's *Irish Hubbub*: "Senex fornicator, an old *fishmonger*." Whiter (apud Furness) gives a passage from Jonson's *Masque at Christmas* (vol. vii. p. 277, ed. Gifford), where Venus says she was "a fishmonger's daughter," and observes that "probably it was supposed that the daughters of these tradesmen, who dealt in so nourishing a species of food, were blessed with extraordinary powers of conception." Probably the joke arose rather from the prolific nature of fish.

237. Lines 181–183: *For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a GOOD KISSING CARRION, Have you a daughter?*—This is the reading of Qq. and Ff., generally abandoned in favour of Warburton's brilliant and plausible emendation: "a *god*, kissing carrion." This makes admirable sense, but it may be questioned whether the change is necessary. Caldecott tentatively suggested that the passage "may mean that the dead dog is good for the sun, the breeder of maggots, to kiss for the purpose of causing putrefaction, and so conceiving or generating anything carrion-like, anything apt quickly to contract taint in the sunshine." This explanation is more elaborately and more convincingly worked out in Corson's *Jottings on the Text of Hamlet*, pp. 13–20. "The defect," he says, "in the several attempted explanations of this passage is due to one thing, and one thing only, and that is, to the understanding of 'kissing' as the present active participle, and not as the verbal noun. . . . In the following passages, for example, the present active participle is used: 'Life's but a walking shadow,' *Macbeth*, v. 5. 24; . . . 'the dancing banners

of the French,' King John, ii. 1. 308; 'labouring art can never ransom nature,' All's Well, ii. 1. 121, &c. But in the following passages the same words are verbal nouns used adjectively: 'a palmer's walking-staff,' Richard II. iii. 3. 151; 'you and I are past our dancing days,' Romeo and Juliet, i. 5. 32; 'you ought not walk upon a labouring day,' Julius Caesar, i. 1. 4, &c.; and now we are all ready for 'kissing.' In the following passages it is the participle: 'a kissing traitor,' Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 603; 'the greedy touch of common-kissing Titan,' Cymbeline, iii. 4. 166:

O, how ripe in show

Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!

—Midsummer Night's Dream, iii. 2. 139, 140.

'Kissing,' in the last passage, might be taken for the verbal noun, meaning, for kissing, or, to be kissed; but it must here be understood as the participle. Demetrius speaks of the lips of Helena, as two ripe cherries that kiss, or lightly touch, each other. But to say of a pair of beautiful lips that they are good kissing lips,<sup>1</sup> would convey quite a different meaning, a meaning, however, which nobody would mistake: 'Kissing,' in such expressions, is the verbal noun used adjectively, and equivalent to 'for kissing.' And so the word is used in the passage in question: 'For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dogge, being a good kissing carrion'—that is, a dead dog being, not a carrion good at kissing, as Mr. Knight and others understood it, and which would be the sense of the word, as a present active participle, but a carrion good for kissing, or, to be kissed, by the sun, that thus breeds a plentiful crop of maggots therein, the agency of 'breed' being implied in 'kissing.' In reading this speech, the emphasis should be upon 'kissing,' and not upon 'carrion,' the idea of which last word is anticipated in 'dead dog;' in other words, 'kissing carrion' should be read as a compound noun, which in fact it is, the stress of sound falling on the member of the compound which bears the burden of the meaning. The two words might, indeed, be hyphenated, like 'kissing-comfits' in the Merry Wives of Windsor, v. 5. 23." With this passage compare King Edward III. ii. 1. 438, 439:

The freshest summers day doth soonest taint

The lothed carrion that it seemes to kisse.

—Ed. Warneke and Proescholdt, p. 27.

238. Line 197: *I mean, the matter that you READ, my lord.*—This is the reading of all the Qq.; Ff., by an obvious misprint, have *meane*.

239. Line 198: *the satirical ROGUE.*—Ff. print *slawe*.

240. Line 233: *On Fortune's CAP we are not the very button.*—Qq. print *lap*, a misprint for *Cap*, as the Ff. spell it, with an initial capital. Elze, pp. 156, 157, has an interesting note on this allusion. "In Mr. Halliwell-Phillips' Folio edition," he says, "this passage has been illustrated with a cut copied from tapestry of the time of Henry VII., and showing a cap the flaps of which are turned up and secured by a strap and a button. 'It is obvious,' observes Mr. Halliwell-Phillips, 'that such a button might be of the most costly material, according to

the wealth of the wearer.' This, however, is not to the point, as our poet does not introduce the button as the most costly, but as the uppermost part of the cap, in contrast to the soles as the nethermost part of dress. In Mr. Halliwell-Phillips' illustration the button of the cap is, and from its destination must be, placed at the side, and it seems, therefore, most unlikely that the poet should have alluded to this kind of cap. The prototype of 'Fortune's cap' may rather be recognized in the flat round cap worn by citizens in the XV. and XVI. centuries. The most eloquent praise of this citizens' cap, in contradistinction to the square cap of the scholar on the one hand and the new fangled long hat on the other, is sung by Candido in Dekker's Honest Whore, Part II. i. 3 (Middleton, ed. Dyce, iii. 147). 'The citizens of London,' remarks Dyce on Part I. iii. 1 of the same play (Middleton, iii. 58), 'both masters and journeymen, continued to wear flat round caps long after they had ceased to be fashionable, and were hence in derision termed *flat-caps* [or simply *caps*; see Part II. of The Honest Whore, *passim*].' Although Dyce does not say that this round cap was crowned by a button at the top, yet this seems so much the more likely as the scholars' cap is distinguished by the same ornament; perhaps both of them resembled in this respect the well-known Tam-o'-Shanter of the Scotch."

241. Lines 269-271: *Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs and outstretched heroes the beggars' shadows.*—Furness quotes several attempts to assign its precise meaning to this passage, which Coleridge confesses himself unable to understand. The best seem to me those of Hudson and Bucknill. The former observes: "Hamlet loses himself in the riddles he is making. The meaning, however, seems to be: our beggars can at least dream of being kings and heroes; and if the substance of such ambitious men is but a dream, and if a dream is but a shadow, then our kings and heroes are but the shadows of our beggars." Bucknill, more briefly and better still, says: "If ambition is but a shadow, something beyond ambition must be the substance from which it is thrown. If ambition, represented by a king, is a shadow, the anti-type of ambition, represented by a beggar, must be the opposite of the shadow, that is, the substance."

242. Line 283: *my thanks are too dear a halfpenny.*—Theobald printed "*of a halfpenny*," and Hammer "*at a halfpenny*;" but the phraseology of the Folio was not unusual. Compare As You Like It, ii. 3. 74: "too late a week." The Clarendon Press edd. compare Chaucer, Canterbury Tales, 8875: "*dere y-nough a jane*" (i.e. a small coin of Genoa); and 12723, "*dere y-nough a loeke*."

243. Line 316: *What a piece of work is man!*—This reading was first introduced in Q. 6. Ff. and Qq. have "*a man*." The reading of the Qq., however, supplies an obvious explanation of the misprint; they have: *What peece of work is a man*—the *a* having been accidentally transposed.

244. Line 329: *what LENTEN entertainment the players shall receive from you.*—*Lenten* is used again in the sense of poor and scanty (like fare in Lent) in Twelfth Night, i. 5. 9: "A good *lenten* answer." Compare Browning, The Twins, stanza v.:

<sup>1</sup> Compare the very similar expression in Mr. Swinburne's translation of Villon's Regrets de la belle Heaulmière, stanza 6, "And sweet red splendid *kissing mouth*" (Poems and Ballads, 2d Series, p. 197).—A. S.

While Date was in good case  
Dabatur flourished too:  
For Dabatur's *lenten* face  
No wonder if Date rue.

—Works, 1878, vol. iv. p. 217.

245. Line 330: *we* *COTED* *them on the way*.—The word *cote* is from the French *côtoyer*, which Boyer, after giving its primitive meaning, "to coast along, to go along or keep close to the Shore," translates "to go by the Side, or along." The word *cote* is found again in Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 3. 87:

Her amber hair for foul hath amber *coted*.

See note 116 to that play. Steevens quotes The Return from Parnassus: "marry, we presently *coted* and outstript them." Furness quotes from an article, New Shakespearean Interpretations, in the Edinburgh Review, October, 1872: "*Cote*, in the language of venery, is applied to a brace of greyhounds slipped together at the stag or hare, and means that one of the dogs outstrips the other and reaches the game first. Thus we find in Turberville: 'In coursing at a Deare, if one Greyhound go endways by [that is beyond] another, it is accompted a *Cote*.' Again, 'In coursing at the Hare, it is not materiall which dog kylleth her (which hunters call bearing of a Hare), but he that giveth most *Cotes*, or most turnes, winneth the wager. A *Cote* is when a Greyhound goeth endways by his fellow and giveth the Hare a turn (which is called setting a Hare about), but if he coast and so come by his fellow, that is no *Cote*. Likewise, if one Greyhound doe go by another, and then be not able to reach the Hare himselfe and turne her, this is but stripping, and no *Cote*.' To *cote* is thus not simply to overtake, but to overpass, to outstrip, this being the distinctive meaning of the term. Going beyond is the essential point, the term being usually applied under circumstances where overtaking is impossible,—to dogs who start together and run abreast until the *cote* takes place. So Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, having *coted* the players in their way, reach the palace first, and have been for some time in conversation with Hamlet before the strolling company arrives."

246. Lines 337, 338: *the clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are* *TICKLE O' THE SERE*.—This clause is omitted in Qq.; Ff. print *tickled*, for which Staunton substituted *tickle*. The phrase was a proverbial one, which, however, has been generally misunderstood. The convincing interpretation was made by Dr. Brinsley Nicholson in Notes and Queries, July 22, 1871. He writes: "The *serre*, or, as it is now spelt, *sear* (or *sear*) of a gun-lock is the bar or balance-lever interposed between the trigger on the one side, and the tumbler and other mechanism on the other, and is so called from its acting the part of a *serre*, or talon, in gripping that mechanism and preventing its action. It is, in fact, a paul or stop-catch. When the trigger is made to act on one end of it, the other end releases the tumbler, the mainspring acts, and the hammer, flint, or match falls. Hence Lombard (1596), as quoted in Halliwell's Archæic Dictionary, says, 'Even as a pistol that is ready charged and bent will flie off by-and-by, if a man doe but touch the *seare*.' Now if the lock be so made of purpose, or be worn, or be faulty in construction, this *sear*, or grip, may be so tickle or ticklish in its adjustment that a slight touch or even jar may displace it, and then,

of course, the gun goes off. Hence 'light,' or 'tickle of the sear' (equivalent to, like a hair-trigger), applied metaphorically, means that which can be started into action at a mere touch, or on the slightest provocation, or on what ought to be no provocation at all." The Clarendon Press edd. (1872) independently hit on the same explanation. They remark: "In old matchlocks the sear and trigger were in one piece. This is proved by a passage from Barret's Theorike and Practike of Modern Warre (1598), p. 33 [35]: "drawing down the *serre* with the other three fingers. He has given directions for holding the stock between the thumb and forefinger."

247. Lines 346, 347: *I think their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation*.—The Variorum Ed. has four pages, the New Variorum two pages and a half, on this interesting and long-debated passage. The explanation of the allusion given by the Clarendon Press edd. in their Preface (pp. xii-xv) seems to be, as Furness styles it, conclusive. After quoting the readings of the Q. of 1603 and of the later Qq., they say: "In the earlier play the tragedians are driven to strolling because the public taste was in favour of the private plays and the acting of children; in the later, they are represented as being prohibited from acting in consequence of what is darkly called an 'innovation.' Both these causes are combined in the play as it stands in the Folios, where the 'inhibition' and the 'aery of children' are introduced to account for the tragedians having forsaken the city. Steevens explains the 'inhibition' in this way: 'Their permission to act any longer at an established house is taken away, in consequence of the new custom of introducing personal abuse into their comedies,' and then asserts that 'several companies of actors in the time of our author were silenced on account of this licentious practice.' But it is not clear that this is the reference intended. For a very long period there had been a strong opposition in the city to theatrical performances. . . .

"It is difficult, therefore, to see at what precise period the explanation offered by Steevens could be true. In 1604 the indulgence of the actors in personal abuse could hardly be called an 'innovation;' on the contrary, it was a practice from which the stage had never been entirely free. If we were to add to the conjectures upon this point we should be disposed to suggest that the 'innovation' referred to was the license which had been given on 30th Jan., 1603-4 to the Children of the Queen's Revels to play at the Blackfriars Theatre and other convenient places. The Blackfriars Theatre belonged to the company of which Shakespeare was a member, formerly the Lord Chamberlain's, and at this time His Majesty's servants. The popularity of the children may well have driven the older actors into the country, and so have operated as an 'inhibition,' though in the strict sense of the word no formal 'inhibition' was issued. If by 'inhibition' Shakespeare merely meant, as we think most probable, that the actors were practically thrown out of employment, it seems also likely that by 'innovation' he meant the authority given to the children to act at the regularly licensed theatres. It must be borne in mind, in reference to this, that nothing is said either of 'inhibition' or 'innovation' in 1603, but that the sentence



containing both is first introduced in 1604. It is to the interval therefore that we must look for the explanation. In offering this conjecture we have not lost sight of the fact that after all, remembering how chary Shakespeare is of contemporary allusions, no special occurrence may be hinted at, although in what follows in the Folio edition a satire upon the children's performances was clearly intended."

248. Line 354: *an aery of children*.—This relates, says Steevens, "to the young singing-men of the chapel royal, or St. Paul's, of the former of whom perhaps the earliest mention occurs in an anonymous puritanical pamphlet, 1569, entitled *The Children of the Chapel Stript and Whipt*: 'Plaies will neuer be suppress, while her maiesties unfledged minions flaunt it in silkes and sattens. They had as well be at their popish service in the deuils garments,' &c. Again (*ibid.*): 'Euen in her maiesties chapel do these pretty upstart yonthes profane the Lorde's day by the lasciuious writhing of their tender limbes, and gorgeous decking of their apparell, in feigning bawdie fables gathered from the idolatrous heathen poets,' &c.

"Concerning the performances and success of the latter in attracting the best company, I also find the following passage in Jack Drum's *Entertainment*, or *Pasquil* and *Katherine*, 1601:

I saw the *children of Powles* last night;  
And troth they pleased me pretty, pretty well,  
The apes, in time, will do it handsomely.  
—I like the audience that frequenteth there  
With *much applause*: a man shall not be choak'd  
With the stench of garlick, nor be pasted  
To the barmy jacket of a beer-brewer.  
—'T is a good *gentle audience*, &c.

It is said in Richard Flecknoe's *Short Discourse of the English Stage*, 1664, that 'both the children of the chapel and St. Paul's, acted playes, the one in White-Friers, the other behinde the Convocation-house in Paul's; till people growing more precise, and playes more licentious, the theatre of Paul's was quite suppress, and that of the children of the chappell converted to the use of the children of the revels.'"

249. Line 355: *little EYASES*.—Cotgrave has "*Niais*: A neastling, a young bird taken out of a neast; hence a youngling, nounce," &c. The word *eyas* should more probably be *nias*, as it is given in Boyer's *French Dictionary*: "A *Nias* hawk (a young hawk taken out of the Nest, that has not yet prey'd for her self) *Un faucon niais*." The *Ff.* print *Yases*.

250. Lines 355, 356: *cry out on the top of question*.—A great many explanations of this phrase have been put forward. Perhaps it merely means, as Steevens says: "Children that perpetually recite in the highest notes of voice that can be uttered;" or, in Elze's words: "The 'top of the question' means the top of conversation; namely, that point where the dialogue is most lively, where question and answer follow each other stroke on stroke, and the speakers are most excited. These 'little eyases,' therefore, continually cry out as though they were at the very height of conversation." Perhaps it had a further sense, such as that indicated by Staunton: "The

phrase, derived perhaps from the defiant crowing of a cock upon his midden, really meant, we believe, like—'Stood challenger on mount of all the ages,' to crow over or challenge all comers to a contention. In line [459] Hamlet uses the phrase 'cried in the top,' where it evidently means *crowed over*. Again, in Armin's Nest of Ninnies, the author, alluding to fencers or players at single-stick, talks of 'making them expert till they cry it up in the top of question' [p. 55, Sh. Soc. vol. x.]"

251. Lines 356, 357: *most TYRANNICALLY clapped for't*.—*Tyrannically* is used for outrageously, after the manner of a stage-tyrant. Elze compares *The Puritan*, i. 4: "I warrant my kinsman's talking of me, for my left ear burns most *tyrannically*."

252. Line 362: *how are they ESCOTED?*—*Escoted* is from the French *escotter*, which Cotgrave renders: "Every one to pay his shot, or to contribute something towards it."

253. Lines 362-364: *Will they pursue the QUALITY no longer than they can sing?*—The word *quality* was formerly the technical name of players, as its modern equivalent, *profession*, still is. Malone quotes Gosson's *Schoole of Abuse*: "I speake not this, as though every one that professeth the *qualitie* so abused him selfe" (ed. Arber, p. 39). Compare *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, iv. i. 58, where *quality* is used of the company of brigands.

254. Line 365: *common players*; i.e. strolling players. Staunton quotes J. Stephens, *Essays and Characters*, 1615, p. 301: "I prefix an epithete of *common*, to distinguish the base and artlesse appendants of our City companies, which often times start away into rusticall wanderers, and then (like Proteus) start backe again into the City number."

255. Lines 377-379:

Ham. *Do the boys CARRY IT AWAY?*  
Ros. *Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too.*

Hamlet, in asking the question, uses the words *carry it away* in the sense, common then, of "carrying off the prize." Rosenerantz takes it literally, and perhaps alludes, as Steevens suggests, to the Globe playhouse, the sign of which was Hercules carrying the globe. "This is humorous," says Warburton solemnly.

256. Line 381: *make moves*.—Qq. print *mouths*; see *Tempest*, note 123.

257. Lines 396-398: *I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw*.—F. A. Marshall, *Study of Hamlet*, pp. 187, 188, has the following note on this passage: "No adequate explanation of this passage appears to me to be offered by any of the commentators: the proverb 'he doesn't know a hawk from a harnshaw,' that is, from a heron, is said to have been a common one, and is found in Ray's *Proverbs*, p. 196, and in other collections; but the only passage quoted is from Langston's '*Lusus Poeticus*,' 1675 (see Pennant's *British Zoology*, '*The Heron*,' quoted in Richardson's *Dictionary*, *sub voce* *Heron*). The corruption of *harnshaw* into *handsaw* may have originated in a vulgar

mistake, or in a stupid attempt to be funny on the part of some person.<sup>1</sup>

"Of the first part of this, in all the old commentators, I can find no explanation,<sup>2</sup> and yet I cannot help thinking that the words 'I am but mad north-north-west' must have had some inner meaning, or conveyed a reference to some well-known expression. The only attempt to throw any light on this obscure passage is to be found in the Notes to the 'Clarendon' Hamlet (Oxford, 1873); and for this explanation the editors acknowledge their indebtedness to Mr. J. C. Heath, formerly Fellow of Trinity Hall, Cambridge. I take leave to insert it here:—"The expression obviously refers to the sport of hawking. Most birds, especially one of heavy flight, like the heron, when roused by the falconer or his dog, would fly down or with the wind, in order to escape. When the wind is from the north the heron flies towards the south, and the spectator may be dazzled by the sun, and be unable to distinguish the hawk from the heron. On the other hand, when the wind is southerly, the heron flies towards the north, and it and the pursuing hawk are clearly seen by the sportsman, who then has his back to the sun, and without difficulty knows the hawk from the hernsew. A curious reader may further observe that a wind from the precise point north-north-west would be in the eye of the sun at half-past ten in the forenoon, a likely time for hawking, whereas 'southerly' includes a wider range of wind for a good view."

"This explanation is very ingenious; but I should like to have seen it supported by some passages from any of the books on Falconry to which Shakespeare might have had access. I have always thought that Hamlet here meant to intimate to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern that he was only mad in one direction (i.e. before the King and Court), and that possibly by some gesture he may have indicated his meaning. The hawk and heron are certainly as unlike as any two birds can be; the only point of resemblance between them being that they are both mischievous, for the heron is quite as destructive to fish as the hawk is to game. In the proverb the sense undoubtedly is, 'he does not know a hawk from its prey;' and Hamlet's meaning may be thus expressed: 'I am not so mad but I know a knave from a fool, even if that fool be a mischievous one.'"

258. Line 412: *Buz, buz!*—This was an interjection, much used at Oxford, intended to interrupt a tiresome or twice-told story. It is found in Two Noble Kinsmen, iii. 5. 79 (ed. Littledale, p. 55). Elze notes that in Jonson's Staple of News the collector of mercantile intelligence is called Emissary Buz.

<sup>1</sup> This corruption, Nares says, had taken place before the time of Shakespeare. *Hernesshaw* is explained by Cotgrave as a "shaw of wood where hernes breed," *Haironnrière*; so that Dr. Johnson had better authority for giving this interpretation than Nares supposed. Shaw is an old Saxon word for "shady place."

<sup>2</sup> The quotation given by Steevens does not help us much:—

But I perceive now, either the wind is at the south,  
Or else your tongue cleaveth to the roofo of your mouth.

—Damon and Pythias, 1582a.

He might just as well have quoted the proverb:—

When the wind is in the south,  
It blows the bait into the fishes' mouth.

259. Lines 418, 419: *Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light.*—A translation of the whole of Seneca's tragedies (Seneca his Tenne Tragedies, translated into English) was published in 1581; a version of the Menæchmi of Plautus appeared in 1505. See note on iii. 2. 93. The first English tragedy, Gorboduc, was formed on the Senecan model; the first English comedy, Ralph Roister Doister, somewhat on the model of Plautus, as the writer avows in his Prologue:

Suche to write neither *Plautus* nor *Terence* dyd spare,  
Whiche among the learned at this day beares the bell:  
These with such other therein dyd excell.

260. Lines 419–421: *For the law of WRIT and the liberty, these are the only men.*—The sense of these lines has been much debated, and its very existence has even been called in question. But while the phrase is intentionally fanciful, it seems pretty obviously to mean, that the players were equally excellent at written and at extemporary plays. The Q. of 1676 reads *wit*, which some editors adopt.

261. Line 422: *Jephthah.*—*Jephthah* was a popular subject for both tragedies and ballads. In the Stationers' Register there are two entries of ballads, or of the same ballad: the first is in 1567–68—"a ballet intituled the songe of Jesphas Dowgther at his death"—the second, Dec. 14, 1624, "Jeffa Judge of Israel." This ballad was communicated to Percy by Steevens, and inserted in the second edition of the Reliques, 1757. Halliwell gives a facsimile of *A proper new ballad, intituled, Jephthah Judge of Israel*, of which the first stanza is as follows:

I read that many yeare agoe,  
When Jephthah Judge of Israel,  
Had one fair Daughter and no more,  
Whom he loved so passing well,  
And as by lot God wot,  
It came to passe most like it was,  
Great wars there should be,  
and who should be the chiefe, but he, but he.

262. Line 437: *the pious chanson.*—This is the reading of Qq. (further confirmed by the parallel passage in Q. 1: "the first verse of the godly Ballet"). F. 1 has *Pons Chanson*, an obvious misprint, which some editors have endeavoured to torture into a meaning. Hunter (New Illustrations, vol. ii. p. 232) flatly declares that the French term for a trivial ballad, *chanson du Pont Neuf*, is also used in the form *pons chanson*, which, however, no one but himself seems to have met with.

263. Lines 438, 439: *for look, where my ABRIDGMENT COMES.*—Ff. print *Abridgements come*. The sense is probably a mixed one. Hamlet means (or at least expresses by his words) that the players abridge his present talk, and also refers to them by a term used of dramatic entertainments. Compare *Midsummer Night's Dream*, v. 1. 39, 40:

Say what *abridgment* have you for this evening?  
What masque? what music?

Johnson noted that *abridgment* might also be used in the sense of "brief chronicles of the time."

264. Lines 442, 443: *thy face is VALANCED since I saw thee last.*—Ff. misprint *valiant*. *Valanced* of course means, "fringed with a beard."

265. Line 447: *a chopine*.—*Chopine, chapine, or chapiney*, was the name given to a high shoe, worn chiefly in Italy. Douce and Fairholt give illustrations. The best account we have of them is in Coryat's *Crudities*, 1611, p. 262: "There is one thing used of the Venetian women, and some others dwelling in the cities and townes subject to the signiory of Venice, that is not to be observed (I thinke) amongst any other women in Christendome: which is common in Venice, that no woman whatsoever goeth without it, either in her house or abroad, a thing made of wood and covered with leather of sundry colors, some with white, some redde, some yellow. It is called a *chapiney*, which they wear under their shoes. Many of them are curiously painted; some also of them I have seen fairly gilt: so uncomely a thing (in my opinion) that it is pitty this foolish custom is not cleane banished and exterminated out of the cittie. There are many of these *chapineys* of a great height, even half a yard high, which maketh many of their women that are very short, seeme much taller than the tallest women we have in England. Also I have heard it observed among them, that by how much the nobler a woman is, by so much the higher are her *chapineys*. All their gentlewomen and most of their wives and widowes that are of any wealth, are assisted and supported cyther by men or women, when they walke abroad, to the end they may not fall. They are borne up most commonly by the left arme, otherwise they might quickly take a fall." Elze observes that though Evelyn, in his journal (i. 190), says that at Venice courtesans or citizens might not wear *chapines*, it is evident from the cuts in Cesare Vecelli's *Habiti Antichi e Moderni*, 1590, that by this time the custom of wearing them had passed from the ladies to the courtesans. The custom seems to have been introduced from the East. Compare Ram Alley, v. 1:

O, 'tis fine  
To see a bride trip it to church so lightly,  
As if her new chopines would scorn to burise  
A silly flower. —Hazlitt's Dodsley, vol. x. p. 367.

266. Lines 448, 449: *cracked within the ring*.—"There was a ring or circle on the coin," says Douce, "within which the sovereign's head was placed: if the crack extended from the edge beyond the ring the coin was rendered unfit for currency." Compare Johnson's *Magnetic Lady*, and Gifford's note (Works, vol. vi. p. 76). The expression, which is used in *sous-entendre*, may be largely illustrated from Elizabethan plays.

267. Lines 449, 450: *We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at any thing we see*.—This is sometimes taken for a skit at the French "sportman" of that time, who may have been as indiscriminate as his descendant of the present day. But it may rather have been meant as a compliment, for Sir Thomas Browne, *Miscellany Tracts*, p. 116, says that "the French artists" "seem to have been the first and noblest falconers in the western part of Europe," and on p. 118 refers to a falcon of Henry of Navarre, "which Scaliger saith, he saw strike down a buzzard, two wild geese, divers kites, a crane and a swan."

268. Line 457: *'t was CAVIARE to THE GENERAL*.—*Caviare* seems to have been an object of wonder and almost of dread

in Shakespeare's day. Elze quotes Cartwright, *The Ordinary*, ii. 1:

Twelve yards of sausage by, instead of match,  
And *caveary* then prepar'd for wild-fire.

—Hazlitt's Dodsley, vol. xii. p. 236.

Reed quotes Giles Fletcher, who in his *Russe Commonwealth*, 1591, p. 41, says that in Russia they have "divers kinds of fish very good and delicate: as the Bellouga and Bellougina of four or five elnes long, the Ositrina and Sturgeon, but not so thick or long. Then four kind of fish breed in the Wolgha and are catched in great plenty, and served thence into the whole realme for a good food. Of the roes of these four kinds they make very great store of scary or *caveary*." For the *general*, in the sense of the general public, compare Measure for Measure, ii. 4. 27, 28:

The *general*, subject to a well-wish'd king,  
Quit their own part.

269. Lines 462-464: *there were no SALLETS in the lines to make the matter savoury*.—*Sallet* is simply another form of *salad* (used again in II. Henry VI. iv. 10. 9; see also All's Well, iv. 5. 18). Boyer gives it as the English of "une salade." Pope altered *sallets* to *salts* and then to *salt*, which Gifford approved of, on the strength of a line in one of Jonson's epigrams:

I have no *salt*, no bawdry he doth mean.

—Works, vol. viii. p. 177.

But there is no need for any change. Cotgrave defines *Vinaigrettes*: "*Sallets* or *sawces* which be seasoned with much vinegar; any hearbs or fruits in pickle"—showing that a *sallet* was not necessarily wanting in piquancy.

270. Line 469: *Eneas' tale of Dido*.—Very different opinions have been expressed by the commentators as to the lines that Hamlet quotes, and his evident admiration of them. Pope very naturally took the view that "this whole speech of Hamlet is purely ironical; he seems to commend the play to expose the bombast of it." Warburton lengthily, and on the whole admirably, argues to the contrary, thinking "that Hamlet spoke with commendation to upbraid the false taste of the audience of that time, which would not suffer them to do justice to the simplicity of the sublime of this production." This he reasons, "first, from the character Hamlet gives of the play from whence the passage is taken. Secondly, from the passage itself. And, thirdly, from the effect it had on the audience." The really final words on the subject have been said by Coleridge: "This admirable substitution of the epic for the dramatic, giving such a reality to the impassioned dramatic diction of Shakespeare's own dialogue, and authorized too by the actual style of the tragedies before his time (Porrex and Ferrex, Titus Andronicus, &c.), is well worthy of notice. The fancy that a burlesque was intended sinks below criticism; the lines, as epic narrative, are superb. In the thoughts, and even in the separate parts of the diction, this description is highly poetical: in truth, taken by itself, this is its fault, that it is too poetical!—the language of lyric vehemence and epic pomp, and not of the drama. But if Shakespeare had made the diction truly dramatic, where would have been the contrast between Hamlet and the play in Hamlet!" It is probable that the lines in Hamlet were composed with some reference to a passage in

Marlowe and Nashe's Dido, Queen of Carthage, which Steevens discovered. The passage is in ii. 1:

*Æneas.* At last came Pyrrhus, fell and full of ire,  
His harness dropping blood, and on his spear  
The mangled head of Priam's youngest son;  
And, after him, his band of myrmidons,  
With balls of wildfire in their murderous paws,  
Which made the funeral-flame that burnt fair Troy;  
All which hemmed me about, crying "This is he!"  
*Dido.* Ha! how could poor Æneas scape their hands?

*En.* My mother, Venus, jealous of my health,  
Conveyed me from their crooked nets and bands;  
So I escaped the furious Pyrrhus' wrath:  
And, at Jove's altar finding Priamus,

About whose withered neck hung Hecuba,  
Folding his hand in hers, and jointly both  
Beating their breasts, and galling on the ground,  
He with his falchion's point raised up at once,  
And with Megæra's eyes stared in their face,  
Threatening a thousand deaths at every glance;  
To whom the aged king thus trembling spoke:—

"Achilles' son, remember what I was,  
Father of fifty sons, but they are slain;  
Lord of my fortune, but my fortune's turned!  
King of this city, but my Troy is fired!  
And now am neither father, lord, nor king!

Yet who so wretched but desires to live?  
Oh, let me live, great Neoptolemus!"  
Not moved at all, but smiling at his tears,  
This butcher, whilst his hands were yet held up,  
Treading upon his breast, struck off his hands.

*Dido.* O end, Æneas, I can hear no more.  
*En.* At which the frantic queen leaped on his face,

And in his eyelids hanging by the nails,  
A little while prolonged her husband's life.  
At last, the soldiers pulled her by the heels,  
And swung her howling in the empty air,  
Which sent an echo to the wounded king:  
Whereat, he lifted up his bed-ridden limbs,  
And would have grappled with Achilles' son,  
Forgetting both his want of strength and hands;  
Which he, disdainingly, whisked his sword about,  
And with the wind thereof the king fell down;  
Then from the navel to the throat at once  
He ripped old Priam, at whose latter gasp,  
Jove's marble statue 'gan to bend the brow,  
At loathing Pyrrhus for this wicked act.  
Yet he, undaunted, took his father's flag,  
And dipp'd it in the old king's chill-cold blood,  
And then in triumph ran into the streets,  
Through which he could not pass for slaughtered men;  
So, leaning on his sword, he stood stone still,  
Viewing the fire wherewith rich Ilion burnt.

—Works, ed. Dyce (Moxon), p. 258.

On this Strachey observes, I think justly, that "though there is not a line, hardly a thought of it, the same as the passage which the player recites, and which is of course Shakespeare's own, still the style is so like, that the audience would probably have been reminded of Marlowe's play, and so have experienced the sensation of hearing real men quoting a real play; nay, if they retained only a general recollection of the original, might have supposed that the quotation was actually from Marlowe's 'Tragedie of Dido, Queen of Carthage.'"

271. Line 472: *the Hyrcanian beast*.—See note 176 to

1 This very close parallel with Shakespeare's "whiff and wind of his fell sword" rests on the authority of an emendation (certainly most probable) made by Collier. The original has *wound*.

Merchant of Venice. Compare the play cited above, Dido, Queen of Carthage, v. 2:

But though art sprung from Scythian Caucasus,  
And tigers of Hyrcania gave thee suck.

—Marlowe's Works, ed. Dyce (Moxon), p. 272.

272. Line 479: *Now is he total GULES*.—*Gules* signifies red, in what Steevens calls "the barbarous jargon peculiar to heraldry." The word is from the French *gueules*, a spelling apparently hinted at in the misprint of F. 1: *to take Geulles*. The word occurs again in Timon of Athens, iv. 3. 59:

With man's blood paint the ground, *gules, gules*.

273. Line 479: *trick'd*.—This is another heraldic term, meaning literally, to describe in drawing. Boyer has: "To trick in Painting, *Croquer, ébaucher, dessiner grossièrement*." Here of course it is used figuratively for smeared.

274. Line 481: *impasted*.—William Thomas, Italian Grammar, 1567, has: "*Impastato*, impasted or raied with dirt." Caldecott compares Richard II. iii. 2. 153, 154:

And that small model of the barren earth  
Which serves as *paste* and cover to our bones.

275. Lines 495, 496:

*But with the whiff and wind of that fell sword  
The unmurverd father falls.*

Compare Troilus and Cressida, v. 3. 40, 41:

When many times the captive Grecians fall,  
Even in the fan and wind of your fair sword.

276. Lines 508, 509:

*anon the dreadful thunder  
Doth rend the REGION.*

Boyer has: "The three Regions (or Parts) of the Air, *Les trois regions de l'air*." The word is used by Shakespeare in the general sense of the upper air in Son. xxxiii. 12:

The *region* cloud hath mask'd him from me now;

Romeo and Juliet, ii. 2. 20-22:

her eyes in heaven  
Would through the airy *region* stream so bright  
That birds would sing and think it were not night.

Compare, too, ii. 2. 606 below.

277. Line 512: *On MARS HIS armour, forg'd for proof ETERNE*.—Qq. have *Marses*, Ff. *Mars his*, but misprint *Armours*. *Eterne* is used by Shakespeare in Macbeth, iii. 2. 38:

But in them nature's copy's not *eternè*.

278. Line 522: *he's for a JIG*.—*Jig* was formerly used, not only for a dance, but for "a ludicrous metrical composition." The word is from the Italian *giga*, originally meaning a fiddle; the word was thus at first spelt *gigge* in English. Cotgrave has: "Farce: f. A (fond and dissolute) Play, Comedie, or Enterlude; also, the Jyg at the end of an Enterlude, wherein some pretie knauerie is acted." Florio has: "*Frottole*, a cuntrye gigge, or round, or cuntrye song, or wanton verse."

279. Line 525: *the MOBBED queen*.—F. 1, by a misprint corrected in F. 2, reads *inobled*. The word was probably archaic in Shakespeare's time. It seems to have been a corruption of "muffled." Warburton quotes Sandys, Travels, vol. i. p. 69, ed. 1637, who says, speaking of the Turkish women: "their heads and faces are so *mabled*

in fine linen, that nothing is to be seen of them but their eyes." Farmer quotes Shirley's Gentleman of Venice:

The moon does *mobile* up herself.

It seems generally to be used in the sense of muffling roughly or untidily. Below we are told that the Queen had a "clout" upon her head.

220. Line 529: *With BISSON rheum; a clout UPON that head.*—*Bisson*, blind, used here for blinding, occurs again in Coriolanus, ii. 1. 70: "*bisson* conspectivities," where it is *beesome* in Ff. See note 104 to that play.—The Ff., and many editors after them, read *about* instead of *upon* (the reading of Qq.); but it is past belief that Shakespeare should have made such a wretched jingle as "a clout about." Q. 1 has *a kercher on that head*.

221. Line 536: *When she saw Pyrrhus, &c.*—Elze compares Marston's Insatiate Countesse, i. 1, where, as he says, "there is a remarkable allusion, not only to this passage, but to the whole of Æneas' tale."

*Count Arsenia.* Sancta Maria! what thinkest thou of this change?  
A players passion ile beleeve hereafter,  
And in a tragicke sceane weep for old Priam,  
When fell revenging Pirrius with supposide  
And artificall wounds mangles his breast,  
And thinke it a more worthy act to me,  
Than trust a female mourning ore her love.

222. Line 540: *Would have made MILCH the burning eyes of heaven.*—Dryden, in his Preface to Troilus and Cressida, 1679, says: "His making milch the burning eyes of Heaven was a pretty tollerable flight too; and I think no man ever drew milk out of eyes before him: yet to make the wonder greater, these eyes were burning." The word *milch* was, however, used in a free sense for moist, as in Drayton's Polyolbion, xiii. 171: "exhaling the *milch* dewe" (quoted by Stevens). Douce compares the expression "*milche*-hearted" in Hulst's Abecedarium, 1552, rendered "*lemosus*;" and cites Bibliotheca Eliotæ, 1545: "*lemosi*, they that weep lyghtly."

223. Lines 565-568: *You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down and insert in't, could you not?*—Did Hamlet write his dozen or sixteen lines, and if so, where are they to be found? This question has been largely, but, as I think, fruitlessly discussed. Mr. and Mrs. Cowden Clarke held that Hamlet's lines are to be found in iii. 2. 196-225, on the ground that the diction is different from that of the remainder of the dialogue, and signally like Hamlet's own argumentative mode. Professor Seeley (and, on a hint from him, Mr. Furnivall) independently decided on the same passage. A very elaborate discussion of the subject will be found in the New Shakspeare Society's Transactions, 1874, pp. 465-498. A great many cobwebs were brushed away by a subsequent paper of Ingleby's, read before the New Sh. Soc. on Feb. 9, 1877. A summary of it is given in Furness, vol. i. pp. 250, 251, from which I quote. Dr. Ingleby maintains his view that "the court play is but a part of Hamlet; that Hamlet writes no speech at all, whether of six, twelve, or sixteen lines, nor recites such a speech; Shakespeare simply wrote the entire play, *not* writing any additions *in personâ Hamleti*; still less writing an addition to a play which he had previously written in the character of the author of an Italian morality. . . . In real life a Hamlet might compose and insert a few lines to add

point and force to an ordeal, like that of the court-play, to which the fictitious Hamlet subjects the supposed criminal; . . . [but] to suppose that Shakespeare in composing Hamlet followed out the exact course that a real living prince would have followed, is to impute to him a lack of the simplest art of the playwright, and a neglect of the artifices which the drama places at his command." Dr. Ingleby hereupon argues that Shakespeare's reason for making the allusion to certain lines to be inserted was to give himself an opportunity of bringing in the scene in which Hamlet instructs the players; this opportunity once provided, nothing more is heard of the lines, or need be. Furness adds, in one of his too infrequent notes: "It is to task the credulity of an audience too severely to represent the possibility of Hamlet's finding an old play exactly fitted to Claudius's crime, not only in the plot, but in all the accessories, even to a single speech which should tent the criminal to the very quick. In order, therefore, to give an air of probability to what every one would feel to be thus highly improbable, Shakespeare represents Hamlet as adapting an old play to his present needs by inserting in it some pointed lines. Not that such lines were actually inserted, but, mindful of this proposal of Hamlet's, the spectator is prepared to listen to a play which is to unkenel the King's occulted guilt in a certain speech: the verisimilitude of all the circumstances is thus maintained. . . . The discussion, therefore, that has arisen over these 'dozen or sixteen lines' is a tribute to Shakespeare's consummate art."

224. Line 580: *That, from her working, all his vision WANN'd.*—Qq. print *wand*; Ff. *wearn'd*, which makes a good sense of its own, and has been followed by several editors. *Wann'd*, however, is decidedly the more expressive word. The same word occurs, in all probability, in Antony and Cleopatra, ii. 1. 20, 21:

But all the charms of love,  
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy *wann'd* lip—

where the Ff. print *wand*, generally printed, in modern editions, *waned*. See note 90 to the play.

225. Line 594: *peak; i.e. pine away*; here used more in the sense of mope. Compare Macbeth, i. 3. 22, 23:

Weary se'nnights nine times nine  
Shall he dwindle, *peak*, and pine.

226. Line 595: *John-a-dreams*.—This seems to have been a coinage of Shakespeare's on the lines of the numerous John and Jack nicknames current in his time, such as John-a-droynes (a nickname for a sleepy, apathetic fellow), Jack-a-lent, Jack-a-lanthorn, &c. The only other mention of *John-a-dreams* that has been found is in Armin's Nest of Ninnies, 1608: "His name is John, indeede, saies the clinnick; but neither John a nods, nor John a dreames, yet either as you take it" (Sh. Soc. vol. x. p. 49).

227. Line 598: *A damn'd DEFEAT was made.*—*Defeat* is used here in the sense of destruction. Stevens compares Chapman's Revenge for Honour:

That he might meantime make a sure *defeat*  
On our good aged father's life.

For the word in this sense as a verb, compare Othello, iv. 2. 160, and see note 217 to that play.

288. Lines 602, 603: *ha? 'S wounds.*—F. 1 has *Ha? Why?* Q. 1, *Sure.* Elze very reasonably suggests that *Ha* and *Why* are both “substitutions for the objectionable oath ‘*S wounds*, the elimination of which has caused an evident confusion in the text, in so far as Q. 2 contains the oath as well as its substitute, and F. 1 offers two substitutes at one and the same time.”

289. Line 612: *That I, the son of a dear FATHER murder'd.*—This is (but for variations of spelling) the reading of Q. 4; the earlier Qq. and the Ff. omit the word *father*—a construction which Halliwell attempts, very lamely, to defend on the analogy of our common phrase “the dear departed.” Q. 1 confirms the reading of Q. 4: *that I the sonne of my deare father.*

290. Lines 617–623:

*I have heard*

*That guilty creatures sitting at a play, &c.*

Compare Massinger, *The Roman Actor*, ii. 1:

I once observed,  
In a tragedy of ours, in which a murder  
Was acted to the life, a guilty hearer  
Forced by the terror of a wounded conscience,  
To make discovery of that which torture  
Could not wring from him;

and A Warning for Faire Women, 1599 (quoted by Todd):

Ile tell you, sir, one more to quite your tale.  
A woman that had made away her husband,  
And sitting to behold a tragedy  
At Linne a towne in Norffolke,  
Acted by players traelling that way,  
Wherein a woman that had murthred hers  
Was euer haunted with her husband's ghost:  
The passion written by a feeling pen,  
And acted by a good tragedian,  
She was so moued by the sight thereof,  
As she cried out, the play was made for her,  
And openly confest her husband's murder.

Heywood, in his *Apology for Actors* (Sh. Soc. vol. vii. p. 57–59), refers to this incident, and to another which took place at Amsterdam.

291. Lines 632, 633:

*I'll have grounds*

*More relative than this.*

The best comment which has been made on these lines is to be found in Mr. Irving's acting. As Marshall says, *Study of Hamlet*, p. 158: “He takes his tablets out of his pocket before speaking the words—

*I'll have grounds*

*More relative than this.*

The precise meaning of the word ‘this’ and what it refers to never seemed very clear: but this action explains it. In the first act, after the Ghost has left him, it will be remembered that Hamlet has written down in his tablets that Claudius was a villain. These same tablets he holds now in his hand; in them he is going to put down some ideas for the speech which he intends to introduce into the play to be performed before Claudius, with the object of making—

his occulted guilt

itself unkenneled . . .

(Act III. scene 2, lines 85, 86.)

Can there be any more natural action than this, that he should touch these tablets with the other hand while he says—

*I'll have grounds*

*More relative than this;*

*i.e. ‘than this record of my uncle's guilt which I made after the interview with my father's spirit?’”*

### ACT III. SCENE 1.

292. Line 1: *drift of CIRCUMSTANCE.*—This is the reading of Ff. Qq. have *conference*. The Clarendon Press edd. refer to a somewhat similar use of the words *drift* and *circumstance* in Troilus and Cressida, iii. 3. 113, 114. Compare also ii. 1. 10 of this play:

By this encompassment and *drift* of question;  
and i. 5. 127: “without more *circumstance* at all.”

293. Line 3: *grating.*—This word is only used in its present sense (that of “disturbing”) in one other passage of Shakespeare, Antony and Cleopatra, i. 1. 18.

294. Lines 13, 14:

*Niggard of question, but of our demands  
Most free in his reply.*

Much needless trouble has been taken to square this courtly speech with the real facts of the case. Rosencrantz (who, it will be noticed, was better treated by Hamlet than was his companion) is evidently trying, in all his speeches here, to counteract the unfavourable reports of Guildenstern.

295. Line 17: *o'er-raught;* *i.e.* overreached, and thus overtook, as indeed (*o're-took*) F. 3 reads here. In all the other passages where Shakespeare uses the verb “to overreach” he uses it in its more ordinary sense of “to trick.” Compare v. 1. 87 of this same play. Steevens quotes from Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, book vi. canto iii.:

Having by chance a close advantage view'd  
He *over-raught* him.

296. Line 19: *they are ABOUT the court.*—Qq. have *heere about*. Probably *here* may have been originally written, and omitted on account of the word *hear* earlier in the line.

297. Line 27: *And drive his purpose ON TO these delights.*—So Ff. Qq. have *into*, and the reading is followed in some of the older editions.

298. Lines 30, 31:

*That he, as 't were by accident, may here  
AFFRONT Ophelia.*

*Affront* is used here in the sense of confront, encounter, as it always is in Shakespeare. Compare the three other instances in which the word occurs: Troilus and Cressida, iii. 2. 172–174:

That my integrity and truth to you  
Might be *affronted* with the match and weight  
Of such a winnow'd purity in love;

Cymbeline, iv. 3. 29, 30:

Your preparation can *affront* no less  
Than what you hear of;

and Winter's Tale, v. 1. 73–75:

Unless another,  
As like Hermione as is her picture,  
*Affront* his eye.

Elze quotes Greene's *Tu Quoque*: “Only, sir, this I must caution you of, in your *affront* or salute, never to move

your hat" (Hazlitt's Dodsley, vol. xi. p. 265). It may be mentioned that one of the quotations for this word given by Nares is incorrect. Nares quotes Fairfax's Tasso, ix. 89:

A thousand hardy Turks *affront* he had.

Reference to the context will show that *affront* is not here used as a verb meaning to encounter, but adverbially in the sense of in front. Tasso merely says: "Mille Turchi avena qui."

299. Line 32: *lauful espials*.—These words are not in Qq. On *espials* Singer quotes Baret's Alvearie: "An *espiall* in waikes, a scoutwatch, a beholder, a viewer." See I. Henry VI. note 93.

300. Line 43: *Gracious*.—This very peculiar mode of addressing the King is, I fancy, intentionally peculiar. Coming from the over-familiar Polonius it is characteristic—a feebly jocose familiarity.

301. Lines 59, 60:

*Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
And by opposing end them.*

This rapid and commingled metaphor has given rise to a great deal of commentary. I do not think that any of the numerous attempts which have been made to reduce the expression to a literal consistency—desperate special pleadings which reach a climax in Hackett's profound suggestion, "The 'sea' here is the *heart*," &c.—can be accepted really as explanations. Shakespeare's idea, as the Clarendon Press edd. very sensibly say, "would be fully expressed by 'take arms against a host of troubles which break in upon us like a sea.'" Shakespeare's metaphors are the result, not of careful seeking, but of intuitive flashes; and for swift expressiveness they are unrivalled. Swift and subtle expressiveness is the first requirement of a metaphor; minute accuracy comes a long way after, and can be dispensed with, as Shakespeare saw, if by so doing the effect on the mind of the hearer or reader be increased. Theobald has noted that the expression *a sea of troubles* is the equivalent of the Greek *κακῶν θάλασσα*. Since this was written, a very interesting letter from Dr. Furnivall has appeared in the Academy. May 29, 1889, on the metaphor, *a sea of troubles*, and its bearing on Hamlet's argument. I give the main part of it, though I doubt whether Shakespeare's "small Latin and less Greek" was equal to so much research in the quest of so far-fetched a metaphor. The passage from *Ælian* and those from *Aristotle* are quoted by Ingleby in *The Still Lion*, 1874, pp. 88, 89. Dr. Furnivall writes: "Shakspeare critics and students have hitherto failed to make clear the meaning of Hamlet's

*Or to take Armes against a Sea of troubles,  
And by opposing, end them,*

because they have not been able to show that the Kelts, Gauls, and Kimbri, who were said to take arms against the oncoming billows and resist them, fought till they themselves were drowned, so that the lines above *must* be equivalent to Hamlet's 'not to be.' The reason is, that the said critics and students have, in their pride, not had recourse to that most helpful refuge for the destitute—those who have forgotten the little classics they once knew—Bohn's Library translations, and found in

*Strabo's Geography*, Book VII., ch. ii. § 1, englished by Falconer (Bohn, 1854, p. 449):

Neither is it true, as has been related,<sup>1</sup> that the Cimbri<sup>2</sup> take arms against the flood-tides, or that the Kelts, as an exercise of their intrepidity, suffer their houses to be washed away by them, and afterwards rebuild them—

with the notes:

"On turning up the Nicolas-of-Damascus passage in the 'Excerpts and Fragments from the Histories of the Greek Nicolas of Damascus, with a Latin Version, Leipsic, 1804,' p. 144-5, I find that it runs thus . . . [in English]

Kelts living near the sea think it disgraceful to fly from a falling wall or house.

When a high wave [or tide] comes upon them from the sea, they meet it and withstand it till they are washed down [destroyed], that they, flying [taking to flight], may not be thought to fear death.

"The fair inference from this passage is, that Hamlet's words, 'by opposing, end them,' mean 'die,' though they seem to mean 'fight evils and conquer them.' It also follows that 'To be, or not to be,' applies to this life, as most folks hold, and not to the future life; and that 'Whether 'tis Nobler 'to 'end them' is in apposition to, and expands 'To be, or not to be,' and is not an introductory adverb-clause to it, as some able men think, as if the sense was, 'Whether it is nobler to suffer ills here, or resist them, the question is, is there a future life.' Shakspeare, no doubt, got his sea-metaphor—first, from an after continuer of Holinshed: 'A Registre of Hystories . . . written in Greeke by Ælianus, a Romane, and deliuered in Englishe . . . by Abraham Fleming.' London, 1576. the Twelfth Booke, leaf 127, back:

OF THE AUDACITIE AND BOULDNES OF THE PEOPLE CELTAE. The people *Celtæ* are most ready, and able, to take any kinde of dangerous adventure, and are not afrayde of any blustering storme. . . . They count runninge away so reprochfull, that oftentimes they will scarce moue when a house is ruinous, and ready to fall vpon their heades, or when it burneth eagerly in euery corner, and is in a bright flame rounde about them: Moreover some of them are so bouldre, or rather desperate, that they throw themselves into y<sup>e</sup> fowey floudes with their swordes drawne in their handes, and shaking their ianelines, as though they were of force and violence to withstand the rough waues, to resist the strength of the streame, and to make the floudes affraide least they should be wounded with their weapons.

"But Shakspeare might also well have seen the passage above from Nicolas of Damascus (born 64 B.C.), for it had appeared in print in 1593—at Heidelberg, says the Museum Catalogue; Geneva, the *Bibliog. Univ.*—both in its original Greek and a Latin translation opposite, by N. Cragius. . . .

"The first Quarto of 'Hamlet' (1603) has not the allusion to the Keltic custom, but only reads in sc. vi. (after II. ii. 169):

*Ham.* To be, or not to be, I there's the point,  
To Die, to sleepe, is that all? I all.

"Aristotle, says Mr. W. A. Harrison, refers to the Kelts

<sup>1</sup> Aristotle, *Ethics*, *Eudem.*, lib. iii., cap. i, Nicolas of Damascus, and Ælian, *Var. Histor.*, lib. xii., cap. 23, have attributed the like extravagant proceedings to the Kelts or Gauls. Nicolas of Damascus, *Reliq.*, pp. 272, 273, says that the Kelts resist the tides of the ocean with their swords in their hands, till they perish in the waters, in order that they may not seem to fear death by taking the precaution to fly.

<sup>2</sup> The Cimbri inhabited Denmark and the adjacent regions, p. 292.

in the *Nicomachean* as well as in the *Eudemian Ethics* (Book III., cap. 1). The latter passage is:

He is not a brave man who exposes himself to danger knowingly, in consequence of fury (*ἀπὸ θυμῆς*), like the Celts who take up arms and rush upon the waves of the sea. . . .

"The former passage is in the *Nicomachean Ethics* (Book III., cap. 4, vii.):

But the man who, like the Celts, fears nothing, neither earthquake nor waves, may be called, not courageous, but rather mad or insensate.

Mr. Irving sends the following note, giving a somewhat different view of the passage, from "God in Shakspeare," by "Clelia," 1890:

"In modern editions there is always a note of interrogation (?) where in the 1623 edition there was a colon (:). . . . If a note of interrogation (?) in the fifth line were correct, we should have the question asked, 'Is it nobler in the mind to consent to life or to consent to suicide?' And the question would be thus answered: 'It is *nobler* in the mind to consent to suicide, because death is more *desirable* than life, and because a brave man should risk the mere possibility that the soul may be immortal, and that present conduct may affect injuriously happiness in another world.' But if this be, as indeed it is, completely unsatisfactory as an answer to the question supposed, then surely it will be our bounden duty to the poet to examine the opening lines as originally printed not as a question, and to accept the meaning they shall then appear to have, if any, and if less in conflict with the soliloquy as a whole. Is it noble in the mind at all to do what is simply desirable? And when the mind acknowledges the possibility of immortality, acknowledges a portentous risk in suicide, can it be considered noble in the mind to be reckless of this risk? No, to both questions. . . .

"My final reason for not accepting this 'emendation, this grotesque protest against itself—?, is that there was never any need to change the colon in the 1623 edition, even if a question was asked. But no question was asked, and so the change entirely destroyed the sense of this whole soliloquy. I will now restore the sense, so long lost. Here it is in paraphrase: "Whether it is nobler in the mind to bear evil or resist it, after all the great question is, Is there a life after death? If there be not, let death come and end all. If there be,—ah, that is the thought which makes men endure the ills of life. Conscience makes cowards of them. They dare not die. And thus, conscience, and thinking generally, stand as with me in the way of action."

302. Line 65: *ay, there's the RUB*.—See Richard II. note 242. The word is a technical term in the game of bowls.

303. Line 67: *When we have shuffled off this mortal COIL*.—The word *coil* is often used by Shakspeare in its old sense (not yet quite evaporated) of turmoil or troublesome confusion. *This mortal coil* might thus mean what Poe terms "the fever called living." There is also the other sense of *coil*, as in a *coil* of ropes; so that with the general idea of turmoil there may be a special reference to something coiled round the body, entangling and fettering it, or to the body as what Fletcher (Bonduca, iv. 1) calls the "case of flesh."

304. Line 70: *the whips and scorns of TIME*.—It is not

perhaps necessary to take *time* as necessarily meaning "the times," but the word had formerly that signification. Hunter (Illustrations of Shakspeare, ii. 240) quotes the following example from Taylor the Water-Poet:

Mock'd in rhyme,

And made the only scornful theme of *time*;

and the Clarendon Press edd., giving the quotation, add another from Southwell, Saint Peter's Complaint, stanza v. l. 4, p. 12, ed. Grosart:

The scorn of *Time*, the infamy of Fame.

305. Line 71: *the PROUD man's contumely*.—The Ff. have *poore* in place of the *proud* of Qq. The latter seems decidedly the most expressive, and has been adopted all but universally. The two expressions are of course really synonymous, only, as Corson remarks (Jottings on the Text of Hamlet, p. 24): "the genitive is differently used: in the first, it is objective, 'the poor man's contumely,' meaning the contumely or contemptuous treatment the poor man suffers; in the second, it is subjective, 'the proud man's contumely,' meaning the contumely or contemptuous treatment the proud man exercises." Johnson acutely remarks that "Hamlet, in his enunciation of miseries, forgets, whether properly or not, that he is a prince, and mentions many evils to which inferior stations only are exposed." To Mr. Furness it is "evident that Shakspeare is speaking in his own person:" but why? Surely it is not necessary to suffer all "the thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to" in order to record them burningly in a dramatic soliloquy.

306. Line 72: *The pangs of DESPIS'D love*.—This is the reading of Q. 2 and Q. 3; the Ff. have *dispriz'd*, i. e. undervalued, which a few editors adopt, including Furness, who defends the reading not only on sentimental grounds, but as *durior lectio*. The word *disprize* occurs once elsewhere in the Folio, Troilus and Cressida, iv. 5. 74: *disprizing* the Knight oppos'd, where the Q. has *misprizing*. Either reading gives an admirable sense, and Corson throws out an ingenious suggestion on behalf of the Ff. by saying that "a disprized or undervalued love, a love that is only partially appreciated and responded to, would be apt to suffer more pangs than a despised love." This subtle point in love's casuistry can only be elucidated by the help of those whom it particularly concerns.

307. Line 75: *quietus*.—This is a legal term, from the writ beginning *Quietus est*, for an acquittance or settlement of account. Compare the Italian form of receipt, "per quietanza." Cotgrave has: "*Descharge*: f. *À discharge; acquittance; Quietus est*." Compare Sonnet cxxvi. ll. 12:

Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be,  
And her *quietus* is to render thee;

and see also Webster, Duchess of Malfy, i. 1:

And 'cause you shall not come to me in debt,  
Being now my steward, here upon your lips  
I sign your *Quietus est*. —Works, vol. i. p. 198.

308. Line 76: *a bare BODKIN*.—*Bodkin* is an old word for a dagger. Chaucer uses it in speaking of the murder of Cæsar (Monkes Tale, l. 714, ed. Morris):

And in the capitoll anon him hent  
This false Brutus, and his other foen,  
And stiked him with *bodekyns* anon.



Randolph uses the word in the same connection in *The Muses' Looking Glass*, 1688, ii. 2:

*App.* A rapier's but a *bodkin*.

*Dei.* And a *bodkin*

Is a most dangerous weapon: since I read  
Of Julius Cæsar's death, I durst not venture  
Into a barber's shop for fear of *bodkins*.

—Works, ed. W. C. Hazlitt, 1875, p. 202.

In Scott's *Discoverie of Witchcraft* (Nicholson's Reprint, p. 291) there is a cut of these *bodkins* used in juggling tricks. Perhaps, however, as Mr. Marshall says in his *Study of Hamlet*, "*bodkin* here does not mean dagger, but a woman's bodkin, or perhaps a 'writing steel,' or 'stylus.' (See the passage quoted in Richardson's Dictionary *sub* 'Bodkin,' from Holland's translation of Suetonius—'doe nothing else but catch flies, and with the sharp point of a *bodkin* or writing-steel prick them through.) I think there is no doubt that Hamlet wishes to mention the most contemptible instrument which could take away his life" (p. 156, *n.*).

309. Line 76: *who would FARDELS bear*.—*Ff.* have these *fardels*, which is perhaps right, as, though the metre is not improved, the sense gains somewhat by the massing together of all the evils specified, under the contemptuous term, *these fardels*. The word means a bundle or burden. Cotgrave has "*Fardeau*: a fardle, burthen, trusse, packe, bundle." Furness quotes Acts xxi. 15, version of 1581: "after these days we trussed up our *fardels* and went vp to Jerusalem." Shakespeare uses the word only here and in *The Winter's Tale*, where it recurs many times in the 4th and 5th acts, always in reference to the bundle found with Perdita (see note 203).

310. Line 77: *To GRUNT and sweat under a weary life*.—The word *grunt* has seen better days. Steevens quotes several testimonies to its respectability; but neither Turberville nor Stanyhurst is a great authority. The latter translates "supremum congenitum"—"for sighing it *grunts*"—but then Stanyhurst's translation of the first four books of the *Æneid* (Leyden, 1582) is probably the most outrageous specimen extant of printed English. Chaucer, however, has (*Monkes Tale*, line 718, ed. Morris):

But never *gront* he at no strook but oon.

And Cotgrave defines *gronder*, ". . . also to *grunt*, groane, grumble, &c." In Tottel's *Miscellany*, 1557, in Nicholas Grimald's *The death of Zoroas*, &c., we have:

Here *grunts*, here *grones*, echwhere strong youth is spent.

—Arber's Reprint, p. 120.

And in Armin's *Nest of Ninnies*, 1608, we find:

"the fat foolcs of this age will *gronte* and *sweat* under this massie burden," &c.

—Sh. Soc. ed. Collier, p. 26.

Pope of course altered *grunt* into *groan*, having a certain colour for his linguistic prudery in the following line in *Julius Cæsar*, iv. 1. 22:

To *groan* and sweat under the business.

*Groan* was first introduced into the text in the Q. of 1676.

311. Lines 79, 80:

*The undiscover'd country from whose bourn  
No traveller returns.*

It certainly seems strange that Hamlet should give utterance to this sentiment when he has just had "ocular

demonstration" to the contrary. Malone ingeniously remarks: "Our poet without doubt in the passage before us intended to say, that from the *unknown* region of the dead no traveller returns with all his *corporeal powers*; such as he who goes on a voyage of *discovery* brings back, when he returns to the port from which he sailed." Perhaps this may be so; but it seems to me quite possible that the passage had been written by Shakespeare on another occasion—jotted down perhaps on his "tables"—and that in introducing it here he overlooked the contradiction which the words as they stand certainly do imply. The thought here expressed is, one need hardly say, the common property of all writers, as it must be the inevitable reflection of all thinkers. Douce compares Job x. 21 and xvi. 22, and Malone cites Marlowe, *Edward II.* v. 6:

weep not for Mortimer,  
That scorns the world, and, as a *traveller*,  
Goes to *discover countries yet unknown*.

—Works, ed. Dyce (Moxon), p. 221.

Steevens makes the inevitable comparison with Catullus, iii. 11, 12:

Qui nunc it per iter tenebricosum  
Illic, unde negant redire quemquam.

312. Line 83: *Thus conscience does make towards of us all*.—Compare Richard III. i. 4. 137, *et seq.*, where the thought is further developed. *Of us all* is omitted in the Qq.

313. Line 85: *the pale cast of THOUGHT*.—Shakespeare probably had in mind both meanings of the word *thought*, its customary one, and the other meaning, of anxious care, familiar to us from Matthew vi. 34: "Take therefore no *thought* for the morrow," which the Revised Version renders, "Be not anxious for the morrow."

314. Line 86: *And enterprises of great PITH and moment*.—Qq. here read *pitch*, and the Cambridge editors prefer this reading, stating in a note: "In this doubtful passage we have retained the reading of the Quartos, although the players' Quartos of 1676, 1683, 1695, 1703, have, contrary to their custom, followed the Folios, which may possibly indicate that 'pith' was the reading according to stage tradition." "*Pith* and marrow" occurs in i. 4. 22; *pitch* is used in *Twelfth Night*, i. 1. 12, &c. Either word is quite appropriate, and if one is a printers' error for the other, it is impossible to tell, or even to conjecture, which is the true reading. On the whole *pith* seems to me preferable. Corson (*Jottings on the Text of Shakespeare's Hamlet*, pp. 24, 25) gives a number of quotations from Shakespeare in defence of this reading.

315. Line 87: *With this regard their currents turn AWRY*.—*Ff.* have *away*, doubtless a printers' error, in any case a weaker reading.

316. Line 97: *My honour'd lord, YOU know right well you did*.—All the Qq. print *you*, the *Ff.* I. Corson defends the latter reading by suggesting that Ophelia's meaning is "The remembrances you gave me may have been trifles to *you*, such trifles as left no impression on your mind of your having given them; but I know right well they did, as they were most dear to me at the time" (*Jottings*, p. 25). The Qq. reading, however, still seems to me the more natural of the two.

317. Lines 106-108: *That if you be honest and fair, YOUR HONESTY should admit no discourse to your beauty.*—This is the reading of Ff.; the Qq. print *you*. Caldecott well explains the passage, which has sometimes been misunderstood: “‘If you really possess these qualities, chastity and beauty, and mean to support the character of both, your honesty should be so chary of your beauty as not to suffer a thing so fragile to entertain discourse, or to be parleyed with.’ The lady, ’t is true, interprets the words otherwise, giving them the turn that best suited her purpose.”

318. Lines 130, 131: *What should such fellows as I do crawling between HEAVEN AND EARTH?*—This is the reading of Ff. and of Q. 1; the other Qq. have *earth and heaven*. There is not much to choose between the two readings. The Cambridge editors follow the Ff. in the Cambridge edition, the Qq. in the Globe and Clarendon Press editions.

319. Line 135: *no where.*—Ff. print *no way*.

320. Lines 149-153: *I have heard of your PAINTINGS too, well enough; God has given you one FACE, and you make yourselves another: you JIG, you AMBLE, and you LISp, and NICKNAME God's creatures.*—F. 1 has *prattlings* for *paintings*, and instead of *face, pace*. Both readings I take to be mere misprints, though a faint defence has been set up on the ground that *lisP*, in the succeeding clause, gives countenance to *prattlings*, and *jig* and *amble* to *pace*. *Jig* is spelt *gig* in the Qq., *gidge* in the Ff.; and the former read *and amble* instead of *you amble*. Compare Love's Labour's Lost, iii. 1. 11, 12: “to *jig* off a tune at the tongue's end;” and Julius Caesar, iv. 3. 137:

What should the wars do with these *jigging* fools!

See note 350 below, where *jig* is spelt *gigge* in the quotation from Florio. *Amble* is used of an affected smoothness of gait. (See note 41 to Richard III.) *Nickname* is used as a verb only here and in Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 349; as a substantive only in Romeo and Juliet, ii. 1. 12.

321. Line 159: *The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's eye, tongue, sword.*—This is very likely a misprint, *soldier's* and *scholar's* having been accidentally transposed; and several editors have adopted the more precise reading, which is indeed that of Q. 1. But Farmer quotes in defence of the reading of Qq. and Ff., Lucrece, 615, 616, in which a similar transposition occurs, perhaps, however, for the sake of the rhyme:

For princes are the glass, the school, the book,  
Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.

322. Line 166: *Like sweet bells jangled out of tune and harsh.*—This is the reading of Ff., which I prefer to Capell's usually followed emendation: *Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh*. Qq. have *jangled out of time*, no doubt a misprint.

323. Line 174: *the hatch and the DISCLOSE.*—*Disclose* is a technical term, explained in the passage quoted by Steevens from Randle Holme, Academy of Armory and Blazon, bk. ii. ch. ii. p. 238: “*Disclose* is when the young just peeps through the shell. It is also taken for the laying, hatching, or bringing forth young: as ‘she disclosed three birds.’” See below, v. 1. 310.

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324. Line 192: *To show his GRIEF.*—Ff. have *griefs*, which is followed by Furness, who cites Corson's explanation that *griefs*=grievances, as it does in iii. 2. 352.

325. Line 194: *If she FIND him not.*—Compare All's Well, ii. 3. 216, 217: “I have now *found* thee; when I lose thee again, I *care* not;” where *found* is used, in double entendre, for found out, as it is, entirely, here.

## ACT III. SCENE 2.

326.—François-Victor Hugo, in the Introduction to his translation of the play (ed. 1873, p. 77, translated in Furness, New Var. Ed. vol. ii. p. 390), has the following admirable note on the strict dramatic relevancy of the Players' scenes: “Erudite critics, while acknowledging the fine wisdom of Hamlet's counsels to the players, have nevertheless stoutly denied the dramatic propriety of introducing these counsels at all. The two scenes, in which Hamlet makes the actors rehearse, have been regarded by these critics as *hors-d'œuvre*, very magnificent, it is true, but none the less as *hors-d'œuvre*. Herein lies, in my opinion, a very grave error. Hamlet wishes to have a piece acted, the sight of which will force the guilty King to reveal his crime. It is readily perceived that the manner in which this piece is to be interpreted is of great importance to him. Hamlet has before him mere strolling players, buffoons addicted to low clap-trap or grotesque contortions, decked out in ridiculous costume. Wherefore, if the scene to be acted before Claudius has not due decorum, if one of the actors mouths it like a town crier, if another has his periwig befrouzed, if the clown, just at the most important point, cuts some of the wretched jokes that clowns are so fond of, why then, forsooth, the whole effect that Hamlet is aiming at is ruined. The terrible tragedy, whereof the last scene is to be acted off the stage, will end like a farce in a market-place amid peals of laughter. But if, on the other hand, the acting proceeds smoothly, the result is sure. The more natural the actor, the deeper will be Claudius's emotion; the truer the acting of the fictitious murderer, the more manifest will be the panic of the real one. It is therefore essential that Hamlet should have the piece rehearsed with the greatest care before it is performed in public.

327. Line 7: *the whirlwind of passion.*—This is the reading of Ff., and is followed by many editors. Qq. have “whirlwind of *your* passion.” It is difficult to decide between the two readings, but the Qq. reading is held by some to be more characteristic in its cumulative vehemence.

328. Line 10: *to HEAR a ROBUSTIOUS PERIWIG-PATED fellow.*—Instead of *hear*, Ff. have *see*, which some defend. But, as Furness says: “the ‘ears of the groundlings’ are not ‘split’ by what they *see*.”—*Robustious* is used again by Shakespeare in Henry V. iii. 7. 158, 159: “the men do sympathize with the mastiffs in *robustious* and rough coming on.” It occurs in the quotation from Taylor given in note 273 to Henry VIII. Mr. Browning has the word in his Parleyings (1887), p. 219:

Join in, give voice *robustious* rude and rough.

*Periwig-pated*, used of players, is explained by Steevens'

quotation from Every Woman in her Humour (1609): "As none wear hoods but monks and ladies; and feathers but fore-horses, &c.—none *periwigs* but players and pictures."

329. Line 12: *the groundlings*.—This was a common term of contempt for "the understanding gentlemen of the ground" (Ben Jonson, Bartholomew Fair, Induction, p. 366, ed. Gifford), or that part of the audience who paid a penny for admission, and stood on the unfloored ground in the pit of the theatre. See Dekker's Gull's Hornbook, ch. vi.: "your *groundling* and gallery-commoner buys his sport by the penny, and, like a haggler, is glad to utter it again by retailing." Nares cites Lady Alimony, i. 1: "Besides, sir, all our galleries and ground-stands are furnished, and the *groundlings* within the yard grow infinitely unruly."

330. Line 15: *I WOULD have such a fellow whipped*.—So Qq.; Ff. have *could*, which seems a little more considerate.

331. Line 15: *Termagant*.—*Termagant*, so frequently alluded to in the plays of the period, is represented in the early metrical romances as the god of the Saracens; as in Guy of Warwick, where the Soudan says:

So helpe me Mahoune of might  
And *Termagaunt* my God so bright.

Ritson quotes Bale's Acts of English Octaries, Reliques, i. 77: "Grennyng upon her lyke *Termagautes* in a play." His character, from all accounts, must have been extremely outrageous and violent. Shakespeare uses the word in one other place, but as an adjective, I. Henry IV. v. 4. 114: "that hot *termagant* Scot."

332. Line 16: *it out-herods Herod*.—*Herod* was the typical tyrant of the mystery-plays. Furness gives some specimens of his diction (Var. Ed. p. 227), with the significant stage-direction (Coventry miracle-play of the Nativity, Marriott, p. 83): "Here *Erode* ragis in thys pagond, and in the strete also." Compare Chaucer, The Miller's Tale (Harl. MS. lines 3383, 3384):

Som tyme to schewe his lightnes and maistrye  
He playeth herody on a scaffold hye.

333. Line 27: *pressure*.—Shakespeare only uses the word *pressure* in one other place, *ante*, i. 5. 100:

All saws of books, all forms, all *pressures* past.

334. Line 36: *nor man*.—The Ff. have *or Norman*, which is an evident misprint of the reading in the text, that of the Qq., *nor man*. Q. 1 has *nor Turk*.

335. Line 38: *had made MEN*.—Theobald's suggestion, adopted by Rann and Furness, "had made *them*," is ingenious, and may very possibly be right. But I do not think the reading of Qq. and Ff. must necessarily give bad sense; for Hamlet is merely recording his sensations on looking at certain actors, who had made him wonder at *men* being so unlike humanity. Compare Lear, ii. 2. 69-65:

*Kent*. nature disclaims in thee: a tailor made thee.  
*Corn.* Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a man?  
*Kent*. Ay, a tailor, sir: a stone-cutter or a painter could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours o' the trade.

336. Lines 42-50: *And let those that play your clowns*

*speak no more than is set down for them, &c.*—The advice which Hamlet here gives to the comic actors who insist upon giving their own "gag" in place of, or in addition to, the words "set down for them," is not inapplicable to-day; in Shakespeare's time it was greatly needed. "The clown," says Malone, "very often addressed the audience, in the midst of the play, and entered into a contest of railery and sarcasm with such of the audience as chose to engage with him"—after the manner, one may suppose, of some modern "artistes" of the music-hall.

337. Lines 59, 60:

*Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man  
As E'er my CONVERSATION COP'D WITHAL.*

Elze notes the imitation of this in Nat. Field's A Woman is a Weathercock: "One-and-thirty good morrows to the fairest, wisest, richest widow that *ever conversation coped withal*."

338. Line 66: *And crook the PREGNANT hinges of the knee*.—Furness admirably defines the word *pregnant*, in its present use, as "*pregnant*, because untold thrift is born from a cunning use of the knee."

339. Line 67: *fauning*.—So Qq. Ff. have *faining*, which, says Stratmann (Dictionary of Old English, s.v. "fainen," *apud* Furness), is not a misprint, but another form of *fauning*, just as good, if not better.

340. Lines 68-70:

*Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,  
And could of men distinguish, her election  
Hath seal'd thee for herself.*

This is the reading of Ff. Qq. have:

—distinguish her election,  
S' hath [she hath] seal'd thee for herself;

which here and there an editor has been found to prefer.

341. Line 74: *Whose blood and judgment are so well COMMINGLED*.—Qq. print *commedled*. The word *commedled* was in use in the sense of *commingled*. Compare Webster, The White Devil, iii. 1: "Religion, O, how it is *commedled* with policy!" (Works, p. 25).

342. Line 84: *the very comment of THY soul*.—Ff. here read *my*, a pretty evident misprint, which Knight endeavours to defend on psychological grounds. The defence seems to me extremely weak. "Hamlet," he says, "having told Horatio the 'circumstances' of his father's death, and imparted his suspicions of his uncle, entreats his friend to observe his uncle 'with the very comment of my soul,'—Hamlet's soul." Surely Dyce is right in replying, that what Hamlet wanted was for Horatio to observe the king on his own account, quite independently—

And after we will both our judgments join  
In censure of his seeming.

343. Line 89: *stithy*.—*Stithy* (as also *stithe*, the reading of Ff.) is and was used both for a smith's anvil and for his shop. Here it evidently means the latter. Shakespeare employs the word as a verb in Troilus and Cressida, iv. 5. 255: "the forge that *stithied* Mars his helm."

344. Line 95: *I must be IDLE*.—Compare iii. 4. 12:

Come, come, you answer with an *idle* tongue:

and Lear, i. 3. 16: "*Idle* old man," used of the crazy king. The Clarendon Press editors state that *idle* is still used in Suffolk for foolish, light-headed, crazy. It is more than once used emphatically in this sense in Q. 1.

345. Lines 98, 99: *the chameleon's dish*; i.e. air, teste Sir Thomas Browne, *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*: or, Enquiries into very many received Tenets, and commonly presumed Truths, 1646. Bk. iii. chap. xx. "Of the Cameleon," pp. 157-163, begins thus: "Concerning the Chameleon there generally passeth an opinion that it liveth onely upon ayre, and is sustained by no other aliment; thus much is in plaine termes affirmed by Selinus, Pliny, and divers other, and by this periphrasis is the same described by Ovid; All which notwithstanding upon enquiry, I finde the assertion mainly controvertible, and very much to faile in the three inducements of beliefe." Compare Two Gent. of Verona, ii. 1. 178, 179: "though the *chameleon* Love can feed on the air;" and Nat. Field, A Woman is a Weathercock: "I do live like a *chameleon* upon the air, and not like a mole upon the earth" (Hazlitt's Dodsley, vol. xi. p. 45).

346. Line 104: *you played i' THE UNIVERSITY, you say?*—The Cambridge editors, who should be authoritative on the subject, say in their Clarendon Press edition: "The halls of the colleges at Oxford and Cambridge were the scenes of theatrical performances on special occasions, such as Commencement at Cambridge, or the visit of royal or distinguished personages. In 1564, on Sunday evening, August the 6th, Queen Elizabeth saw the Aulularia of Plautus in the antechapel of King's College Chapel. On the occasion of the visit of James I. and Prince Charles to Cambridge in 1614 plays were performed in the hall of Trinity College; among them the comedies of Ignoramus and Albumazar, which have escaped oblivion. On the title-page of the quarto of Hamlet, 1603, it is said, 'As it hath benee diuerse times acted by his Highnesse seruants in the Cittie of London: as also in the two Vniuersities of Cambridge and Oxford, and else-where.'"—

347. Line 108: *I did enact Julius Cæsar*.—Possibly an allusion by Shakespeare to his own play of Julius Cæsar, which probably appeared in 1601. A play called Cæsar's Fall (by Webster, Middleton, Drayton, and others) was acted in 1602. A Latin play on the subject of Cæsar's death was performed at Christ Church, Oxford, in 1582; and perhaps it was in this that Polonius did enact Julius Cæsar.

348. Line 119: *in your lap*.—Steevens thinks it was a common act of gallantry to lie at a mistress' feet "during any dramatic representation." Douce, however, reasonably limits the custom to masques and entertainments in private houses. See Beaumont and Fletcher, The Queen of Corinth, i. 2:

Ushers her to her coach, lies at her feet  
At solemn masques.

—Works, p. 26.

Lines 121, 122 are omitted in Qq.

349. Line 123: *Do you think I meant COUNTRY MATTERS?*—Elze compares Greene, Dorastus and Fawnia (Hazlitt's Sh. Library, part i. vol. iv. p. 58): "delighting as much to talke of Pan and his *cuntry pranks*, as Ladies to tell of

Venus and her wanton tozes;" and Marston's Malcontent, ii. 3 (Works. ed. Halliwell. vol. ii. p. 220).

350. Line 132: *your only jig-maker*.—The Clarendon Press edd. quote Cotgrave: "Farce: f. A (fond and dis-solute) Play, Comedie, or Enterlude; also, the *Jyg* at the end of an Enterlude, wherein some pretie Knauerie is acted." Florio has: "*Frottola*, a country *gigge*, or round, or cuntry song, or wanton verse." Collier says that a *jig* "seems to have been a ludicrous composition, in rhyme, sung, or said by the clown, and accompanied by dancing and playing upon the pipe and tabor" (History of English Dramatic Poetry, iii. 380).

351. Lines 137, 138: *let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of SABLES*.—It is not clear whether by *sables* Shakespeare meant mourning garments or robes trimmed with sable fur; or whether, as the Clarendon Press editors plausibly suggest, he intended an equivocal on the two meanings of the word, as in Massinger and Middleton, The Old Law, ii. 1:

A cunning grief,  
That's only faced with *sables* for a show,  
But gawdy-hearted.

—Massinger's Works, p. 427.

Malone quotes a number of passages to show the high estimation in which sable-trimmed robes were held in England in the time of Shakespeare, as much as a thousand ducats being sometimes given for "a face of *sables*," and the statute of apparel, 24 Henry VIII. c. 13, having ordained that *sables* might be used by no one under the degree of an earl. A *suit of sables* may therefore be equivalent to rich and gaudy attire, and thus the greatest possible contrast to a mourning suit of black. Capell (Notes, vol. i. p. 136, *apud* Furness) says: "It is scarce worth remarking, being a fact of such notoriety, that 'sables,' the furs so called, are the finery of most northern nations; so that Hamlet's saying amounts to a declaration, that he would leave off his blacks, since his father was so long dead."

352. Lines 144, 145: *For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot*.—See note 59 to Love's Labour's Lost (iii. 1. 30, where the same quotation is made). Compare Beaumont and Fletcher's Women Pleased, iv. 1: "Shall the *hobby-horse* be forgot then?" and Ben Jonson's Entertainment of the Queen and Prince at Althorpe: "*the hobby-horse is forgot*."

353. Line 145: The dumb-show enters.—The necessity for this *dumb-show* is not very obvious. As Pye remarks, in his Comments on the Commentators (quoted in Furness, iv. 1. 241), "there is no apparent reason why the Usurper should not be quite as much affected by this mute representation of his crimes as he is afterwards when the same action is accompanied by words." Caldecott attempts an explanation by suggesting that "Hamlet, intent on 'catching the conscience of the king,' would naturally wish that his 'mouse-trap' should be doubly set, and could never be supposed willing to relinquish any one of those engines, the use of which custom had authorized." This last statement, however, is far from correct, for, as Hunter says (vol. ii. p. 249): "To represent the story of a play in dumb-show when the play itself is going to be performed appears a most extraordinary mode of procedure, and nothing like it has been traced

in the usages of the English theatre, or, I believe, in the theatres of the more polished nations of Europe. What nearest approach to it, and may be by some mistaken for it, are the Dumb-shows in Sackville's *Gorboduc* and Gascoign's *Jocasta*. But whoever considers these shows attentively will perceive that they are something essentially different from the exhibition of the very action which is immediately to follow with the accompanying dialogue. They are, in fact, but so many moralizations, resembling the choruses of the Greek drama, the moral lessons being read in action rather than in words. I do not recollect any other English play with a dumb-show even of this kind; and Ophelia's question, 'What means this, my lord?' and 'Will he tell us what this show meant?' prove that shows such as these made no part of the common dramatic entertainments of England." Hunter then proceeds to state his theory, that "such strange and unsuitable anticipations were according to the common practice of the Danish theatre." His argument, however, is founded on a totally mistaken inference, as Elze conclusively points out in his edition, pp. 187, 188. The fact remains that dumb-shows of this sort were unknown to the stage, and that Shakespeare must therefore have had a very definite reason for introducing this one—perhaps the reason thrown out by Caldecott, and also given by Knight.

354. Lines 147, 148: *Marry, this is* MICHING MALLECHO; it means mischief.—*Miching mallecho* is Malone's universally-received rendering of the *Miching Mallico* of Ff.; *munching Mallico* of Qq. *Mallecho* is probably the Spanish *malhecho*, which it is convenient to render mischief. The meaning is, more literally, a wicked deed. *Micher* occurs in I. Henry IV. ii. 4. 451, in the sense which it still has among boys, a truant: "Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a *micher* and eat blackberries?" (a turn of phrase which recalls the French idiom for the same thing, *faire l'école buissonnière*). Minshew has: "To *Micher*, or secretly to hide himself out of the way, as Truants doe from schoole;" and Florio, coming somewhat nearer to the sense we want, defines *Accipinare*: "To *mitche*, to shrug or sneake in some corner." *Miching mallecho* may therefore not unreasonably be taken to mean underhand wickedness, or, as the Clarendon Press edd. put it, sneaking or skulking mischief. Maginn suggested in Fraser's Magazine, Dec. 1839, that the true reading was indicated in the Qq., and was *mucho malhecho*, much mischief.

355. Line 162: *Is this a prologue, or the posy of a ring?*—Ff. print *Poesie*. See Merchant of Venice, v. 1. 147-150, and note 355. These *posies*, or mottoes, chiefly for rings, are frequently referred to in Elizabethan plays. Compare Two Noble Kinsmen, iv. 1. 88-91:

Rings she made  
Of rushes that grew by, and to 'em spoke  
The prettiest *posies*,—"Thus our true love's tide,"  
"This you may loose, not me," and many a one.

—Ed. Littledale (N. Shak. Soc.), p. 72.

In his notes to the play Mr. Littledale refers to several plays of Beaumont and Fletcher for references to these *posies*—Knight of the Burning Pestle, v. 3; Loyal Subject, ii. 2 ("the jewels set within"); Pilgrim, i. 2 ("Be constant, fair, still?" 'Tis the *posy* here, and here without, "Be good"); Woman Hater, iv. 1 ("poesies for chim-

neys"); Rule a Wife, iv. 1 ("a blind *posy* in 't, 'Love and a mill-horse should go round together'"). Compare Browning, The Ring and the Book, bk. i. line 1390:

A ring without a *posy*, and that ring mine?

—Vol. i. p. 72.

356. Line 165: Enter a King and a Queen.—Strachey observes in reference to the interlude, that its introduction, as in other plays, "heightens our feeling of the main Play being a real action of men and women, while the rhyme, &c., and the whole structure of the Interlude, distinguish it from the real dialogue, in a way corresponding with that which has been pointed out in reference to the player's recital of the speech of *Aeneas*" (p. 66).

357. Line 165: *Phæbus* CART.—For the archaism, *cart* for chariot, compare Chaucer, Knights Tale, l. 1183:

The statue of Mars upon a *carte* stood;

where *carte*, occurring as it does in the tremendous description of the temple of *Mars armypotente*, unquestionably means a chariot, though in line 1164 above—

The carters over-ryden with his *carte*—

I think it is equally evident that *carte* means the same as it does now, and that Boswell is right in rebuking Steevens for his citation of it.

358. Line 176.—After this line Qq. have a line not in Ff.

For women fear too much, even as they love;

And the next line begins with *And*. Many editors conjecture that a line has dropped out either before or after this line, which is without a rhyme, and thus obviously imperfect. The Cambridge editors suggest (what indeed had been my instinctive impression before turning to their note) that the Qq. give us Shakespeare's first thought, incomplete, as well as the lines which he finally adopted as they stand in the Ff.

359. Line 180: *And as my love is* SIZ'D, *my fear is so*.—Compare Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 15. 4-6:

our *size* of sorrow,  
Proportion'd to our cause, must be as great  
As that which makes it.

360. Line 184: *My* OPERANT *powers*.—Compare the one other use in Shakespeare of the word *operant*, Timon, iv. 3. 24, 25:

sauce his palate  
With thy most *operant* poison!

361. Line 191: *Wormwood, wormwood*.—Qq. have, in the margin, *That's wormwood*, which seems just as good a reading as that of the Ff. given in the text, and adopted by almost all the editors.

362. Line 214: *The great man down, you mark his* FAVOURITE *flies*.—F. 1 has *favourites*, which Abbott defends and Furness adopts, considering *flies* one of the numerous instances of the third person plural in *s*. The sense is certainly much better in this reading, for it expresses (better than the singular would do) the defection of the diminished great man's swarm of favourites and flatterers. I should adopt it were it not for the hideous sound produced by the sequence *favourites flies*—an effect on the ear so grating that I cannot for a moment believe that Shakespeare would have tolerated it.

363. Line 229: AN ANCHOR'S *cheer in prison be my scope!*—This and the preceding line are omitted in Ff. The reading in the text (*an* for the *and* of Qq.) is Theobald's, universally adopted and most probably right, though I think that *and* is not necessarily wrong. *Anchor* is of course anchorite, or hermit, from Anglo-Saxon *ancor*, an abbreviation of Greek ἀγκυροῦντες, one who is withdrawn. Compare The Vision of Piers Ploughman, l. 55:

And *aneres* and heremites  
That holden hem in hire selles;

and the Romance of Robert the Devil, printed by Wynkyn de Worde: "We have robbed and killed nonnes, holy *auunkers*, preestes," &c.

364. Line 249: *Gonzago is the DUKE's name.*—Elze points out a similar confusion of *duke* and *king* in the tragedy of Gorboduc: in the argument and the names of the speakers Gorboduc is styled *Kynge of Brittainye* and *Kynge of great Brittainye*, whereas in "The Order of the dōme shewe before the firste Acte" we read: "As befell vpon Duke Gorboduc deuidinge his Lande to his two Sonnes." Walker, Crit. Exam. ii. 280-282, Article CIV. points out that in Love's Labour's Lost the King is sometimes styled Duke; in Twelfth Night, Orsino is sometimes Duke, sometimes Count; in Two Gent. of Verona, Duke and Emperor are confounded; in Titus Andronicus, Emperor and King; in Beaumont and Fletcher, Cupid's Revenge, the Duke and his consort are styled Duke and Queen, and the heir to a dukedom talks of becoming a king; in Sidney's Arcadia, Basilius is sometimes called King, sometimes Duke. He winds up with: "*king, count, and duke*, were one and the same to the poet, all involving alike the idea of sovereign power; and thus might easily be confounded with each other in the memory."

365. Line 253: *let the galled jade vince.*—A proverbial expression. Steevens quotes Edwards, Damon and Pythias, 1582: "I know the *gall'd horse* will soonest *vince*;" and the Clarendon Press editors refer to Mother Bombe, i. 3, and Lyly's Euphues, p. 119 (ed. Arber): "For well I know none will *vinch* except she be *gawilded*."

366. Lines 256, 257: *I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the PUPPETS dallying.*—Compare Two Gentlemen of Verona, ii. 1. 100, 101: "O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet! Now will he interpret her." An interpreter, in the old puppet-shows, was the person who had charge of the dialogue. Steevens quotes Greene's Groatworth of Wit, 1621: "It was I that penned the moral of man's wit, the dialogue of Dives, and for seven years' space was absolute interpreter of the *puppets*;" and Elze cites Nash, Pierce Pennilisse, ed. Collier, p. 21: "the *puling* accent of her voyce is like a fained treble, or ones voyce that interprets to the *puppets*."

367. Line 262: *So you MUST TAKE your husbands.*—Qq. read *So you mistake your husbands*; Ff. *So you mistake Husbands*; the reading in the text (that of Pope) is derived from Q. 1: *So you must take your husband*. It seems to me decidedly preferable; indeed, the arguments in favour of the *mistake* can only be qualified by the word which they prefer.

368. Line 264: "*the creaking raven doth bellow for re-*  
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*venge.*"—This is a satirical condensation, as Simpson pointed out in the Academy, Dec. 19, 1874, of the following lines of the True Tragedy of Richard the Third:

The screeking raven sits creaking for revenge,  
Whole herds of beasts comes bellowing for revenge.

—Sh. Soc. Reprint, p. 61.

369. Line 285: *So runs the world away.*—So F. 1. The reading *Thus*, adopted by many editors, seems to me much poorer.

370. Line 286: *a forest of feathers.*—Malone observes: "It appears from Decker's Gul's Hornbooke, that feathers were much worn on the stage in Shakespeare's time;" but the only reference that I can find to feathers on the stage (ch. vi.: How a Gallant should behave himself in a Play-house) does not refer to the actors, but to the "gallant" who takes his seat upon the stage. "But on the very rushes where the comedy is to daunce, yea, and under the state of Cambryses himself, must our feathered estrich, like a piece of ordnance, be planted valiantly, because impudently, beating down the mews and hisses of the opposed rascality." Compare T. Randolph, The Muses Looking-Glass, i. 1 and 2 (Works, ed. W. C. Hazlitt, p. 182). The scene is at the Globe Theatre.

"*Mrs. Flowerdew* (wife to a haberdasher of small-wares). I come to sell 'em pins and looking glasses.

*Bird* (the feather-man). I have their custom too for all their *feathers*

*Enter Roscius, a Player.*

*Bird*. Master Roscius, we have brought the things you spake for.

*Roscius*. Why, 'tis well.

*Mrs. Flowerdew*. Pray, sir, what serve they for?

*Roscius*. We use them in our play."

371. Line 287: *if the rest of my fortunes TURN TURK with me.*—Steevens cites Greene's Tu Quoque, 1614: "This it is to *turn Turk*, from an absolute and most compleat gentleman, to a most absurd, ridiculous, and fond lover" (Hazlitt's Dodsley, xi. 226). Compare Much Ado, iii. 4. 57.

372. Line 288: *with two PROVINCIAL ROSES on my RAZED shoes.*—*Roses* were the rosettes worn on shoes, much as they are still used, sometimes, by ladies on their slippers. The word is of very frequent recurrence in the dramatists; one of the stage-directions in Massinger's City Madam, i. 1, is: "Enter Luke, with shoes, garters, fans, and *roses*." *Provincial roses* are rosettes in the shape of roses of Provence or of Provins. Cotgrave has: "Rose de Provence. The Province Rose, the double Damaske Rose;" and "Rose de Provins. The ordinary double red Rose." Gerarde in his Herbal speaks of the damask rose as *Rosa provincialis*. Hunter (Illustrations of Shakespeare, vol. ii. p. 254) gives an extract from Peacham's Truth of our Times, 1638, showing that as much as £30 was sometimes given for a pair of *roses*.—*Razed shoes* were probably slashed shoes. See Stubbes, Anatomie of Abuses, ed. 1583; p. 57, New Sh. Soc. Reprint, ed. F. J. Furnivall, 1877: "To these their nether-stocks, they have corked shooses, pins-nets, and fine pantoffes, which beare them vp a finger or two [*two inches or more*, ed. 1505] from the ground; wherof some be of white leather, some of black, and some of red, some of black velvet, some of white, some of red, some of green, raced, carued, cut, and stitched all ouer with silk, and laid on with golde, siluer, and such like." The Clarendon Press edd. quote Randle Holme, Academy of Armory,

b. iii. ch. i. p. 14: "Pinked or raised Shoes, have the over leathers grain part cut into *Roses*, or other devices."

373. Line 290: *Half a share*.—The actors in Shakespeare's time had *shares* in the profits of the theatre, and were paid according to the receipts, and proportionately to their merit. There is much interesting information on the subject of *shares* in theatres in Halliwell-Phillipps' *Illustrations of the Life of Shakespeare*, 1874, pp. 86–91, the substance of which is given by Furness in his *Variorum* ed. of *Hamlet*, pp. 260–262.

374. Line 295: *pajock*.—This is the reading of F. 3, F. 4 Q. 2, Q. 3, Q. 4, Q. 5 have *paiock*; F. 1, Q. 6 *paiocke*; F. 2 *pajocke*; Q. (1676) *paiocke*; Q. (1095) *peacock*. A number of explanations and of emendations has been suggested, Polish, Phœnician, and Swedish being laid under contribution, though one may wonder where Shakespeare got his knowledge of these not very generally known languages. The most fascinating suggestion is that of F. Leo (*Notes and Queries*, Jan. 21, 1865), who calmly conjectures that the mysterious word is merely a stage-direction for "hiccup"—the said hiccup being produced by Hamlet as a polite substitution for the word, which is on the tip of his tongue. Dyce, with less originality, defends the common reading *pajock*, which he says is "certainly equivalent to *peacock*. I have often heard the lower classes in the north of Scotland call the peacock 'the *peajock*, and their almost invariable name for the turkey-cock is 'bubbly-jock.'" F. A. Marshall, *Study of Hamlet*, p. 157, note, remarks that Mr. Irving, in speaking these lines, gives "a new force to the word 'pajock' or 'peacock,' which Hamlet substitutes for the manifest rhyme 'ass,' by looking at the fan of peacock's feathers which he had borrowed from Ophelia, and held in his hand during the representation of the play, as if that had suggested to him the substitution."

375. Line 303: *the recorders*.—The recorder was an instrument like a flageolet, or flute with a mouthpiece. It was held in great esteem on account of its "approaching nearest to the sweet delightfulness of the human voice." See Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, p. 246 (quoted in Furness, p. 268), and compare *Midsummer Night's Dream*, v. 1. 123, 124 ("he hath play'd on his prologue like a child on a recorder"), and note 264 to that play. At line 359 below, the stage-direction is: "Re-enter Players with *Recorders*;" and Hamlet says: "O, the recorders! let me see one."

376. Line 315: *No, my lord, RATHER with choler*.—This is the reading of Ff.; *rather* is omitted in Qq., which many editors follow.

377. Lines 348, 349: *by these pickers and stealers*.—An allusion, doubtless, to the admonishment in the Church Catechism to keep our hands from *picking and stealing*. Elze quotes A Larum for London: "Or with my sword I'll hack your *filchers* off" (*Simpson's School of Shakspeare*, 1872, p. 72). "By this hand!" is used as a mild oath in *Merchant of Venice*, v. 1. 161, and elsewhere in Shakespeare. In *II. Henry VI.* i. 3. 193, Peter, the armourer's man, swears "By these ten bones, my lords." Compare Beaumont and Fletcher, *Philaster*, ii. 2, where Pharamond says to Galatea: "By this sweet hand."

378. Line 358: "*While the grass grows*."—Malone cites the whole proverb from Whetstone's *Promos* and *Cassandra*, 1578:

Whylst grass doth growe, oft sterves the seely steede;  
and from the *Paradise of Dainty Devices*, 1578:

To whom of old this proverbe well it serves,  
While grass doth growe, the silly horse he sterves.

379. Line 360: *To withdraw with you*.—It is a matter of still unsettled conjecture to whom these words are addressed, and what is their precise meaning. Malone added the stage-direction: "Taking Guildenstern aside;" Steevens supposed the words to be said interrogatively in response to a gesture of Guildenstern's; and emendations of the text have been proposed. It seems to me that the words are capable of either of two meanings. The players have just re-entered with recorders. Hamlet turns to them, takes an instrument, and then, turning again to Guildenstern and Rosencrantz, takes up the thread of conversation with "To withdraw with you—" moving apart with them as he speaks, so as to be out of the players' hearing. Or it may be, as the players come in, Hamlet is about to leave his friends and join them—"To withdraw with you," as he says, parenthetically; when, a thought striking him—a thought suggested by the pipe he has in his hand—he turns back to his friends with the words which follow.

380. Lines 363, 364: *O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly*.—This is a vague compliment, which need not be forced into a special meaning. As far as any explanation is necessary, or feasible, it is given by Warburton: "If my duty to the *king* makes me press you a little, my love to *you* makes me still more importunate. If that makes me *bold*, this makes me even *unmannerly*."

381. Line 373: *fingers and THUMB*.—Q. 2, Q. 3 have the *umber* instead of *thumb*, an evident misprint, which Steevens tried to justify by supposing *umber* to be an old name for a brass key at the end of the recorder. But in the first place it is by no means certain, or even likely, that the recorders of Shakespeare's time had such a brass key; and if they had, we have no reason to suppose that *umber* (which is used in the *Faerie Queene* for "visor") was the name for them.

382. Line 375: *most ELOQUENT music*.—So Qq.; Ff. have *excellent*.

383. Lines 388, 389: *though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me*.—Q. 1 has "yet you cannot play upon me," which is perhaps a preferable reading, though there is not much to choose between the two. It is adopted by the Cambridge editors.

384. Lines 409, 410:

*And do such bitter business as the day  
Would quake to look on.*

So Ff.; Qq. have "business as the bitter day," which a few editors have followed. I do not see what Warburton means by saying that the expression *bitter business* is "almost burlesque." I see nothing burlesque in it, nor anything reasonable or admirable in his suggestion of "bitter day."

385. Line 416: *How in my words soever she be SIENT*.—The participle *shent* (the only part of the verb then in

use) occurs in three other places: Merry Wives, i. 4. 38; Twelfth Night, iv. 2. 112; and Coriolanus, v. 2. 104.

## ACT III. SCENE 3.

386. Line 6: *Hazard* so NEAR US.—This is the reading of Qq. (*neer*'s); Ff. have *dangerous*. Editors are much at variance in their preferences, but the former text seems to me the preferable.

387. Line 7: *lunacies*.—So Ff.; Qq. have the evident misprint *browes*, a misprint, however, which may stand, as Theobald supposed, for *lunes*. See, on that word, note 65 to Winter's Tale.

388. Line 9: *To keep those MANY MANY bodies safe*.—Compare "*too too solid flesh*," i. 2. 129 above; "*A very little little* let us do," Henry V. iv. 2. 33; and the Italian doubling of adjectives for emphasis, as *molto molto*.

389. Line 14: *That spirit upon whose WEAL depends and rests*.—Ff., instead of *weal*, have *spirit*, a perfectly obvious misprint which has found favour in a few quarters.

390. Line 17: *it is a MASSY wheel*.—*Massy* is used by Shakespeare in four other places, "massive" not at all. See Much Ado, iii. 3. 147; Troilus and Cressida, Prol. 17, and ii. 3. 18; and Tempest, iii. 3. 67:

Your swords are now too *massy* for your strengths.

391. Line 56: *May one be pardon'd, and retain the offence?*—This line, full of intense meaning, might well be affixed as motto to Browning's Red Cotton Night-cap Country. The whole book is the subtlest of commentaries on this text.

392. Line 57: *the corrupted CURRENTS of this world*.—On the conjecture of S. Walker, Dyce in his second edition, and Furness in his Variorum, printed *'currents'*, i.e. occurrences (I. Henry IV. ii. 3. 58). The conjecture is a very ingenious one, and may not improbably be right. But it is not at all necessarily right. Shakespeare has metaphors quite as hasty and elliptical as this, in all parts of his work. And in several places he uses the word *current* almost as if it had passed from a metaphor into a received synonym for "course." See, for example, Merchant of Venice, iv. 1. 64:

To excuse the *current* of thy cruelty.

393. Line 73: *Now might I do it PAT, now he is praying*.—Qq. have *but now a is praying*. This speech of Hamlet has given great concern to the commentators, and is not easily reconciled with a too amiable view of the character of a man who could utter it. A writer in the Quarterly Review (vol. lxxix. 1847, p. 333, note—quoted in Furness, vol. ii. p. 169) interprets it thus: "His reasons for not killing the king when he is praying have been held to be an excuse. But if Shakespeare had anticipated the criticism, he could not have guarded against it more effectually. Hamlet has just uttered the soliloquy:

—Now could I drink hot blood,  
And do such bitter business as the day  
Would quake to look on.

In this frame he passes his uncle's closet, and is for once, at least, equal to any emergency. His first thought is to kill him at his devotions; his second, that in that case Claudius will go to heaven. Instantly his father's suffer-

ings rise into his mind; he contrasts the happy future of the criminal with the purgatory of the victim, and the contemplation exasperates him into a genuine desire for a fuller revenge. The threat relieves him from the reproach of inactivity, and he falls back into his former self." This seems to me a very reasonable view; and the following passage from Strachey (pp. 71, 72) does something to explain the passage yet further: "Hamlet enters, and sees that now he 'might do it pat'; but only the coward or the assassin would willingly kill a sleeping, or a praying man, and when to this instinctive feeling are united Hamlet's undoubted reluctance to shed his uncle's blood, even as the just avenger of his father's murder, and his habitual disposition to procrastinate, and put off action of every kind,—these motives are enough to stay his hand for the present. And to excuse his procrastination to himself and also to gratify that inclination 'to unpack his heart with words' which impels every man who, having deep thoughts and strong feelings, does not carry them out by action, he falls into language which, if he meant what he said, would certainly be as horrible and infernal as Dr. Johnson and others have called it. The commentators show, that this thought of killing an enemy under circumstances that might destroy his soul at the same time, has not only been adopted by more than one of Shakespeare's dramatic contemporaries, but is said to have been really uttered and acted upon. And this may warn us not to think the words *mere* pretext, even in Hamlet's case. Though assuredly Hamlet would not have deliberately *done* anything to cause his uncle's damnation, he gratifies his bitter hatred by *saying* that he desires, and will contrive it: he gives way (as I have observed on another occasion) to evil inclinations, instead of strictly restraining them, because he feels that they are not so bad, that is, so strong, as to lead to guilt of action. To avenge his father's murder with his own hand, is, under all the circumstances of country, age, form of government, and social condition, in which Shakespeare has laid the scene of the play, a judicial act required of him by the strictest laws of public and private duty: but with the universal infirmity and sinfulness of human nature, he mixes up more or less of bad feelings with the performance of his duty."

394. Line 79: *hire and salary*.—There is a very amusing misprint here in Qq., which read *base* and *silly*.

395. Line 80: *full of bread*.—See Ezekiel, xvi. 49: "Behold, this was the iniquity of thy sister Sodom, pride, *fulness of bread*, and abundance of idleness was in her and in her daughters, neither did she strengthen the hand of the poor and needy." Compare Two Noble Kinsmen, i. 1. 159, 160:

and his army *full*  
Of *bread*, and sloth.

396. Line 81: *as FLUSH as May*.—So Qq.; Ff. have the similar, but less unconventional reading, *fresh*. *Flush* occurs again, in the same sense (full of vigour), in Timon, v. 4. 8: "now the time is *flush*;" and in Antony and Cleopatra, i. 4. 52: "*flush* youth revolt."

397. Line 83: *But, in our circumstance and course of thought; i.e.*, as the Clarendon Press edd. rightly take it, in the circumstance and course of our thought. Compare



iii. 2. 350: "your cause of distemper," *i.e.* the cause of your distemper. *Circumstance* is used, as often in Shakespeare, for details.

398. Line 88: *Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid hent*.—*Hent* is used as a verb in Measure for Measure, iv. 6. 14, and in Winter's Tale, iv. 3. 133; only here as a noun. In the latter passage,

And merrily *hent* the stile-a,

the word seems to be used in the sense of "lay hold of," "seize" (and thus clear the stile), as in Chaucer, Prologue, line 698: "til Jhesu Crist him *hente*" (spoken of Saint Peter's attempt to walk upon the water). Here, then, it may mean a hold or grip. Dyce in his Glossary explains *hent*, "a hold, an opportunity to be seized," and the Clarendon Press edd. say: "Hamlet, as he leaves hold of his sword, bids it wait for a more terrible occasion to be grasped again." Theobald conjectured that *hent* might be a misprint for *hint*; and Warburton considered the word to be plainly *hest*. The latter is too rash a conjecture, and the former makes very bad poetry.

399. Line 89: *When he is drunk asleep*.—This is the pointing of Ff.; Qq. have a comma between *drunk* and *asleep*. The reading of Ff. seems the best, because Hamlet wishes to take the king in some guilty state or practice; and being asleep is surely a very innocent one, quite different from being *drunk asleep*, or in a drunken sleep.

400. Lines 91-93:

*about some act*  
*That has no relish of salvation in't;*  
*Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven.*

We may compare with this the more mirthful malevolence of the following stanza from Browning's Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister:

There's a great text in Galatians,  
Once you trip on it, entails  
Twenty-nine distinct damnations,  
One sure, if another fails:  
If I trip him just a-dying  
Sure of heaven as sure can be,  
Spin him round and send him flying  
Off to hell, a Manichee?

—Works, vol. iiii. p. 94.

F. A. Marshall, Study of Hamlet, p. 165, justly says that the expression in the text "recalls very forcibly some of those painfully realistic representations of the torments of the damned, which are to be found in various illustrated books of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries."

#### ACT III. SCENE 4.

401. Line 4: *I'll soonce me even here*.—Qq. read: "*silence* me even here;" Ff.: "*silence* me *e'en* here;" the reading in the text is Hammer's, advocated by the text of the corresponding passage in Q. 1: "I'll shroud myself behind the arras." Compare Merry Wives, iii. 3. 96, 97: "I will *ensconce* me behind the arras." *Silence*, however, is a reading not without its justifications.

402. Line 13: *Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue*.—So Qq.; Ff. have *idle*, which in its precise echo of the preceding line seems more likely to have been a misprint—such printers' errors being very common—than an intentional effect of sound.

403. Line 18: *budge*.—Used only here and in Tempest, v. 1. 11.

404. Line 23: *Dead, FOR A DUCAT, dead!*—Elze compares Dekker's Honest Whore, part I. i. 1 (Works, vol. ii. p. 5): "Wrestle not with me; the great fellow gives the fall, *for a ducat*."

405. Lines 28-30:

Ham. *A bloody deed! almost as bad, good mother,*  
*As kill a king, and marry with his brother.*  
Queen. *As kill a king!*

This passage, indefinite as it is, affords the most definite ground that we get in the play for argument as to the queen's guilt or innocence in connection with the murder of her first husband. Marshall, Study of Hamlet, p. 49, remarks that Hamlet's words are "most probably a tentative reproach uttered by Hamlet as an experiment on his mother's conscience; the Queen's answer—

As kill a king!—

must, I think, be held to be entirely free from any taint of hypocrisy, and should be uttered with simple earnestness." It may be observed, however, that the matter is entirely left open by Shakespeare, and no doubt deliberately, as in Q. 1 the Queen declares her innocence in the most unmistakable terms:

But as I have a soul, I swear by heaven,  
I never knew of this most horrid murder

In the Hystorie of Hamlet (ch. iii., Furness, vol. ii. p. 100) the Queen is equally distinct in her disavowal. May not Shakespeare have left the point in doubt for the sake of adding a vague impressiveness to the character, otherwise uninteresting, of the Queen?

406. Line 36: *penetrable*.—This word is used in only two other places, Lucrece, 559, and Richard III. iii. 7. 225: "*penetrable* to your kind entreats."

407. Line 37: *If damned custom have not BRAZ'D it so*.—Compare Lear, i. 1. 10, 11: "I have so often blush'd to acknowledge him, that now I am *braz'd* to 't." Boyer, French Dictionary, has "To Braze, V. A. *Couvrir de Cuivre, Bronzer*." Compare Chapman's part of Hero and Leander, iii. 267:

Yet *Braz'd* not Hero's brow with impudence.

408. Line 44: *And sets a blister there*.—An allusion to the practice of branding harlots on the forehead. Compare Comedy of Errors, ii. 2. 138, and see note 48.

409. Line 46: *contraction*.—This word seems evidently to be used in the sense of the marriage *contract*: no similar use of it in this sense has been met with.

410. Line 48: *A RHAPSODY of words*.—The Clarendon Press edd. rightly say that the meaning of the word *rhapsody* is well illustrated by the following passage from Florio's Montaigne, p. 68, ed. 1603: "This conerneth not those mingle-mangles of many kindes of stuffe, or as the Grecians call them *Rapsodies*."

411. Line 50: *With TRISTFUL visage, as against THE DOOM*.—*Tristful* (*i.e.* sorrowful) occurs in only one other part of Shakespeare, I. Henry IV. ii. 4. 434: "my *tristful* queen." *The doom* occurs again in Macbeth, ii. 3. 83: "*The great doom's image*," for the day of judgment, doomsday.

## 412. Lines 50, 51:

Queen. *Ay me, what act,  
That roars so loud, and thunders in the INDEX?*

The latter line is given in the Qq. to Hamlet; in the Ff. the two lines are correctly attributed to the queen, but are printed as prose. *Index* is used five times in Shakespeare, always in the sense of preface or prologue. Compare Othello, ii. 1. 262, 263: "an *index* and obscure prologue." In Shakespeare's time the *index* was frequently placed at the beginning of a book. The name generally implies merely a table of contents. Compare Pericles, ii. 3. 3-5:

To place upon the volume of your deeds,  
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,  
Were more than you expect, or more than 's fit.

413. Line 53: *Look here, upon this picture, and on this.*

—Marshall, in his Study of Hamlet, has a long note on "the two pictures in the closet scene," pp. 166-173. He quotes Davies, Dramatic Miscellanies, vol. iii. pp. 106, 107: "It has been the constant practice of the stage, ever since the Restoration, for Hamlet, in this scene, to produce from his pocket two pictures in little, of his father and uncle, not much bigger than two large coins or medallions. . . . But, if the scantiness of decorations compelled the old actors to have recourse to miniature pictures, why should the playhouse continue the practice when it is no longer necessary; and when the same scene might be shown to more advantage by two portraits, at length, in different panels of the Queen's closet?" Steevens and Malone both express their approval of whole lengths rather than miniatures, on the ground that Hamlet could not, in the latter case, have referred to "a *station*, like the herald mercury," &c. It also seems obvious that Hamlet would not be likely to have with him a miniature of his uncle. Fechter, indeed, gets out of that difficulty by tearing the miniature of Claudius from the queen's neck, and flinging it away; Rossi tears off the miniature, dashes it to the ground, and tramples on the fragments. Mr. Irving and Salvini suppose the pictures to be seen with the mind's eye alone, a conclusion which Mr. Marshall strongly, and, as I think, conclusively, argues against in his note. "The very first line—

Look here upon this picture, and on this—

seems to me totally inconsistent with anything but two actual pictures then before the Queen's eyes. If the portraits existed but in 'the mind's eye' of Hamlet, what sense is there in his using the two demonstrative pronouns?—how could he point out any contrast between two portraits which he had not yet drawn? He might have said, 'Look upon this picture—that I am now going to draw in imagination,' but he could not say, 'Compare it with this which I am going to draw afterwards.' The word 'counterfeit' seems to me inapplicable to a mere ideal representation; it is always used by Shakespeare of some actual imitation" (p. 170).

414. Line 54: *The COUNTERFEIT presentment of two brothers.*—*Counterfeit* is often used in Shakespeare for portrait, as in Timon, v. 1. 83, 84:

Thou draw'st a *counterfeit*  
Best in all Athens.

Cotgrave has: "*Pourtrait*: m. A *pourtrait*, image, picture, *counterfeit*, or draught of."

415. Line 58: *A STATION like the herald Mercury.*—*Station* is used for an attitude in standing in Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 3. 22:

Her motion and her *station* are as one;

and perhaps in Macbeth, v. 8. 42: "the unshrinking *station* where he fought;" but, though given by Schmidt in his Lexicon under the same heading as those previously mentioned, I think it more properly means "post."

416. Line 59: *New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill.*—Malone suggests that Shakespeare may have had in his mind three lines of Phaer's Aeneid, 1558, bk. iv. 1. 246 *et seq.*:

And now approaching neere, the top he seeth and mighty lims  
Of Atlas Mountain tough, that Heaven on boystrous shoulders beares,  
There first on ground with wings of might doth Mercury arrive.

417. Line 67: *batten*; i.e. feed oneself fat. The word is used both transitively and intransitively; in Shakespeare only transitively. It is found in one other passage. Coriolanus, iv. 5. 35: "go and *batten* on cold bits." Compare Marlowe, The Jew of Malta, iii. iv.: "Why, master, will you poison her with a mess of rice porridge? that will preserve life, make her round and plump, and *batten* more than you are aware" (ed. Dyce, 1862, p. 163). The Clarendon Press edd. quote Cotgrave, who gives "to *battle*" as equivalent to "Prendre chair." They add: "The word 'battels' is no doubt derived from the same root."

418. Line 69: *hey-day.*—*Hey-day* occurs as an exclamation in the Qq. of Troilus, v. 1. 73 (Ff. *hoyday*), and is given by many editors for the *hoyday* of Richard III. iv. 4. 458, and Timon, i. 2. 137, and the *high-day* of Ff. in Tempest, ii. 2. 190. Steevens quotes from Ford, 'Tis Pity She's a Whore (or, as the Clarendon Press edd. say, "a play of Ford"), iv. 3:

Must your hot itch and pleurisy of lust,  
The *heyday* of your luxury, be fed  
Up to a surfeit?

*Heyday* perhaps comes from, and means, "high day." It is given in French dictionaries as the equivalent of *beau jour*.

## 419. Lines 71, 72:

SENSE, *sure, you have,*

*Else could you not have MOTION.*

Compare Measure for Measure, i. 4. 59:

The wanton stings and *motions* of the *sense*.

420. Line 73: *apoplex'd.*—The Clarendon Press edd. compare Ben Jonson, The Fox, i. 1: "How does his *apoplex*?" (Works, p. 188); and Beaumont and Fletcher, Philaster, ii. 2: "She's as cold of her favour as an *apoplex*."

421. Line 77: *hoodman-blind.*—*Hoodman-blind* is the old name for blindman's-buff. Shakespeare has *Hoodman* in All's Well, iv. 3. 136. There is a very entertaining scene of *hoodman-blind* in Day's Humour out of Breath, 1608, iv. 3 (ed. Bullen, pp. 53 *et seq.*). Baret's Alvearie has: "The Hoodwinke play, or *hoodmanblinde*, in some places called the blindmanbuf." Compare The Merry Devil of Edmonton, i. 3 (ed. Warnke and Proescholdt, p. 15).

422. Line 81: *Could not so MOPE.*—The word is used again in this sense—to be dazed, or to act blindly, per-

haps from *myope*—in *Tempest*, v. 1. 240. Compare Two Noble Kinsmen, iii. 2. 25: "I am *mop't*." Littledale, in his note on the line in his edition, compares Fletcher, The Humorous Lieutenant, iv. 6:

Sure, I take it,

He is bewitch'd, or *mop'd*, or his brains melted;

and the Queen of Corinth, ii. 3:

How am I tranced and *mop'd*!

423. Line 88: *mutine*.—*Mutine*, here used as a verb, is found in v. 2. 6, and in King John, ii. 1. 378, as a substantive. Cotgrave has "*Mutiner: to mutine*." The Clarendon Press edd. quote Jonson's *Sejanus*, iii. 1:

Had but thy legions there rebell'd or *mutin'd*.

*Mutineer* occurs in *Tempest*, iii. 2. 40, and *mutiner* in *Coriolanus*, i. 1. 254.

424. Line 90: *such black and grained spots*.—Cotgrave has: "Graine: f. The seed of herbs, &c., also, grain, wherewith cloth is dyed in graine, Scarlet dye, Scarlet in graine." *Grain* was originally used only of scarlet dye, but came afterwards to be applied to any fast colour. The word comes from the Latin *granum*, a seed, a term which was used of the seed-like form of the ovium of the *coccus* insect, from which red dyes were obtained. In Spanish the word *grana* is used for grain in general, and also for scarlet grain, cochineal. Thus Isaiah i. 18 is in Valera's version: "si vuestros pecados fueran como la grana," &c.

425. Line 92: *enseamed*.—Steevens quotes Randle Holme's *Academy of Armory and Blazon*, bk. ii. ch. ii. p. 238: "*Enseame* is the purging of a hawk from her glut and grease." *Enseamed* is used by Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Triumph of Death* (Works, ed. Dyce, vol. ii. p. 536), in the same sense as Shakespeare's. Compare *Troilus and Cressida*, ii. 3. 195 for a parallel use of *seam* (literally hog's fat).

426. Line 98: *your PRECEDENT lord*.—Shakespeare uses *precedent* (accentuated on the second syllable) in two other places in the present sense of former: *Antony and Cleopatra*, iv. 14. 83, and *Timon*, i. 1. 133. In using it as a noun he accentuates the word, as we do now, on the first syllable.

*ib.* a *VICE of Kings*.—One of Shakespeare's several allusions to the Vice or buffoon of the moralities. Compare *Twelfth Night*, iv. 2. 134-136; and see Extracts from Collier's *History of English Dramatic Poetry*, ii. 264 *et seq.* in Furness, Var. Ed. pp. 295, 296. See note 305 to *Richard III*.

427. Line 102: Enter Ghost.—In Q. 1 the stage-direction is the rather ludicrous one, *Enter the Ghost in his night-gown*. But *nightgown* no doubt means a dressing-gown ("his habit as he liv'd"), as in *Macbeth*, ii. 2. 70, 71:

Get on your *nightgown*, lest occasion call us,

And show us to be watchers.

428. Line 104: *What would YOUR gracious figure?*—Ff. have *you* instead of *your*, and a few editors read (after Knight) *What would you, gracious figure?*

429. Line 118: *incorporeal*.—*Corporeal* (for corporeal) occurs a good many times in Shakespeare; *incorporeal* (for incorporeal) only here. *Corporeal* and *incorporeal* do

not occur at all. The Clarendon Press edd. (note on *Macbeth*, i. 3. 81) cite examples of both forms from Milton; as, for instance, *Paradise Lost*, iv. 585:

To exclude spiritual substance with *corporeal* bar;

and *Samson Agonistes*, 616:

Though void of *corporeal* sense.

430. Line 121: *Your bedded hair, like life in EXCREMENTS*.—In five out of the six instances of this word in Shakespeare, *excrement* is used for hair—a meaning commonly (and, in strict etymology, correctly) given to it at the time, as in the passage quoted by the Clarendon Press edd. from Bacon, *Natural History*, cent. 1, sect. 58: "Living creatures put forth (after their period of growth) nothing that is young but hair and nails, which are *excrements* and no parts." See Love's Labour's Lost, note 159, and *Winter's Tale*, note 205.

431. Lines 152-155.—Staunton considers these lines as an *aside*, addressed by Hamlet to his "virtue," and points: "*Forgive me this, my virtue*." This view is followed by many editors, though few even of those who profess to believe have had the courage to adopt it. It is a view that does not commend itself to me. I think Hamlet is still speaking to his mother.

432. Line 155: *Yea, CURB and woo for leave to do him good*.—*Curb* (spelt *courb* in Ff. and by some later editors for distinctness' sake) is from the French *courber*, to bend or bow. Steevens quotes the Vision of Piers Ploughman, l. 617 (ed. Wright):

Thanne I *courbed* on my knees,  
And cried hire of grace.

433. Lines 161-165:

*That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat,  
Of habits devil, is angel yet in this,  
That to the use of actions fair and good  
He likewise gives a frock or livery  
That aptly is put on.*

This passage is not in Ff. In Qq. (except in that of 1676) there is no stop between *eat* and *of*. Many emendations have been suggested, and many far-fetched explanations put forth. The passage is certainly a difficult one. *Who all sense doth eat* is well paraphrased by the Clarendon Press edd.: "who destroys all natural feeling, and prevents it from being exerted;" *Of habits devil*, is rendered by the same edd.: "and is the malignant attendant on habits." Might not *devil* possibly stand as a sort of adjective to *habits*, meaning that *custom* is a monster of diabolical habits?

434. Line 169: *And either LAY the devil, or throw him out*.—This line is not in Ff.; Q. 2, Q. 3 read *and either the devil*, an evident misprint, which the printer of Q. 4 changed to *and Maister the devil*, which makes no sort of metre, and is doubtless a mere conjecture, without authority. A word is evidently wanting, and that word is evidently a single syllable, or something which by the help of elision will be equivalent to a single syllable. So much we know, and no more; though it seems probable (by no means certain) from the alternative word *either* (that the lost verb) is one which would contrast with *throw him out*. The field for guess-work is thus illimitable, and to me it seems scarcely worth guessing when the most

brilliant guess will be a guess only. I have inserted in the text the word *lay* (Cartwright's conjecture), not because I have any confidence that that is the right word, but because some insertion is necessary in order to fill up the hiatus, and *lay* will at least do as well as anything else. Dr. Ingleby, naming the five conjectures which do not seem to him "utterly imbecile," says very reasonably (The Still Lion, 1874, pp. 115-119): "It is not easy to see why the five verbs, *curb*, *quell*, *lay*, *aid*, and *house* found more favour than a score of others, apparently as well suited to the sense and measure of the line as any of these. How soon are the resources of the conjectural critics exhausted! how meagre is the evidence adduced in favour of any single conjecture! yet the requirements of the passage are by no means severe, nor are the means for complying with them either narrow or *recherché*. It is rather an *embarras des richesses* that hinders our decision. To call over a few of the candidates for admission into the text: *curb* suggests *rein*, *rule*, *thrall*, *bind*, *chain*, &c., *quell* and *lay* suggest *charm*, *worst*, *quench*, *foil*, *bait*, *cross*, *thwart*, *daunt*, *shame*, *covet*, &c.; while *aid* and *house* suggest *fire*, *rouse*, *stir*, *serve*, *ledge*, *feed*, &c. Besides which there are many dissyllables that would answer the purposes of sense and measure, as *abate*, *abase*, &c." The whole passage is very interesting and acute, and seems to me the most sensible consideration that has been made of the subject. Dr. Ingleby's conclusion is that the missing word "must at least import *the subduing of the devil of habit*," and that, while it is obviously impossible to come to a positive decision, *lay* and *shame* are perhaps the best of the innumerable conjectures. It is impossible to leave this subject without mentioning Dr. George Mac Donald's note on this passage in his edition of the play, p. 179: "I am inclined to propose a pause and a gesture, with perhaps an *inarticulation*!" The italics are the author's, the note of admiration mine.

435. Line 182: *the BLOAT king*.—*Bloat* is Warburton's extremely probable emendation of the Qq. *blowt*. FF. have *blunt*. *Bloat* (i.e. bloated) is adopted by almost all the editors. Compare (for the form) *defect*, iii. 1. 163; *hoist*, iii. 4. 207; *distract*, iv. 5. 2. Nothing could be more appropriate, as to the sense. The numerous references to drinking leave no doubt that Claudius is intended to be somewhat of a drunkard.

436. Line 183: *call you his MOUSE*.—This was used as a term of endearment. See Twelfth Night, note 49; and compare Beaumont and Fletcher, The Knight of the Burning Pestle, i. 2: "What is it, *mouse*?" and "I prithee, *mouse*, be patient."

437. Line 184: *a pair of REECHY kisses*.—*Reechy* means, literally, smoky. Compare Coriolanus, ii. 1. 224, 225:

the kitchen malkin pins  
Her richest lockram 'bout her *reechy* neck.

It is used here, as in Much Ado, iii. 3. 143, for dirty, filthy, in the more general sense. The Clarendon Press edd. suggest that "in the present passage the word may have been suggested by 'bloat,' two lines before, which has also the meaning 'to cure herrings by hanging them in the smoke.'"

438. Line 185: *Or PADDLING in your neck with his damn'd*  
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*fingers*.—Compare Othello, ii. 1. 259, 260: "Didst thou not see her *paddle* with the palm of his hand?" and Winter's Tale, i. 2. 115:

But to be *paddling* palms and pinching fingers.

439. Line 190: *a paddock*, . . . *a gib*.—Compare Macbeth, i. 1. 9: "*Paddock* calls," and see note 3 to that play. On *gib* compare I. Henry IV. i. 2. 83: "I am as melancholy as a *gib cat*." *Gib*, the contraction of Gilbert, was the equivalent to our *tom-cat*. Steevens quotes Chaucer Romaunt of the Rose, 6207:

*Gibbe* our cat,

That awaiteth mice and rattes to killen—

where the original has "Thilbert le cas"—*Tib*, from Thibbert, being also, as Nares observes, a common name for a cat. (See Nares, s.v.) Boyer, French Dictionary, has "*Gib*, *Subst.* (a gib-cat) *Un chat*;" and Coles, Latin Dictionary, has "*Gib*, *for* Gilbert," and below, "A gib cat, *catus*, *felis mas*."

440. Line 194: *like the famous ape*.—This ape has not yet been identified. Warner (Var. Sh. vol. vii. p. 405) thinks that Sir John Suckling, in one of his letters, may possibly allude to the same story: "It is the story of the *jackanapes* and the partridges; thou starest after a beauty till it be lost to thee, and then let'st out another, and starest after that till it is gone too." The Clarendon Press edd. say: "The reference must be to some fable in which an ape opened a basket containing live birds, then crept into it himself, and 'to try conclusions,' whether he could fly like them, jumped out and broke his neck."

441. Line 200: *I must to England*.—Malone (Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 405) says: "Shakespeare does not inform us how Hamlet came to know that he was to be sent to England. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern were made acquainted with the King's intentions for the first time in the very last scene; and they do not appear to have had any communication with the Prince since that time. Add to this, that in a subsequent scene, when the King, after the death of Polonius, informs Hamlet he was to go to England, he expresses great surprise, as if he had not heard anything of it before.—This last, however, may, perhaps, be accounted for, as contributing to his design of passing for a madman." Marshall, Study of Hamlet, pp. 188, 189, has the following note on the subject: "The first mention of the scheme of sending Hamlet to England occurs in Act III. scene 1, lines 168-175. . . . The Queen apparently was not present, only Polonius: the next allusion to it is in the third scene of the same act, when the King broaches the plan to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. The action would seem to be continuous, at any rate to the end of scene 1, if not to the end of the act. We must mark the Queen's answer: Hamlet's words are:

I must to England; you know that?

To which his mother replies—

Alack,  
I had forgot: 'tis so concluded on—

showing that she had heard of the proposed embassy to England. Unless we suppose that an interval of time is intended to elapse between the first and second scenes of this act, she must have been informed of his intention by Claudius, when they retired so abruptly in the middle of the play represented before the Court. Hamlet could only

have heard of the project in the short interval which elapsed between his leaving the King kneeling in his closet (scene 3) and his interview with his mother (scene 4). It is quite possible that Shakespeare meant us to suppose that, while Hamlet passed through the corridors of the palace, some of the courtiers, if not Rosencrantz and Guildenstern themselves, had told him of the King's intention. I cannot conceive that it was a mere oversight on Shakespeare's part; for we must not forget that he revised the whole play, and this very scene in particular. Surely Malone is not justified in saying, as far as the text is concerned, that Hamlet expresses any surprise when (act iv. scene 3, lines 47, 48) the King tells him that everything is ready for his journey to England; he merely repeats the words, "For England;" and twice afterwards, "Come, for England" (line 51 and line 55); this very repetition might have warned the King that Hamlet was not without suspicion of his design; but he seems to have had no apprehension on this point. It is very likely that, by repeating these words, Hamlet desired to remind his mother of what he had said to her; and to assure her that she need have no fear of his incurring any danger from over-trusting the companions which the King had chosen for him."

## 442. Lines 206, 207:

*For 'tis the sport to have the ENGINEER  
Hoist with his own PETAR.*

Q. (1676) gives the modern form *engineer*. Compare Troilus and Cressida, ii. 3. 8: "Then there's Achilles,—a rare *engineer*." And see cognate forms, such as *pioneer*, Hamlet, i. 5. 163, and Othello, iii. 3. 346. *Petar* was formerly an alternative spelling of *petard*. Cotgrave has: "Petart: m. A Petard, or *Petartre*; an engine (made like a Bell, or mortar) wherewith strong gates are burst open." Elze compares Dekker, The Honest Whore, Part I. v. 2:

Then all our plots  
Are turn'd upon our heads, and we're blown up  
With our own underminings.

—Works, vol. ii, p. 75.

443. Line 212: *I'll lug the GUTS into the neighbour room.*—The word *guts* had not so vulgar a sound in Shakespeare's age as it has in ours. Steevens quotes Lyly's *Mydas*, 1592: "Could not the treasure of Phrygia, nor the tributes of Greece, nor mountains in the East, whose *guts* are gold, satisfy thy mind?" Halliwell states that he has seen a letter, written about a century ago, in which a lady of rank, addressing a gentleman, speaks of her *guts* with the same nonchalance with which we should now write *stomach*. In any case, the use of the word here is unquestionably coarse and unfeeling. Compare the other passage in which it is applied to a person, I. Henry IV. ii. 4. 251: "thou clay-brain'd *guts*," &c.

## ACT IV. SCENE 1.

## 444. Lines 6, 7:

King. *What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?*  
Queen. *Mad as the sea and wind, &c.*

The Queen has promised her son, in lines 197–199 of the preceding scene, that she will not betray the secret of his pretended madness; she here keeps her promise, and, as

Clarke says (*apud* Furness, vol. i. pp. 311, 312), "with maternal ingenuity makes it the excuse for his rash deed. This affords a clue to Hamlet's original motive in putting 'an antic disposition on' and feigning insanity; he foresaw that it might be useful to obviate suspicion of his having a steadily-pursued object in view, and to account for whatever hostile attempt he should make." In Q. 1 there is a scene not found in any other edition, in which the Queen and Horatio are seen counselling together how best they can aid Hamlet in his counterplots against the plots of Claudius. This scene precedes what is now iv. 7. On the question of the Queen's character as it finally leaves Shakespeare's hands, see note 405 above.

445. Line 18: *Should have kept* SHORT, *restrain'd* and *OUT OF HAUNT*.—*Kept short* means kept in restraint, under control. Compare Henry V. ii. 4. 72. *Out of haunt* is out of company ("exempt from public *haunt*," As You Like It, ii. 1. 15). The verb is two or three times used by Shakespeare in the similar sense of frequent (as the French *hanter*).

## 446. Lines 25, 26:

*like some ORE  
Among a MINERAL of metals base.*

In the English-French Dictionary annexed to Cotgrave *ore* is used only of gold: "Oare of gold, *Balluque*." Minsheu defines *mineral* as "anything that grows in mines, and contains metals." In Hall's *Satires*, vi. 148, it is used for a mine ("fired brimstone in a *mineral*"). Here it means apparently a metallic vein or lode.

## 447. Lines 39–44:

*And let them know, both what we mean to do,  
And what's untimely done: SO, HAPLY, SLANDER—  
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,  
As level as the cannon to his blank,  
Transports his poison'd shot—may miss our name,  
And hit the woundless air,*

*So, haply, slander* was first inserted by Capell, who modified Theobald's conjecture: "*For, haply, slander*." The words do not occur in either Tf. or Qq.; but that something is omitted is evident, and the reading adopted seems to supply the omission in a fairly satisfactory way. It has been generally followed, and there seems no reason why, in the utter absence of all original authority, it should not be accepted as a plausible enough make-shift.

## ACT IV. SCENE 2.

448. Line 6: COMPOUNDED IT WITH DUST, *whereto 'tis kin*.—Compare II. Henry IV. iv. 5. 116:

*Only compound me with forgotten dust.*

449. Lines 12–23.—Marshall, *Study of Hamlet*, p. 190, has the following note on this passage: "In Caldecott's Edition (1819), p. 98, the following passages are given:—'When princes (as the toy takes them in the head) have used courtiers as *sponges* to *drinke* what juice they can from the poore people, they take pleasure afterwards to wringe them out into their owne cisternes.' R. C.'s 'Henr. Steph. Apology for Herodotus,' Fo. 1608, p. 81: 'Vespasian, when reproached for bestowing high office upon persons most rapacious, answered 'that he served

his turn with such officers as with *spunges*, which, when they had drunke their fill, were then the fittest to be pressed" (Barnabe Rich's "Fautes, faults and nothing else but faults," 4to, 1606, p. 44b). (See Suetonius, Vespas. c. 16.)

This last passage bears such a remarkable similarity to the lines in the play, that it is almost certain Shakespeare, or the author of the older play of "Hamlet," must have borrowed the idea from the same source to which Barnabe Rich was indebted—viz. Suetonius.

This speech about the sponge, &c., was restored by Mr. Irving; the first time, I believe, it has been given on the stage: he spoke it in act iv., scene 2, where, as I have said in the text, it is placed in the Quarto, 1603."

450. Lines 13, 14: *what REPLICATION should be made by the son of a king!*—*Replication*, says Rushton (Shakespeare a Lawyer, p. 34, quoted by Furness), is "an exception of the second degree made by the plaintiff upon the answer of the defendant." In simple English, it is a reply; and is used in Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 2. 15, as a part of Holofernes' jargon. The word is used in Julius Cæsar, i. 1. 51, in the sense of echo, reverberation.

451. Lines 19, 20: *he keeps them, LIKE AN APE DOTH NUTS, in the corner of his jaw.*—Ff. have *like an Ape*, Qq. *like an apple*; the reading in the text is introduced from Q. 1 (first adopted by Singer), which reads: "As an Ape doth nuttes." The reading of the Ff. is, of course, quite admissible as it stands, but the phrase seems to me much more expressive, much more like Shakespeare, as we find it in Q. 1. The *apple* of Qq., though that too makes a sense of its own, is pretty obviously a misprint for *ape*. Ritson gives an example of the same misprint in Peele's Arraignment of Paris, where the familiar phrase about old maids is rendered "to halter *apples* in hell."

452. Lines 29, 30: *The body is with the king, but the king is not with the body.*—See Furness' Variorum Ed. p. 316, for various conjectures as to Hamlet's meaning in this dark paradox. If any explanation is required, perhaps Jenner's is as good as any: "the body, being in the palace, might be said to be with the king; though the king, not being in the same room with the body, was not with the body." But very likely it is intentional nonsense.

453. Line 32: *Hide fox, and all after.*—Perhaps another name for hide-and-seek. Hammer declares definitely that "there is a play among children called, *Hide fox, and all after*," but no one else seems to know anything about such a game. See Much Ado, note 146.

#### ACT IV. SCENE 3.

454. Lines 9, 10:

*diseases desperate grown  
By desperate appliances are reliev'd.*

Rushton (Shakespeare's Euphuism, p. 11) quotes a passage from Lyly's Euphuës (p. 67, ed. Arber) which contains a phrase not unsimilar to the one in the text ("a desperate disease is to be committed to a desperate doctor"). The juxtaposition of words is so obvious that it is a little rash to suppose that Shakespeare had this passage in mind, or owed his thought to it.

455. Line 38: *you shall NOSE him.*—Shakespeare uses *nose* as a verb in one other place, Coriolanus, v. 1. 28: "And still to *nose* th' offence," where the word means simply smell; here I think it has the further sense of tracking by the scent. Browning uses the word as the equivalent of *ἀνιχνεύω* in his translation of the Agamemnon, p. 90:

And witness, running with me, that of evils  
Done long ago, I *nosing* track the footsteps.

456. Line 46: *the wind AT help.*—Compare Winter's Tale, v. 1. 140: "at friend." *At* is a corruption of *a*, itself the contraction of *on* (as in *asleep*: compare "fell *on* sleep," Acts xiii. 36). See Abbott's Shakespearean Grammar, § 143. "*At* foot," 57 below, is a different construction, and means, apparently, at his heel.

457. Lines 64, 65:

*thou mayst not coldly SET*

*Our sovereign PROCESS.*

*Set* seems to be used here in the sense of set aside, set at nought. *Process* is, I think, unnoticed by any of the commentators, except that the Clarendon editors explain it as "procedure, action;" but it is not the king's *action*, it is his *command* which is in question, and here it seems necessary to accept the word in that sense. See note 16 to Antony and Cleopatra.

458. Line 66: *By letters CONGRUING to that effect.*—This is the reading of Qq.; Ff. have *conjuring*. It is very doubtful which of the two words is the right one, and which the misprint. On the whole *congruing* seems to me the better reading. The word does not occur anywhere else in Shakespeare, except in the pirated and spurious Qq. of Henry V. i. 2. 182, where the reading of Ff. is *congreeting*—a word not met with elsewhere, and perhaps, as Mr. Stone suggests in his edition of the play, formed by Shakespeare by analogy with *agree*.

459. Line 68: *For like the HECTIC in my blood he rages.*—Cotgrave has "*Heetique*: Sicke of an Heetick, or continual Feauer." The word is not used elsewhere by Shakespeare.

460. Lines 69, 70:

*till I know 't is done,*

*How'er my haps, my joys WERE NE'ER BEGUN.*

Qq. read *will nere begin*, which, though better English, is obviously inadmissible here on account of the rhyme.

#### ACT IV. SCENE 4.

461.—F. A. Marshall, Study of Hamlet, pp. 193, 194, has the following note on this scene: "That Shakespeare intended to refer to some particular expedition in this passage I have not the slightest doubt; but, unfortunately, I have not been able to trace the source of this description. The particulars given are very remarkable; it was a little patch of ground—not worth five ducats to farm—yet it was garrisoned by the Polack. I hoped to find the original of this unprofitable expedition in some of the 'adventures' undertaken by Sir Walter Raleigh, or by one of the Earls of Essex; but I have not succeeded to my own satisfaction. There are certain points of resemblance between the enterprise of Walter Devereux in 1573, the

object of which was to conquer Ulster, or a portion of it, and this expedition of Fortinbras. An unfavourable critic might speak of the members of that adventurous body, of which Walter Devereux was the leader, as 'a list of lawless resolute' without doing them any grievous wrong. Of the apparent value of the country which these brave butchers were to conquer, some idea may be formed from the description given by Froude (vol x., page 554):

"A few years before, Sir Henry Sidney's progress through Ulster had been gravely compared to Alexander's journey into Bactria. The central plains of Australia, the untrodden jungles of Borneo, or the still vacant spaces in our map of Africa, alone now on the globe's surface represent districts as unknown and mysterious as the north-east angle of Ireland in the reign of Elizabeth. . . . Ulster was a desert,' &c.

"One feels on reading this eloquent description that five ducats would have been a high rent to have paid for such a paradise; still the extent of it does not answer to the description in the text. In 1573 Shakspeare was only nine years old; in 1580, when Walter Raleigh joined Grey's force in the attack upon the fort of Smerwick, in Dingle Bay, he was only sixteen: yet both events might have made some impression on his youthful memory. Smerwick, the wretched fort in which the unhappy Spaniards and Italians held out for two days against the English butchers, answers very well to 'the officer's' description of the place against which Fortinbras was leading his 'lawless resolute.' It was 'a very small neck of land joined to the shore by a bank of sand' (Froude, vol. xi., page 224). . . . The whole of this scene (with the exception of Fortinbras' short speech) has no parallel in the Quarto of 1603; it was evidently added by Shakspeare on the revision of the play, a circumstance which confirms me in the belief that he had some enterprise of that time in his mind."

462. Lines 2-4:

*Tell him that by his license Fortinbras  
CLAIMS the conveyance of a promis'd march  
Over his kingdom.*

Ff. here read *Claims*, all the Qq. *Craves*. The readings have been pretty equally followed by editors; it seems to me that the former is in every way preferable. For one thing, *claims* agrees better than *craves* with the expression in the previous line, *by his license*.

463. Line 6: *We shall express our duty* IN HIS EYE.—Compare Antony and Cleopatra, ii. 2. 211, 212:

*Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,  
So many mermaids, tended her 't' the eyes.*

And see Hamlet, i. 2. 116. Steevens thinks the expression was the customary formula for "in the presence," i.e. the royal presence. He cites the expression "all such as do service *in the Queen's (Prince's) eye*" from The Regulations for the Government of the Queen's Household, 1627, and the Establishment of the Household of Prince Henry, 1610.

464. Line 8: *Go SOFTLY on.*—*Softly* is used in many other parts of Shakspeare for "gently," "leisurely." The Clarendon Press edd. quote Bacon, Essay vi. (ed. Wright, p. 19): "Like the going *softly* by one that cannot well see."

Compare the French use of *doucement*. The Ff., by an obvious misprint, have *safely*. From here to the end of the scene is omitted in Ff.

465. Line 17: *Truly to speak, and with no addition.*—Pope inserted *it* and Capell *sir* after the first clause of this line, which can, however, be read without difficulty.

466. Line 27: *This is the IMPOSTHUME of much wealth and peace.*—Cotgrave has: "Aposthume: f. An *Imposthume*; an inward swelling full of corrupt matter." Shakspeare uses the word in two other places, Venus and Adonis, 743; and Troilus and Cressida, v. 1. 24.

467. Line 50: *MAKES MOUTHS at the invisible event.*—See note 256.

ACT IV. SCENE 5.

468.—Our text in the first twenty lines of this scene, as regards the personages and distribution of speeches, follows the Ff. In the Qq, we have "Enter Horatio, Gertrard, and a Gentleman," and to this Gentleman are given lines 2 and 3 (*She is importunate . . . needs be pitied*), and lines 4-13 (*She speaks . . . much unhappily*); while to Horatio are assigned lines 14-16 (*'Twere good . . . Let her come in.*), the Queen's third speech being thus reduced to lines 17-20. It has been suggested that the omission in the Ff. of the "Gentleman" was made to avoid the employment of an additional actor, and where, as in this case, his lines could be at least as properly delivered by Horatio, their assignment to him and the suppression of this unknown personage must be considered on every count an improvement in the stage business. Something more, however, must be said with regard to the assignment to the Queen, in the Ff., of the only lines (14-16) given in the Qq. to Horatio. Line 16 (*Let her come in.*) clearly belongs to the Queen, and we agree with Mr. Grant White that lines 14, 15 [marked "aside"] are most appropriate in the Queen's mouth as a reflection by which she is led to change her determination not to admit Ophelia to her presence. Many varying attempts have been made by modern editors to improve on the Q. arrangement; but none seems to us so satisfactory as that of the Ff.

469. Line 6: *Spurns ENVIOUSLY at straws*; i.e. spitefully. In Shakspeare's time *envy* had not yet lost its alternative sense of ill-will, hatred. Compare Henry VIII. iii. 1. 113:

*You turn the good we offer into envy.*

470. Line 9: *collection.*—See v. 2. 199: "a kind of yesty *collection*," or inference. The word is used again, in the same sense as in the text—an attempt to gather meaning from something said—in Cymbeline, v. 5. 430: "I can make no *collection* of it." For *aim* in the latter part of this line, Qq. have *yawne*, a very intelligible misprint from *ayme*.

471. Line 18: *Each toy seems prologue to some great AMISS.*—The substantive *amiss* is used elsewhere by Shakspeare only in two of the Sonnets, xxxv. 7:

*Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss;*

and cli. 3:

*Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss.*

In both these places *amiss* means rather wrong than misfortune, the meaning of the word in the text.

472. Line 21.—Q. 1 has the stage-direction: "Enter Ophelia playing on a Lute, and her haire downe singing." The other Qq. have (after line 16): "Enter Ophelia;" the Ff.: "Enter Ophelia distracted."

473. Lines 23-26: "*How should I your true love know,*" &c.—The traditional music to this fragment is printed in Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, vol. i. p. 236, and in *Furness' Variorum Ed.* vol. i. p. 330. Rossetti took this stanza for the first verse of a beautiful little lyric (very modern, however) which he called "An Old Song Ended" (Poems, 1870, p. 175).

474. Lines 25, 26:

*By his COCKLE HAT and staff,  
And his sandal shoon.*

"This," as Warburton remarks, "is the description of a pilgrim. While this kind of devotion was in favour, love intrigues were carried on under that mask. Hence the old ballads and novels made pilgrimages the subjects of their plots. The *cockle-shell hat* was one of the essential badges of this vocation: for the chief places of devotion being beyond sea, or on the coasts, the pilgrims were accustomed to put cockle-shells upon their hats, to denote the intention or performance of their devotion" (Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 424). The word *shoon* occurs only here (in a ballad-fragment) and as used by Jack Cade in II. Henry VI. iv. 2. 195. This form of the plural was archaic even in Shakespeare's time.

475. Line 32: The Qq. insert here *O, ho!* which is probably a piece of "gag;" some editors, however, suppose it to represent sobs or sighs.

476. Line 37: *LARDED with sweet flowers*.—Qq. have "*Larded all with sweet flowers*," a reading which many editors adopt, and which is just as likely to be right as the one followed in the text. *Larded* is used again, metaphorically, in v. 2. 20 (the only other instance in Shakespeare). Compare Ben Jonson, *Sejanus*, iii. 2:

A quiet and retired life  
*Larded* with ease and pleasure.

—*Works*, ed. Gifford, 1816, p. 86.

477. Line 38: *Which beuept to the grave did go*.—Qq. Ff. have *did not go*, which seems plainly an error. Pope was the first to omit the *not*. Keightley mentions another instance of an intruding negative in the Ff. of *Much Ado*, iii. 2. 23, where *cannot* is an evident misprint for *can*.

478. Line 41: *God 'ild you!*—This is a corruption of *God yield you* (used in Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 2. 33), a phrase used in returning thanks, and meaning "God reward you," or "God bless you." Compare *As You Like It*, iii. 3. 76: "*God 'ild you for your last company*." The phrase is used again in the same play, v. 4. 56, and in *Macbeth*, i. 6. 13. The Clarendon Press edd. quote Tennyson, Gareth and Lynette, line 18: "Heaven *yield* her for it."

479. Lines 41, 42: *They say the owl was a baker's daughter*.—"A legendary story," says Steevens, "which both Dr. Johnson and myself have read, yet in what book at least I cannot recollect.—Our Saviour being refused bread by

the *daughter of a baker*, is described as punishing her by turning her into an owl." Douce, in a note contributed to Reed's edition, and reprinted in the subsequent Variorum editions, remarks on this:—"This is a common story among the vulgar in Gloucestershire, and is thus related: Our Saviour went into a baker's shop where they were baking, and asked for some bread to eat. The mistress of the shop immediately put a piece of dough into the oven to bake for him, but was reprimanded by her daughter, who, insisting that the piece of dough was too large, reduced it to a very small size. The dough, however, immediately afterwards began to swell, and presently became of a most enormous size. Whereupon the baker's daughter cried out, 'Heugh, heugh, heugh,' which owl-like noise probably induced our Saviour for her wickedness to transform her into that bird. This story is often related to children, in order to deter them from such illiberal behaviour to poor people." I believe no one has been fortunate enough to discover the book in which Steevens read the story, nor does Douce himself make any mention of it in his subsequent well-known Illustrations of Shakespeare, 1807 and 1839. Mr. C. G. Leland, *The English Gipsies and their Language*, p. 16, says: "It is, however, really curious that the Gipsy term for an owl is the Märö-mengro's Chavi, or Baker's Daughter, and that they are all familiar with the monkish legend which declares that Jesus in a baker's shop once asked for bread. The mistress was about to give him a large cake, when her daughter declared it was too much, and diminished the gift by one half.

'He nothing said,  
But by the fire laid down the bread,  
When lo, as when a blossom blows—  
To a vast loaf the manchet rose;  
In angry wonder, standing by,  
The girl sent forth a wild, rude cry,  
And, feathering fast into a fowl,  
Flew to the woods a wailing owl!"

480. Line 48: *To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day*.—Much has been written about the songs of Ophelia, and the inferences one is intended to make from them as to her character. Marshall, *Study of Hamlet*, pp. 128-151, has a long, interesting, and, I think, conclusive defence of her, though I cannot entirely share his enthusiasm for a somewhat colourless type of *jeune fille*. Coleridge has said admirably: "Note the conjunction here of these two thoughts that had never subsisted in disjunction, the love for Hamlet, and her filial love, with the guileless floating on the surface of her pure imagination of the cautions so lately expressed, and the fears not too delicately avowed, by her father and brother concerning the dangers to which her honour lay exposed. Thought, affliction, passion, murder itself—she turns to favour and prettiness. This play of association is instanced in the close:—'My brother shall know of it, and I thank you for your good counsel!'" Mrs. Jameson suggested that Ophelia might have been sung to sleep in her infancy by old ballads such as those of which she sings certain snatches. And we should, of course, bear in mind, as Strachey observes (p. 85), "the notorious fact, that, in the dreadful visitation of mental derangement, delicate and refined women will use language so coarse that it is difficult to guess where they can ever have even heard such words, and certain that where-



ever heard they would have always lain, unknown of, and innocuous, in the mind, unless the hot-bed of mental fever had quickened them for the first time into life."

The well-known air to the words *To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day* is given in Chappell, vol. i. p. 227, and in Furness, vol. i. p. 333.

481. Line 53: *And DUPE'D the chamber-door*.—Steevens quotes Damon and Pythias, 1582: "The porters are drunk; will they not *dup* the gate to-day?"

482. Lines 57, 58: *INDEED, LA, WITHOUT AN OATH, I'll make an end on't*.—Elze (p. 213) notes that "*Indeed la* and *truly la* were favourite protestations with the Puritans, and served them instead of oaths. Compare The Puritan, i. 4; ii. 1; iii. 1 (Malone's Supplement, ii. 554, 564, and 573). *Id.*, v. 4 (Malone's Supplement, ii. 624: 'Where is *truly la*, *indeed la*, he that will not swear, but lie; he that will not steal, but rob; pure Nicholas Saint-Antlins?'"

483. Line 65.—Qq. here insert, in brackets (*He answers*). Possibly this was an interruption of herself by Ophelia, and should stand in the text; but it is more probably an interpolation. The Cambridge edd. insert it in the Cambridge edition, but not in the Globe. It is preserved by Furness.

484. Line 72: *Come, my coach!*—Dyce, in his edition of Marlowe, notes that Shakespeare seems to have had in mind a passage in Tamburlaine, part i. v. 2, where Zabina, raving in her madness, cries "*Make ready my coach, my chair, my jewels.*"

485. Lines 76, 77:

*O, this is the poison of deep grief; it springs  
All from her father's death. O Gertrude, Gertrude.*

These two lines are printed in Qq. as prose, and before *O Gertrude, Gertrude*, we have *And now behold*. Some editors read:

All from her father's death. And now behold,  
O Gertrude, Gertrude,  
When sorrows come, &c.

But this broken metre is unnecessary. The reading of Ff. is no doubt a revision of the words as they were first written; *O Gertrude, Gertrude*, being substituted for *And now behold*.

486. Line 84: *IN HUGGER-MUGGER to inter him*.—Florio has: "*Dinascoso*: secretly, hiddenly, in *hugger-mugger*;" and the English-French dictionary appended to Cotgrave defines *In hugger mugger*, "En cachette, à calimni, sous terre." Steevens quotes North's Plutarch (p. 121, ed. Skeat): "Antonius thinking good . . . that his bodie should be honourably buried, and not in *hugger-mugger*." Compare Ford, 'Tis Pity She's a Whore, iii. 1: "There's no way but to clap-to a marriage in *hugger-mugger*;" and The Merry Devil of Edmonton, i. 3. 59, 60:

So neere a wife, and will not tell your friend?  
But you will to this geere in *hugger-mugger*.

—Ed. Wamke and Proescholdt, p. 15.

Scot, Discoverie of Witchcraft, p. 433, uses the expression "doe it in *hugger-mugger* secretlie," which shows that the two expressions were not regarded as absolute synonyms. Pope chastened the inelegant phrase into the unexceptionable form *In private*.

487. Line 89: *Feeds on his wonder, keeps himself in clouds*.—This reading (which was first adopted by Johnson) is constructed by the help of Qq. and Ff. Qq. have *Feeds on this wonder*; Ff. *keeps on his wonder*; between them the right text is easily arrived at.

488. Line 93: *our PERSON to arraign*.—*Person* is the reading of Qq.; Ff. have *persons*. The king is pretty evidently talking of himself alone.

489. Line 95: *Like to a MURDERING-PIECE*.—*Murdering-piece* is used by Beaumont and Fletcher in The Double Marriage, iv. 2. 6, 7:

like a *murdering-piece*, aim not at one,

But all that stand within the dangerous level.

It is the same thing as a "murderer" or *meurtrière*, which Nicot defines as "un petit canonniere comme celles des tours et murailles, ainsi appellé, parceque tirant par icelle a descen, ceux ausquels on tire sont facilement meurtri" (quoted by Singer). Cotgrave has "Meurtriere: f. A murdering piece;" and again, "Visiere meurtrière, a port-hole for a *murthering Peece* in the fore-castle of a ship."

490. Line 97: *Where are my SWITZERS? Let them guard the door*.—In Shakespeare's time the Swiss formed the body-guard of the king of France, as they still do of the pope. The name *Switzers* came to be indiscriminately used for a king's body-guard. Compare the current French usage of the word *suissse*. Malone quotes Nash, Christ's Tears over Jerusalem, 1594: "Law, logicke and the *Switzers*, may be hired to fight for anybody."

491. Line 110: *O, this is COUNTER, you false Danish dogs!*—The Clarendon Press edd. quote Randle Holme's Academy of Armory, bk. ii. ch. ix. p. 1871, where *counter* is defined, "when a hound hunteth backwards, the same way that the chase is come." Compare Comedy of Errors, iv. 2. 39: "A hound that runs *counter*."

492. Lines 119, 120:

*Even here, between the chaste unsmirched BROWS  
Of my true mother.*

Ff. and Qq. print *brow*, which many editors preserve. There seems no reason to suppose it is anything but a misprint.

493. Line 137: *My will, not all the WORLD*.—This is the reading of Ff.; Qq. have *worlds*, which, as the Clarendon Press edd. say, may be right in its extravagant hyperbole.

494. Lines 142, 143:

*That, SWOOPSTAKE, you will draw both friend and foe,  
Winner and loser.*

Ff. and Qq. have *swoopstake*. The reading in the text is derived from Q. 1, which has *swoopstake-like*. *Swoopstake* is of course a gambler who sweeps the stakes indiscriminately.

495. Lines 146, 147:

*And, like the kind life-rendering PELICAN,  
Repast them with my blood.*

The belief in this curious fable about the *pelican* was very wide-spread. Compare Basilus Valentinus, A Practick Treatise, together with the XII. Keys and Appendix of the Great Stone of the Ancient Philosophers, 1670: "And

in its own Essence is so full of blood [he is speaking of 'the Rose of our Masters . . . . . wherewith all Metals wanting heat may be revived'], as is the *Pellican*, when she wounded her own breast, and without prejudice to her body, nourisheth and feedeth many young ones with her own blood" (p. 241). Dr. Sherwen (quoted by Furness, Variorum Ed. p. 342) explains the origin of the superstition by "the *pelican's* dropping upon its breast its lower bill to enable its young to take from its capacious pouch, lined with a fine flesh-coloured skin." In Richard II. ii. 1. 126, and King Lear, iii. 4. 77, Shakespeare uses the same illustration, but in a contrary sense. F. 1. has a very comic misprint of *Politician* for *pelican*. I can fancy that, had not the Qq. preserved the true reading, commentators would have been found to defend the reading of F. 1 even on grounds of sentiment. Might not the *politician* become a beautiful illustration of the patriot, feeding his country with his own blood? It is still not too late for a German editor to take up the point.

496. Lines 151, 152:

*It shall as level to your judgment* PIERCE  
*As day does to your eye.*

Qq. here read *peare*, which Johnson took to be the abbreviation of "appear," and printed 'pear. There is very little doubt that the Ff. *perce* is the true reading (compare iv. 1. 42: "As level as the cannon to his blank").

497. Line 152: Dames [Within] *Let her come in.*—Qq. have the stage-direction "A noise within," and give the words *Let her come in* to Laertes; an evident error, as Laertes could not know who was without. In Ff. the stage-direction is: "A noise within. Let her come in." Capell first as in our text.

498. Lines 165, 166:

*Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny;*  
*And in his grave RAIN'D many a tear.*

The refrain is not given by Qq. *In and rain'd*, the reading of Qq., are, in the Ff., *on and rains*. It is very doubtful which text is preferable. The next line, *Fare you well, my dove!* is printed by Ff. in italics as a part of the song; the Qq. print the whole passage in the same type; Capell, rightly as I think, printed the line as if said, not sung, by Ophelia. On the refrain, see *Much Ado*, note 150.

499. Lines 170, 171: *You must sing, "Down a-down, an you call him a-down-a."*—It is not certain whether these two lines should be printed thus, or as two lines of verse. Mrs. Quickly, in the *Merry Wives*, i. 4. 44, sings: "And down, down, adown-a." Florio has "Filibustacchina, the burden of a countrie song, as we say *hay doune a doune doune*."

500. Line 172: *O, how the WHEEL becomes it!*—Steevens supposed that *wheel* was an old word for the burden of a song, but neither he nor anyone else has adduced any trustworthy testimony to that effect. Until that is forthcoming it may be quite sufficient to suppose that Ophelia means nothing more than the spinning-wheel, to which old songs are usually sung in romances, as they doubtless were in reality.

501. Line 175: *There's rosemary, that's for remembrance.*  
—*Rosemary* was thought to strengthen the memory, and

was carried, as an emblem of remembrance, at weddings and funerals. Compare Dekker, *The Honest Whore*, part II., ii. 1:

*Bell.* O my sweet husband! wert thou in thy grave and art alive again? Oh, welcome, welcome!

*Mat.* Dost know me? my cloak, prithee, lay't up. Yes, faith, my winding-sheet was taken out of lavender, to be stuck with *rosemary*. Steevens and Malone give a number of illustrative quotations from the writings of Shakespeare's time. See *A Handfull of Pleasant Delites*, 1584 (p. 4 Arber's Reprint):

*Rosemary is for remembrance*  
Betwene us daie and night;  
Wishing that I might always have  
You present in my sight.

Shakespeare has several allusions to *rosemary*. Compare \*  
*Winter's Tale*, iv. 4. 74-76:

For you there's *rosemary* and rue; these keep  
Seeming and savour all the winter long;  
Grace and remembrance be to you both!

502. Line 178: *A DOCUMENT in madness.*—Cotgrave has "Document; m. A document, precept; instruction, admonition; experiment, example." The meaning here is the etymological one of instruction (*doceo*). The word is not used by Shakespeare in any other place.

503. Line 180: *There's FENNEL for you, and COLUMBINES.*  
—*Fennel* is emblematic of flattery. Compare *A Handfull of Pleasant Delites* (p. 4), quoted above: "*Fenel* is for flatterers." Florio has "Dare finocchio, to flatter or give Fennell." *Columbines* were perhaps the emblem of thanklessness. Compare Chapman, *All Fools*, ii. 1:

What's that? a *columbine*?  
No: that thankless flower fits not my garden.

504. Lines 181, 182: *there's rue for you, &c.*—Compare Richard II. iii. 4. 105-107:

I'll set a bank of *rue*, sour herb of *grace*;  
Rue, e'en for ruth, here shortly shall be seen  
In the remembrance of a weeping queen.

See note 250 to that play. The plant is indiscriminately called *herb of grace* and *herb-grace*, and both variations are contained in the old copies, the Qq. having the former, and the Ff. the latter. See Furness, Variorum Ed. vol. i. pp. 347, 348 for a long note on the subject.

505. Line 184: *There's a DAISY.*—Henley quotes Greene, *A Quip for an Upstart Courtier* (Collier's reprint, p. 11): "Next them grew the dissembling *daisie*, to warne such light-of-love wenches not to trust every faire promise that amorous bachelors make them."

506. Lines 184-186: *I would give you some VIOLETS, but they withered all when my father died.*—Compare *A Handfull of Pleasant Delites* (p. 4), "*Violet* is for faithfulness."

507. Line 187: *For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.*—This was a well-known song, the music of which is given by Chappell in his *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, vol. i. p. 334, and by Furness, Variorum Ed. vol. i. p. 349. The song is alluded to by the Gaoler's Daughter in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, iv. 1. 107:

I can sing *The Broome*,  
And *Bonny Robin*.

508. Line 190: *And will he not come again?*—The music usually sung to this song is given in Chappell, vol. i. p. 237, and by Furness, vol. i. p. 350.

509. Line 199: GOD HA' MERCY on *his soul*!—Ff. have *Gramercy*, which some editors adopt.

510. Line 202: *Laertes, I must COMMUNE with your grief*.—F. 1 has *common*, which Boswell erroneously supposed to mean participate, jest in common. It is a mere variation of spelling, and Steevens gives two examples of it, one from Holinshed in speaking of Jack Cade (Holinshed, 1577, vol. ii. p. 1280, col. 1): "Thus this glorious Capitaine enuironed with a multitude of euill, rude and rusticeall people, came again to the plaine of Blacke heathe, and there strongly encamped himselfe, to whome were sent from the Kyng, the Archbishop of Canterburye, and Humfrey Duke of Buckingham, to *common* with him of his greetnes and requests."

511. Line 213: *His means of death, his* OBSCURE BURIAL. —Ff. read *burial*; Qq. *funeral*, two words of such very similar meaning that there is little to choose between them. I incline to prefer *burial* as the more poetical word of the two. *Obscure* is here used with the accent on the first syllable; Shakespeare varies the accent to suit his convenience. In poetry this and similar words are still not unfrequently accented on the first syllable, particularly by Browning.

## ACT IV. SCENE 6.

512. Line 2: *Sea-faring men*.—This is the reading of Qq., much more picturesque than the *sailors* of Ff. Few editors but the Cambridge seem, however, to have adopted it.

513. Line 31: *Come, I will MAKE you way for these your letters*.—Ff. have *give*; Q. 2, Q. 3 omit the word. The reading in the text is introduced from the later Qq., which are followed by the Cambridge and other editors.

## ACT IV. SCENE 7.

514. Line 7: *crimeful*.—This word is not used elsewhere by Shakespeare. The Qq. have *criminal*, which is less likely than *crimeful* to have been misprinted.

515. Line 8: *As by your safety, wisdom, all things else*.—Qq. have *safety*, GREATNESS, *wisdom*, which makes the line an Alexandrine. Probably *greatness* and *wisdom* were alternative readings, inserted together by mistake.

516. Line 10: *unsinew'd*.—This word is not used by Shakespeare elsewhere; *sineued* only in King John, v. 7. 88: "well *sineued* to our defence."

517. Line 11: *AND yet to me they are strong*.—This is the reading of Ff., to which is generally preferred the *But* of Qq., which also favour the needless contraction *they're*. I think that on the whole *And* gives a better-linked sense than *But*, though either has a very good sense.

518. Line 14: *conjunctive*.—This word occurs in only one other passage (in which, however, the Qq. have *communicative*), Othello, i. 3. 374: "Let us be *conjunctive* in our revenge."

519. Line 18: *gender*.—This word is used again in Othello, i. 3. 326, in speaking of herbs: "supply it with one *gender* of herbs."

520. Line 20: *Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone*.—Qq. have *work*, which some editors have followed, thus making a different construction, and changing *convert* in the next line into a second indicative. The reading seems to me distinctly inferior, and may well be due to a printer's error. Reed thinks that the spring alluded to is the famous dropping-well at Knaresborough. Elze says: "According to Harrison's Description of England, ed. Furnivall, p. 334 and 349, the 'wonderful vertue' of turning wood to stone was ascribed to several springs, one of them (King's Newnham) being situated in Warwickshire, and therefore, no doubt, well known to the poet." The Clarendon Press edd. quote Lyly's *Euphues* (p. 63, ed. Arber): "Would I had sipped of that ryuer in Caria, which turneth those that drinke of it to stone."

521. Lines 21, 22:

*my arrows,*

*Too slightly timber'd for so LOUD A WIND.*

Qq. here have *loud arm'd*, which is not too obvious and absurd a misprint to have had defenders. Steevens quotes a surely unnecessary corroboration of the Ff. reading from Ascham's *Toxophilus*: "Weake bowes, and lyghte shaftes can not stande in a rough wynde." A very similar misprint occurs in line 27 below, where Ff. have the impossible reading *Who was* instead of *Whose worth* of Qq.

522. Line 45: *To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes*.—See note 463.

523. Line 58-60:

*If it be so, Laertes,—*

*As how should it be so? how otherwise?—*

*Will you be rul'd by me?*

F. A. Marshall, *Study of Hamlet*, pp. 196, 197, has the following note on these lines: "This passage, as it stands, seems to me almost hopelessly obscure. In Malone's 'Shakespeare' (1821) there is absolutely no note on the passage. Caldecott does not notice it; and even that obstinate illuminator of dark passages, Mr. Collier's old annotator, passes it by without a word of comment.

"The editors of the 'Clarendon Hamlet' have a note in which they give Keightley's conjecture, 'how should it bnt be so?' They say 'we should have expected, 'how should it *not* be so?'' but they do not give the anonymous conjecture to be found in the foot-notes of the 'Cambridge Shakespeare' (vol. viii., p. 144), 'how shoul't not be so?' which I suspect to be the right reading. They suggest an explanation of the passage as it stands—viz. 'that the first clause refers to Hamlet's return, the second to Laertes' feelings.' (See Clarendon Press Series, 'Hamlet,' p. 207.)

"I confess that this, the only attempt to explain the words, as they stand, which I can find, does not satisfy me. The fact is, no sense can be made of them, if read as printed in the text. The insertion of the '*not*' makes them perfectly intelligible. It has occurred to me, that as there is no authority for this insertion, that if the word '*should*' were italicized we might make sense of it, thus—

*If it be so—*

(*i.e.*, if Hamlet has come back because, on consideration, he did not choose to go to England)—

*As how should it be so?*

(*i.e.*, how should there be any question about it being so?)—

How (could it be) otherwise?

I admit that we should expect in this case, the word 'if' to be repeated, but I can make sense of the speech in no other manner. The general meaning is clear: the King is puzzling over this sudden return of Hamlet, and he rapidly reviews the situation. First he asks—

Are all the rest come back?

Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

Surely his trusty spaniels, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, cannot have disobeyed or deceived him! Then where are they? They would not go to England without Hamlet, and surely they would not let him escape. The writing is certainly Hamlet's; he answers to Laertes' inquiry—

'Naked!'

And in a postscript here, he says, 'alone.'

Can they have been wrecked and he alone saved? Hamlet cannot have discovered the plot against him. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern did not know the contents of the letter—they could not have betrayed him. No—it must be that he has on a sudden caprice refused to continue the voyage, and made the sailors turn back. Yes, it must be so—without question it must be. Then in that case how can he get rid of Hamlet and appease Laertes at one and the same time? Something like these thoughts would pass through the mind of Claudius before he succeeds in hitting upon the ingenious scheme which he now proceeds to divulge to Laertes."

524. Lines 60, 61:

*Ay, my lord;*

*So you will not o'er-rule me to a peace.*

This is Steevens' arrangement of the reading of Qq., in which *Ay . . . peace* is in one line. Ff. omit *Ay, my lord*, and read, *If so you'll not o'er-rule me to a peace.*

525. Line 63: *As CHECKING AT his voyage.*—Q. 2, Q. 3 have the preposterous misprint *the King at*, altered conjecturally in Q. 4 into *liking not*. To *check* is a metaphor from falconry, applied to a hawk when she forsakes her proper game to fly after some other bird. Compare Twelfth Night, ii. 5. 124, and iii. 1. 71.

526. Line 69-82.—These lines, from *My lord to graveness*, are omitted in Ff.

527. Line 77: *the unworthiest SIEGE.*—*Siege*, the French *siège*, is here used for rank, as in Othello, i. 2. 22: "men of royal *siege*." The word came to have that meaning from the arrangement of persons at table in order of precedence. Compare Measure for Measure, iv. 2. 101, where *siege* is used for seat.

528. Lines 79-82:

*for youth no less becomes*

*The light and careless livery that it wears*

*Than settled age his sables and his weeds,*

*Importing health and graveness.*

Johnson understood the last line to refer entirely to *settled age*, and supposed *health* to mean care for, or attention to, health. I think it may better be taken, as Furness suggests, as referring both to *youth* and to *age*; the *light and careless livery* importing (that is implying) *health*, and the *sables and weeds* importing *graveness*. The construction is a very common one, not only in Shakespeare but in later writers, notably Mr. Swinburne.

529. Line 85: *And they CAN well on horseback.*—Ff. misprint *ran*. Shakespeare uses the word *can* in a few places in its absolute sense of power to do. Compare Tempest, iv. 1. 27:

the strong'st suggestion

Our worse Genius *can*,

The Clarendon Press edd. quote Bacon, Essay, xi. p. 40: "In evil the best condition is not to will, the second not to *can*."

530. Line 89: *so far he TOPP'D my thought.*—*Topp'd* is of course surpassed, as in Macbeth, iv. 3. 57: "to *top* Macbeth." Shakespeare seems to have been fond of metaphors derived from *top*, which he uses a good many times both as verb and noun. This fact was probably not remembered by the precisians whom Browning scandalized in his translation of the Agamemnon by using the word *topping* for *ἄνεγες*, in the sense of surpassing. See p. 53:

Thou hast, like *topping* bowman, touched the target;

and p. 93:

I would not boast to be a *topping* critic.

531. Line 93: *Lamond.*—This is Pope's version of the *Lamond* of Ff. The Qq. have *Lamord*. No personage of this name is known, but Mr. C. Eliot Browne, in a letter to the Athenæum, July 29, 1876, suggests that this is "an allusion to Pietro Monte (in a Gallicized form), the famous cavalier and swordsman, who is mentioned by Castiglione (Il Cortegiano, bk. i.) as the instructor of Louis the Seventh's Master of Horse. In the English translation he is called 'Peter Mount.'"

532. Line 99: *especially.*—This is the reading of Ff. Qq. have *especial*.

533. Line 101: *the SCRIMERS of their nation.*—*Scrimers* is of course intended to represent the French *escrimeurs*, fencers; the word has not been found elsewhere.

534. Line 106: *him.*—Qq. print *you*, which seems a less suitable reading, though it can be made to express the same sense.

535. Line 107: *WHAT out of this?*—Ff. here have *Why*, which again makes very good sense.

536. Lines 115-124: *There lives . . . ulcer.*—This passage is omitted in Ff.

537. Lines 118, 119:

*For goodness, growing to a PLURISY,*

*Dies in his own too-much.*

*Plurisy* (often spelt by modern editors *pleurisy*) is often found in the old dramatists for plethora, or plethory, probably from an erroneous idea that the word was derived from *plus*, *pluris*. Massinger has a close imitation of the passage in The Unnatural Combat, iv. 1:

Thy *pleurisy* of goodness is thy ill.

—Works, p. 196, ed. Gifford.

Compare Cyril Tournear, The Atheist's Tragedy, iii. 2, and Ford, 'Tis Pity, iv. 3 (both of which have "*pleurisy* of lust"), Beaumont and Fletcher, Custom of the Country, ii. 1: "grow to a *pleurisy* and kill," &c. The word does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare.

538. Line 123: *And then this "should" is like a SPEND-THRIFT sigh.*—*Spendthrift* is the obvious and certain emendation of Q. 6, the earlier Qq. reading *spendthrift's*.

For the idea that sighing drew blood from the heart, see *Midsummer Night's Dream*, note 184; and compare *Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 5. 59.

539. Line 139: *A sword, UNBATED*.—*Unbated* means unblunted, i.e. without a button on the point. *Bate, abate, and rebate* are all used in Shakespeare with a similar meaning. See *Measure for Measure*, note 47.

540. Line 142: *mountebank*.—Cotgrave has: "Charlatan: m. *A mountebanke*, a couensing drug-seller, a prattling quack-salver" [he continues, "a tatler, babler, foolish prater, or commender of trifles"]. Boyer, *French Dictionary*, defines *mountebank* as "a wandering and juggling physician, a quack." In *Othello*, i. 3. 61 ("medicines bought of *mountebanks*"), the word is used in the same sense. In the two other places in which Shakespeare uses it (*Comedy of Errors*, i. 2. 101, and v. 1. 238) it is less clearly limited to the special sense of medicine-seller. The *Clarendon Press* edd. quote Bacon (*Advancement of Learning*, ii. 10. § 2): "Nay, we see the weakness and credulity of men is such, as they will often prefer a *mountebank* or witch before a learned physician."

541. Line 144: *catapasm*.—Boyer has: "Cataplasme, S. M. (espèce d'emplâtre pour fomentier,) a *Catapasm* or *Poultice*." In *Cyril Tourneur's Atheist's Tragedy* one of the characters is a certain Mistress Cataplasma, "a maker of periwigs and attires" by profession.

542. Line 162: *If he by chance escape your venom'd stucc*.—*Stucc* seems to be found only here and in *Twelfth Night*, iii. 4. 303, but it is no doubt the same as *stock*, used in *Merry Wives*, ii. 3. 26, which means a thrust in fencing—the Italian *stoccata* (from *stocca*, a rapier), Spanish *estocada* (from *estoque*), French *estocade* (from *estoc*, which means both a rapier and the point of a rapier). The word is often found in Elizabethan literature in the form *stoccado* (compare *Merry Wives*, ii. 1. 234: "your passes, *stoccadoes*," and see Nares, s.v. *Stoccado*). *Stoccado* is generally defined as the Spanish term, but there is no such word in Spanish.

543. Line 163: *But stay, what noise?*—These words are omitted in Ff.

544. Line 164: *How now, sweet queen?*—Omitted in Qq.

545. Line 165: *One woe doth tread upon another's heel*.—Ritson called attention to a rather similar line in *Locrine* (one of the so-called Doubtful Plays), which Shakespeare may have seen, as it was published in 1595, but which he is as likely to have written as Mr. Swinburne's drama of the same name. Gwendoline is speaking of Sabren, who has drowned herself, and she exclaims (v. 5):

One mischief follows on another's neck.  
Who would have thought so young a maid as she  
With such a courage would have sought her death?

546. Line 167: *There is a willow grows aslant a brook, &c.*—Compare with this description the description in *Two Noble Kinsmen*, iv. 1. 52–103, of the attempted suicide of the Jailor's Daughter. It seems curious that the Queen should be so well acquainted with all the minute particulars of the affair. Seymour (vol. ii. p. 197, *apud* Furness) reasonably asks why, as the Queen seems to give this description from personal observation, "she did not take

steps to avert the fatal catastrophe, especially as there was so fair an opportunity of saving her while she was, by her clothes, borne 'mermaid-like up,' and the Queen was at leisure to hear her 'chanting old tunes.'" Monck Mason also notes that "there is not a single circumstance in the relation of Ophelia's death, that induces us to think she had drowned herself intentionally;" to which, however, Malone plausibly enough replies, "that the account here given is that of a friend; and that the Queen could not possibly know what passed in the mind of Ophelia, when she placed herself in so perilous a situation. After the facts had been weighed and considered, the priest in the next act pronounces, that *her death was doubtful*."

The Qq., in this line, print *ascant the brook*, and they have been followed by some editors, who take *ascant* to be the same as Chaucer's *ascanne*.

547. Line 168: *That shows his HOAR leaves in the glassy stream*.—Lowell (*Among my Books*, p. 185) notices Shakespeare's delicate art in drawing our attention to the silvery under-side of the willow-leaves, not "by bluntly saying so, but (by making) it picturesquely reveal itself to us as it might in Nature."

548. Line 169: *There with fantastic garlands did she come*.—Qq. print *Therewith fantastiecke garlands did she make*, which Elze (p. 226) strenuously defends. But I think mistakenly.

549. Line 170: CROW-FLOWERS, netiles, daisies, and LONG PURPLES.—R. C. A. Prior, *Popular Names of British Plants*, 1863, has: "*Crow-flower*, the buttercup from the resemblance of its leaf to a crow's foot, *Ranunculus acris* and *bulbosus*, L., but in old authors often applied to the Ragged Robin, *Lychnis flos cuculi*, L.;" and "Long Purples of Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, iv. 7, supposed to be the purple flowered *Orchis mascula*, L."

550. Line 178: *Which time she chanted snatches of old TUNES*.—Qq. instead of *tunes* print *lauds*, which has a rather quaint and pretty sound, but is less likely to be the right word, as Q. 1 agrees with the Ff. in reading *tunes*. *Lauds* were psalms, and Jennens (quoted by Furness) is convinced that they are the right reading, and imply that Ophelia made an edifying end.

551. Line 190: *The woman will be out*.—Compare *Henry V.* iv. 6. 31: "all my mother came into mine eyes;" and *Twelfth Night*, ii. 1. 41–43.

552. Line 192: *douts*.—F 1 has *doubts*, which Knight, with great probability, altered into *douts*, i.e. extinguishes (*dout*=do out, as *dup*=do up). In *Henry V.* iv. 2. 10, 11 the same word is almost certainly meant, though the Ff. again spell it *doubt*:

That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,  
And *dout* them with superfluous courage.

Qq. print the word in the text *drowns*, which the later Ff. conjecturally follow.

#### ACT V. SCENE 1.

553. Line 2: *THAT wilfully seeks*.—So Ff. Qq. have *when she*.

554. Line 3: *AND therefore*.—Qq. omit *and*; they are followed by some editors, but I think very unreasonably.

555. Line 24: *crowner's quest law*.—Compare Twelfth Night, i. 5. 142, and see note. Sir John Hawkins supposes the passage in the text to be written in ridicule of the case of Dame Hales, reported by Plowden in his Commentaries, which were not, however, translated from the French till the eighteenth century. Malone suggests that Shakespeare may have heard of the case in conversation. "Our author's study," he adds, "was probably not much encumbered with old French Reports." See Furness, Variorum Ed. vol. i. p. 376, where the points of resemblance are given at some length.

556. Line 32: *even Christian*; i.e. fellow Christian. Qq. have *even Christen*, which perhaps would be better in the text. Steevens cites Chaucer, Persones Tale (iii. 294, ed. Morris): "Despitous, is he that hath disdayn of his neighebour, that is to say, of his *evenchristen*." The Clarendon Press edd. quote from Forshall and Madden's Glossary to the Wycliffite Versions of the Bible, such forms as "*euene-caytiff*," a fellow-prisoner; "*euene disciplis*," fellow-disciples, &c. Furness cites The Myroure of oure Ladye (Early Eng. Text Soc. edn., p. 73): "we are enformed to haue . . . loue eche to other, and to all oure *euene crystens*."

557. Line 68: *Go, get thee to YAUGHAN; fetch me a stoup of liquor*.—The ff. print *Yaughan* in italics. In Qq. the passage reads, *Go, get thee in, and fetch*, &c. *Yaughan* is a word that has puzzled all the commentators, and it is impossible to say whether it is the correctly spelt name of some local tavern-keeper (the name is no uncommon Welsh one), whether it is a misprint, or whether it is a corruption of Johan or John. Dr. Nicholson (I give his argument as condensed by Furness) writes in Notes and Queries, 29th July, 1871: "Most probably Yaughan was the well-known keeper of a tavern near the theatre; and we have three items of corroborative evidence which show: First, that a little before the time of this allusion by Shakespeare, which is not found in the Qq., there was about town 'a Jew, one Yohan, most probably a German Jew, who was a perruquier,—he is mentioned by Jonson in Every Man out of his Humour, v. 6; Second, in The Alchemist, i. 1, which was produced eleven years afterwards, Subtle speaks of 'an alehouse, darker than deaf John,' a name which sounds like that of our foreign John, anglicised, and its owner grown deaf by lapse of time; Third, that there was actually an alehouse attached to the Globe Theatre is proved by the 'Sonnet upon the Burneing' of that playhouse (see Collier's Annals of the Stage, i. 388). Is it then unlikely that our wandering Jew, either in search of a business, or as a profitable extension of his theatrical connection, set up 'the Globe Public-house;' and was thus, as the known refresher of the thirsty actors and audience, mentioned by both Shakespeare and Jonson?" Whether it is likely or not may be left to every man's judgment. The suggestion is certainly ingenious, all the more so as it arises from such very problematical data.

558. Line 68: *a STOUP of liquor*.—*Stoup*, or *stoop*, a drinking-vessel, is used again in Twelfth Night, ii. 3. 129, and Othello, ii. 3. 30. Qq. print *scope*, which is almost certainly a misprint. Jemmens suggests that it represents the clownish pronunciation of *sup*. As a matter of fact,

such would be the Warwickshire pronunciation among the lower classes.

559. Line 69: "*In youth when I did love, did love*."—The song from which three stanzas sung by the clown are taken is one of the poems contained in Tottel's Miscellany, 1557 (Arber's Reprint, pp. 173-175). It is entitled, "The aged louer renounceth loue." Its author's name is not given; but in a manuscript in the British Museum (Harleian MS. 1703), written by William Forrest, the poem is copied (fol. 100) with the heading: "A dytthe or sonet made by the lorde vaux in time of the noble quene Marye representing the Image of death." It is also attributed to Lord Vaux by George Gascoigne in the Epistle to a Young Gentleman, prefixed to his Posies. The three verses selected for maltreatment by the clown are the following (the first, third, and eighth of the song):

I Lothe that I did loue,  
In youth that I thought swete:  
As time requires for my behoue  
Me thinks they are not mete.

For age with stelyng steppes,  
Hath clawed me with his cowche [and ed. crowche]:  
And lusty life away she leapes,  
As there had bene non suche.

A pikeax and a spade  
And eke a shrowdyng shete,  
A house of claye for to be made,  
For such a ghest most mete.

The third line of the clown's second stanza is taken from the penultimate stanza of the poem:

For beauty with her bande  
These croked cares hath wrought:  
And shipped me into the lande,  
From whence I first was brought.

The music sung to the clown's verses on the stage is that of The Children in the Wood (Chappell's Popular Music, i. 200, and Furness, p. 385).<sup>1</sup> The fourth line of the first stanza is printed in Qq.: *O, methought, there a was nothing a meet*, which the Cambridge editors print: *there-a was nothing-a meet*, taking the "a" to represent the drawing notes in which the grave-digger sings (compare Winter's Tale, iv. 3. 133).

560. Line 86: *a politician*.—This word is used by Shakespeare in only four other places: Twelfth Night, ii. 3. 80; iii. 2. 34; I. Henry IV. i. 3. 241; and Lear, iv. 6. 175; always in a bad sense, meaning a plotter, conspirator.

561. Line 87: *o'er-reaches*.—ff. (instead of the reading of Qq.) have *o'er-offices*, a word not elsewhere known, perhaps a misprint, perhaps Shakespeare's coinage for his thought.

562. Lines 92-94: *my lord such-a-one, that praised my lord such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it*.—Compare Timon, i. 2. 216-218:

And now I remember, my lord, you gave  
Good words the other day of a bay courser  
I rode on: it is yours, because you lik'd it.

563. Line 100: *to play at LOGGATS with 'em*.—A description of the game of *loggats* (diminutive of *log*) is

<sup>1</sup> The tune given to the song in the margin of an old copy of Tottel's Miscellany is given by Chappell at p. 216, and by Furness at p. 382.

given by the Clarendon Press edd. on the authority of the Rev. G. Gould: "The game so called resembles bowls, but with a notable difference. First it is played not on a green, but on a floor strewed with rushes. The Jack is a wheel of lignum-vitæ or other hard wood nine inches in diameter and three or four inches thick. The loggatt, made of apple-wood, is a truncated cone 26 or 27 inches in length, tapering from a girth of  $\frac{5}{8}$  or 9 inches at the one end to  $3\frac{1}{2}$  or 4 inches at the other. Each player has three loggatts which he throws, holding lightly the thin end. The object is to lie as near the Jack as possible. The only place we have heard of where this once popular game is now played is the Hampshire Hog Inn, Norwich." Compare Ben Jonson, *Tale of a Tub*, iv. 6:

Now are they tossing of his legs and arms  
Like loggatts at a pear-tree.

Boyer, French Dictionary, has *Logating*, "a sort of unlawful game, now disused." It is one of the unlawful games named in the statute of 33 Henry VIII. c. 9.

564. Line 103: *FOR AND a shrouding-sheet*.—In the original (given above, note 559) *For* and is represented by *And eke*, of which it is the equivalent. Compare Beaumont and Fletcher, Knight of the Burning Pestle, ii. 3:

Your squire doth come, and with him comes the lady,  
*For and* the squire of damsels, as I take it.

See, for further instances, Furness, Variorum Ed. vol. i. p. 385.

565. Line 108: *quiddits*.—Qq. have *quiddities*, which is found in I. Henry IV. i. 2. 51: "what, in thy quips and thy *quiddities*?" The word is from the scholastic term *quidditas*, used by the mockers for equivocations. Boyer, French Dictionary, has: "Quiddity, a Term in Philosophy, the Essence, Being, or definition of a thing," also "Quiddity, or Pun," and "Quiddity, or subtle Question."

566. Line 108: *quilllets*.—This is a word of similar meaning, perhaps corrupted from *quiddibet* (see also Love's Labour's Lost, note 137). Compare I. Henry VI. ii. 4. 17: "These nice sharp *quilllets* of the law." Boyer gives: "Quillet, Subst. Ex. The Querks and Quilllets of the Law, *Les Tours & Detours, les Subtilitez, les Chicanes, ou les Chicanneries du Palais*."

567. Lines 113, 114: *his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries*.—Compare Dekker, Gull's Hornbook, ch. v.: "There is another ordinary, to which your London usurer, your stale bachelor, and your thrifty attorney do resort; . . . every man's eye here is upon the other man's trencher, to note whether his fellow lurch him or not: if they chance to discourse, it is of nothing but of *statutes, bonds, recognizances, fines, recoveries, audits, rents, subsidies, sureties, inclosures, liveries, indictments, outlawries, feoffments, judgments, commissions, bankrupts, amercements, and of such horrible matter*."

568. Line 115: *the FINE of his fines*.—*Fine* is used here with a play upon its more remote significance of end, as in All's Well, iv. 4. 35. Rushton (Shakespeare a Lawyer, p. 10) takes *fine* in the expression below, *his fine pate full of FINE dirt*, to have the same meaning.

569. Line 149: *we must speak by the card*.—The origin of the familiar phrase, now become proverbial, to *speak by*

*the card*, is not certain. Malone defines it thus: "we must speak with the same precision and accuracy as is observed in marking the true distances of coasts, the heights, courses, &c. in a sea-chart, which in our poet's time was called a *card*. So, in the Commonwealth and Government of Venice, 4to, 1599, p. 177: 'Sebastian Munster in his *carde* of Venice—.' Again, in Bacon's Essays, p. 326, edit. 1740: 'Let him carry with him also some *card*, or book, describing the country where he travelleth. In 1589 was published in 4to. A Briefe Discourse of *Mappes and Cardes*, and of their Uses.—The 'shipman's *card*' in Macbeth [i. 3. 17], is the paper on which the different points of the compass are described."

570. Line 151: *the age is grown so PICKED*.—Cotgrave defines *Miste*: "Neat, spruce, compt, quaint, *picked*, minion, tricksie, fine, gay." See Love's Labour's Lost, note 145.

571. Line 177: *I have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years*.—This passage has roused a lively discussion on the subject of Hamlet's age. The Clown's statement is very explicit. In line 154 Hamlet says: "How long hast thou been a grave-maker?" to which he replies with considerable detail, that he "came to 't" "the very day that young Hamlet was born." The passage seems to be introduced for the special purpose of giving us a precise idea as to Hamlet's age, yet, all the same, it is difficult to imagine the Hamlet of the early part of the play a man of thirty. A long discussion of the subject will be found in Furness, vol. i. pp. 391–394; Marshall, in his Study of Hamlet, devotes pp. 181, 182 to the question. He comes to the conclusion that Hamlet is really intended to be nearer twenty than thirty, but that Shakespeare "added these details, which tend to prove Hamlet to have been thirty years old, for much the same reason as he inserted the line—

He's fat and scant of breath—

namely, in order to render Hamlet's age and personal appearance more in accordance with those of the great actor, Burbage, who personated him." Probably Dr. Furnivall is right in boldly asserting that Shakespeare is really inconsistent with himself (New Shak. Soc. Trans. 1874, p. 494): "We know how early, in olden time, young men of rank were put to arms; how early, if they went to a University, they left it for training in Camp and Court. Hamlet, at a University, could hardly have passed 20; and with this age, the plain mention of his 'youth of primy nature' (I. iii. 7), and 'nature crescent, . . . not . . . alone in thews and bulks' (I. iii. 11–12), 'Lord Hamlet . . . he is young' (I. iii. 123–4), &c., by Polonius and Laertes, agrees. With this, too, agrees the King's reproach to Hamlet for his 'intent in going back to school at Wittenberg.' . . . I look on it as certain, that when Shakspeare began the play he conceived Hamlet as quite a young man. But as the play grew, as greater weight of reflection, of insight into character, of knowledge of life, &c., were wanted, Shakspeare necessarily and naturally made Hamlet a formed man; and, by the time that he got to the Grave-diggers' scene, told us the Prince was 30—the right age for him then: but not his age to Laertes & Polonius when they warnd Ophelia against his blood that burnd, his youthful fancy for her—'a toy in blood'—&c. The two

parts of the play *are* inconsistent on this main point in Hamlet's state."

572. Line 203: *Forick*.—Perhaps connected with the Danish form of the name George (Jörg), the *J* being pronounced as *y*. Furness observes that "Jerick" is the name of a "Dutch Bowr" in Chapman's *Alphonsus*.

573. Line 211: *to set the table on a roar*.—The Clarendon Press edd. compare the expression "to set on fire," and Exodus xix. 18, where "on a smoke" is used for smoking.

574. Line 236: *IMPERIOUS Caesar*.—This is the reading of Qq.; Ff have *Imperiall*, which is of course the sense of the word. The former was quite as customary in Shakespeare's time, and is used by him six or seven times. Dyce compares Fletcher's *Prophetess*, ii. 3: "Tis imperious Rome."

575. Line 239: *the winter's FLAW*.—Cotgrave has "Tourbillon de vent. A whirlwind; also, a gust, *flaw*, berry, sudden blast, or boisterous tempest of wind." Compare *Venus and Adonis*, 456:

Gusts and foul *flaws* to herdmen and to herds.

The word is still used occasionally.

576. Line 241: *who is THAT they follow?*—Qq. print *this* in place of the Ff's *that*. The latter seems to me the more appropriate of the two.

577. Line 250: *warranty; i.e.* warrant, is the reading of Qq., and all the Ff., except the first, which has *warrantis*, altered by Dyce into *warrantise*. Cotgrave gives both forms: "Garentage: m. *Warrantie, warrantize, warrantage*." The word *warranty* is used again in *Merchant of Venice*, i. 1. 132, 133:

And from your love I have a *warranty*  
T' unburden all my plots and purposes;

and in *Othello*, v. 2. 58-61:

I never did  
Offend you in my life; never lov'd Cassio  
But with such general *warranty* of heaven  
As I might love.

578. Line 255: *Yet here she is allow'd her virgin CRANTS*.—*Crants* is the reading of Qq. (except the 6th); Ff. and Q. 6 have *rites*, which looks like a conjectural alteration of a word not understood by the editors. The word *crants* seems to be the German *Krantz*, a garland, which in Lowland Scotch becomes *crance*, but in English has never been found except in the instance in the text. Elze found in Chapman's *Alphonsus*, Emperor of Germany, two instances of the word—elsewhere unknown, I believe, in English—*covancee* meaning a crown, probably of flowers. He thought it threw a light on the *crants* of Hamlet, and that we ought to read that word *crance*. The custom of bearing garlands before the hearse at a maiden's funeral, and hanging them up afterwards in the church, is narrated in Brand's *Pop. Antiq.* ii. 302-307; but the word "crants" is not used except as a quotation from the *Hamlet* instance. These wreaths are still to be seen in many country churches. See N. Sh. Soc. Trans. 1888, p. 180.

579. Line 260: *To sing a requiem*.—Ff. print *sage requiem*, which some editors have endeavoured to defend, to explain, or to amend.

580. Lines 261-263:

*Lay her i' the earth;  
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh  
May violets spring!*

Compare Persius, Sat. i.:

e tumulto fortunataque favilla

Nascentur viole;

and Tennyson, In Memoriam, xviii.:

'T is well; 't is something; we may stand  
Where he in English earth is laid,  
And from his ashes may be made  
The violets of his native land.

581. Line 269: *O, treble woes*.—I have adopted here Walker's conjecture (followed by Furness). Qq. print *woe* (which is universally followed), Ff. *wooe* (which is evidently wrong). But as Furness very justly remarks: "I think it likely that either the *r* in *woer* of F. 1 is a misprint for *s*, or else the compositor mistook the *s* in the MS. from which he set up. Moreover, the plural somewhat avoids the cacophony of the singular: '*Oh, treble woe*.'"

582. Lines 271, 272:

*Whose wicked deed thy most INGENIOUS sense  
Depriv'd thee of!*

The Clarendon Press edd. very aptly compare Lear, iv. 6. 286-291:

how stiff is my vile sense,

That I stand up, and have *ingenious* feeling  
Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract:  
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs,  
And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose  
The knowledge of themselves.

583. Line 298: *Woo't*.—This contraction for "wouldst thou" or "wilt thou," still used by the common people in the North, is used by Shakespeare only here (where it marks contempt); in II. Henry IV. ii. 1. 63, where it is a part of the low language of Hostess Quickly; and in two places in Antony and Cleopatra, iv. 2. 7, where it is used by Antony to Enobarbus in a tone of familiarity, and iv. 15. 59, where Cleopatra says it tenderly to the dying Antony. It occurs several times in *Day's Humour* out of Breath, always in familiar talk or as a vulgarism.

584. Line 299: *Woo't drink up EISEL?*—Furness devotes nearly five pages (pp. 405-409) of his *New Variorum Ed.* to this puzzling line. The Qq. print *Esill*, the Ff. *Esile* (in italics); Q. 1 has *vessels*. Theobald (Var. Ed. vol. vii. p. 480) has the following note, which has had the credit of starting the only two really plausible interpretations which have been suggested: "This word has through all the editions been distinguished by Italic characters, as if it were the proper name of some river; and so, I dare say, all the editors have from time to time understood it to be. But then this must be some river in Denmark; and there is none there so called; nor is there any near it in name, that I know of, but *Yssel*, from which the province of Overysael derives its title in the German Flanders. Besides, Hamlet is not proposing any impossibilities to Laertes, as the drinking up a river would be: but he rather seems to mean,—Wilt thou resolve to do things the most shocking and distasteful to human nature; and, behold, I am as resolute. I am persuaded the poet wrote:

Wilt drink up *Eisel*? eat a crocodile?



i.e. Wilt thou swallow down large draughts of *vinegar*? The proposition, indeed, is not very grand: but the doing it might be as distasteful and unsavoury as eating the flesh of a *crocodile*. And now there is neither an impossibility, nor an anticlimax: and the lowness of the idea is in some measure removed by the uncommon term." The former conjecture—that a river is meant—is followed or defended by Hamner, Capell, Stevens, Malone, Nares, Caldecott, Knight, Elze, Halliwell, Keightley, &c.—most of them deciding in favour of Yssel. Hamner conjectured *Nile*, which Elze further altered into *Nilus*; and Stevens suggested *Weissel* as an alternative to *Yssel*. The other interpretation—that *Esill* and *Esile* stand for *Eisel*, or vinegar (A.S. *aisil*)—is followed by Warburton, Johnson, Jenner, Dyce, Staunton, the Cambridge edd. &c. The word is found in Sonnet cxi. 9-12, where the original Q. reads:

Whilst like a willing patient I will drinke,  
Potions of *Eysell* gainst my strong infection,  
No bitterness that I will bitter thinke,  
Nor double pennance to correct correction.

The Clarendon Press edd. quote from a MS. Herbal in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge (O. 1. 13): "Acetosum an<sup>o</sup> vynegre or *aysel*." Theobald cites Chaucer; The Romaunt of the Rose, 217:

breed  
Kneden with *eisel* strong and egre;  
and Sir Thomas More, Poems (ed. 1557, p. 21):  
remember therewithal

How Christ for thes tasted *eisel* and gall.

Hunter cites the Salisbury Primer, 1555, where the eighth prayer begins: "O blessed Jesu! . . . I beseech thee for the bitterness of the *aysell* and gall that thou tasted;" and Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1562, where we have "*Assento*, Eysell;" and Florio renders the same word by *Wormwood*. But a still nearer approach in spelling to the word as we find it in Qq. and Ff. occurs in my copy of Boyer's French Dictionary, ed. 1729: "*Eisil*, *Subst.* (an old *English* word for vinegar) *Vinaigre*." Boyer marks it as obsolete. The probabilities seem to me strongly in favour of this interpretation. As Singer notes, "it was a fashion with the gallants of Shakespeare's time to do some extravagant feat as a *proof* of their love in honour of their mistresses, and among others the swallowing of some nauseous potion was one of the most frequent."

585. Line 307.—This speech is in the Ff. most erroneously given to the King. The Qq. attribute it to the Queen, with whom it is obviously much more in keeping.

586. Line 310: *When that her golden couplets are disclosed*.—Stevens observes: "During three days after the pigeon has hatched her *couplets*, (for she lays no more than two eggs,) she never quits her nest, except for a few moments in quest of a little food for herself; as all her young require in that early state to be kept warm, an office which she never entrusts to the male." But here "*couplets*" means eggs, and "*disclosed*" means revealed, not as in note 323.

587. Line 315: *dog will have his day*.—The origin of this proverbial expression does not seem to be known. A. O. S. in the Athenæum, Oct. 3, 1868, gives an extract from a letter of the Princess Elizabeth to her sister, Queen Mary: "*as a dog hath a day*, so may I;" and in the Athenæum of

Nov. 19, 1870, Mr. P. A. Daniel quotes the Interlude of New Custom, 1573, ii. 3: "Well, if it chauce that a *dogge hath a day*," &c., and Jonson's Tale of a Tub, ii. 1: "A man hath his hour, & a *dog his day*." Elze gives the same phrase from Summer's Last Will and Testament (Hazlitt's Dodsley, vol. xi. p. 37).

## ACT V. SCENE 2.

588. Line 6: *bilboes*.—Stevens, who gives a cut in illustration (Var. Sh. vol. vii. p. 486), says: "The *bilboes* is a bar of iron with fetters annexed to it, by which mutinous or disorderly sailors were anciently linked together. The word is derived from *Bilboa*, a place in Spain where instruments of steel were fabricated in the utmost perfection. To understand Shakespeare's allusion completely, it should be known, that as these fetters connect the legs of the offenders very close together, their attempts to rest must be as fruitless as those of Hamlet, in whose mind *there was a kind of fighting that would not let him sleep*." Boyer defines *Bilboes* as a "Sort of Punishment at Sea."

589. Line 9: *When our deep plots do FAIL*.—Ff. have *paule*, Q. 2 has *pall*, the later Qq. *fall*. The reading in the text was introduced by Pope. It is difficult to see the sense of *pall* in this connection, though Malone compares Antony and Cleopatra, ii. 7. 88:

I'll never follow thy *pall'd* fortunes more;

but it is one thing to speak of *fortunes* as *pall'd*, or become tarnished, decayed, and quite another to speak of *plots* in the same way. A plot succeeds or fails, it does not *pall*. Ingleby (The Shakespeare Fabrications, p. 115, and Littledale's ed. of The Two Noble Kinsmen, pp. 149, 150) considers that *fall* was used as a synonym of *fail*, and he compares Othello, iii. 3. 237; Comedy of Errors, i. 2. 37; Two Noble Kinsmen, iii. 6. 236 and 272; Sir John Oldcastle, iv. 1; but the instances seem to me doubtful, some not meaning *fail*, others more likely to be a misprint.

590. Line 11: *Rough-hew*.—Florio has: "*Abbozzare*, to *rough-hew* or cast any first draught." Stevens gives almost too exact a parallel to Shakespeare's phrase in a communication from Dr. Farmer, who was under the impression that a dealer in skewers had said to him of his nephew: "he could *rough-hew* them, but I was obliged to *shape* their ends."

591. Line 13: *sea-gown*.—Cotgrave has: "Esclavine: f. as Esclamme; or a *sea-gowne*; or a course, high-collared, and short-sleeved gowne, reaching downe to the mid leg, and vord most by sea-men, and saylers."

592. Line 17: to UNSRAL.—So Ff.; Qq. by evident attraction from *sold* above, print *unfold*. Shakespeare would of course have avoided a rhyme in the middle of a passage of blank verse.

593. Line 19: *O royal knavery*!—The Qq. reading *A royal knavery* is very likely intended for *Ah, royal knavery*.

594. Line 20: *Larded with many several sorts of REASONS*.—Compare iv. 5. 37: "*Larded* with sweet flowers." Ff., in place of the Qq. *reasons*, have *reason*, which a few editors, one can scarcely see why, have adopted.

595. Line 22: *With, ho! such BUGS and goblins in my life.* —*Bug* is used several times in Shakespeare for bugbear. Cotgrave renders: "Gobelin:" "A Goblin, Hob-goblin, Robin-goodfellow, *Bug*." See III. Henry VI. note 305. *In my life* of course means, "in my continuing to live."

596. Lines 33-35:

*I once did hold it, as our statists do,  
A baseness to write fair, and labour'd much  
How to forget that learning,*

It seems that illegible writing has always been considered a mark of distinction. It obviously is so now; and Shakespeare, and not Shakespeare alone, is witness that it was formerly. Ritson quotes from Florio's Montaigne, 1608, p. 125: "I have in my time seene some who by writing did earnestly get both their titles and living, to disavow their apprentiss age, marre their pen, and affect the ignorance of so vulgar a quality."

597. Line 36: *It did me yeoman's service*; i.e. such good service as the yeomen, who composed the mass of the infantry and were famous for their bravery, rendered in war.

598. Line 42. *And stand a COMMA 'tween their amities.*  
—Johnson very well defines the precise force of *comma* (a question to which Furness devotes two pages) as the note of connection and continuity (in sentences), as opposed to the period, or note of abruptness and disjunction. The expression seems to me so natural, and its meaning so obvious, that I do not see why so much difficulty should have been foisted into a plain enough passage. Elze compares Marston, Antonio and Mellida, iv. 1:

We'll point our speech  
With amorous kissing, kissing *commas*, and even suck  
The liquid breath from out each other's lips.

—Works, ed. Halliwell, vol. i. p. 51.

599. Lines 46, 47:

*He should the bearers put to sudden death,  
No shriving-time allow'd.*

In the *Hystorie* of Hamblet the ministers of the usurper are represented as aware of the treacherous mission on which they are sent, but there is no intimation in the play that Rosencrantz and Guildenstern knew anything about it. Was, then, Hamlet justified in having them executed, or was he guilty of a piece of merely wanton cruelty? Not justified, says Steevens (*Var. Ed.* vol. vii. p. 489); justified, says Strachey (*Hamlet*, p. 96). F. A. Marshall, in his *Study of Hamlet*, devotes pp. 63–69 to this question. The language of Hamlet, he says, in his narrative to Horatio, “indicates great excitement, and, as I have said before, is characterized by a childish exultation in the success of his strategy. That he should have thus craftily obtained, at the same time, such strong proofs of the King’s treachery, and so ready a means of avenging himself on the two time-serving courtiers who had been so faithless to their professed friendship for him, seems to have produced no other impression on his mind than one of delighted self-satisfaction. . . . Strange, indeed, is the contrast between his endless self-vindications, as far as the King is concerned, and his utter indifference at the sudden and fearful end he has contrived for the two courtiers.

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“The malignant misrepresentation of Hamlet’s character, for which Stevens is responsible, has drawn forth many able and indignant vindications of Shakespeare’s favourite hero; but while unable to agree with any of Stevens’ deductions, I must confess that he seems right in refusing to judge Hamlet by any other evidence than that afforded by the tragedy itself. . . .

"It is useless to deny that in the play of 'Hamlet' there is not one line which can be fairly said to prove that Rosencrantz and Guildenstern knew what were the contents of the packet committed to their care. Hamlet himself does not say they knew it; he expresses his distrust of them in the strongest language to his mother (see act iii. scene 4, lines 202 to 210 inclusive), but all that he says to Horatio now is—

Why, man, they did make love to this employment;  
 . . . . . their defeat

Doth by their own insinuation grow :

and he seems to justify the terrible punishment he had inflicted on them by the very fact that their conduct throughout had been so underhand, and so cunningly false to him as their friend and prince, that although their treachery was undoubted, they had not been openly guilty of any design against his life. Hamlet declares—

They are not near my conscience:

because he considers that by laying themselves out to serve the King's ends from the very first moment they arrived at Court; by their lack of frankness towards him, their old schoolfellow, at their first meeting; by their steadily blinding their eyes to the state of affairs at Court, and by denying to the griefs of their friend any sympathy; by readily accepting the theory of his madness without trying to account for his melancholy and retirement from Court in any other manner; by accepting an embassy which their own common sense must have told them could not mean any good to Hamlet, they had been so false to the duties of friendship and to the honour of gentlemen, that they deserved the death of traitors."

600. Line 65: *Does it not, thinks't thee, stand me now upon?*—F. 1. has *thinks't thee*; F. 2, F. 3, F. 4. *think'st thee*; the Qq. *think thee* and *think you*. The reading in the text is the conjectural emendation of Sidney Walker, who suggested that *thinks't thee* should be *thinks't thee*, i.e. “thinks it thee.” He cites another instance of a similar construction from Cartwright's Ordinary, iii. 3:

Little *thinks 't thee* how diligent thou art

To little purpose; —Dodsley, vol. x. p. 216.

where editors have always read, as in the passage in the text, *think'st thee*.—*Stand me now upon* means, is imperative on me. The same expression is used in Richard II. ii. 3. 138:

*It stands your grace upon to do him right.*

601. Lines 68-80 are omitted in Qq., a curious omission, as, according to Ff., it makes Hamlet's speech break off in the middle of a sentence.

602. Line 73: *It will be short: the interim is mine.*—Ff. print *the interim's mine*. The correction was introduced by Hanmer.

603. Line 78: *I'll COURT his favours*.—This emendation is Rowe's—*court* for *count*. It is so very probable that I have not hesitated to introduce it into the text; but at

the same time I do not deny that the original may after all be the right reading, and *count* mean make account of.

604. Line 83: *Dost know this WATER-FLY?*—Compare Troilus and Cressida, v. 1. 36-38: "Ah, how the poor world is pester'd with such *waterflies*,—diminutives of nature!" Johnson sensibly takes *water-fly* to be the emblem of a busy trifler, from its way of dancing aimlessly to and fro over the surface of the water.

605. Line 91: *Sweet lord, if your LORDSHIP were at leisure*.—Ff. misprint *friendship*.

606. Lines 101, 102: *it is very sultry and hot for my complexion*.—Qq. print or in place of *for*, which Warburton printed as an unfinished sentence, understanding "or my complexion *deceives me*." It seems to me that one reading is just as plausible as the other.

607. Line 108: *I beseech you, remember*.—It appears from Love's Labour's Lost, v. 1. 108 that the conventional phrase was "remember thy courtesy." Staunton quotes from Lusty Juventus, ed. Hawkins, p. 142: "I pray you be remembered, and cover your head;" and Jonson, Every Man in his Humour, i. 1: "Pray you remember your courtsy . . . Nay, pray you be cover'd."

608. Line 109: *for mine ease*.—This also appears to have been a conventional phrase. The expression occurs also in the Induction to Marston's Malcontent:

Cun. I beseech you, sir, be covered.

Sty. No, in good faith, *for mine ease*;

and in Massinger's New Way to Pay Old Debts, ii. 3:

Is't *for your ease*

You keep your hat off?

Malone quotes from Florio's Second Frutes, 1591, p. 111:

Why do you stand bareheaded? . . .

Pardon me, good sir, I doe it *for mine ease*.

609. Lines 109-150.—In place of these lines the Ff. have only: "Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is at his weapon."

610. Lines 114-116: *he is the card or calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see*.—This is well explained by Johnson: "[He is] the general preceptor of elegance; the *card* by which a gentleman is to direct his course; the *calendar* by which he is to choose his time; that what he does may be both excellent and seasonable. You shall find him containing and comprising every quality which a gentleman would desire to contemplate for imitation."

611. Lines 118-121: *to divide him inventorially would dizzy the arithmetic of memory, AND YET BUT YAW NEITHER, in respect of his quick sail*.—Q. 2 reads *yaw*, the later Qq. *yaw*. *Yaw* is a nautical term, used of the unsteady motion made by a ship in a swell, when she does not properly answer her helm. The passage as it reads is somewhat confused, and Dyce conjectured that *yet* was a misprint for *it*, spelt *yt*. Hamlet intended to puzzle Osric, so why should he not puzzle the commentators? It seems to me that Abbott is right in taking the sense to be: "do nothing but lay clumsily behind neither." The ellipsis of the negative explains *neither*.

612. Line 124: *semblable*.—This word is used by Shakespeare in one other place, Timon, iv. 3. 22, as a substan-

tive, and twice as an adjective, II. Henry IV. v. 1. 73, and Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 4. 3. As an adjective it is given in Boyer's Dictionary as the equivalent of the French *semblable*.

613. Line 148: *HIS weapon*.—Q. 2, Q. 3, Q. 4, Q. 5 misprint *this*.

614. Line 157: *hangers*.—Boyer, French Dictionary, has: "The hangers of a belt, *Les pendans d'un baudrier*, ou *d'un ceinturon*, les parties qui pendent au bas du baudrier & au travers desquelles on passe l'épée." Steevens compares Chapman's Iliad, c. xi.:

The scaberd was of silver plate, with golden hangers *grac'd*.

Elze quotes Dekker, The Honest Whore, Part II. iv. 1: "I could feast ten good fellows with those *hangers*," as a proof of the cost and sumptuousness of them.

615. Lines 172-175: *The King, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits: he hath laid on twelve for nine*.—This wager is of course, as it is put, impossible; but a gentleman of Osric's fineness of speech could not be expected to be very precise in a matter of mere arithmetic. "It was impossible," says Marshall, Study of Hamlet, p. 199, "that Osric could state anything clearly or simply; but I think the meaning is plain. 'A dozen passes' does not mean simply twelve hits, for in a pass both might score a hit, the wager being that Laertes will not gain three more hits than Hamlet. To do this it is plain Laertes must hit his opponent twelve times at least in every twenty-one, or four times in every seven; the odds, in short, that Laertes lays on himself are twelve to nine, or four to three. It would have been quite clear if Osric had said that the King had laid that Laertes would not win best out of seven hits three times, for that is what it really comes to. I think the expression 'a dozen' was a very vague one in Shakespeare's time, and that if the text is corrupt, the corruption lies in these words. In the Quarto 1603 we find the Gravedigger, speaking of Yorick's skull, says to Hamlet, 'Looke you, here's a skull hath bin here these dozen yeare.'" In Ff. and Qq., it will be remembered, the passage reads: "Here's a skull now; this skull hath lain [hath lain you] in the earth three and twenty yeares."

616. Line 176: *if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer*.—Compare Cymbeline, iv. 2. 159-161:

I would revenges,

That possible strength might meet, would seek us through,  
And put us to our answer.

617. Lines 193, 194: *This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head*.—Malone cites Mere's Palladis Tamia, 1598: "As the lapwing runneth away with the shell on her head as soon as she is hatched." Steevens quotes very similar words from Greene's Never Too Late, 1601. The bird thus becomes easily the symbol of a forward fellow. For the still more usual signification given to the lapwing—that of insincerity—compare Measure for Measure, i. 4. 32, and see note 169 to Much Ado.

618. Line 196: *many more of the same BREED*.—This is the reading of Qq. F. 1 prints *mine more of the same Beany*; the later Ff. *nine*. Some editors have adopted the *bevy* of this otherwise plainly corrupt reading, to which I should hesitate to be indebted.

619. Line 200: *FOND AND WINNOWNED opinions*.—This is the reading of Ff. Qq. have *prophane and trennowed or trennowned*. Warburton conjectured *fann'd and winnowed*; Tschischwitz *profound and winnowed*, which the Clarendon Press edd. incline to. Either of these emendations may possibly be right; but *fond and winnowed* gives very good sense (though the metaphor is certainly mixed): *fond opinions*, foolish and affected ones; *winnowed opinions*, carefully tested, select ones—through both of which the fool's *yesty collection* (frothy fragments of fly-away knowledge) bears him indifferently.

620. Lines 203–218 are omitted in Ff.

621. Lines 234, 235: *since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes? Let be.*—Ff. read, with slight difference of spelling, “Since no man ha's ought of what he leaves. What is't to leave betimes?” Qq. have “since no man of ought he leaues, knows what ist to leaue betimes, let be.” The reading in the text, which follows chiefly the Ff., was first introduced by Caldecott. The meaning seems to be: “since no man has (as a real and firm possession) aught of what he must leave behind him, what matter if he leaves it early or late?” It is very possible that Johnson's conjecture may be right, and the true reading be: “Since no man knows aught of what he leaves,” &c.; the meaning being, in Johnson's own words, “*Since no man knows aught of the state of which he leaves*, since he cannot judge what other years may produce, why should he be afraid of *leaving* life betimes? Why should he dread an early death, of which he cannot tell whether it is an exclusion of happiness, or an interception of calamity?”

622. Lines 237–255.—Johnson says of these lines: “I wish Hamlet had made some other defence; it is unsuitable to the character of a good or a brave man, to shelter himself in falsehood.” Strachey's reply is, I think, reasonable (Hamlet, p. 79): “Surely both assertions of Hamlet [the protestation to his mother that he is not mad ‘essentially,’ but ‘mad in craft,’ and this] are *true*—one of Hamlet, the other of the other Hamlet who is ‘not himself,’ but ‘his madness,’ and ‘poor Hamlet's enemy.’ His mind is diseased, but not a mere mass of disease: health is still very strong there, so strong as to keep the disease under great control, and often to suppress it altogether for a time. And these opposite assertions are not only true of Hamlet's two opposite states of mind, but true in reference to the two occasions on which they are made. His reason did lose its authority for the time at the grave of Ophelia, but his designs on the murdering usurper are quite rational, and it is his craft to make them seem madness. Nor is his ghost-seeing, *ecstasy*,—this is (as we learn from the distinction between madness and ecstasy in a previous speech in this scene) the excitement and delirium of the senses: it has nothing in common with the fantasies of a fever or night-mare, and if it be a delusion, it is one which leaves the head cool, and the powers of the practical understanding in full vigour.”

623. Line 242: *exception*.—Compare All's Well, i. 2. 38–41:

his honour,  
Clock to itself, knew the true minute when  
*Exception* bid him speak, and at this time  
His tongue obey'd his hand.

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624. Line 252: *disclaiming from*.—Cotgrave has “Des-advouement: m. A disaduowing, or *disclaiming from*.”

625. Line 255: *brother*.—So Qq. Ff. have *mother*.

626. Line 261: *To keep my name* UNGOR'D.—Compare Troilus and Cressida, iii. 3. 227, 228:

I see my reputation is at stake;  
My fame is shrewdly *gor'd*.

627. Line 272: *Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker side*.—The odds of course refers here to the king's stake as compared with that of Laertes; not to the terms of the wager, which were in favour of Hamlet.

628. Line 274: *But since he's better'd*.—Qq. print *better*. *Better'd* probably refers to Laertes' practice in Paris.

629. Lines 285–289:

*Give me the cups;  
And let the kettle to the trumpet speak,  
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,  
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth,  
“Now the king drinks to Hamlet!”*

Compare Stowe's Annales, 1605, p. 1436: “Thursday the 14. day [of July, 1603] . . . That afternoone the king [of Denmark] went aboard the English ship, and had a banquet prepared for him vpon the vpper decks, which were hung with an Awning of cloath of Tissue: enery health reported sixe, eight, or ten shot of great Ordinance, so that, during the king's abode, the ship discharged 160 shot.” This seems to have been customary in Denmark on solemn occasions; Elze cites Gröner, History of Gustavus Adolphus, 1852, p. 127. In 1615 King Christian IV. of Denmark gave a splendid banquet in honour of the Swedish envoy Skyth, who occupied a place at the king's right hand. “Skyth rose up, addressed Christian in Latin, and drank brotherhood to him in the name of his own sovereign. Christian arose, answered the speech of the envoy and, with the sound of cannon and kettle-drums, emptied the goblet to the bottom.”

630. Line 283: *union*.—Q. 2 prints *Vnice*, in the later Qq. *onyx*, variously spelt. Florio has “*Vnione* . . . a great, faire, and orient pearl.” The word comes from “*unio*,” unique, as no two pearls are exactly alike. Steevens quotes Holland's translation of Pliny, ix. 35: “And here-upon it is, that our dainties and delicates here at Rome, have devised this name for them, and call them *Vniones*; as a man would say, Singular, and by themselves alone.” The King's announcement about the pearl was no doubt done to give him an opportunity of dropping poison into the cup. See 337 below: “is thy *union* here?”

631. Line 298: *He's fat and scant of breath*.—A generally received opinion is that this line was put in to suit the physical peculiarities of the actor who first took the part. He was, no doubt, Richard Burbage, the leading tragedian of the company when Hamlet was produced. The date of Burbage's birth is not known; but he is reasonably supposed to have been about thirty years of age in 1600. He died 13th March, 1618/19, and an Elegy on his death (printed by Collier in his Memoirs of Actors, Sh. Soc., 1846, p. 52) mentions many of the parts he played. Among those which the poet declares to have died with him is that of Hamlet:—

No more young Hamlet, though but scant of breath,  
Shall cry "Revenge!" for his dear father's death.

Further on the elegist describes him as of "stature small," and that, I believe, is all the knowledge we possess of Burbage's personage.

632. Line 314: Stage-direction: "Laertes wounds Hamlet; then, in scuffling, they change rapiers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes."—This stage-direction is Rowe's; the Qq. give none, the Ff. have "In scuffling they change Rapiers." "How this change of foils is brought about," says Marshall, *Study of Hamlet*, p. 200, "is not quite certain. Salvini delighted and surprised the audience, at the first representation he gave of Hamlet, by the graceful manner in which he managed this exchange. After Laertes had hit him, he put his hand up to his side, as if he felt the prick of the unbated weapon; then just as Laertes was about to take up his foil, which had been knocked out of his hand in the encounter, Signor Salvini placed his foot upon it, and, bowing gracefully, presented his antagonist with his own foil. Graceful as this undeniably is, I do not think it can be justified on a careful consideration of the scene; the action is too deliberate; it is manifest that Hamlet does not stop when he is hit, but that he continues his attack furiously till the point of each foil getting caught in the hilt of the other, both are disarmed; but they do not stop, Hamlet being too eager to hit Laertes; each snatches at the first weapon that comes to his hand, and they continue the struggle, in which Hamlet wounds Laertes. In answer to the objection that Laertes, though struck with the venomous point after Hamlet, when the virulence of the poison might be supposed to have diminished, yet dies the first—it may be observed that Hamlet's wound was probably much the slighter of the two, for the excited state in which he evidently was, and not knowing he had an unbated weapon in his hand, he would probably strike Laertes much harder than Laertes, knowing the deadly power of the poison, had struck him. Hamlet's words after the scuffle—

Nay, come, again—

could hardly have been spoken had he detected Laertes treachery, or had he been conscious that he was wounded. His mind is, I believe, entirely wrapped up in the trial of skill, for the time being, and his excitement arises from his eagerness to win the match."

Furness, vol. ii. p. 338, quotes from the *Jahrbuch der deutschen Shakespeare-Gesellschaft*, 1899, p. 376, the following explanation by Hermann Freiherr von Friesen, which seems to me to clear up the difficulties very reasonably:—"There is only one way, I conceive, of solving this problem on the stage, and that is by reference to the Rules of the Fencing-school, and the lesson that relates to 'Disarming with the Left Hand.' The French translator possibly knew this lesson, as he paraphrases the stage-direction ('They catch one another's rapiers, and both are wounded') with the following words, 'Laerte blesse Hamlet, et dans la chaleur de l'assaut ils se désarment et changent de fleuret, et Hamlet blesse Laerte.' The lesson upon disarming, if I may depend upon the memory of my schooldays, is somewhat this: As soon as your opponent has made a pass and is about to return to his guard, you strike the most powerful battute possible

(i.e. a blow descending along the blade of your opponent), in order to throw your opponent's blade out of its position, if possible, with its point downwards, at the same instant you advance the left foot close to the outer side of the right foot of your opponent, seize with the left hand the guard of your opponent's rapier, and endeavour to wrest the weapon from his fist by a powerful pressure downwards; if this manœuvre succeeds, you put the point of your dagger to the breast of your opponent, and compel him to confess himself vanquished. When your opponent does not succeed in withstanding the *battute*, which makes it impossible for him to keep back his assailant with the point of his dagger, there is nothing for him to do but to meet the attack with the same manœuvre, and get his assailant's weapon in his hand in the same way. With persons of equal skill this is the usual result, whereby they change places, and the combat is continued without delay.

633. Lines 317, 318:

*Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe, Osric;  
I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.*

F. J. V. in *Notes and Queries*, Aug. 8, 1874, p. 103, writes: "A woodcock is trained to decoy other birds into a springe; first, the fowler places him just outside the springe; then, while strutting about outside the springe, and calling, and by various arts alluring other birds, the woodcock incautiously places his foot in or on the springe, and so is caught." Else, however, doubts whether the woodcock—a proverbially foolish bird—could be trained to anything; and supposes that it is simply fastened near the springe to allure other birds by its mere presence.

634. Lines 347, 348:

*as this fell sergeant, death,  
Is strict in his arrest.*

Compare Sonnet lxxiv. 1:

when that fell arrest

Without all bail shall carry me away.

*Sergeant* is used by Shakespeare for a sheriff's officer, in which sense the word was then current. Cotgrave has "*Sergent*: m. A *Sergeant*, Officer, Pursuivant, Apparitor." Malone compares Silvester's *Du Bartas* (ed. 1633, p. 30):

*And Death, dread serjant, of the eternall Judge,  
Comes very late to his sole-seated Lodge.*

635. Line 355: *O good Horatio*.—This is the reading of Ff.; the Qq. print *O god Horatio*, which is quite as good a reading.

636. Line 364: *o'er-crows*.—Johnson quotes from Spenser's *View of the Present State of Ireland* (Globe ed. p. 660): "A base varlett, that being but of late grown out of the dunghill beginneth nowe to *overcrowe* soe high mountaynes, and make himselfe greate protectour of all outlawes and rebels that will repayre vnto him." We still use the expression, though only colloquially, to "crow over" anyone.

637. Lines 368, 369:

*So tell him, with the OCCURRENTS, more and less,  
Which have SOLICITED—The rest is silence.*

*Occurrents* is not used elsewhere by Shakespeare. Steevens quotes Drayton, *Baron's War*, bk. i. canto xii:



# WORDS PECULIAR TO HAMLET.

Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line
Enseamed..... iii. 4 92	Hoodman-blind iii. 4 77	Mouth <sup>9</sup> (verb). v. 2 20	Precurse ..... i. 1 121
Entreatments . i. 3 122	Horridly ..... { i. 4 55	Muddy-mettled ii. 2 594	Presentment <sup>16</sup> iii. 4 54
Enviously..... iv. 5 6	*Hugger-mugger iv. 5 84	*Murdering-piece iv. 5 95	Pressure ..... { i. 5 100
Escoted..... ii. 2 362	Hush (adj.).... ii. 2 508	Mutine (verb).. iii. 4 83	..... { iii. 2 27
Ever-preserved ii. 2 296		Non ..... iv. 5 165	Prettiness ..... iv. 5 189
Extolment..... v. 2 120	*Ill-breeding .. iv. 5 15	Northerly ..... v. 2 99	Primy ..... i. 3 7
Eyases ..... ii. 2 355	Illo..... i. 5 114	North-north-west <sup>10</sup> ii. 2 396	Prison-house .. i. 5 14
*Falling-off ... i. 5 47	Illume ..... i. 1 37	Note <sup>11</sup> (verb).. i. 5 179	Privates <sup>17</sup> .... ii. 2 238
Fanged (adj.).. iii. 4 203	Impartment... i. 4 59	Noyance ..... iii. 3 13	Profanely ..... iii. 2 34
Farm <sup>1</sup> (verb)... iv. 4 20	Impasted ..... ii. 2 481	Nunnery ..... iii. 1 122,	Promise-crammed iii. 2 99
Fatness ..... iii. 4 153	Implorators... i. 3 129	133, 142, 145	Proposer ..... ii. 2 297
Fear-surprised. i. 2 203	Imponed ..... v. 2 156, 170	Occulted ..... iii. 2 85	Provincial <sup>18</sup> ... iii. 2 288
Fellies ..... ii. 2 517	Impotence ..... ii. 2 66	Occurs ..... v. 2 368	Purples <sup>19</sup> ..... iv. 7 171
Film (verb).... iii. 4 147	Incorporal .... iii. 4 118	O'ercrows..... v. 2 364	Purport ..... ii. 1 82
Fishmonger.... ii. 2 174, 189	Incorpsed .... iv. 7 88	O'erdoing ..... iii. 2 14	Queen (adj.)... iii. 1 190
Flagon ..... v. 1 197	Incorrect ..... i. 2 95	O'ergrowth .... i. 4 27	Questionable .. i. 4 43
Flaxen ..... iv. 5 196	Individable .... ii. 2 418	O'erhanging .... ii. 2 312	Quickness ..... iv. 3 45
Flushing ..... i. 2 155	Inexplicable ... iii. 2 13	O'erhasty ..... ii. 2 57	Quiddits ..... v. 1 108
Forgery <sup>2</sup> ..... iv. 7 90	Infusion <sup>5</sup> ..... v. 2 122	O'erleavens... i. 4 29	Quietus <sup>20</sup> .... iii. 1 75
Fouled ..... ii. 1 79	Inhibition ..... ii. 2 346	O'ersized ..... ii. 2 484	
Free-footed.... iii. 3 26	Inoculate ..... iii. 1 119	O'erstep ..... iii. 2 21	Rankly ..... i. 5 38
Friending (sub.) i. 5 186	Instrumental.. i. 2 48	O'erteemed .... ii. 2 531	Rareness <sup>21</sup> .... v. 2 122
Frock ..... iii. 4 164	Intil ..... v. 1 81	Omen ..... i. 1 123	Ratifiers ..... iv. 5 105
Frowningly.... i. 2 231	In-turned ..... i. 4 49	Oppressor <sup>12</sup> ... iii. 1 71	Really ..... v. 2 132
Fust ..... iv. 4 39	Inventorially. v. 2 118	Ordinant ..... v. 2 48	Recognizances <sup>22</sup> v. 1 112
		Outbreak ..... ii. 1 33	Reconcilement v. 2 258
Gain-giving.... v. 2 225	Jaw-bone ..... v. 1 85	Out-herods .... iii. 2 15	Rede ..... i. 3 51
Gait <sup>3</sup> ..... i. 2 31	Jig-maker ..... iii. 2 132	Overdone ..... iii. 2 22, 28	Re-deliver <sup>23</sup> ... iii. 1 94
*Gallows-maker v. 1 49	John-a-dreams. ii. 2 595	Overhappy ..... ii. 2 232	Re-deliver <sup>24</sup> .. v. 2 186
Gaming (verb). { ii. 1 24, 58	Joint-labourer. i. 1 78		Relative ..... ii. 2 633
..... { iii. 3 91	Jointress ..... i. 2 9	Pajock ..... iii. 2 295	Repast (verb).. iv. 5 147
Gentry <sup>4</sup> ..... { v. 2 114	Kettle ..... v. 2 286	Pale <sup>13</sup> ..... i. 5 90	Repel <sup>25</sup> ..... ii. 1 109
Gib ..... iii. 4 190	*Kettle-drum.. i. 4 11	Palmy ..... i. 1 113	Repugnant ..... ii. 2 493
Gibber ..... i. 1 116	Kinless ..... ii. 2 600	Panders (verb). iii. 4 88	Repulsed ..... ii. 2 146
Goose-quills ... ii. 2 360	Lash <sup>6</sup> (sub.)... iii. 1 50	Pansies ..... iv. 5 177	Requiem <sup>26</sup> .... v. 1 269
Grass-green .... iv. 5 31	Lazar-like ..... i. 5 72	Pastoral-comical ii. 2 416	Resolute (sub.) i. 1 98
Grave-maker .. v. 1 34,	Leperous ..... i. 5 64	Pastors ..... i. 3 47	Re-speaking... i. 2 128
66, 154	Life-rendering. iv. 5 146	Peace-parted .. v. 1 261	Responsive ..... v. 2 158
Grave-making . v. 1 74	Loggats ..... v. 1 100	Periwig-pated.. iii. 2 10	Revisit ..... i. 4 53
Graveness ..... iv. 7 82	Loudly ..... v. 2 411	Permanent ..... i. 3 8	Re-word <sup>27</sup> ..... iii. 4 143
Groundlings .. iii. 2 12		Perusal <sup>14</sup> ..... ii. 1 90	Rhapsody ..... iii. 4 48
		Petar ..... iii. 4 207	Romage ..... i. 1 107
Hangers ..... v. 2 156,	Machine ..... ii. 2 124	Pickers ..... iii. 2 348	Rough-hew .... v. 2 11
164, 167	Malefactions .. ii. 2 621	Pigeon-livered. ii. 2 604	Round <sup>28</sup> ..... ii. 2 139
Hatchment .... iv. 5 214	Mallecho ..... iii. 2 147	Plurisy ..... iv. 7 118	Russet <sup>29</sup> ..... i. 1 166
*Head-shake ... i. 5 174	Mater (adj.).. iv. 7 97	Pocky ..... v. 1 181	
Heart-ache .... iii. 1 62	Masterin ..... i. 5 89	Poem ..... ii. 2 418	
*Heaven-kissing iii. 4 59	Mermaid-like .. iv. 7 177	..... { i. 1 63	
Heaves (sub.).. iv. 1 1	Miching ..... iii. 2 147	Polack ..... { ii. 2 63, 75	
Heavy-headed. i. 4 17	Mobled ..... ii. 2 525,	..... { iv. 4 23	
Hebenon ..... i. 5 62	526, 527	Pole <sup>15</sup> ..... { v. 2 387	
Hectic ..... iv. 3 68	Moor <sup>7</sup> ..... iii. 4 67	Pooh ..... { iv. 4 21	
Hent (sub.).... iii. 3 88	Mortised ..... iii. 3 20	..... { i. 3 101	
Hey-day ..... iii. 4 69	Moult ..... ii. 2 306	Pooh ..... { v. 1 221	
Historical ..... ii. 2 417	Mouse-trap .... iii. 2 247	Portraiture ... v. 2 78	
Honeying (verb) iii. 4 93	Mouth <sup>8</sup> (verb). { iii. 2 3	Posset (verb) .. i. 5 68	
	..... { v. 1 306	Powerfully ..... ii. 2 203	

1 = to take on lease; = to let on lease, Rich. II. i. 4. 45.

2 = invention; elsewhere used in its ordinary sense.

3 = proceeding; frequently used in its ordinary senses.

4 = courtesy, gentility; elsewhere used in its ordinary senses.

5 = essential qualities; = a medicinal liquor, Wint. iv. 4. 816; Pericles, iii. 2. 35.

6 = stroke of a whip; = thong of a whip, Romeo, i. 4. 63.

7 = a fen.

8 = to speak big.

9 = to take into the mouth.

10 north, north-west in F. 1.

11 = to show.

12 Lucrece, 905.

13 = to make pale; used elsewhere = to inclose, encompass.

14 Son. xxxviii. 6.

15 = Polander.

16 = picture; = presentation, Timon, i. 1. 27.

17 = common soldiers; frequently used in other senses.

18 = of or belonging to Provens in France; used of an ecclesiastical province, Measure, v. 1. 318.

19 = flowers of the Orchis; = a purple dress, I. Hen. IV. iii. 3. 37.

20 Son. cxxvi. 12.

21 = excellence.

22 = acknowledgments of debt;

= badge, token, Oth. v. 2. 214.

23 = to give back.

24 = to report.

25 Venus and Adonis, 573.

26 Phoenix and Turtle, 16.

27 Lover's Complaint, 1.

28 = roundly.

29 = red, reddish; = coarse, homespun, Love's Labour, v. 2. 413.

# WORDS PECULIAR TO HAMLET.

Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line
Sable (sub.)..... { i. 2 242	Sledded..... i. 1 63	Thaw (vb. intr.) i. 2 130	Unreclaimed .. ii. 1 34
Salary ..... iii. 3 70	Sliver (sub.).... iv. 7 174	Thereabout.... ii. 2 468	Unrighteous .. i. 2 154
Sanctuarize.... iv. 7 128	Solidity ..... iii. 4 49	Thought-sick... iii. 4 51	Unripe <sup>14</sup> ..... iii. 2 200
Sandal shoon... iv. 5 26	*Something-settled iii. 1 181	Total (adj.).... ii. 2 479	Unshaped ..... iv. 5 8
Sanity..... ii. 2 214	Southerly ..... ii. 2 397	Town-crier .... iii. 2 4	Unsifted ..... i. 3 102
Satirical..... ii. 2 199	Spendthrift <sup>5</sup> (adj.) iv. 7 123	Tristful <sup>10</sup> .... iii. 4 50	Unsinewed .... iv. 7 10
Satyr..... i. 2 140	Splentive..... v. 1 234	Tropically..... iii. 2 247	Unsmirched .... iv. 5 119
Saviour ..... i. 1 159	Spokes ..... { ii. 2 517	True-penny.... i. 5 150	Unused <sup>15</sup> ..... iv. 4 39
Scent (verb).... i. 5 58	{ iii. 3 19	Truster <sup>11</sup> ..... i. 2 172	Unvalued <sup>16</sup> .... i. 3 19
Schoolfellows.. iii. 4 202	Squeezing..... iv. 2 22	Tweaks..... ii. 2 601	Unwatched .... iii. 1 196
Sconce (verb) .. iii. 4 4	Stalk <sup>6</sup> (sub.)... i. 1 66	Tyrannically .. ii. 2 356	Unweeded ..... i. 2 135
Screened (verb) iii. 4 3	Statute <sup>7</sup> ..... v. 1 114	Umbrage..... v. 2 125	Unwrung ..... iii. 2 253
Scrimers ..... iv. 7 101	Stiffly ..... i. 5 95	Unaneled..... i. 5 77	Upboarded .... i. 1 136
Sea-gown..... v. 2 13	Stithy (sub.)... iii. 2 89	Uncharge (verb) iv. 7 68	Up-spring ..... i. 4 9
*Seeming-virtuous i. 5 46	Strewments .. v. 1 256	*Uncle-father.. ii. 2 394	Valanced ..... ii. 2 442
Seized (of) <sup>1</sup> .... i. 1 89	Sullies (sub.) .. ii. 1 39	Unction ..... { iii. 4 145	Validity <sup>17</sup> .... iii. 2 199
Select (adj.).... i. 3 74	Sultry..... v. 2 101, 103	{ iv. 7 142	Ventages ..... iii. 2 373
Sere (sub.) .... ii. 2 338	Supervise (sub.) v. 2 23	Uneffectual... i. 5 90	Waves <sup>18</sup> (verb) i. 4 61, 68, 78
Service <sup>2</sup> ..... iv. 3 25	Suppliance .... i. 3 9	Unfellowed .... v. 2 150	Weedy ..... iv. 7 175
Shards <sup>3</sup> ..... v. 1 254	Supposal ..... i. 2 18	Unfortified ... i. 2 96	Well-took ..... ii. 2 83
Sharked (verb). i. 1 98	Supspiration... i. 2 79	Ungored ..... v. 2 261	Wheaten ..... v. 2 41
Shatter..... ii. 1 95	*Swaddling-clouts ii. 2 401	Unhand ..... i. 4 84	Whiff..... ii. 2 495
Sheep-skins ... v. 1 123	Sweaty <sup>8</sup> ..... i. 1 77	Unhouselled... i. 5 77	Wick ..... iv. 7 116
Shipwright..... { i. 1 75	Switzers ..... iv. 5 97	Unimproved .. i. 1 96	Windlasses .... ii. 1 65
{ v. 1 47	Swoopstake ... iv. 5 142	Union <sup>12</sup> ..... v. 2 233	Wonder-wounded v. 1 230
Shovel (sub.) .. v. 1 111	'S wounds ..... { ii. 2 603	Unknowing .... v. 2 390	Woundless .... iv. 1 44
Shrill-sounding i. 1 151	{ v. 1 297	Unlimited ..... ii. 2 418	Yaw ..... v. 2 119
Sicklied o'er... iii. 1 85	Tanned <sup>9</sup> (verb). v. 1 186	Unmask <sup>13</sup> (vr. tr.) i. 3 37	Zone ..... v. 1 305
Silvered <sup>4</sup> ..... i. 2 242	Tattlers ..... iii. 2 11	Unmastered... i. 3 32	
Sith (adv.) .... ii. 2 12	Tenable ..... i. 2 248	Unmixed ..... i. 5 104	
Sized ..... iii. 2 180	Tenures ..... v. 1 109	Unnerved..... ii. 2 496	
Skyish ..... v. 1 276	Tether ..... i. 3 125	Unpack ..... ii. 2 614	
		Unpeg..... iii. 4 103	
		Unpolluted.... v. 1 262	
		Unprevailing .. i. 2 107	
		Unproportioned i. 3 60	

1 = possessed (of).  
2 = course of dishes at table; often used in other senses.  
3 = fragments of pottery; = wing-cases of beetles, Ant. and Cleop. iii. 2. 20.  
4 = tinged with gray; Son.xii.4.

5 Used as a sub. in Temp.ii.1.24.  
6 = stately walk; = stem of a plant, in other places.  
7 = bonds, mortgages; used figuratively, Son. cxxiv. 9.  
8 = toilsome.  
9 Used figuratively, Son. lxii. 10; cxv. 7.

10 Also in I. Hen. IV. ii. 4. 434.  
11 = believer.  
12 = a pearl.  
13 Lucrece, 940, 1602.

14 Venus and Adonis, 128, 524; Pass. Pilgrim, 51.  
15 = not employed, Son. iv. 13; ix.12; xlviii.3; = not accustomed, Oth. v. 2. 349; Son. xxx. 5.  
16 = not valued; = invaluable, Rich. III. i. 4. 27.  
17 = strength, efficacy; = value, in other passages.  
18 = beckons; frequently used in other senses.



# MEASURE FOR MEASURE

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

VINCENTIO, Duke of Vienna.

ANGELO, the deputy in the Duke's absence.

ESCALUS, an ancient lord, joined with Angelo in the government.

CLAUDIO, a young gentleman.

LUCIO, a fantastic.

Two other Gentlemen.

Provost.

THOMAS, }  
PETER, } friars.

A Justice.

VARRIUS.

ELBOW, a simple constable.

FROTH, a foolish gentleman.

POMPEY, servant to Mistress Overdone.

ABHORSON, an executioner.

BARNARDINE, a dissolute prisoner.

ISABELLA, sister to Claudio.

MARIANA, betrothed to Angelo.

JULIET, beloved of Claudio.

FRANCISCA, a nun.

MISTRESS OVERDONE, a bawd.

Lords, Officers, Citizens, Boy, and Attendants.

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## SCENE—VIENNA.

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HISTORIC PERIOD: The historic period is indefinite.

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## TIME OF ACTION.

The time of action consists of four days. Mr. Daniel thus divides them:—

Day 1: Act I. Scene 1 may be taken as a kind of prelude, after which some little interval must be supposed in order to permit the new governors of the city to settle to their work. The rest of the play is comprised in three consecutive days.

Day 2: Commences with Act I. Scene 2 and ends with Act IV. Scene 2.

Day 3: Commences in Act IV. Scene 2 and ends with Act IV. Scene 4.

Day 4: Includes Act IV. Scenes 5 and 6, and the whole of Act V., which is in one scene only.



# MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

## INTRODUCTION.

### LITERARY HISTORY.

Measure for Measure was first printed in the Folio of 1623. No external evidence as to its date has been found, and the internal evidence is both slight and doubtful. Tyrwhitt considered that two passages in the early part of the play contain an allusion to the demeanour of James I. on his entry into England at the time of his accession in 1603. In i. 1. 68-73 the Duke says:

I'll privily away. I love the people,  
But do not love to stage me to their eyes:  
Though it do well, I do not relish well  
Their loud applause and Aves vehement;  
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion  
That does affect it.

Again, in ii. 4. 24-30 it is observed by Angelo:

So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;  
Come all to help him, and so stop the air  
By which he should revive: and even so  
The general, subject to a well-wish'd king,  
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness  
Crowd to his presence, where their untaught love  
Must needs appear offence.

"I cannot help thinking," says Tyrwhitt, "that Shakspeare, in these two passages, intended to flatter the unkingly weakness of James the First, which made him so impatient of the crowds that flocked to see him, especially upon his first coming, that, as some historians say, he restrained them by a proclamation." The Old-Spelling editors quote in their notes the following corroborative passage: "But our King coming through the *North* (Banquetting, and Feasting by the way) the applause of the people in so obsequious, and submissive a manner (still admiring *Change*) was checkt by an honest plain *Scotsman* (unused to such humble acclama-

tions) with a *Prophetical expression*; *This people will spoyl a gud King*. The King as unused, so tired with multitudes, especially in his *Hunting* (which he did as he went) caused an inhibition to be published, to restrain the people from *Hunting Him*. Happily being fearfull of so great a *Concourse*, as this Novelty produced, the old *Hatred* betwixt the *Borderers* not forgotten, might make him apprehend it to be of a greater extent: though it was generally imputed to a desire of enjoying his *Recreation* without interruption" (Arthur Wilson's History of Great Britain, 1653, p. 3). Other passages which have been conjectured to contain historical allusions are i. 2. 5: "Heaven grant us its peace;" and i. 2. 83: "What with the war, what with the sweat;" the last clause having perhaps some reference to the "sweating sickness" or plague, which in 1603 carried off more than 30,000 people in London; and the allusions to "peace" and "war" having perhaps some reference to the war with Spain, which came to an end in the autumn of 1604. All this is vague enough, but it may be said to lend a little colour to the theory which places the date of the play in 1603 or early in 1604. At all events, there can be no reasonable doubt that Measure for Measure belongs to a late, but not the latest, period of Shakespeare's work—to the period with which all its characteristics link it, the period of Hamlet, of Othello, of Troilus and Cressida.

The direct sources of the plot are Whetstone's "endless comedy," The Right Excellent and Famous Historie of Promos and Cassandra, 1578, and the prose version of the same story by the same writer in The Hep-tameron of Civil Discourses, 1582. Whetstone himself derived his story from the Hecatomithi of Giralaldi Cinthio (Parte Seconda, Deca

ottava, novella v.).<sup>1</sup> The outline of Whetstone's comedy may be given in the "Argument of the Whole History" prefixed by the author or his publisher. "In the cyttie of Julio (sometimes vnder the dominion of Coruinus, Kinge of Hungarie and Boemia) there was a law, that what man so euer committed adultery should lose his head, and the woman offender should weare some disguised apparel during her life, to make her infamously noted. This seuere lawe, by the fauour of some mercifull magistrate, became little regarded vntill the time of Lord Promos aucturity; who conuicting a yong gentleman named Andrugio of incontinency, condemned both him and his minion to the execution of this statute. Andrugio had a very vertuous and beawtiful gentlewoman to his sister, named Cassandra: Cassandra to enlarge her brothers life, submitted an humble petition to the Lord Promos: Promos regarding her good behauiours, and fantasying her great beawtie, was much delighted with the sweete order of her talke; and doyng good, that euill might come thereof, for a time he repry'd her brother; but, wicked man, tounring his liking vnto vnlawfull lust, he set downe the spoile of her honour raunsome for her brothers life. Chaste Cassandra, abhorring both him and his sute, by no perswasion would yeald to this raunsome: but in fine, wonne with the importunitie of hir brother (pleading for life) vpon these conditions she agreeede to Promos; first that he should pardon her brother, and after marry her. Promos, as feareles in promise as carelesse in performance, with sollemne vowe sygnd her conditions: but worse then any infydel, his will satisfyed, he performed neither the one nor the other; for, to keepe his authoritie vnspotted with fauour, and to prevent Cassandras clamors, he commaunded the gayler secretly to present Cassandra with her brothers head. The gayler, with<sup>2</sup> the outcries of Andrugio, abhorryng Promos lewdenes, by the prouidence of God provided thus for his safety. He presented Cassandra with

a felon's head newlie executed, who (being mangled, knew it not from her brother's, by the gayler who was set at libertie) was so agreede at this trecherye, that, at the pointe to kyl her selfe, she spared that stroke to be auenged of Promos: and deuising a way, she concluded to make her fortunes knowne vnto the kinge. She (executing this resolution) was so highly fauoured of the king, that forthwith he hasted to do justice on Promos: whose judgement was, to marrye Cassandra, to repaire her crased<sup>3</sup> honour; which donne, for his hainous offence he should lose his head. This maryage solemnised, Cassandra, tyed in the greatest bondes of affection to her husband, became an earnest suter for his life: the kinge (tendring the generall benefit of the common weale before her special ease, although he fauoured her much,) would not graunt her sute. Andrugio (disguised amonge the company) sorrowing the grieve of his sister, bewrayde his safetie, and craued pardon. The kinge, to renowe the vertues of Cassandra, pardoned both him and Promos." It will be seen from this summary of the main part of the action that Shakespeare is indebted to Whetstone for the general framework of his plot; it will be seen equally that he has transformed the revolting incoherencies of the original story into a closely-knit, credible, and artistic whole. Shakespeare's debt to the comedy of his predecessor, beyond the mere framework—the ground-plan of his building—may be set down at practically nothing. Promos and Cassandra is a crude and shapeless cento of ill-digested material; a mere succession of heavy scenes set forth in jolting doggerel; bearing by no means so much relation to the play of Shakespeare as the quarries at Carrara bear to the marbles of Michelangelo. A quarry, a storehouse, we may call it: that at the very outside; but certainly nothing with any pretence to art or vitality, nothing with any right to exist on its proper merits. No hints towards the characterization of any of the dramatis personæ common to Shakespeare and to Whetstone could be found in the lifeless pages of the earlier play-

<sup>1</sup> Hecatommithi ouero Cento Novelle di M. Giobattista Giraldi Cinthio. In Venezia, Appresso Enea de Alariz, MDLXXIII. Pp. 130-135.

<sup>2</sup> Probably there is some misprint or omission here.

<sup>3</sup> Crased, i.e. broken, damaged. See *Mids. Night's Dream*, note 17.

## INTRODUCTION.

wright. Wherever for a moment there is the smallest similarity in thought or word—and this is very seldom indeed, considering the strong similarity of the incidents—such likeness is nothing more or less than inevitable, and exists simply in the most obvious truisms, so to speak, of natural action. In Cinthio's version of the story there *are* one or two natural touches, good enough, if he had seen them, to have suggested a thought to Shakespeare. Epitia, for instance, the Isabella of *Measure for Measure*, is spoken of as one to whom Philosophy had taught how the human soul should meet every hap ("cui la Filosofia haueua insegnato qual debbia essere l'animo humano in ogni fortuna"). Could anything truer be said of Isabella? Altogether Cinthio is very much more graphic and effective than Whetstone, either in the prose or poetry of his English imitator. Hazlitt, in his *Shakespeare's Library*, quotes two similar stories, told briefly and barely by Goulart, in his *Admirable and Memorable Histories*, 1607. Other such stories are known, some of them on historical evidence, such as the story of the governor of Flushing, in the old French chronicles. Perhaps, as has been suggested, the very story as we find it in Cinthio was based on an actual occurrence in the dark ages of the Italian despots.

### STAGE HISTORY.

Of the performance of *Measure for Measure* we have no record before the Restoration; and when theatres were again licensed, the only form in which this play appeared on the stage was in the sadly-transformed shape of Davenant's jumble of this play and *Much Ado*, called *The Law against Lovers*, which has already been alluded to in the Introduction to *Much Ado* (vol. vii. p. 8). What amazing devil, as the late Charles Dickens would have said, possessed Sir William Davenant to spoil two plays, so different in their nature but each so good of its kind, by jumbling them together, it is difficult to conceive. It is possible, if the tradition that Davenant was Shakespeare's son be true, that he owed his father a grudge for begetting so extremely ill-looking an offspring. If so, it must be owned that, in this

deformation of two of his father's great works, he had his revenge; for he has succeeded to a marvel in destroying all the comedy of *Benedick* and *Beatrice*, while at the same time he enfeebled the serious and almost tragical interest of *Measure for Measure*. It may be as well to give a list of the *Dramatis Personæ* of Davenant's play:

THE DUKE OF SAVOY.  
 LORD ANGELO, his deputy.  
 BENEDICK, brother to Angelo.  
 LUCIO,                    }  
 BALTHAZAR,            } his friends.  
 ESCHALUS, a counsellor.  
 CLAUDIO, in love with Julietta.  
 PROVOST.  
 FRIAR THOMAS.  
 BERNARDINE, a prisoner.  
 JAILOR.  
 FOOL.  
 HANGMAN.  
 BEATRICE, a great heiress.  
 ISABELLA, sister to Claudio.  
 JULIETTA, mistress to Claudio.  
 VIOLA, sister to Beatrice, very young.  
 FRANCISCA, a nun.

Scene: TURIN.

The first act follows the story of *Measure for Measure* pretty closely as far as the incidents go. The effect of the introduction of *Benedick* and *Beatrice* is that they are both entirely deprived of the wit and vivacity which characterized them in Shakespeare's *Much Ado*, while nearly all the beautiful poetry of *Measure for Measure* is ruthlessly deformed into the dreariest prose-verse.

For a specimen of Davenant's work we may take the following lines from the Duke's speech to Angelo in act i. scene 1:

That victory gives me now free leisure to  
 Pursue my old design of travelling;  
 Whilst, hiding what I am, in fit disguise,  
 I may compare the customs, prudent laws,  
 And managements of foreign states with ours.

The victory alluded to is that which *Benedick* has just won. The scraps of Shakespeare that are dragged in, whether from *Much Ado* or *Measure for Measure*, but especially from the former, seem sadly out of place. Here is a specimen of Davenant's originality. After a scene between *Benedick* and *Beatrice*, *Viola*,

who is the young sister of Beatrice, says to Benedick:

Y' are welcome home, my lord. Have you brought Any pendants and fine fans from the wars?

*Ben.* What, my sweet bud, you are grown to a blossom!

*Vio.* My sister has promised me that I shall be A woman, and that you shall make love to me, When you are old enough to have a wife.

*Ben.* This is not a chip of the old block, but will prove

A smart twig of the young branch.

This wretched stuff is printed as verse, though it is difficult to believe it was ever intended to be anything but prose. In the second act it is Benedick that pleads for the life of Claudio. Again the scenes between Benedick and Beatrice, that are dragged in, serve merely to encumber the action without lightening the play. Davenant preserves the scene between Isabella and Angelo, carefully injuring if not utterly destroying, wherever he can, the poetry of Shakespeare's language. The second act concludes with a mutilated version of Angelo's soliloquy in act ii. scene 4 of Shakespeare's play, the last four lines of which are thus improved by Davenant:

The numerous subjects to a well-wisht King  
Quit their own home, and in rude fondness to  
His presence crowd, where their unwelcome love  
Does an offence, and an oppression prove.

The third act goes straight on with the same scene (from Shakespeare), beginning with the entrance of Isabella. This is followed by a long scene between Benedick and Beatrice, in which Beatrice urges Benedick to steal his brother's signet, and so seal the pardon of Juliet and Claudio. Then Viola comes in and sings a song, *apropos des bottes*; after which Lucio and Balthazar persuade Beatrice that Benedick is in love with her. The extraordinary dulness of this scene, compared with the one it is founded on in *Much Ado*, is decidedly original. Then we go back to *Measure for Measure*, and have a scene between Claudio and Isabella in prison; next to which comes an original scene, in which Benedick brings Beatrice the signed pardon for Juliet and Claudio, which he has obtained through Escalus. The act ends with a short scene in the

prison between Viola and Juliet, her cousin. In this scene, short as it is, Davenant's genius will burst out, as witness the following description by the innocent little Viola when speaking of the Jailor:

The fellow looks like a man boil'd  
In pump-water. Is he married?

The beginning of the next act is apparently original. It appears that the Friar, *i.e.* the disguised Duke, is thwarting Benedick's scheme for the release of Juliet and Claudio, so he and Beatrice relieve their feelings by calling in Viola, who dances; the stage-direction being *Enter Viola dancing a saraband, awhile with castanietos*. This is the scene which so much pleased the sapient and tasteful Pepys, who says, under date February 18th, 1661-2: "Saw 'The Law against Lovers,' a good play, and well performed, especially the little girl's (whom I never saw act before) dancing and singing; and were it not for her the losse of Roxalana would spoil the house." Then we have a scrap of *Pompey* in the shape of the Fool, and another scrap from Shakespeare in the shape of a scene between the Duke and Lucio; and then a scene between Juliet and Isabella in prison, quite original, in which the author bursts into poetry and, shaking off the trammels of blank verse, indulges in rhymed couplets. Juliet thinks that Isabella might make the sacrifice asked by Angelo for Claudio's sake, to which Isabella pointedly answers that she had better make it herself:

The good or ill redemption of his life  
Doth less concern his sister than his wife.

Then we have more original elephantine playfulness between Benedick and Beatrice. Then, after a brief return to Shakespeare in a scene between the Duke, Provost, and Barnardine, we have an original scene in which Claudio gives the Fool a thousand pieces of gold as a bribe to help Juliet to escape in a page's dress. He declines to attempt to escape himself. Juliet, not to be outdone in generosity, sends her Maid with a proposal to Claudio to escape by a window in her room with the connivance of the Provost's wife, but she is not to escape

herself. All this is, I suppose, to make the character of Claudio more sympathetic. Then we have a sort of parody in rhymed verse of the great scene between Angelo and Isabella, in which we find such gems of poetry as the following speech of Isabella:

Catch fools in nets without a covert laid;  
Can I, who see the treason, be betray'd?

The effect of this exquisite couplet upon Angelo is to make him completely change his tone, and to become suddenly virtuous, declaring that all that had happened before was only his fun. He never meant that Claudio should die; he never meant to make naughty proposals to Isabella. All that he meant was to propose honourable marriage. But Isabella is not to be taken in with these beautiful sentiments; she remarks:

If it be true, you shall not be believ'd,  
Lest you should think me apt to be deceiv'd.

Then she goes out, leaving poor Angelo in a very forlorn condition, who comes to the conclusion

Because she doubts my virtue I must die;  
Who did with vicious arts her virtue try.

In the fifth act we have more singing, in which Beatrice, Benedick, and Viola all take part, supported by the Chorus; this musical entertainment being, as it appears, for the benefit of Angelo, in order to rouse him from his supposed anchoritic existence. Then we begin to get serious again, and three servants come in, one after another, exhorting Angelo to "Arm, arm, my lord!" for his brother is in open revolt and is besieging the prison where Claudio and Juliet are confined. Now we have a great deal of excitement and something like a pantomime rally by all the characters; and the play ultimately ends with the marriage of Angelo and Isabella! They are kept in countenance by two other pairs of betrothed lovers, Benedick and Beatrice, and Claudio and Juliet. Lucio, who gets very waggish towards the end, is inclined to marry the Fool's grandmother, but, finding she is dead, decides on remaining a bachelor.

I have given a full account of Davenant's play, because few persons are likely to take the trouble to read it for themselves, and, un-

less one does so, one might be deceived by the praises lavished on this contemptible work by contemporary and other critics.

In 1700 at Lincoln's Inn Fields the version of this play by Charles Gildon, called *Measure for Measure or Beauty the best Advocate* was produced with the following cast: Angelo = Betterton, Claudio = Verbruggen, Duke = Arnold, Escalus = Berry, Isabella = Mrs. Bracegirdle, Juliet = Mrs. Bowman. As in Davenant's version, the scene was laid at Turin, and Balthazar figures among the *Dramatis Personæ*. All the comic characters, including Lucio, are ruthlessly cut out. The title-page announces that the play was "Written originally by Mr. Shakespear; and now very much altered; With additions of several Entertainments of Musick." There were no less than four of these Entertainments, with one of which the play concluded. Charles Gildon wrote several plays, but none of them were successful. Genest quotes two lines from the second act, where Angelo tells Isabella to meet him at the opera:

Consider on it, and at ten this evening  
If you'll comply, you'll meet me at the Opera.

This wretched production does not appear ever to have been revived, though the next mention of the play, under date December 8th, 1720, at Lincoln's Inn Fields, is "not acted 20 years, *Measure for Measure* by Shakespear," the following members of the cast being given: Duke = Quin, Angelo = Boheme, Claudio = Ryan, Isabella = Mrs. Seymour. On this occasion it was acted eight times, and revived again on October 10th, 1721, when Genest gives C. Bullock as the representative of Lucio, which proves that it cannot have been Gildon's version, as in that Lucio is omitted altogether. We may take it, therefore, that the performance in December, 1720, was the first revival of Shakespear's play after the Restoration.

Quin was decidedly fond of the part of the Duke, which he played excellently, and he seems to have caused the piece to be revived, pretty nearly every season, at whatever theatre he happened to be; though it never was played more than once or twice during any

one season. On March 10th, 1737, Quin took his benefit as the Duke at Drury Lane, when Mrs. Cibber was Isabella, a part to which she seems to have been very partial. That wretched creature her husband, Theophilus Cibber, played Lucio at least on one occasion, January 26th, 1738, when, for the first time, Elbow is mentioned in the cast, his representative being Harper. Mrs. Cibber took her benefit as Isabella on April 12th of the same year. On January 4th, 1744, Mrs. Pritchard made her first appearance as Isabella at Covent Garden. She ultimately succeeded Mrs. Cibber in this rôle. At Covent Garden, April 11th, 1746, Measure for Measure was represented for the benefit of Havard and Berry, "not acted 6 years," when Mrs. Woffington played Isabella for the first time; and she repeated the part on more than one occasion, though it could not have been a very suitable one to her. Quin seems to have played the Duke for the last time on December 4th, 1750, when no particulars of the cast are given. It was at this theatre, Covent Garden, that he made his last appearance in 1753; the great success of Barry during the last two seasons had perhaps reminded Quin that it was time for him to retire. On February 22nd, 1755, Measure for Measure was played at Drury Lane, with Yates as Pompey, and Mrs. Cibber as Isabella, Woodward as Lucio, the Duke being Mossop. It was played once or twice during the three following seasons; but Garrick never took any part in it himself. It was about this time that a singularly tragical occurrence took place in connection with this play. Joseph Peterson, an actor of considerable ability and great versatility, who had been long attached to the Norwich company, was playing the part of the Duke in this play, one of his best parts, some time in October, 1758; when, in the scene with Claudio, played on that occasion by Moody, in the third act, just as he was speaking the lines iii. 1. 6-8:

Reason thus with life:

If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing

That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art.

he dropped dead into Moody's arms. Peterson made his first *début* at Goodman's Fields

as Lord Foppington, and played Buckingham to Garrick's Richard on his first appearance as Richard III. He was interred at Bury St. Edmund's, with the lines he last spoke on the stage inscribed on his tomb. The next notable performance of Measure for Measure was on February 12th, 1770, for Woodward's benefit at Covent Garden. It was announced as "Not acted 20 years." Bensley was the Duke, Clarke Angelo, Wroughton Claudio, and the *bénéficiaire* himself Lucio; Quick played Elbow; Mrs. Bellamy took the part of Isabella, apparently for the first time, and Mrs. Bulkeley was Mariana. The piece was repeated again on the 21st of the same month. At the same theatre in the next season on January 12th, 1771, Yates played Lucio to the Isabella of his wife. During this season it was played three times, and twice in the succeeding one. On March 18th, 1775, this play was revived at Drury Lane, "Not acted 16 years." King was Lucio, Palmer Angelo, Parsons Pompey. It was represented on the 20th April following for Palmer's benefit. It was again acted on January 8th, 1777, "Not acted 5 years," when Lee and Mrs. Jackson appeared for the first time as the Duke and Isabella respectively. Passing over some unimportant performances of the play, we come to October 11th, 1780, when the play was again revived at Covent Garden, with Henderson as the Duke, Lee Lewes Lucio, Clarke Angelo, Wroughton Claudio, Mrs. Yates again playing Isabella, and Mrs. Inchbald appearing in the small part of Mariana. At Bath, in the season 1779-1780, we find the first record of the performance of Mrs. Siddons as Isabella. She played the part six times during that season, and on November 3rd, 1783, she appeared at Drury Lane for the first time in this character. During this season she acted the part five times; in fact it was the only Shakespearian one she attempted in London. In speaking of Mrs. Siddons' impersonations it must not be forgotten that there was another Isabella, a very favourite part of hers. This was the heroine of South-erne's Isabella or the Fatal Marriage, altered by Garrick; but though many of her contemporaries seem to have considered this Isabella to be one of her most powerful im-



## INTRODUCTION.

personations, there is no doubt that the great actress was especially fine as the heroine of *Measure for Measure*, notably in the great scenes with Angelo, and in the prison scene with Claudio. The part is one which essentially requires an actress to assume moral dignity, if she has it not. The pretty pathos which serves well enough for Ophelia and Desdemona is of no avail here: indeed there is no part in any of Shakespeare's plays which requires greater elevation both of thought and of style than that of Isabella.

On December 30th, 1794, John Kemble appeared, at Drury Lane, for the first time as the Duke, with a strong cast which included Bannister, jun., as Lucio, Palmer as Angelo, Dicky Suett as Pompey, Parsons as Elbow; Mrs. Siddons, of course, was the Isabella; indeed no one seems to have attempted to rival her in this part for many years. The piece was acted eight times on this occasion. We pass over several performances at Drury Lane during the next eight years, till we come to November 21st, 1803, when the play was revived at Covent Garden, "not acted 20 years." Kemble and Mrs. Siddons again took their old parts, and Cooke appeared for the first time as Angelo; the Claudio was Charles Kemble, and the two comic parts of Elbow and Pompey were played by Blanchard and Emery respectively. The next memorable performance of this play was on October 30th, 1811, the beginning of Mrs. Siddons' last season at Covent Garden. The cast was much the same as on the last-mentioned occasion, except that Barrymore was the Angelo, and, according to Genest, was the only one whose part was not well acted. In this revival Liston was the Pompey, and Emery took the small part of Barnardine. George Daniel says, in his preface to the acting edition of Cumberland's *British Theatre*: "The few words put into the mouth of this dissolute prisoner were given with astonishing power by Emery, who, in reality, looked the wretch described by the poet, 'Unfit to live or die.'" The piece was played several times during this season; Mrs. Siddons making her last appearance in the part on June 26th, 1812. It is said that she

was then so enfeebled by age that, when she knelt to the Duke, she was unable to rise without assistance. With Mrs. Siddons the popularity of *Measure for Measure* as an acting play seems to have died, at least for a time. No actress since has succeeded in making her mark in the character of Isabella. On February 8th, 1816, Miss O'Neill made her first appearance in the part at Covent Garden, on which occasion Yates played the Duke. The next revival of any importance was that under Elliston's management, May 1st, 1824, at Drury Lane, when it was only played twice. Liston, singular to say, was cast for Lucio, and was a dire failure. Phelps produced *Measure for Measure* in his third season at Sadler's Wells on November 4th, 1846; Miss Addison's Isabella was said to have been a fine performance, but the play was not often repeated; Phelps played the Duke, though he is said to have preferred the part of Angelo. In recent times the only memorable revival of this play was that at the Haymarket, when the late Miss Adelaide Neilson, whose premature death was so much regretted, played Isabella on Saturday, April 1st, 1876. The best features in the cast on this occasion were the Duke of Mr. Howe and the Lucio of Mr. Conway, the best performance in the Shakespearian drama that the latter ever gave. Charles Warner was an earnest Claudio, and Mr. Buckstone himself raised many a laugh as Pompey. Miss Neilson's Isabella was a pretty and graceful performance, and considered by many critics to be her best Shakespearian impersonation; but she scarcely fulfilled the highest requirements of the part. The play had not been represented for 25 years in London.

It was revived at the Haymarket again two years later, when Miss Neilson was supported by the graceful and poetic actor, Mr. Kyrle Bellew, as Claudio. The only actress of ability who has since played the part of Isabella in London is Miss Wallis, who, after having produced *Measure for Measure* in the provinces in 1883, revived the play at the Kennington Theatre, March 27th, 1899. Great interest was felt in the assumption of the rôle of Isabella by Madame Modjeska, at the Garrick, New York, Oct. 7th, 1895.

## MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

### CRITICAL REMARKS.

Measure for Measure is neither the last of the comedies nor the first of the tragedies. It is tragedy and comedy together, inextricably interfused, coexistent in a mutual contradiction; such a tangled web, past hope of unraveling, as our life is, looked at by the actors in it, on the level of its action; with certain suggestions, open or concealed, of the higher view, the aspect of things from a point of tolerant wisdom. The hidden activity of the duke, working for ends of beneficent justice, in the midst of the ferment and corruption of the seething city; this figure of personified Providence, watchfully cognizant of act and motive, has been conceived by Shakespeare—not yet come to his darkest mood, in which man is a mere straw in the wind of Destiny—to give the sense of security indwelling in even such a maze as this. It is not from Isabella that we get any such sense. Her very courage and purity and intellectual light do but serve to deepen the darkness, when we conceive of her as but one sacrifice the more. Just as Cordelia intensifies the pity and terror of King Lear, so would Isabella's helpless virtues add the keenest ingredient to the cup of bitterness—but for the duke. He is a foretaste of Prospero, a Prospero working greater miracles without magic; and he guides us through the labyrinths of the play by a clue of which he has the secret.

That Measure for Measure is a "painful" play (as Coleridge called it) cannot be denied. There is something base and sordid about the villany of its actors; a villany which has nothing of the heroism of sin. In Angelo we have the sharpest lesson that Shakespeare ever read self-righteousness. In Claudio we see a "gilded youth" with the gilding rubbed off; and there is not under heaven a more pitiful sight. From Claudio's refined wantonness we sink deeper and deeper, through Lucio, who is a Claudio by trade, and without even the pretence of gilding, to the very lowest depth of a city's foulness and brutality. The "humours" of bawd and hangman and the customers of both are painted with as angry a hand as Hogarth's; bitten in with the etcher's acid, as if into the

very flesh. Even Elbow, "a simple constable," a Dogberry of the lower dregs, struts and maunders before us with a desperate imbecility, in place of the engaging silliness, where silliness seemed a hearty comic virtue, of the "simple constable" of the earlier play. In the astonishing portrait of Barnardine we come to the simply animal man; a portrait which in its savage realism, brutal truth to nature, cynical insight into the workings of the contented beast in man, seems to anticipate some of the achievements of the modern realistic novel. In the midst of this crowd of evil-doers walks the duke, hooded body and soul in his friar's habit; Escalus, a solitary figure of broad and sturdy uprightness; Isabella, "a thing enskied and sainted," the largest-hearted and clearest-eyed heroine of Shakespeare; and apart, veiled from good and evil in a perpetual solitariness of sorrow, Mariana, at the moated grange.

In the construction of this play Shakespeare seems to have put forth but a part of his strength, throwing his full power only into the great scenes, and leaving, with less than his customary care (in strong contrast to what we note in Twelfth Night), frayed ends and edges of action and of characterization. The conclusion, particularly, seems hurried, and the disposal of Angelo inadequate. I cannot but think that Shakespeare felt the difficulty, nay, impossibility of reconciling the end which his story and the dramatic conventionalities required with the character of Angelo as shown in the course of the play, and that he slurred over the matter as best he could. With space before him he might have convinced us—for what could not Shakespeare do?—of the sincerity of Angelo's repentance and the rightfulness of his remission; but as it is, crowded as all this conviction and penitence and forgiveness necessarily is into a few minutes of supplementary action, one can hardly think that Coleridge expressed the natural feeling too forcibly when he said that "the strong indignant claim of justice" is baffled by the pardon and marriage of Angelo. Of the scenes in which Angelo appears as the prominent actor—the incomparable second and fourth scenes of the second act, the

## INTRODUCTION.

first the temptation of Angelo, the second Angelo's temptation of Isabella—nothing can be said but that Shakespeare may have equalled, but scarcely can have exceeded them in intensity and depth of natural truth. These, with that other scene between Claudio and Isabella, make the play.

It is part of the irony of things that the worst complication, the deepest tragedy, in all this tortuous action comes about by the innocent means of the stainless Isabella; who also, by her steadfast heroism, brings light and right at last. But for Isabella, Claudio would simply have died, perhaps meeting his fate, when it came, with a desperate flash of his father's courage; Angelo might have lived securely to his last hour, unconscious of his own weakness—of the fire that lurked in so impenetrable a flint. Shakespeare has sometimes been praised for the subtlety with which he has barbed the hook for Angelo, in making Isabella's very chastity and goodness the keenest of temptations. The notion is not peculiar to Shakespeare, but was hinted at, in his scrambling and uncertain way, by the writer of the old play. In truth, I do not see what other course was open to either, given the facts which were not original in Shakespeare or in Whestone. Angelo, let us remember, is not a hypocrite: he has no dishonourable intention in his mind; he conceives himself to be firmly grounded on a broad basis of rectitude, and in condemning Claudio he condemns a sin which he sincerely abhors. His treatment of the betrothed Mariana would probably be in his own eyes an act of frigid justice; it certainly shows a man not sensually-minded, but cold, calculating, likely to err, if he errs at all, rather on the side of the miserly virtues than of the generous sins. It is thus the nobility of Isabella that attracts him: her freedom from the tenderest signs of frailty, her unbiassed intellect, her regard for justice, her religious sanctity; and it is on his noblest side first, the side of him that can respond to these qualities, that he is tempted. I know of nothing more consummate than the way in which his mind is led on, step by step towards the trap still hidden from him, the trap prepared by the merciless foresight of the chance that tries the profes-

sions and the thoughts of men. Once tainted, the corruption is over him like leprosy, and every virtue withers into the corresponding form of vice. In Claudio it is the same touchstone—Isabella's unconscious and misdirected Ithuriel-spear—that brings out the basest forms and revelations of evil. A great living painter has chosen the moment of most pregnant import in the whole play—the moment when Claudio, having heard the terms on which alone life can be purchased, murmurs, "Death is a fearful thing," and Isabella, not yet certain, yet already with the grievous fear astir in her, of her brother's weakness, replies, "And shamed life a hateful"—it is this moment that Holman Hunt brings before us in a canvas that, like his scene from the Two Gentlemen of Verona, throws more revealing light on Shakespeare than a world of commentators. Against the stained and discoloured wall of his dungeon, apple-blossoms and blue sky showing through the grated window behind his delicate dishevelled head, Claudio stands; a lute tied with red ribbons hangs beside him, a spray of apple-blossom has fallen on the dark garments at his feet, one hand plays with his fetters—with how significant a gesture!—the other hand pinches, idly affectionate, the two intense hands that Isabella has laid upon his breast; he is thinking—where to debate means shame,—balancing the arguments; and with pondering eyes, thrusting his tongue towards the corner of his just-parted lips with a movement of exquisite naturalness, he halts in indecision: all his mean thoughts are there, in that gesture, in those eyes; and in the warm and gracious youth of his whole aspect, passionately superficial and world-loving, there is something of the pathos of things "sweet, not lasting," a fragile, an unreasonable, an inevitable pathos. Isabella fronts him, an embodied conscience, all her soul in her eyes. Her eyes read him, plead with him, they are suppliant and judge; her intense fearfulness, the intolerable doubt of her brother's honour, the anguish of hope and fear, shine in them with a light as of tears frozen at the source. In a moment, with words on his lips whose far-reaching imagination is stung into him and from him by the sharpness of the impending

## MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

death, he will have stooped below the reach of her contempt, uttering those words, "Sweet sister, let me live!"

After all, the final word of Shakespeare in this play is mercy; but it is a mercy which comes of the consciousness of our own need of it, and it is granted and accepted in humiliation. The lesson of mercy taught in the Merchant of Venice is based on the mutual blessing of its exercise, the graciousness of spirit to which it is sign and seal.

It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blest;  
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.

12

Here, the claim which our fellow-man has on our commiseration is the sad claim of common guiltiness before an absolute bar of justice.

How would you be  
If He, which is the top of judgment, should  
But judge you as you are?

And is not the "painfulness" which impresses us in this sombre play, due partly to this very moral, and not alone to the circumstances from which it disengages itself? For it is so mournful to think that we are no better than our neighbours.





*Duke.* For you must know, we have with special soul  
Elected him our absence to supply.—(Act I. 1. 17, 18.)

## MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

### ACT I

SCENE I. *An apartment in the Duke's palace.*

DUKE, ESCALUS, and Attendants, discovered.

*Duke.* [*Seated*] Escalus!

*Escal.* My lord?

*Duke.* Of government the properties to unfold,

Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse;

Since I am put<sup>1</sup> to know that your own science  
Exceeds, in that, the lists<sup>2</sup> of all advice

My strength can give you: [*then no more remains*

But that, to your sufficiency, as your worth  
is able,

And let them work. ] The nature of our people,  
Our city's institutions, and the terms <sup>11</sup>

For common justice, you're as pregnant in<sup>3</sup>

As art and practice hath enriched any

That we remember. There is our commission,

From which we would not have you warp.

[*Escalus kneels and receives his commission.*

Call hither,

I say, bid come before us Angelo.

[*Exit an Attendant.*

What figure of us think you he will bear?

For you must know, we have with special soul  
Elected him our absence to supply;

Lent him our terror, dress'd him with our love,  
And given his deputation<sup>4</sup> all the organs <sup>21</sup>

Of our own power: what think you of it?

*Escal.* If any in Vienna be of worth

To undergo such ample grace and honour,  
It is Lord Angelo.

*Duke.*

Look where he comes.

*Enter ANGELO.*

*Ang.* Always obedient to your grace's will,  
I come to know your pleasure.

*Duke.*

Angelo,

There is a kind of character<sup>5</sup> in thy life,

<sup>1</sup> Put, made.

<sup>2</sup> Lists, limits.

<sup>3</sup> Pregnant in, well acquainted with.

<sup>4</sup> Deputation, deputyship.

<sup>5</sup> Character, i.e. writing, the primary sense of the word.

That to the observer doth thy history  
Fully unfold. [*Taking the other commission.*]

Thyself and thy belongings 30

Are not thine own so proper, as to waste  
Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.  
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,  
Not light them for themselves; for if our  
virtues

Did not go forth of us, 't were all alike  
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely  
touch'd

But to fine issues; [nor Nature never lends  
The smallest scruple of her excellence  
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines  
Herself the glory of a creditor, 40  
Both thanks and use.<sup>1</sup> But I do bend my  
speech

To one that can my part in him advertise;<sup>2</sup>  
Hold, therefore, Angelo:—

[*Tenders his commission.*]

In our remove be thou at full yourself;  
Mortality and mercy in Vienna  
Live in thy tongue and heart: old Escalus,  
Though first in question,<sup>3</sup> is thy secondary.  
Take thy commission.

[*Rises and comes down to Angelo.*]

Ang. Now, good my lord,  
Let there be some more test made of my metal,  
Before so noble and so great a figure 50  
Be stamp'd upon it.

Duke. No more evasion:  
We have with a heaven'd and prepared choice  
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.

[*Angelo kneels and receives his commission.*  
Our haste from hence is of so quick condition  
That it prefers itself and leaves unquestion'd  
Matters of needful value. We shall write to  
you,

As time and our concernings shall importune,  
How it goes with us, and do look to know  
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well:  
To the hopeful execution do I leave you 60  
Of your commissions.

Ang. Yet give leave, my lord,  
That we may bring you<sup>4</sup> something on the way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it;  
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do

With any scruple: your scope is as mine own,  
So to enforce or qualify the laws  
As to your soul seems good. Give me your  
hand: [*Angelo gives his hand to the Duke.*  
I'll privily away. I love the people,  
But do not like to stage me to their eyes:  
Though it do well, I do not relish well 70  
Their loud applause and Aves<sup>5</sup> vehement;  
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion  
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

[*Going.*]

Ang. The heavens give safety to your pur-  
poses!

Escal. Lead forth and bring you back in  
happiness!

Duke. I thank you. Fare you well. [*Exit.*]

Escal. I shall desire you, sir, to give me  
leave

To have free speech with you; and it concerns  
me

To look into the bottom of my place:

A power I have, but of what strength and  
nature 80

I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'Tis so with me. Let us withdraw  
together,

And we may soon our satisfaction have

Touching that point.

Escal. I'll wait upon your honour.  
[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II. A street.

*Enter LUCIO and two Gentlemen.*

Lucio. If the duke with the other dukes  
come not to composition with the King of  
Hungary, why then all the dukes fall upon  
the king.

First Gent. Heaven grant us its peace, but  
not the King of Hungary's!

Sec. Gent. Amen.

Lucio. Thou concludest like the sanctimoni-  
ous pirate that went to sea with the Ten  
Commandments, but scrap'd one out of the  
table.

Sec. Gent. "Thou shalt not steal?" 10

Lucio. Ay, that he razed.

First Gent. Why, 't was a commandment to

<sup>1</sup> Use, interest.

<sup>2</sup> Advise, instruct.

<sup>3</sup> Question, consideration.

<sup>4</sup> Bring you, accompany you.

<sup>5</sup> Aves, acclamations (Latin *ave*=hail).

command the captain and all the rest from their functions: they put forth to steal. There's not a soldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat, do relish the petition well that prays for peace.

*Sec. Gent.* I never heard any soldier dislike it.

*Lucio.* I believe thee; for I think thou never wast where grace was said. 20

[*Sec. Gent.* No? a dozen times at least.

*First Gent.* What, in metre?

*Lucio.* In any proportion or in any language.

*First Gent.* I think, or in any religion.

*Lucio.* Ay, why not? Grace is grace, despite of all controversy: as, for example, thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

*First Gent.* Well, there went but a pair of shears between us.

*Lucio.* I grant; as there may between the lists and the velvet. Thou art the list. 31

*First Gent.* And thou the velvet: thou art good velvet; thou'rt a three-pil'd piece, I warrant thee: I had as lief be a list of an English kersey, as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a French velvet. Do I speak feelingly now?

*Lucio.* I think thou dost; and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee. 40

*First Gent.* I think I have done myself wrong, have I not?

*Sec. Gent.* Yes, that thou hast, whether thou art tainted or free.

*Lucio.* Behold, behold, where Madam Mitigation comes! I have purchas'd as many diseases under her roof as come to—

*Sec. Gent.* To what, I pray?

*Lucio.* Judge. 49

*Sec. Gent.* To three thousand dolours<sup>1</sup> a year.

*First Gent.* Ay, and more.

*Lucio.* A French crown more.

*First Gent.* Thou art always figuring diseases in me; but thou art full of error; I am sound.

*Lucio.* Nay, not as one would say, healthy; but so sound as things that are hollow: thy bones are hollow; impiety has made a feast of thee. ]

*Enter MISTRESS OVERDONE, crying.*

*First Gent.* How now! which of your hips has the most profound sciatica? 59

*Mrs. Ov.* Well, well; there's one yonder arrested and carried to prison was worth five thousand of you all.

*Sec. Gent.* Who's that, I pray thee?

*Mrs. Ov.* Marry, sir, that's Claudio, Signior Claudio.

*First Gent.* Claudio to prison! 'tis not so.

*Mrs. Ov.* Nay, but I know 'tis so: I saw him arrested; saw him carried away; and, which is more, within these three days his head to be choppy'd off. 70

*Lucio.* But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so. Art thou sure of this?

*Mrs. Ov.* I am too sure of it: and it is for getting Madam Julietta with child.

*Lucio.* Believe me, this may be: he promis'd to meet me two hours since, and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

*Sec. Gent.* Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

*First Gent.* But, most of all, agreeing with the proclamation. 81

*Lucio.* Away! let's go learn the truth of it.

[*Exeunt Lucio and Gentlemen.*

*Mrs. Ov.* Thus, what with the war, what with the sweat, what with the gallows, and what with poverty, I am custom-shrunk.

*Enter POMPEY.*

How now! what's the news with you?

*Pom.* Yonder man is carried to prison.

[*Mrs. Ov.* Well; what has he done?

*Pom.* A woman.

*Mrs. Ov.* But what's his offence? 90

*Pom.* Groping for trouts in a peculiar<sup>2</sup> river. ]

*Mrs. Ov.* What, is there a maid with child by him?

*Pom.* No, but there's a woman with maid by him. You have not heard of the proclamation, have you?

*Mrs. Ov.* What proclamation, man?

<sup>1</sup> *Dolours*, an obvious pun on *dolours* and *dollars*.

<sup>2</sup> *Peculiar*, i.e. belonging to an individual.

*Pom.* All houses in the suburbs of Vienna must be pluck'd down. 100

[*Mrs. Ov.* And what shall become of those in the city?

*Pom.* They shall stand for seed: they had gone down too, but that a wise burgher put in for them.

*Mrs. Ov.* But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pull'd down?

*Pom.* To the ground, mistress. ]

*Mrs. Ov.* Why, here's a change indeed in the commonwealth! What shall become of me?

*Pom.* Come; fear not you: good counsellors lack no clients: though you change your place,



*Claud.* Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the world? Bear me to prison, where I am committed.—(Act 1. 2. 119-121.)

you need not change your trade; I'll be your tapster still. Courage! there will be pity taken on you: you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be consider'd. [Loud voices heard without.

*Mrs. Ov.* What's to do here, Thomas tapster? let's withdraw.

*Pom.* Here comes Signior Claudio, led by the provost to prison; and there's Madam Juliet. [Exeunt.

*Enter Provost, CLAUDIO, JULIET, and Officers.*

*Claud.* Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to the world? Bear me to prison, where I am committed. 121

*Prov.* I do it not in evil disposition, But from Lord Angelo by special charge.

*Claud.* Thus can the demigod Authority Make us pay down for our offence by weight. The words of heaven:—on whom it will, it will; On whom it will not, so; yet still 't is just.

*Re-enter LUCIO and two Gentlemen.*

*Lucio.* Why, how now, Claudio! whence comes this restraint?

*Claud.* From too much liberty, my Lucio, liberty:

As surfeit is the father of much fast, 130  
So every scope<sup>1</sup> by the immoderate use

<sup>1</sup> Scope, license.



Turns to restraint. Our natures do pursue,  
Like rats that ravin<sup>1</sup> down their proper<sup>2</sup> bane,  
A thirsty evil; and when we drink we die.

*Lucio.* If I could speak so wisely under an  
arrest, I would send for certain of my credi-  
tors: and yet, to say the truth, I had as lief  
have the foppery of freedom as the morality of  
imprisonment. What's thy offence, Claudio?

*Claud.* What but to speak of would offend  
again. 140

*Lucio.* What, is't murder?

*Claud.* No.

*Lucio.* Lechery?

*Claud.* Call it so.

*Prov.* Away, sir! you must go.

*Claud.* One word, good friend. *Lucio, a*  
word with you. [*Takes him aside.*]

*Lucio.* A hundred, if they'll do you any good.  
Is lechery so look'd after?

*Claud.* Thus stands it with me:—upon a  
true contrâct

I got possession of Julietta's bed: 150  
You know the lady; she is fast my wife,  
Save that we do the denunciation<sup>3</sup> lack  
Of outward order: this we came not to,  
Only for propagation<sup>4</sup> of a dower  
Remaining in the coffer of her friends;  
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love  
Till time had made them for us. But it chances  
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment  
With character too gross is writ on Juliet.

*Lucio.* With child, perhaps?

*Claud.* Unhappily, even so.

And the new deputy now for the duke—

[Whether it be the fault and glimpse of new-  
ness, 162

Or whether that the body public be  
A horse whereon the governor doth ride,  
Who, newly in the seat, that it may know  
He can command, lets it straight feel the spur;  
Whether the tyranny be in his place,  
Or in his eminence that fills it up,  
[I stagger in:—but this new governor]  
Awakes me all the enrolled penalties 170  
Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by  
the wall

So long, that nineteen zodiacs have gone round,

And none of them been worn; and, for a name,  
Now puts the drowsy and neglected act  
Freshly on me:—'t is surely for a name.

*Lucio.* I warrant it is: and thy head stands  
so tickle<sup>5</sup> on thy shoulders, that a milkmaid,  
if she be in love, may sigh it off. Send after  
the duke, and appeal to him.

*Claud.* I have done so, but he's not to be  
found. 180

I prithee, *Lucio*, do me this kind service:

This day my sister should the cloister enter  
And there receive her approbation:

Acquaint her with the danger of my state;  
Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends  
To the strict deputy; bid herself assay him:  
I have great hope in that; for in her youth  
There is a prone<sup>6</sup> and speechless dialect,  
Such as move men; beside, she hath prosper-  
ous art

When she will play with reason and discourse,  
And well she can persuade. 191

*Lucio.* I pray she may; as well for the  
encouragement of the like, which else would  
stand under grievous imposition, as for the  
enjoying of thy life, who I would be sorry  
should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-  
tack.<sup>7</sup> I'll to her.

*Claud.* I thank you, good friend *Lucio*.

[*Provost advances.*]

*Lucio.* Within two hours.

*Claud.* Come, officer, away! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The entrance to a monastery.*

*Enter DUKE and FRIAR THOMAS.*

*Duke.* No, holy father; throw away that  
thought;

Believe not that the dribbling dart of love  
Can pierce a cômplete bosom. Why I desire  
thee

To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose  
More grave and wrinkled than the aims and  
ends

Of burning youth.

*Fri. T.* May your grace speak of it?

*Duke.* My holy sir, none better knows than  
you

<sup>1</sup> *Ravin*, ravenously devour. <sup>2</sup> *Proper*, own.

<sup>3</sup> *Denunciation*, formal declaration.

<sup>4</sup> *Propagation*, augmentation.

<sup>5</sup> *Tickle*, ticklish.

<sup>6</sup> *Prone*, appealing.

<sup>7</sup> *Tick-tack* a sort of backgammon (French, *tric-trac*).

How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd  
And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,  
Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery<sup>1</sup>  
keeps. 10

I have deliver'd to Lord Angelo,  
A man of stricture and firm abstinence,  
My absolute power and place here in Vienna,  
And he supposes me travell'd to Poland;  
For so I have strew'd it in the common ear,  
And so it is receiv'd. Now, pious sir,  
You will demand of me why I do this?

*Fri. T.* Gladly, my lord.

*Duke.* We have strict statutes and most  
biting laws,  
The needful bits and curbs to headstrong  
weeds, 20

Which for this fourteen years we have let slip;  
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave,  
That goes not out to prey. Now, as fond  
fathers,  
Having bound up the threatening twigs of  
birch,

Only to stick it in their children's sight  
For terror, not to use, in time the rod's  
More mock'd than fear'd; so our decrees,  
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead,  
And liberty plucks justice by the nose; 29  
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart  
Goes all decorum.

*Fri. T.* It rested in your grace  
To unloose this tied-up justice when you  
pleas'd:

And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd  
Than in Lord Angelo.

*Duke.* I do fear, too dreadful:  
Sith<sup>2</sup> 't was my fault to give the people scope,  
'T would be my tyranny to strike and gall them  
For what I bid them do: for we bid this be  
done,

When evil deeds have their permissive pass,  
And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed,  
my father,

I have on Angelo impos'd the office; 40  
Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike  
home,

And yet my nature never in the fight,  
To do it slander. And to behold his sway,  
I will, as 't were a brother of your order,

Visit both prince and people: therefore, I  
prithee,

Supply me with the habit, and instruct me  
How I may formally in person bear<sup>3</sup>  
Like a true friar. More reasons for this action  
At our more leisure shall I render you;  
Only, this one: Lord Angelo is precise; 50  
Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses  
That his blood flows, or that his appetite  
Is more to bread than stone: hence shall we see,  
If power change purpose, what our seemers be.  
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *A nunnery.*

*Enter ISABELLA and FRANCISCA.*

*Isab.* And have you nuns no further privi-  
leges?

*Fran.* Are not these large enough?

*Isab.* Yes, truly: I speak not as desiring  
more;

But rather wishing a more strict restraint  
Upon the sisterhood, the votarists of Saint  
Clare.

*Lucio.* [Within] Ho! Peace be in this place!

*Isab.* Who's that which calls?

*Fran.* It is a man's voice. Gentle Isabella,  
Turn you the key, and know his business of him;  
You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn.  
When you have vow'd, you must not speak  
with men 10

But in the presence of the prioress:  
Then, if you speak, you must not show your  
face;

Or, if you show your face, you must not speak.

[*Lucio calls again within.*]

He calls again; I pray you, answer him.

[*Exit.*]

*Isab.* Peace and prosperity! Who is't that  
calls?

*Enter LUCIO.*

*Lucio.* Hail, virgin, if you be,—as those  
cheek-roses

Proclaim you are no less! Can you so stead<sup>4</sup> me  
As bring me to the sight of Isabella,  
A novice of this place, and the fair sister  
To her unhappy brother Claudio? 20

<sup>1</sup> Bravery, finery.

<sup>2</sup> Sith, since.

<sup>3</sup> Bear, behave.

<sup>4</sup> Stead, help.

*Isab.* Why "her unhappy brother"? let me ask, 21  
The rather for I now must make you know  
I am that Isabella and his sister.

*Lucio.* Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you:  
Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

*Isab.* Woe me! for what?

*Lucio.* For that which, if myself might be his judge,  
He should receive his punishment in thanks:  
He hath got his friend with child. 29

*Isab.* Sir, make me not your story.<sup>1</sup>

*Lucio.* 'Tis true.



*Lucio.* All hope is gone,  
Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer  
To soften Angelo.—(Act i. 4. 67-69.)

I would not—though 't is my familiar sin  
With maids to seem the lapwing and to jest,  
Tongue far from heart—play with all virgins so:  
I hold you as a thing ensky'd and sainted,  
By your renouncement an immortal spirit,  
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,  
As with a saint.

*Isab.* You do blaspheme the good in mocking me.

*Lucio.* Do not believe it. Fewness and truth,<sup>2</sup> 't is thus:

[Your brother and his lover have embrac'd:

As those that feed grow full, as blossoming  
time 41  
That from the seedness the bare fallow brings  
To teeming foison,<sup>3</sup> even so her plenteous womb  
Expresseth his full tilth<sup>4</sup> and husbandry.]

*Isab.* Some one with child by him? My cousin Juliet?

*Lucio.* Is she your cousin?

*Isab.* Adoptedly; as school-maids change their names

By vain though apt affection.

*Lucio.* She it is.

*Isab.* O, let him marry her.

<sup>1</sup> Your story, i.e. your jest.

<sup>2</sup> Fewness and truth, i.e. briefly and truly.

<sup>3</sup> Foison, plenty.

<sup>4</sup> Tilth, tillage.

*Lucio.*

This is the point.

The duke is very strangely gone from hence;  
 Bore many gentlemen, myself being one, 51  
 In hand and hope of action: but we do learn  
 By those that know the very nerves of state,  
 His giving-out were of an infinite distance  
 From his true-meant design. Upon his place,  
 And with full line of his authority,  
 Governs Lord Angelo; a man whose blood  
 Is very snow-broth; one who never feels  
 The wanton stings and motions of the sense,  
 [But doth rebate<sup>1</sup> and blunt his natural edge  
 With profits of the mind, study and fast.] 62  
 He—to give fear to use<sup>2</sup> and liberty,  
 Which have for long run by the hideous law,  
 As mice by lions—hath pick'd out an act,  
 Under whose heavy sense your brother's life  
 Falls into forfeit: he arrests him on it;  
 And follows close the rigour of the statute,  
 To make him an example. All hope is gone,  
 Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer  
 To soften Angelo: and that's my pith of busi-  
 ness

'Twixt you and your poor brother. 70

*Isab.* Doth he so seek his life?

*Lucio.*Has censur'd<sup>3</sup> him

Already; and, as I hear, the provost hath  
 A warrant for his execution.

*Isab.* Alas, what poor ability's in me  
 To do him good?

*Lucio.*

Assay the power you have.

*Isab.* My power! Alas, I doubt—

*Lucio.*

Our doubts are traitors,  
 And make us lose the good we oft might win  
 By fearing to attempt. Go to Lord Angelo,  
 And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,  
 Men give like gods; but when they weep and  
 kneel, 81

All their petitions are as freely theirs  
 As they themselves would owe<sup>4</sup> them.

*Isab.* I'll see what I can do.

*Lucio.*

But speedily.

*Isab.* I will about it straight;  
 No longer staying but to give the mother<sup>5</sup>  
 Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you:  
 Commend me to my brother: soon at night<sup>6</sup>  
 I'll send him certain word of my success.

*Lucio.* I take my leave of you.

*Isab.*

Good sir, adieu.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE. I. *A hall in Angelo's house.*

*Enter ANGELO, ESCALUS, and a Justice; Provost,  
 Officers and Attendants in waiting behind.*

*Ang.* We must not make a scarecrow of the  
 law,

Setting it up to fear<sup>7</sup> the birds of prey,  
 And let it keep one shape, till custom make it  
 Their perch, and not their terror.

*Escal.*

Ay, but yet

Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,  
 Than fall, and bruise to death. Alas, this  
 gentleman,

Whom I would save, had a most noble father!  
 Let but your honour know,  
 Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,

<sup>1</sup> Rebate, abate, flatten, make dull.<sup>2</sup> Use, custom.<sup>3</sup> Censur'd, sentenced.<sup>4</sup> Owe, have.<sup>5</sup> The mother, i.e. the prioress.<sup>6</sup> Soon at night, this very night.<sup>7</sup> Fear, affright.

That, in the working of your own affections,  
 Had time coher'd with place, or place with  
 wishing, 11

Or that the resolute acting of our blood  
 Could have attain'd the effect of your own  
 purpose,

Whether you had not sometime in your life  
 Err'd in this point which now you censure him,  
 And pull'd the law upon you.

*Ang.* 'T is one thing to be tempted, Escalus,  
 Another thing to fall. [I not deny,  
 The jury, passing on the prisoner's life, 19  
 May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two  
 Guiltier than him they try. What's open  
 made to justice,

That justice seizes: what knows the law  
 That thieves do pass on thieves? 'T is very  
 pregnant,<sup>8</sup>

<sup>8</sup> Pregnant, evident.

{ The jewel that we find, we stoop and take 't,  
 { Because we see it; but what we do not see  
 { We tread upon, and never think of it. ]  
 You may not so extenuate his offence  
 For<sup>1</sup> I have had such faults; but rather tell me,  
 When I, that censure him, do so offend, 29  
 Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,  
 And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

*Escal.* Be it as your wisdom will.

*Ang.* Where is the provost?

*Prov.* [Advancing] Here, if it like your honour.

*Ang.* See that Claudio  
 Be executed by nine to-morrow morning:  
 Bring him his confessor, let him be prepar'd;  
 For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.

[Exit Provost.]

*Escal.* [Aside] Well, heaven forgive him!  
 and forgive us all!

{ [Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall;  
 { Some run from breaks of ice, and answer none;  
 { And some condemned for a<sup>2</sup> fault alone. ] 40

*Enter ELBOW, and Officers with FROTH and POMPEY.*

*Elb.* Come, bring them away: if these be good people in a commonweal that do nothing but use their abuses in common houses, I know no law: bring them away.

*Ang.* How now, sir! What's your name? and what's the matter?

*Elb.* If it please your honour, I am the poor duke's constable, and my name is Elbow: I do lean upon justice, sir, and do bring in here before your good honour two notorious benefactors. 50

*Ang.* Benefactors! Well; what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?

*Elb.* If it please your honour, I know not well what they are: but precise villains they are, that I am sure of; and void of all profanation in the world that good Christians ought to have.

*Escal.* This comes off well; here's a wise officer.

*Ang.* Go to: what quality are they of? Elbow is your name? why dost thou not speak, Elbow? 60

*Pom.* He cannot, sir; he's out at elbow.

*Ang.* What are you, sir?

*Elb.* He, sir! a tapster, sir; parcel<sup>3</sup>-bawd; one that serves a bad woman; whose house, sir, was, as they say, pluck'd down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house,<sup>4</sup> which, I think, is a very ill house too.

*Escal.* How know you that?

*Elb.* My wife, sir, whom I detest before heaven and your honour,— 70

*Escal.* How! thy wife!

*Elb.* Ay, sir; whom, I thank heaven, is an honest woman,—

*Escal.* Dost thou detest her therefore?

*Elb.* I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, [if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it] is a naughty house. 78

*Escal.* How dost thou know that, constable?

*Elb.* Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accus'd in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanness there.

*Escal.* By the woman's means?

*Elb.* Ay, sir, by Mistress Overdone's means: but as she spit in his face, [pointing to Froth] so she defied him.

*Pom.* Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

*Elb.* Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man; prove it.

*Escal.* [To Angelo] Do you hear how he misplaces? 90

*Pom.* Sir, she came in great with child; and longing, saving your honour's reverence, for stew'd prunes; sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three-pence; your honours have seen such dishes; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes,—

*Escal.* Go to, go to: no matter for the dish, sir. 98

*Pom.* No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but to the point. As I say, this Mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great-bellied, and longing, as I said, for prunes; and having but two in the

<sup>1</sup> For, because.

<sup>2</sup> A, one.

<sup>3</sup> Parcel, part.

<sup>4</sup> Hot-house, bagnio.

dish, as I said, Master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly; for, as you know, Master Froth, I could not give you three-pence again.

*Froth.* No, indeed.

*Pom.* Very well; you being then, if you be remember'd, cracking the stones of the fore-said prunes,—

111

*Froth.* Ay, so I did indeed.

*Pom.* Why, very well; I telling you then, if you be remember'd, that such a one and such a one were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you,—

*Froth.* All this is true.

*Pom.* Why, very well, then,—

118

*Escal.* Come, you are a tedious fool: to the purpose. What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of? Come me to what was done to her.

*Pom.* Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

*Escal.* No, sir, nor I mean it not.

*Pom.* Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave. And, I beseech you, look into Master Froth here, sir; a man of fourscore pound a year; whose father died at Hallowmas:—was't not at Hallowmas, Master Froth?

*Froth.* All-hallond eve.

130

*Pom.* Why, very well; I hope here be truths. He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair,<sup>1</sup> sir;—'t was in the Bunch of Grapes, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit,—have you not?

*Froth.* I have so; because it is an open room, and good for winter.

*Pom.* Why, very well, then; I hope here be truths.

*Ang.* This will last out a night in Russia, When nights are longest there: I'll take my leave,

140

And leave you to the hearing of the cause; Hoping you'll find good cause to whip them all.

*Escal.* I think no less. Good morrow to your lordship.

[*Exit Angelo.*]

Now, sir, come on: what was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

*Pom.* Once, sir! there was nothing done to her once.

*Elb.* I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

*Pom.* I beseech your honour, ask me. 150

*Escal.* Well, sir; what did this gentleman to her?

*Pom.* I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face. Good Master Froth, look upon his honour; 'tis for a good purpose. Doth your honour mark his face?

*Escal.* Ay, sir, very well.

*Pom.* Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

*Escal.* Well, I do so.

*Pom.* Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

160

*Escal.* Why, no.

*Pom.* I'll be supposed<sup>2</sup> upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him. Good, then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

*Escal.* He's in the right. Constable, what say you to it?

168

*Elb.* First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

*Pom.* By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

*Elb.* Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet! the time is yet to come, that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.

*Pom.* Sir, she was respected with him before he married with her.

*Escal.* Which is the wiser here? Justice or Iniquity? Is this true?

181

*Elb.* O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her before I was married to her! If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer. Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

*Escal.* If he took you a box o' the ear, you might have your action of slander too. 190

*Elb.* Marry, I thank your good worship for it. What is't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff?

*Escal.* Truly, officer, because he hath some

<sup>1</sup> A lower chair, i.e. an easy-chair.

<sup>2</sup> Supposed, i.e. deposed.



MEASURE FOR MEASURE.  
Act II. Scene i. line 160.

*Forn. I wish your honour see any harm in his face*

ACT :

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offences in him that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses till thou knowest what they are.

*Elb.* Marry, I thank your worship for it. Thou seest, thou wicked varlet, now, what's come upon thee: thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue. 201

*Escal.* [*To Froth*] Where were you born, friend? [*Pompey pushes Froth forward.*]

*Froth.* Here in Vienna, sir.

*Escal.* Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

*Froth.* Yes, an't please you, sir.

*Escal.* So. [*To Pompey*] What trade are you of, sir? [*Froth gets behind Pompey.*]

*Pom.* A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

*Escal.* Your mistress' name?

*Pom.* Mistress Overdone.

*Escal.* Hath she had any more than one husband? 211

*Pom.* Nine, sir; Overdone by the last.

*Escal.* Nine! Come hither to me, Master Froth. [*Pompey pushes Froth across to Escalus*] Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters: they will draw you, Master Froth, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

*Froth.* I thank your worship. For mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in. 220

*Escal.* Well, no more of it, Master Froth: farewell. [*Exit Froth, Pompey pushing him off.*] Come you hither to me, master tapster. What's your name, master tapster?

*Pom.* [*Advancing*] Pompey.

*Escal.* [What else?

*Pom.* Bum, sir. 227

*Escal.* Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you; so that in the beastliest sense you are Pompey the Great. Pompey, you are partly a bawd, Pompey, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster, are you not? come, tell me true: it shall be the better for you.

*Pom.* Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

*Escal.* How would you live, Pompey? by being a bawd? What do you think of the trade, Pompey? is it a lawful trade?

*Pom.* If the law would allow it, sir. 239

*Escal.* But the law will not allow it, Pompey; nor it shall not be allow'd in Vienna.

*Pom.* Does your worship mean to geld and splay<sup>1</sup> all the youth of the city?

*Escal.* No, Pompey.

*Pom.* Truly, sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't, then. If your worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds. 248

*Escal.* There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

*Pom.* If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten year together, you'll be glad to give out a commission for more heads: if this law hold in Vienna ten year, I'll rent the fairest house in it after<sup>2</sup> three-pence a bay:<sup>3</sup> if you live to see this come to pass, say Pompey told you so. 257

*Escal.* Thank you, good Pompey; and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you:—] I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever; [no, not for dwelling where you do:] if I do, Pompey, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd Cæsar to you; in plain dealing, Pompey, I shall have you whipt: so, for this time, Pompey, fare you well.

*Pom.* I thank your worship for your good counsel: [*Aside*] but I shall follow it as the flesh and fortune shall better determine. Whip me! No, no; let carman whip his jade: The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. [*Exit.*]

*Escal.* Come hither to me, Master Elbow; come hither, master constable. [*Elbow advances.*] How long have you been in this place of constable?

*Elb.* Seven year and a half, sir.

*Escal.* I thought, by your readiness in the office, you had continued in it some time. You say, seven years together?

*Elb.* And a half, sir. 278

*Escal.* Alas, it hath been great pains to you! They do you wrong to put you so oft upon't: are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

*Elb.* Faith, sir, few of any wit in such matters: as they are chosen, they are glad to choose me for them; I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

<sup>1</sup> *Splay*, i.e. spay, castrate.

<sup>2</sup> *After*, at the rate of.

<sup>3</sup> See note 67.

*Escal.* Look you bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

*Elb.* To your worship's house, sir?

*Escal.* To my house. Fare you well. [*Exit Elbow.*] What's o'clock, think you? 290

*Just.* Eleven, sir.

*Escal.* I pray you home to dinner with me.

*Just.* I humbly thank you.

*Escal.* It grieves me for the death of Claudio; But there's no remedy.

*Just.* Lord Angelo is severe.

*Escal.* It is but needful: Mercy is not itself, that oft looks so; Pardon is still the nurse of second woe: But yet,—poor Claudio! There is no remedy. Come, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. Another room in the same.

*Enter PROVOST and a Servant.*

*Serv.* He's hearing of a cause; he will come straight: I'll tell him of you.

*Prov.* Pray you, do. [*Exit Servant.*] I'll know

His pleasure; may be he'll relent. Alas, He hath but as offended in a dream! All sects, all ages smack of this vice; and he To die for't!

*Enter ANGELO.*

*Ang.* Now, what's the matter, provost? *Prov.* Is it your will Claudio shall die to-morrow?

*Ang.* Did not I tell thee yea? hadst thou not order?

Why dost thou ask again?

*Prov.* Lest I might be too rash: Under your good correction, I have seen, 10 When, after execution, judgment hath Repented o'er his doom.

*Ang.* Go to; let that be mine: Do you your office, or give up your place, And you shall well be spar'd.

*Prov.* I crave your honour's pardon. What shall be done, sir, with the groaning Juliet?

She's very near her hour.

*Ang.* Dispose of her To some more fitter place; and that with speed.

*Re-enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Here is the sister of the man condemn'd Desires access to you.

*Ang.* Hath he a sister?

*Prov.* Ay, my good lord; a very virtuous maid, 20

And to be shortly of a sisterhood, If not already.

*Ang.* Well, let her be admitted.

[*Exit Servant.*]

See you the fornicatress be remov'd: Let her have needful, but not lavish, means; There shall be order for't.

*Enter ISABELLA and LUCIO.*

*Prov.* Save your honour!

[*Offering to retire.*]

*Ang.* Stay a little while. [*Provost withdraws.*—[*To Isabella*]

You're welcome: what's your will?

[*Lucio goes to back of stage.*]

*Isab.* I am a woeful suitor to your honour, Please but your honour hear me.

*Ang.* Well; what's your suit?

*Isab.* There is a vice that most I do abhor, And most desire should meet the blow of justice; 30

For which I would not plead, but that I must; For which I must not plead, but that I am At war 'twixt will and will not.

*Ang.* Well; the matter?

*Isab.* I have a brother is condemn'd to die: I do beseech you, let it be his fault,<sup>1</sup> And not my brother.

[*Prov. [Aside]* Heaven give thee moving graces!]

*Ang.* Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it?

Why, every fault's condemn'd ere it be done: Mine were the very cipher of a function, 30 To fine<sup>2</sup> the faults whose fine stands in record, And let go by the actor.

*Isab.* O just but severe law!

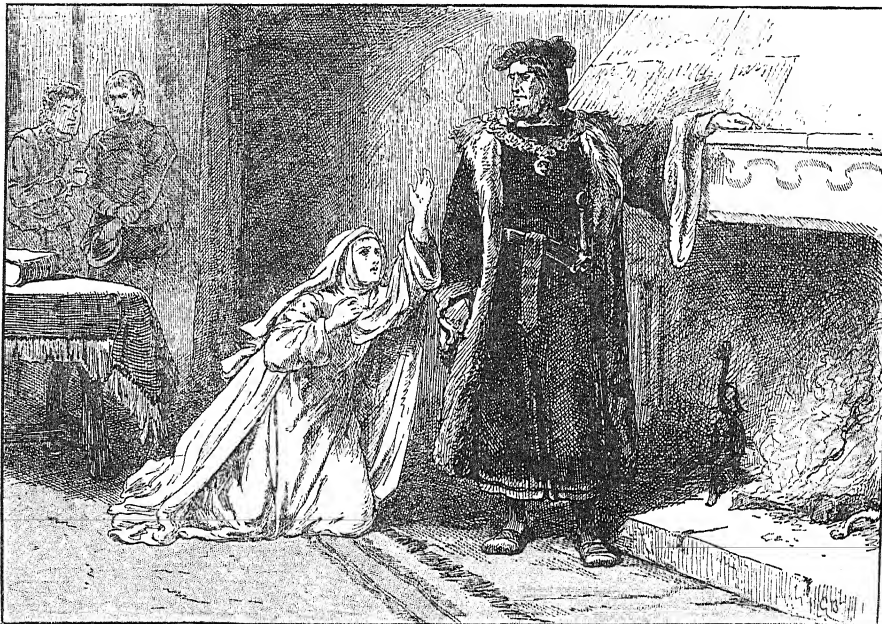
I had a brother, then.—Heaven keep your honour! [*Retiring. Lucio comes down and meets her.*]

<sup>1</sup> His fault, i.e. his fault that is condemned.

<sup>2</sup> Fine, punish.

*Lucio.* [*Aside to Isabella*] Give't not o'er  
 so: to him again, entreat him; 43  
 Kneel down before him, hang upon his gown:  
 You are too cold; if you should need a pin,  
 You could not with more tame a tongue desire  
 it:  
 To him, I say.

*Isab.* [*Advancing rapidly to Angelo*] Must  
 he needs die?  
*Ang.* Maiden, no remedy.  
*Isab.* Yes; I do think that you might pardon  
 him,  
 And neither heaven nor man grieve at the  
 mercy. 50



*Isab.* To-morrow! O, that's sudden! Spare him, spare him!—(Act II. 2. SS.)

*Ang.* I will not do't.

*Isab.* But can you, if you would?

*Ang.* Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

*Isab.* But might you do't, and do the world  
 no wrong,

If so your heart were touch'd with that re-  
 morse<sup>1</sup>

As mine is to him?

*Ang.* He's sentenc'd: 't is too late.

*Lucio.* [*Aside to Isabella*] You are too cold.

*Isab.* Too late! why, no; I, that do speak  
 a word,

May call it back again. Well, believe this,  
 No ceremony that to great ones longs,<sup>2</sup> 59

Not the king's crown nor the deputed sword,  
 The marshal's truncheon nor the judge's robe,  
 Become them with one half so good a grace  
 As mercy does.

If he had been as you, and you as he,  
 You would have slipp'd like him; but he, like you,  
 Would not have been so stern.

*Ang.* Pray you, be gone.

*Isab.* I would to heaven I had your potency,  
 And you were Isabel! should it then be thus?  
 No; I would tell what 't were to be a judge,  
 And what a prisoner.

[*Lucio.* [*Aside to Isabella*] Ay, touch him; }  
 there's the vein. } 70

*Ang.* Your brother is a forfeit of the law,  
 And you but waste your words.

<sup>1</sup> Remorse, pity.

<sup>2</sup> Longs, belongs.

*Isab.* Alas, alas!  
Why, all the souls that were were forfeit once;  
And He that might the vantage best have took  
Found out the remedy. How would you be,  
If He, which is the top of judgment, should  
But judge you as you are? O, think on that;  
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,  
Like man new made.

*Ang.* Be you content, fair maid;  
It is the law, not I condemn your brother:  
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,  
It should be thus with him: he must die to-morrow. 82

*Isab.* To-morrow! O, that's sudden! Spare him, spare him!  
He's not prepar'd for death. [Even for our kitchens  
We kill the fowl of season:<sup>1</sup> shall we serve heaven  
With less respect than we do minister  
To our gross selves?] Good, good my lord,  
bethink you;

Who is it that hath died for this offence?  
There's many have committed it.  
[*Lucio.* *Aside to Isabella*] Ay, well said.]  
*Ang.* The law hath not been dead, though  
it hath slept: 90

Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,  
If the first that did the edict infringe  
Had answer'd for his deed: [now 't is awake,  
Takes note of what is done, and, like a prophet,  
Looks in a glass, that shows what future evils,  
Either new, or by remissness new-conceiv'd,  
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,  
Are now to have no successive degrees,  
But, ere they live, to end.]

*Isab.* [Kneeling] Yet show some pity.

*Ang.* I show it most of all when I show justice; 100

For then I pity those I do not know,  
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gall;  
And do him right that, answering one foul wrong,

Lives not to act another. Be satisfied;  
Your brother dies to-morrow;—be content.

[*He raises her.*]

*Isab.* So you must be the first that gives this sentence,

And he that suffers. O, it is excellent  
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous  
To use it like a giant.

*Lucio.* [*Aside*] That's well said.

*Isab.* Could great men thunder 110  
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,

For every pelting<sup>2</sup> petty officer  
Would use his heaven for thunder;  
Nothing but thunder. Merciful Heaven!  
Thou rather with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt

Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak  
Than the soft myrtle: but man, proud man,  
Drest in a little brief authority,  
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,  
His glassy essence, like an angry ape, 120  
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven  
As makes the angels weep; [who, with our spleens,<sup>3</sup>  
Would all themselves laugh mortal.]

*Lucio.* [*Aside to Isabella*] O, to him, to him,  
wench! he will relent;  
He's coming; I perceive 't.

[*Prov.* *Aside*] Pray heaven she win him!]

*Isab.* We cannot weigh our brother with  
ourselves:

Great men may jest with saints; 't is wit in  
them,

But in the less foul profanation.

*Lucio.* [*Aside to Isabella*] Thou 'rt i' the  
right, girl; more o' that.

*Isab.* That in the captain's but a choleric  
word, 130

Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

[*Lucio.* *Aside to Isabella*] Art avis'd<sup>4</sup> o'  
that? more on 't.]

*Ang.* Why do you put thesesayings upon me?

*Isab.* Because authority, though it err like  
others,

Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,  
That skins<sup>5</sup> the vice o' the top. Go to your  
bosom;

Knock there, and ask your heart what it doth  
know

That's like my brother's fault: if it confess

<sup>2</sup> Pelting, paltry.

<sup>3</sup> Spleens, supposed to be the seat of mirth.

<sup>4</sup> Avis'd, i.e. advised, or conscious.

<sup>5</sup> Skins, covers thinly over.

A natural guiltiness such as is his, 139  
Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue  
Against my brother's life.

*Ang.* [*Aside*] She speaks, and 't is  
Such sense, that my sense breeds withit.—Fare  
you well. [*Going.*]

*Isab.* Gentle my lord, turn back.

*Ang.* I will bethink me—come again to-morrow. [*Going to door.*]

*Isab.* Hark how I'll bribe you: good my lord, turn back.

*Ang.* [*Returning*] How! bribe me!

*Isab.* Ay, with such gifts that heaven shall share with you.

*Lucio.* [*Aside to Isabella*] You had marr'd all else.

*Isab.* Not with fond<sup>1</sup> shekels of the tested gold, 149

Or stones, whose rates are either rich or poor  
As fancy values them; but with true prayers,  
That shall be up at heaven and enter there  
Ere sun-rise, prayers from preserved souls,  
From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate  
To nothing temporal.

*Ang.* [*After a pause*] Well; come to me to-morrow.

{ [*Lucio* [*Aside to Isabella*] Go to; 't is well;  
away! ]

*Isab.* Heaven keep your honour safe!  
[*Retiring.*]

*Ang.* [*Aside*] Amen!

For I am that way going to temptation,  
Where prayers cross.

*Isab.* [*Returning*] At what hour to-morrow  
Shall I attend your lordship?

*Ang.* At any time 'fore noon.

*Isab.* 'Save your honour!

[*Exeunt Isabella, Lucio, and Provost.*]

*Ang.* From thee, even from thy virtue!  
What's this, what's this? Is this her fault  
or mine?

The tempter or the tempted, who sins most?  
Ha!

{ Not she; nor doth she tempt: [but it is I

{ That, lying by the violet in the sun,

{ Do as the carrion does, not as the flower,

{ Corrupt with virtuous season. ] Can it be

That modesty may more betray our sense

Than woman's lightness? Having waste  
ground enough, 170

Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,

And pitch our evils there? O, fie, fie, fie!

What dost thou, or what art thou, Angelo?

Dost thou desire her foully for those things



*Ang.* What's this, what's this? Is this her fault or mine?  
The tempter or the tempted.—(Act ii. 2. 162, 163.)

That make her good? O, let her brother live:  
Thieves for their robbery have authority  
When judges steal themselves. What, do I  
love her,

That I desire to hear her speak again,  
And feast upon her eyes? What is't I dream  
on?

O cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint, 180  
With saints dost bait thy hook! Most dan-  
gerous

<sup>1</sup> Fond, foolish, trifling.

Is that temptation that doth goad us on 182  
 To sin in loving virtue: [never could the  
 strumpet,  
 With all her double vigour, art and nature,  
 Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid  
 Subdues me quite.] Ever till now,  
 When men were fond,<sup>1</sup> I smil'd and wonder'd  
 how. [Exit.]

## [SCENE III. A room in a prison.

*Enter, severally, DUKE disguised as a friar,  
 and PROVOST.*

*Duke.* Hail to you, provost! so I think you  
 are.

*Prov.* I am the provost. What's your will,  
 good friar?

*Duke.* Bound by my charity and my blest  
 order,

I come to visit the afflicted spirits  
 Here in the prison. Do me the common right  
 To let me see them, and to make me know  
 The nature of their crimes, that I may minister  
 To them accordingly.

*Prov.* I would do more than that, if more  
 were needful. 9

Look, here comes one: a gentlewoman of mine,<sup>2</sup>  
 Who, falling in the flaws<sup>3</sup> of her own youth,  
 Hath blister'd her report: she is with child;  
 And he that got it, sentenc'd; a young man  
 More fit to do another such offence  
 Than die for this.

*Enter JULIET.*

*Duke.* When must he die?

*Prov.* As I do think, to-morrow.

[To JULIET] I have provided for you: stay  
 awhile,

And you shall be conducted.

*Duke.* Repent you, fair one, of the sin you  
 carry? 19

*Jul.* I do; and bear the shame most patiently.

*Duke.* I'll teach you how you shall arraign  
 your conscience,  
 And try your penitence, if it be sound,  
 Or hollowly put on.

*Jul.* I'll gladly learn.

*Duke.* Love you the man that wrong'd you?  
*Jul.* Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd  
 him.

*Duke.* So then it seems your most offence-  
 ful act  
 Was mutually committed?

*Jul.* Mutually.

*Duke.* Then was your sin of heavier kind  
 than his.

*Jul.* I do confess it, and repent it, father.

*Duke.* 'Tis meet so, daughter: but lest you  
 do repent, 30  
 As that<sup>4</sup> the sin hath brought you to this  
 shame,

Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not  
 heaven,  
 Showing we would not spare heaven as we  
 love it,

But as we stand in fear,—

*Jul.* I do repent me, as it is an evil,  
 And take the shame with joy.

*Duke.* There rest.

Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,  
 And I am going with instruction to him.  
 Grace go with you! *Benedicite!* [Exit.]

*Jul.* Must die to-morrow! O injurious love,  
 That respites me a life, whose very comfort  
 Is still a dying horror!

*Prov.* 'Tis pity of him. [Exit.]

## SCENE IV. A room in Angelo's house.

*ANGELO discovered, seated.*

*Ang.* When I would pray and think, I think  
 and pray

To several<sup>5</sup> subjects. Heaven hath my empty  
 words;

Whilst my invention,<sup>6</sup> hearing not my tongue,  
 Anchors on Isabel: Heaven in my mouth,

[As if I did but only chew his name;]

And in my heart the strong and swelling evil  
 Of my conception. The state, whereon I  
 studied,

Is like a good thing, being often read, 8  
 Grown fear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,  
 Wherein—let no man hear me—I take pride,  
 Could I with boot change for an idle plume

<sup>1</sup> *Fond*, foolishly fond.

<sup>2</sup> *Of mine*, i.e. in my custody.

<sup>3</sup> *Flaws*, gusts of passion.

<sup>4</sup> *As that*, because.

<sup>5</sup> *Several*, separate.

<sup>6</sup> *Invention*, imagination.

Which the air beats for vain. O place, O form,  
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,  
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls  
To thy false seeming! Blood, thou art blood:  
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,  
'Tis not the devil's crest.

*Enter Servant.*

How now! who's there!

*Serv.* One Isabel, a sister, desires access to  
you.

*Ang.* Teach her the way. [*Exit Servant.*]  
O heavens! 19

Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,  
Making both it unable for itself,  
And dispossessing all my other parts  
Of necessary fitness? [*Rises.*

[So play the foolish throngs with one that  
swoons;

Come all to help him, and so stop the air  
By which he should revive: and even so  
The general,<sup>1</sup> subject to a well-wish'd king,  
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fond-  
ness

Crowd to his presence, where their untaught  
love

Must needs appear offence.]

*Enter ISABELLA.*

How now, fair maid!

*Isab.* I am come to know your pleasure.

*Ang.* That you might know it, would much  
better please me 32  
Than to demand what 'tis. Your brother  
cannot live.

*Isab.* Even so. Heaven keep your honour!  
[*Retiring.*

*Ang.* Yet may he live awhile; and, it may be,  
As long as you or I:—yet he must die.

*Isab.* Under your sentence?

*Ang.* Yea.

*Isab.* When, I beseech you? that in his  
reprieve,  
Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted 40  
That his soul sicken not.

*Ang.* Ha! fie, these filthy vices! It were  
as good  
To pardon him that hath from nature stol'n

A man already made, as to remit  
Their saucy sweetness that do coin heaven's  
image

In stamps that are forbid: ['tis all as easy  
Falsely to take away a life true made  
As to put mettle in restrained<sup>2</sup> means  
To make a false one.

*Isab.* 'Tis set down so in heaven, but not  
in earth. 50

*Ang.* Say you so? then I shall pose you  
quickly.

Which had you rather, that the most just law  
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem  
him,

Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness  
As she that he hath stain'd?

*Isab.* Sir, believe this,  
I had rather give my body than my soul.

*Ang.* I talk not of your soul: our compell'd  
sins

Stand more for number than for accompt.

*Isab.* How say you?

*Ang.* Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can  
speak 59

Against the thing I say.] Answer to this:

I, now the voice of the recorded law,  
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:  
Might there not be a charity in sin  
To save this brother's life?

*Isab.* Please you to do't,  
I'll take it as a peril to my soul,  
It is no sin at all, but charity.

*Ang.* Pleas'd you to do't at peril of your  
soul,

Were equal poise of sin and charity.

*Isab.* That I do beg his life, if it be sin,  
Heaven let me bear it! you granting of my  
suit, 70

If that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer  
To have it added to the faults of mine,  
And nothing of your answer.

*Ang.* Nay, but hear me.  
Your sense pursues not mine: either you're  
ignorant,

Or seem so, craftily; and that's not good.

*Isab.* Let me be ignorant, and in nothing  
good,

But graciously to know I am no better.

<sup>1</sup> The general, i.e. the populace.

<sup>2</sup> Restrained, forbidden.

*Ang.* Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright 78

When it doth tax itself; [as these black masks  
Proclaim an enshield<sup>1</sup> beauty ten times louder  
Than beauty could, display'd.] But mark me;  
To be received plain, I'll speak more gross:  
Your brother is to die.

*Isab.* So.

*Ang.* And his offence is so, as it appears,  
Accountant to the law upon that pain.<sup>2</sup>

*Isab.* True.

*Ang.* Admit no other way to save his life,—  
As I subscribe<sup>3</sup> not that, nor any other,  
But in the loss of question,—that you, his  
sister, 90

Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,  
Whose credit with the judge, or own great  
place,

Could fetch your brother from the manacles  
Of the all-building law; and that there were  
No earthly mean to save him, but that either  
You must lay down the treasures of your body  
To this suppos'd, or else to let him suffer;  
What would you do?

*Isab.* As much for my poor brother as myself:  
That is, were I under the terms of death,  
The impression of keen whips I'd wear as  
rubies, 101

And strip myself to death, as to a bed  
That longing have been sick for, ere I'd yield  
My body up to shame.

*Ang.* Then must your brother die.

*Isab.* And 't were the cheaper way:  
Better it were a brother died at once,  
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,  
Should die for ever.

*Ang.* Were not you then as cruel as the  
sentence

That you have slander'd so? 110

*Isab.* Ignomy in ransom and free pardon  
Are of two houses: lawful mercy  
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

*Ang.* You seem'd of late to make the law  
a tyrant;

And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother  
A merriment than a vice.

*Isab.* O, pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out,

To have what we would have, we speak not  
what we mean:

I something do excuse the thing I hate,  
For his advantage that I dearly love. 120

*Ang.* We are all frail.

*Isab.* Else let my brother die,

[If not a fedary,<sup>4</sup> but only he,  
Owe and succeed thy weakness.]

*Ang.* Nay, women are frail too.

*Isab.* Ay, as the glasses where they view  
themselves;

Which are as easy broke as they make forms.  
Women! Help heaven! men their creation mar  
In profiting by them. Nay, call us ten times  
frail;

For we are soft as our complexions are, 129  
And credulous to false prints.

*Ang.* I think it well:

And from this testimony of your own sex,—  
Since, I suppose, we are made to be no stronger  
Than faults may shake our frames,—let me be  
bold;

I do arrest your words. Be that you are,  
That is, a woman; if you be more, you're none;  
If you be one, as you are well express'd  
By all external warrants, show it now,  
By putting on the destin'd livery.

*Isab.* I have no tongue but one: gentle my  
lord,

Let me entreat you speak the former language.

*Ang.* Plainly conceive, I love you. 141

*Isab.* My brother did love Juliet; and you  
tell me

That he shall die for't.

*Ang.* He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

*Isab.* I know your virtue hath a license in't,  
Which seems a little fouler than it is,  
To pluck on others.

*Ang.* Believe me, on mine honour,  
My words express my purpose.

*Isab.* Ha! little honour to be much believ'd,  
And most pernicious purpose! Seeming, seem-  
ing! [Retreating.]

I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for't: 151  
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,  
Or with an outstretch'd throat I'll tell the  
world aloud  
What man thou art.

<sup>1</sup> *Enshield*, enshielded, i.e. covered.

<sup>2</sup> *Pain*, penalty.

<sup>3</sup> *Subscribe*, admit.

<sup>4</sup> *Fedary*, vassal.



*Ang.* Who will believe thee, Isabel?  
 My unsoil'd name, the austereness of my life,  
 My vouch against you, and my place i' the  
 state,  
 Will so your accusation overweigh,  
 That you shall stifle in your own report,  
 And smell of calumny. I have begun,

And now I give my sensual race<sup>1</sup> the rein:  
 Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite; 161  
 Lay by all nicety and prolixious<sup>2</sup> blushes,  
 That banish what they sue for; redeem thy  
 brother  
 By yielding up thy body to my will;  
 Or else he must not only die the death,



*Isab.* I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for't.—(Act ii. 4. 151.)

But thy unkindness shall his death draw out  
 To lingering sufferance. Answer me to-morrow,  
 Or, by the affection<sup>3</sup> that now guides me most,  
 I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,  
 Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your  
 true. [*Exit.*]

*Isab.* To whom should I complain? Did I  
 tell this, 171

Who would believe me? O perilous mouths,  
 That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,  
 Either of condemnation or approval;  
 Bidding the law make court'sy to their will;

<sup>1</sup> *Race*, natural disposition.

<sup>2</sup> *Prolixious*, tiresomely prudish.    <sup>3</sup> *Affection*, impulse.

Hooking both right and wrong to the appetite,  
 To follow as it draws! I'll to my brother:  
 Though he hath fall'n by prompture of the  
 blood,

Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,  
 That, had he twenty heads to tender down  
 On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up,  
 Before his sister should her body stoop  
 To such abhorr'd pollution. 183

Then, Isabel, live chaste, and, brother, die:  
 More than our brother is our chastity.  
 I'll tell him yet of Angelo's request,  
 And fit his mind to death, for his soul's rest.

[*Exit.*]

## ACT III.

SCENE I. *A room in the prison.*

*Enter DUKE disguised as before, CLAUDIO, and PROVOST.*

*Duke.* So then you hope of pardon from Lord Angelo?

*Claud.* The miserable have no other medicine But only hope:

I have hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

*Duke.* Be absolute for death;<sup>1</sup> either death or life

Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:

If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing

That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,

Servile to all the skyey influences,

That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,

Hourly afflict: merely, thou art death's fool;

For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun

And yet runn'st toward him still. Thou art not noble;

For all the accommodations that thou bear'st Are nurs'd by baseness. Thou'rt by no means valiant;

For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork

Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,

And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st

Thy death, which is no more. Thou art not thyself;

For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains

That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not;

For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,

And what thou hast, forgett'st. Thou art not certain;

For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,<sup>2</sup>

After the moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt poor;

For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,

Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,

And death unloads thee. [Friend hast thou none;

For thine own bowels, which do call thee sire,

The mere effusion of thy proper loins,

Do curse the gout, serpigo,<sup>3</sup> and the rheum, {  
For ending thee no sooner.] Thou hast nor {  
youth nor age,

But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,  
Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth  
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms

Of palsied eld; and when thou art old and rich,  
Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor  
beauty,

To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in  
this

That bears the name of life? Yet in this  
life

Lie hid moe thousand deaths:<sup>4</sup> yet death we  
fear,

That makes these odds all even.

*Claud.* I humbly thank you.

To sue to live, I find I seek to die;

And, seeking death, find life: let it come on.

*Isab.* [Within] What, ho! Peace here; grace  
and good company!

*Prov.* Who's there? come in: the wish de-  
serves a welcome. [Goes to door.]

*Duke.* Dear sir, ere long I'll visit you again.

*Claud.* Most holy sir, I thank you.

*Isab.* [Outside door] My business is a word  
or two with Claudio.

*Prov.* And very welcome. [Returns from  
door, ushering in Isabella] Look, signior,  
here's your sister.

*Duke.* Provost, a word with you.

*Prov.* As many as you please.

*Duke.* Bring me to hear them speak, where  
I may be conceal'd.

[Exeunt Duke and Provost; Duke is  
seen from time to time, listening.]

*Claud.* Now, sister, what's the comfort?

*Isab.* Why,  
As all comforts are; most good, most good  
indeed.

Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,

Intends you for his swift ambassador,

Where you shall be an everlasting leiger.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Be absolute for death, i.e. be certain you will die.

<sup>2</sup> Effects, expressions.

<sup>3</sup> Serpigo, a creeping eruption of the skin.

<sup>4</sup> Moe thousand deaths, i.e. a thousand more deaths.

<sup>5</sup> Leiger (or lieger), resident ambassador.

Therefore your best appointment<sup>1</sup> make with speed; 60

To-morrow you set on.

*Claud.* Is there no remedy?

*Isab.* None, but such remedy as, to save a head,

To cleave a heart in twain.

*Claud.* But is there any?

*Isab.* Yes, brother, you may live:

There is a devilish mercy in the judge,  
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,  
But fetter you till death.

[*Claud.* Perpetual durance?

*Isab.* Ay, just; perpetual durance, a restraint,  
Though all the world's vastidity you had, 60  
To a determin'd scope.]

*Claud.* But in what nature?

*Isab.* In such a one as, you consenting to't,  
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,

And leave you naked.

*Claud.* Let me know the point!

*Isab.* O, I do fear thee, Claudio; and I quake,  
Lest thou a feverous life shouldst entertain,  
And six or seven winters more respect  
Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die?

[*A pause. Claudio turns his face away.*  
The sense of death is most in apprehension;  
And the poor beetle that we tread upon, 70  
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great  
As when a giant dies.

*Claud.* Why give you me this shame?  
Think you I can a resolution fetch  
From flowery tenderness? If I must die,  
I will encounter darkness as a bride,  
And hug it in mine arms.

*Isab.* There spake my brother; there my  
father's grave  
Did utter forth a voice! [*Embracing him*]  
Yes, thou must die:  
Thou art too noble to conserve a life  
In base appliances. This outward-sainted  
deputy,

Whose settled visage and deliberate word 90  
Nips youth i' the head, and follies doth emmew<sup>2</sup>  
As falcon doth the fowl, is yet a devil;  
[His filth within being cast, he would appear  
{ A pond as deep as hell. }

*Claud.* The prenzie<sup>3</sup> Angelo?

*Isab.* O, 't is the cunning livery of hell,  
The damned'st body to invest and cover  
In prenzie's guards! Dost thou think, Claudio?  
If I would yield him my virginity,  
Thou mightst be freed.

*Claud.* O heavens! it cannot be.

*Isab.* Yes, he would give 't thee, from this  
rank offence, 100  
So to offend him still. This night's the time  
That I should do what I abhor to name,  
Or else thou diest to-morrow.

*Claud.* Thou shalt not do 't.

*Isab.* O, were it but my life,  
I'd throw it down for your deliverance  
As frankly as a pin.

*Claud.* [*Embracing her*] Thanks, dear Isabel.

*Isab.* Be ready, Claudio, for your death to-morrow.

*Claud.* [Yes. Has he affections in him,  
That thus can make him bite the law by the  
nose,

When he would force it? Sure, it is no sin;  
Or of the deadly seven it is the least. 111

*Isab.* Which is the least?

*Claud.* If it were damnable, he being so  
wise,  
Why would he for the momentary trick  
Be perdurably fin'd?<sup>4</sup>—[*Despairingly*] O  
Isabel!

*Isab.* What says my brother?

*Claud.* Death is a fearful thing.

*Isab.* And shamed life a hateful.

*Claud.* Ay, but to die, and go we know not  
where;

To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;  
This sensible warm motion to become 120  
A kneaded clod; and the delighted<sup>5</sup> spirit  
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside  
In thrilling region of thick-ribbed ice;  
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,  
And blown with restless violence round about  
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst  
Of those that lawless and incertain thought  
Imagine howling: 't is too horrible!  
The weariest and most loathed worldly life  
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment

<sup>1</sup> Appointment, equipment.

<sup>2</sup> Emmew, mew up, inclose; and so, clutch, grip.

<sup>3</sup> Prenzie, a word of doubtful meaning; perhaps=prince.

<sup>4</sup> Perdurably fin'd, everlastingly punished.

<sup>5</sup> Delighted, accustomed to delight.

Can lay on nature is a paradise 131  
To what we fear of death.

*Isab.* Alas, alas!

*Claud.* Sweet sister, let me live:  
What sin you do to save a brother's life,  
Nature dispenses with the deed so far  
That it becomes a virtue.

*Isab.* O you beast!  
O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!  
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?  
Is't not a kind of incest, to take life  
From thine own sister's shame? [What should  
I think? 140  
Heaven shield my mother play'd my father fair!]



*Isab.* O faithless coward! O dishonest wretch!  
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?—(Act iii. 1. 137, 138.)

For such a warped slip of wilderness<sup>1</sup>  
Ne'er issued from his blood. ] Take my defiance;  
Die, perish! Might but my bending down  
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed:  
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death,  
No word to save thee.

*Claud.* Nay, hear me, Isabel.

*Isab.* O, fie, fie, fie!  
Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade. 149  
Mercy to thee would prove itself a bawd:  
'Tis best that thou diest quickly. [Going.

*Claud.* O, hear me, Isabella!

*Re-enter DUKE, disguised as before.*

*Duke.* Vouchsafe a word, young sister, but  
one word.

*Isab.* What is your will?

*Duke.* Might you dispense with your leisure,  
I would by and by have some speech with you:  
the satisfaction I would require is likewise  
your own benefit.

*Isab.* I have no superfluous leisure; my stay  
must be stolen out of other affairs; but I will  
attend you a while. [Walks apart.

*Duke.* Son, I have overheard what hath  
pass'd between you and your sister. Angelo

<sup>1</sup> Wilderness, wildness.

had never the purpose to corrupt her ; only he hath made an assay of her virtue to practise his judgment with the disposition of natures : she, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial which he is most glad to receive. I am confessor to Angelo, and I know this to be true ; therefore prepare yourself to death : do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible : to-morrow you must die ; go to your knees, and make ready. 172

*Claud.* Let me ask my sister pardon. [*Crosses to Isabella, kneels, and kisses her hand.*] I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it.

*Duke.* Hold you there : farewell. [*Exit Claudio ; Duke comes down.*] Provost, a word with you !

*Re-enter PROVOST.*

*Prov.* What's your will, father ? 173

*Duke.* That now you are come, you will be gone. Leave me a while with the maid : my mind promises with my habit no loss shall touch her by my company.

*Prov.* In good time. [*Exit.*

*Duke.* The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good : the goodness that is cheap in beauty makes beauty brief in goodness ; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair. The assault that Angelo hath made to you, fortune hath convey'd to my understanding ; and, but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at Angelo. How will you do to content this substitute, and to save your brother ? 193

*Isab.* I am now going to resolve<sup>1</sup> him, I had rather my brother die by the law than my son should be unlawfully born. But O how much is the good duke deceiv'd in Angelo ! If ever he return, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his government. 199

*Duke.* That shall not be much amiss : yet, as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation : "he made trial of you only." Therefore fasten your ear on my advisings : to

the love I have in doing good a remedy presents itself. I do make myself believe that you may most uprighteously do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit ; redeem your brother from the angry law ; do no stain to your own gracious person ; and much please the absent duke, if peradventure he shall ever return to have hearing of this business. 211

*Isab.* Let me hear you speak further. I have spirit to do any thing that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

*Duke.* Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful. Have you not heard speak of Mariana, the sister of Frederick the great soldier who miscarried at sea ?

*Isab.* I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name. 220

*Duke.* She should this Angelo have married ; was affianced to her oath, and the nuptial appointed : between which time of the contract and limit of the solemnity, her brother Frederick was wreck'd at sea, having in that perished vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark how heavily this befell to the poor gentlewoman : there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural ; with him, the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry ; with both, her combinate<sup>2</sup> husband, this well-seeming Angelo. 232

*Isab.* Can this be so ? did Angelo so leave her ?

*Duke.* Left her in her tears, and dried not one of them with his comfort ; swallowed his vows whole, pretending in her discoveries of dishonour : in few, bestow'd her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake ; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not. 239

*Isab.* What a merit were it in death to take this poor maid from the world ! What corruption in this life, that it will let this man live ! But how out of this can she avail ?

*Duke.* It is a rupture that you may easily heal : and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

*Isab.* Show me how, good father. 247

<sup>1</sup> Resolve, inform.

<sup>2</sup> Combinatè, contracted.

*Duke.* This forenamed maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection: his unjust unkindness, that in all reason should have quenched her love, hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to Angelo; answer his requiring with a plausible obedience; agree with his demands to the point; only refer yourself<sup>1</sup> to this advantage, first, that your stay with him may not be long; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it; and the place answer to convenience. This being granted in course,—and now follows all,—we shall advise this wronged maid to stand up your appointment, go in your place; if the encounter acknowledge itself hereafter, it may compel him to her recompense: and here, by this, is your brother saved, your honour untainted, the poor Mariana advantaged, and the corrupt deputy scaled.<sup>2</sup> The maid will I frame and make fit for his attempt. If you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it?

*Isab.* The image of it gives me content already; and I trust it will grow to a most prosperous perfection. 272

*Duke.* It lies much in your holding up. Haste you speedily to Angelo: if for this night he entreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to Saint Luke's: there, at the moated grange, resides this dejected Mariana. At that place call upon me; and dispatch with Angelo, that it may be quickly.

*Isab.* I thank you for this comfort. Fare you well, good father. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II. *The street before the prison.*

*Enter, on one side, DUKE disguised as before; on the other, ELBOW, and Officers with POMPEY; the DUKE keeps, at first, in the background.*

*Elb.* Nay, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Refer yourself, i.e. have recourse to.

<sup>2</sup> Scaled, laid bare, exposed.

<sup>3</sup> Bastard, a sweet Spanish wine.

*Duke.* O heavens! what stuff is here?

*Pom.* 'Twas never merry world since, of two usuries, the merriest was put down, and the worsor allow'd by order of law a furr'd gown to keep him warm; and furr'd with fox and lamb-skins too, to signify, that craft, being richer than innocence, stands for the facing. 11

*Elb.* Come your way, sir. [*Duke advances*] Bless you, good father friar.

*Duke.* And you, good brother father.<sup>4</sup> What offence hath this man made you, sir?

*Elb.* Marry, sir, he hath offended the law: [and, sir, we take him to be a thief too, sir; for we have found upon him, sir, a strange pick-lock, which we have sent to the deputy.]

*Duke.* Fie, sirrah! [a bawd, a wicked bawd! The evil that thou causest to be done, 21 That is thy means to live. Do thou but think What 't is to cram a maw or clothe a back From such a filthy vice: say to thyself, From their abominable and beastly touches I drink, I eat, array myself, and live. Canst thou believe thy living is a life, So stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.]

*Pom.* Indeed, it does stink in some sort, sir; but yet, sir, I would prove— 30

*Duke.* Nay, if the devil have given thee proofs for sin, Thou wilt prove his.] Take him to prison, officer:

Correction and instruction must both work Ere this rude beast will profit.

*Elb.* He must before the deputy, sir; [he has given him warning: the deputy cannot abide a whoremaster: if he be a whoremonger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.]

*Duke.* That we were all, as some would seem to be, 40

From our faults, as faults from seeming, free! *Elb.* His neck will come to your waist,—a cord, sir.]

*Pom.* I spy comfort; I cry bail. Here's a gentleman and a friend of mine.

*Enter LUCIO.*

*Lucio.* How now, noble Pompey! What,

<sup>4</sup> Good brother father, a play on Elbow's father friar = father brother (*frere*).

at the wheels of Cæsar! art thou led in triumph? [What, is there none of Pygmalion's images, newly made woman, to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket and extracting clutch'd? What reply, ha? What sayest thou to this tune, matter, and method? Is't not drown'd i' the last rain, ha? What say'st thou, Trot? Is the world as it was, man?

Which is the way? Is it sad, and few words? or how? The trick of it?

*Duke.* Still thus, and thus; still worse!

*Lucio.* How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? Procures she still, ha?

*Pom.* Troth, sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub. 60

*Lucio.* Why, 't is good; it is the right of it;



*Duke.* Canst thou believe thy living is a life,  
So stinkingly depending? Go mend, go mend.—(Act iii. 2. 27. 28.)

it must be so: ever your fresh whore and your powder'd bawd: an unshunn'd consequence; it must be so. ] Art going to prison, Pompey? *Pom.* Yes, faith, sir.

*Lucio.* Why, 't is not amiss, Pompey. Farewell: go, say I sent thee thither. [For debt, Pompey? or how? 63

*Elb.* For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

*Lucio.* Well, then, imprison him: if imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 't is his right: bawd is he doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd-born. ] Farewell, good Pompey. Commend me to the prison, Pompey: you will

turn good husband<sup>1</sup> now, Pompey; you will keep the house.

*Pom.* I hope, sir, your good worship will be my bail.

*Lucio.* No, indeed, will I not, Pompey; it is not the wear.<sup>2</sup> I will pray, Pompey, to increase your bondage: if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more. Adieu, trusty Pompey. Bless you, friar.

*Duke.* And you. 82

<sup>1</sup> Husband, i.e. house-band.

<sup>2</sup> The wear, i.e. the fashion.



*Lucio.* Does Bridget paint still, Pompey, ha?

*Elb.* Come your ways, sir; come.

[*Constables advance.*]

*Pom.* You will not bail me, then, sir?

*Lucio.* Then, Pompey, nor now. What news abroad, friar? what news?

*Elb.* Come your ways, sir; come.

[*Constables seize Pompey.*]

*Lucio.* Go to kennel, Pompey, go. [*Exeunt Elbow, and Officers with Pompey.*] What news, friar, of the duke? [*Duke turns his face away.*]

*Duke.* I know none. Can you tell me of any?

*Lucio.* Some say he is with the Emperor of Russia; other some, he is in Rome: but where is he, think you?

*Duke.* I know not where; but wheresoever, I wish him well.

*Lucio.* It was a mad fantastical trick of him to steal from the state, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord Angelo dukes it well in his absence; he puts transgression to 't.

101

*Duke.* He does well in 't.

*Lucio.* A little more lenity to lechery would do no harm in him: something too crabbed that way, friar.

*Duke.* It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

*Lucio.* Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well allied: but it is impossible to extirp it quite, friar, till eating and drinking be put down. They say this Angelo was not made by man and woman, after this downright way of creation: is it true, think you?

*Duke.* How should he be made, then?

*Lucio.* Some report a sea-maid spawned him; [some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes. But it is certain that, when he makes water, his urine is congealed ice; that I know to be true: and he is a motion<sup>1</sup> generative; that's infallible.]

119

*Duke.* You are pleasant, sir, and speak apace.

*Lucio.* Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, [for the rebellion of a codpiece to take away the life of a man!] Would the duke that is absent have done this? Ere he would have hanged a man for the getting a hundred bas-

tards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand: [he had some feeling of the sport; he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.]

*Duke.* I never heard the absent duke much detected<sup>2</sup> for women; he was not inclin'd that way.

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*Lucio.* O, sir, you are deceiv'd.

*Duke.* 'T is not possible.

*Lucio.* Who, not the duke? yes, your beggar of fifty; and his use was to put a ducat in her clack-dish: the duke had crotchets in him. He would be drunk too; that let me inform you.

*Duke.* You do him wrong, surely.

*Lucio.* Sir, I was an inward<sup>3</sup> of his. A shy fellow was the duke: and I believe I know the cause of his withdrawing.

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*Duke.* What, I prithee, might be the cause?

*Lucio.* No, pardon; 't is a secret must be lock'd within the teeth and the lips: but this I can let you understand, the greater file of the subject held the duke to be wise.

*Duke.* Wise! why, no question but he was.

*Lucio.* A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

*Duke.* Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking: the very stream of his life and the business he hath helmed<sup>4</sup> must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings-forth, and he shall appear to the envious a scholar, a statesman, and a soldier. Therefore you speak unskilfully; or if your knowledge be more, it is much darken'd in your malice.

*Lucio.* Sir, I know him, and I love him.

*Duke.* Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dearer love.

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*Lucio.* Come, sir, I know what I know.

*Duke.* I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But, if ever the duke return, as our prayers are he may, let me desire you to make your answer before him. If it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it: I am bound to call upon you; and, I pray you, your name?

<sup>2</sup> Detected, accused.

<sup>3</sup> An inward, an intimate.

<sup>4</sup> Helmed, i.e. steered through.



*Lucio.* Sir, my name is Lucio; well known to the duke. 170

*Duke.* He shall know you better, sir, if I may live to report you.

*Lucio.* I fear you not.

*Duke.* O, you hope the duke will return no more; or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite. But, indeed, I can do you little harm; you'll forswear this again.

*Lucio.* I'll be hang'd first: thou art deceiv'd in me, friar. [But no more of this. Canst thou tell if Claudio die to-morrow or no? 180

*Duke.* Why should he die, sir?

*Lucio.* Why, for filling a bottle with a tun-dish.<sup>1</sup> I would the duke we talk of were return'd again: this ungenitur'd agent will unpeople the province with continency; sparrows must not build in his house-eaves, because they are lecherous. The duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answered; he would never bring them to light: would he were return'd! Marry, this Claudio is condemned for untrusting. ] Farewell, good friar: I prithee, pray for me. The duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on Fridays. He's now past it; yet (and I say to thee) he would mouth with a beggar, though she smelt brown bread and garlic: say that I said so. Farewell. [*Exit.*

*Duke.* No might nor greatness in mortality Can censure scape; back-wounding calumny The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue? But who comes here? [*He retires.*

*Enter ESCALUS, PROVOST, and Officers [with MISTRESS OVERDONE].*

*Escal.* [Go; away with her to prison!

*Mrs. Ov.* Good my lord, be good to me; your honour is accounted a merciful man; good my lord.

*Escal.* Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit<sup>2</sup> in the same kind? This would make mercy swear and play the tyrant.

*Prov.* A bawd of eleven years' continuance, may it please your honour. 209

*Mrs. Ov.* My lord, this is one Lucio's information against me. Mistress Kate Keepdown

was with child by him in the duke's time; he promis'd her marriage: his child is a year and a quarter old, come Philip and Jacob:<sup>3</sup> I have kept it myself; and see how he goes about to abuse me!



*Duke.* I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke?  
—(Act iii. 2. 244, 245.)

*Escal.* That fellow is a fellow of much license:—let him be called before us. Away with her to prison! Go to; no more words. [*Exeunt Officers with Mrs. Overdone.*] Provost, my brother Angelo will not be alter'd; Claudio must die to-morrow: let him be furnish'd

<sup>3</sup> Come Philip and Jacob, i.e. on the 1st of May, the feast of St. Philip and St. James (*Jacobus*).

<sup>1</sup> Tun-dish, funnel.

<sup>2</sup> Forfeit, liable to penalty.

with divines, and have all charitable preparation. If my brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

*Prov. [Pointing to Duke]* So, please you, this friar hath been with him, and advis'd him for th' entertainment of death.

*Escal.* Good even, good father.

*Duke. [Advancing]* Bliss and goodness on you!

*Escal.* Of whence are you?

*Duke.* Not of this country, though my chance is now 230

To use it for my time: I am a brother Of gracious order, late come from the See In special business from his holiness.

*Escal.* What news abroad i' the world?

*Duke.* None, but that there is so great a fever on goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it: novelty is only in request; and it is as dangerous to be aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be constant in any undertaking: there is scarce truth enough alive to make societies secure; but security<sup>1</sup> enough to make fellowship accursed: much upon this riddle runs the wisdom of the world. This news is old enough, yet it is every day's news. I pray you, sir, of what disposition was the duke?

*Escal.* One that, above all other strifes, contended especially to know himself.

*Duke.* What pleasure was he given to? 248

*Escal.* Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than merry at any thing which profess'd to make him rejoice: a gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous; and let me desire to know how you find Claudio prepar'd. I am made to understand that you have lent him visitation.

*Duke.* He professes to have received no sinister measure from his judge, but most

willingly humbles himself to the determination of justice: yet had he framed to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiving promises of life; which I, by my good leisure, have discredited to him, and now is he resolv'd to die. 262

*Escal.* You have paid the heavens your function, and the prisoner the very debt of your calling. I have labour'd for the poor gentleman to the extremest shore of my modesty: but my brother justice have I found so severe, that he hath forc'd me to tell him he is indeed Justice.

*Duke.* If his own life answer the straitness of his proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein if he chance to fail, he hath sentenc'd himself. 271

*Escal.* I am going to visit the prisoner. Fare you well.

*Duke.* Peace be with you!

[*Exeunt Escalus and Provost.*]

He who the sword of heaven will bear  
Should be as holy as severe;  
Pattern in himself to know,  
Grace to stand, and virtue go;  
More nor less to others paying  
Than by self-offences weighing. 280  
Shame to him whose cruel striking  
Kills for faults of his own liking!  
Twice treble shame on Angelo,  
To weed my vice, and let his grow!  
O, what may man within him hide,  
Though angel on the outward side!  
How may likeness, made in crimes,  
Making practice on the times,  
To draw with idle spiders' strings  
Most ponderous and substantial things! 290  
Craft against vice I must apply:  
With Angelo to-night shall lie  
His old betrothed but despised;  
So disguise shall, by the disguised,  
Pay with falsehood false exacting,  
And perform an old contracting. [*Exit.*]

<sup>1</sup> *Security, i.e. suretyship.*

## ACT IV.

[SCENE. I. *The Moated Grange at St. Luke's.**Enter MARIANA and a Boy singing.**Song.*

Take, O, take those lips away,  
 That so sweetly were forsworn;  
 And those eyes, the break of day,  
 Lights that do mislead the morn:

But my kisses bring again,  
 Bring again;  
 Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,  
 Seal'd in vain.

*Mari.* Break off thy song, and haste thee  
 quick away:  
 Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice  
 Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.

[*Exit Boy.*]

Take, O, take those lips away,  
 That so sweetly were forsworn.—(Act iv. 1. 1, 2.)

*Enter DUKE disguised as before.*

I cry you mercy, sir; and well could wish 10  
 You had not found me here so musical.  
 Let me excuse me, and believe me so,  
 My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my  
 woe.

*Duke.* 'Tis good: though music oft hath such  
 a charm

To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.  
 I pray you, tell me, hath any body inquired

for me here to-day? much upon this time have  
 I promised here to meet.

*Mari.* You have not been inquired after: I  
 have sat here all day. 20

*Duke.* I do constantly<sup>1</sup> believe you. The  
 time is come even now. I shall crave your  
 forbearance a little: may be I will call upon  
 you anon, for some advantage to yourself.

*Mari.* I am always bound to you. [*Exit.*]

<sup>1</sup> *Constantly*, firmly.

*Enter ISABELLA.*

*Duke.* Very well met, and welcome.  
What is the news from this good deputy?

*Isab.* He hath a garden circummur'd with brick,  
Whose western side is with a vineyard back'd;  
And to that vineyard is a planched<sup>1</sup> gate, 30  
That makes his opening with this bigger key:  
This other doth command a little door  
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads;  
There have I made my promise  
Upon the heavy middle of the night  
To call upon him.

*Duke.* But shall you on your knowledge find  
this way?

*Isab.* I have ta'en a due and wary note upon't:  
With whispering and most guilty diligence,  
In action all of precept, he did show me 40  
The way twice o'er.

*Duke.* Are there no other tokens  
Between you greed<sup>2</sup> concerning her observance?

*Isab.* No, none, but only a repair i' the dark;  
And that I have possess'd<sup>3</sup> him my most stay  
Can be but brief; for I have made him know  
I have a servant comes with me along,  
That stays upon me; whose persuasion is  
I come about my brother.

*Duke.* 'Tis well borne up.  
I have not yet made known to Mariana  
A word of this. What, ho! within! come  
forth! 50

*Re-enter MARIANA.*

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid;  
She comes to do you good.

*Isab.* I do desire the like.

*Duke.* Do you persuade yourself that I  
respect you?

*Mari.* Good friar, I know you do, and have  
found it.

*Duke.* Take, then, this your companion by  
the hand,

Who hath a story ready for your ear.  
I shall attend your leisure: but make haste;  
The vaporous night approaches.

*Mari.* Will 't please you walk aside?  
[*Exeunt Mariana and Isabella.*]

<sup>1</sup> *Planched*, made of planks or boards.

<sup>2</sup> *Greed*, i.e. agreed.

<sup>3</sup> *Possess'd*, informed.

*Duke.* O place and greatness, millions of  
false eyes 60

Are stuck upon thee! volumes of report  
Run with these false and most contrarious  
quests

Upon thy doings: thousand escapes<sup>4</sup> of wit  
Make thee the father of their idle dream,  
And rack thee in their fancies.

*Re-enter MARIANA and ISABELLA.*

Welcome! How agreed?

*Isab.* She'll take the enterprise upon her,  
father,

If you advise it.

*Duke.* It is not my consent,  
But my entreaty too.

*Isab.* Little have you to say  
When you depart from him, but, soft and low,  
"Remember now my brother."

*Mari.* Fear me not.

*Duke.* Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not  
at all. 71

He is your husband on a pre-contract:  
To bring you thus together, 't is no sin,  
Sith that the justice of your title to him  
Doth flourish<sup>5</sup> the deceit. Come, let us go:  
Our corn's to reap, for yet our tilth's to sow.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A room in the prison.*

*Enter PROVOST and POMPEY.*

*Prov.* Come hither, sirrah. Can you cut off  
a man's head?

*Pom.* If the man be a bachelor, sir, I can;  
but if he be a married man, he's his wife's  
head, and I can never cut off a woman's head.

*Prov.* Come, sir, leave me your snatches,<sup>6</sup>  
and yield me a direct answer. To-morrow  
morning are to die Claudio and Barnardine.  
Here is in our prison a common executioner,  
who in his office lacks a helper: if you will  
take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem  
you from your gyves; if not, you shall have  
your full time of imprisonment, and your de-  
liverance with an unpitied whipping, [for you  
have been a notorious bawd.]

<sup>4</sup> *Escapes*, sallies.

<sup>5</sup> *Flourish*, colour, varnish.

<sup>6</sup> *Snatches*, scraps of wit.

*Pom.* Sir, [I have been an unlawful bawd time out of mind; but yet] I will be content to be a lawful hangman. I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow partner.

*Prov.* What, ho, Abhorson! Where's Abhorson, there? 21

*Enter ABHORSON.*

*Abhor.* Do you call, sir?

*Prov.* Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution. If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him. [He cannot plead his estimation with you; he hath been a bawd.]

*Abhor.* [A bawd, sir?] fie upon him! he will discredit our mystery. 30

*Prov.* Go to, sir; you weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale. [*Exit.*]

*Pom.* Pray, sir, by your good favour,—for surely, sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look,—do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery?

*Abhor.* Ay, sir; a mystery.

*Pom.* Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; [and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery:] but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

*Abhor.* Sir, it is a mystery.

*Pom.* Proof?

*Abhor.* Every true man's apparel fits your thief.

*Pom.* If it be too little for your thief, your true man thinks it big enough; if it be too big for your thief, your thief thinks it little enough: so every true man's apparel fits your thief. 50

*Re-enter PROVOST.*

*Prov.* Are you agreed?

*Pom.* Sir, I will serve him; [for I do find your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth oftener ask forgiveness.]

*Prov.* You, sirrah, provide your block and your axe to-morrow four o'clock.

*Abhor.* [Come on, bawd;] I will instruct thee in my trade; follow. 58

*Pom.* I do desire to learn, sir: and I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare;<sup>1</sup> for, truly, sir, for your kindness I owe you a good turn.

*Prov.* Call hither Barnardine and Claudio:

[*Exeunt Pompey and Abhorson.*]



*Pom.* Pray, sir, by your good favour,—for surely, sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look,—... your occupation a mystery?—(Act iv. 2. 33-36.)

The one has my pity; not a jot the other,  
Being a murderer, though he were my brother.

*Enter CLAUDIO.*

Look, here's the warrant, Claudio, for thy death:

'T is now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow

<sup>1</sup> Yare, ready.

Thou must be made immortal. Where's Barnardine?

*Claud.* As fast lock'd up in sleep as guiltless labour 69

When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones:  
He will not wake.

*Prov.* Who can do good on him?  
Well, go, prepare yourself. [*Knocking within.*]  
But, hark, what noise?

Heaven give your spirits comfort! [*Exit Claudio.*]  
By and by!

I hope it is some pardon or reprieve  
For the most gentle Claudio.

*Enter DUKE disguised as before, with a letter having a large seal.*

Welcome, father.

*Duke.* The best and wholesom'st spirits of the night

Envelop you, good provost! Who call'd here of late?

*Prov.* None, since the curfew rung.

*Duke.* Not Isabel?

*Prov.* No.

*Duke.* They will, then, ere't be long.

*Prov.* What comfort is for Claudio?

*Duke.* There's some in hope.

*Prov.* It is a bitter deputy. 81

*Duke.* Not so, not so; his life is parallel'd  
Even with the stroke and line of his great justice:

He doth with holy abstinence subdue  
That in himself which he spurs on his power

To qualify<sup>1</sup> in others: were he meal'd<sup>2</sup> with that

Which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;  
But this being so, he's just. [*Knocking within.*]

Now are they come.

[*Exit Provost.*]

This is a gentle provost: seldom when  
The steeld gaoler is the friend of men. 90

[*Knocking within.*]

How now! what noise? That spirit's possess'd with haste

That wounds the unsisting<sup>3</sup> postern with these strokes.

*Re-enter PROVOST.*

*Prov.* [*Speaking to one at the door*] There he must stay until the officer  
Arise to let him in: he is call'd up.

*Duke.* Have you no countermand for Claudio yet,

But he must die to-morrow?

*Prov.* None, sir, none.

*Duke.* As near the dawning, provost, as it is,  
You shall hear more ere morning.

*Prov.* Happily<sup>4</sup>  
You something know; yet I believe there comes 99

No countermand; no such example have we:  
Besides, upon the very siege<sup>5</sup> of justice  
Lord Angelo hath to the public ear  
Profess'd the contrary.

*Enter a Messenger (with large sealed letter).*

*Duke.* This is his lordship's man.

*Prov.* And here comes Claudio's pardon.

*Mes.* [*Giving the letter, which Provost opens and reads*] My lord hath sent you this note;  
and by me this further charge, that you swerve not from the smallest article of it,  
neither in time, matter, or other circumstance.  
Good morrow; for, as I take it, it is almost day. 109

*Prov.* I shall obey him. [*Exit Messenger.*]

*Duke.* [*Aside*] This is his pardon, purchas'd  
by such sin

For which the pardoner himself is in.  
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,  
When it is borne in high authority:  
When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,  
That for the fault's love is the offender friended.  
Now, sir, what news?

*Prov.* I told you. Lord Angelo, belike  
thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens  
me with this unwonted putting-on;<sup>6</sup> methinks  
strangely, for he hath not used it before. 121

*Duke.* Pray you, let's hear.

*Prov.* [*Reads*]

"Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let  
Claudio be executed by four of the clock; and in  
the afternoon Barnardine: for my better satisfaction,

<sup>1</sup> Qualify, temper, abate.

<sup>2</sup> Meal'd, sprinkled, defiled.

<sup>3</sup> Unsisting, perhaps = shaking.

<sup>4</sup> Happily, i.e. haply.

<sup>5</sup> Siege (French *siege*), seat.

<sup>6</sup> Putting-on, incitement.

let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly performed; with a thought that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril."

What say you to this, sir? 131

*Duke.* What is that Barnardine who is to be executed in the afternoon?

*Prov.* A Bohemian born, but here nurs'd up and bred; one that is a prisoner nine years old.

*Duke.* How came it that the absent duke had not either deliver'd him to his liberty or executed him? I have heard it was ever his manner to do so. 139

*Prov.* His friends still wrought reprieves for him: and, indeed, his fact,<sup>1</sup> till now in the government of Lord Angelo, came not to an undoubtful proof.

*Duke.* It is now apparent?

*Prov.* Most manifest, and not denied by himself.

*Duke.* Hath he borne himself penitently in prison? how seems he to be touch'd? 148

*Prov.* A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and fearless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

*Duke.* He wants advice.

*Prov.* He will hear none: he hath evermore had the liberty of the prison; give him leave to escape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awak'd him, as if to carry him to execution, and showed him a seeming warrant for it: it hath not moved him at all.

*Duke.* More of him anon. There is written in your brow, provost, honesty and constancy: if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but, in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay myself in hazard. Claudio, whom here you have warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than Angelo, who hath sentenced him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days' respite; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy. 172

*Prov.* Pray, sir, in what?

*Duke.* In the delaying death.

*Prov.* Alack, how may I do it, having the hour limited, and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of Angelo? I may make my case as Claudio's, to cross this in the smallest. 179

*Duke.* By the vow of mine order I warrant you, if my instructions may be your guide. Let this Barnardine be this morning executed, and his head borne to Angelo.

*Prov.* Angelo hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.<sup>2</sup>

*Duke.* O, death's a great disguiser; and you may add to it. Shave the head, and tie the beard; and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so bar'd before his death: you know the course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune, by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

*Prov.* Pardon me, good father; it is against my oath.

*Duke.* Were you sworn to the duke, or to the deputy?

*Prov.* To him, and to his substitutes.

*Duke.* You will think you have made no offence, if the duke avouch the justice of your dealing? 201

*Prov.* But what likelihood is in that?

*Duke.* Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful that neither my coat, integrity, nor persuasion can with ease attempt<sup>3</sup> you, I will go further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, sir, [showing him the letter] here is the hand and seal of the duke: you know the character, I doubt not; and the signet is not strange to you.

*Prov.* I know them both. 210

*Duke.* The contents of this is the return of the duke; you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure; where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing that Angelo knows not; for he this very day receives letters of strange tenour; perchance of the duke's death, perchance entering into some monastery, but by chance nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the

<sup>1</sup> Fact, deed, crime.

<sup>2</sup> Discover the favour, recognize the face.

<sup>3</sup> Attempt, tempt.

shepherd. Put not yourself into amazement how these things should be: all difficulties are but easy when they are known. Call your executioner, and off with Barnardine's head: I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amaz'd; but this shall absolutely resolve<sup>1</sup> you. Come away; it is almost clear dawn. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III. *A corridor in the prison; at back door of Barnardine's cell in the same.*

*Enter POMPEY.*

*Pom.* I am as well acquainted here as I was in our house of profession: one would think it were Mistress Overdone's own house, for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young Master Rash; he's in for a commodity of brown paper and old ginger, nine-score and seventeen pounds; of which he made five marks, ready money: marry, then ginger was not much in request, for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one Master Caper, at the suit of Master Three-pile the mercer, for some four suits of peach-coloured satin, which now peaches<sup>2</sup> him a beggar. Then have we here young Dizzy, and young Master Deep-vow, and Master Copper-spur, and Master Starve-lackey the rapier and dagger man, and young Drop-heir that killed lusty Pudding, and Master Forthlight the tilter, and brave Master Shooty the great traveller, and wild Half-can that stabbed Pots, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now "for the Lord's sake." 21

*Enter ABHORSON.*

*Abhor.* Sirrah, bring Barnardine hither.

*Pom.* *[Calling outside door of cell]* Master Barnardine! you must rise and be hang'd, Master Barnardine!

*Abhor.* What, ho, Barnardine!

*[Goes up and opens door of cell.]*

*Bar.* *[Within]* A pox o' your throats! Who makes that noise there? What are you?

*Pom.* Your friends, sir; the hangman. You must be so good, sir, to rise and be put to death.

*Bar.* *[Within]* Away, you rogue, away! I am sleepy. 31

*Abhor.* Tell him he must awake, and that quickly too.

*Pom.* Pray, Master Barnardine, awake till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

*Abhor.* Go in to him, and fetch him out.

*Pom.* He is coming, sir, he is coming; I hear his straw rustle.

*Abhor.* Is the axe upon the block, sirrah?

*Pom.* Very ready, sir. 40

*Enter BARNARDINE; he comes down between Pompey and Abhorson.*

*Bar.* How now, Abhorson! what's the news with you?

*Abhor.* Truly, sir, I would desire you to clap into your prayers; for, look you, the warrant's come.

*Bar.* You rogue, I have been drinking all night; I am not fitted for 't.

*Pom.* O, the better, sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hang'd betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

*Abhor.* Look you, sir; here comes your ghostly father: do we jest now, think you?

*[Retires up.]*

*Enter DUKE disguised as before.*

*Duke.* Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

*Bar.* Friar, not I: I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me, or they shall beat out my brains with billets: I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

*Duke.* O, sir, you must: and therefore I beseech you 60  
Look forward on the journey you shall go.

*Bar.* I swear I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

*Duke.* But hear you,—

*Bar.* Not a word: if you have any thing to say to me, come to my ward; for thence will not I to-day. *[Exit into cell.]*

*Duke.* Unfit to live or die: O gravel heart! After him, fellows; bring him to the block.

*[Exeunt Abhorson and Pompey.]*

<sup>1</sup> Resolve, convince.

<sup>2</sup> Peaches, i.e. impeaches.



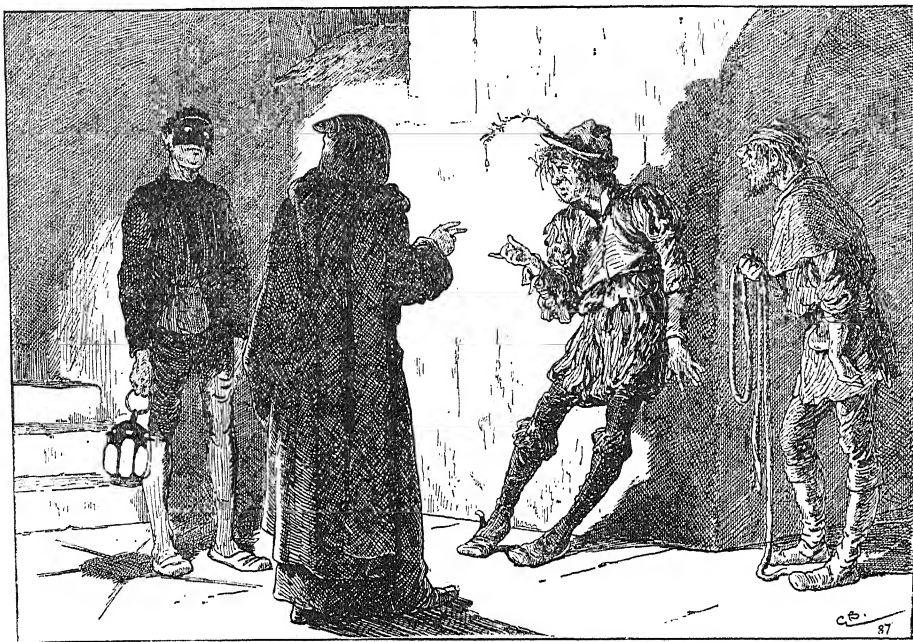
*Re-enter PROVOST.*

*Prov.* Now, sir, how do you find the prisoner? 70

*Duke.* A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death;

And to transport him in the mind he is  
Were damnable.

*Prov.* Here in the prison, father,  
There died this morning of a cruel fever  
One Ragozine, a most notorious pirate,  
A man of Claudio's years; his beard and head  
Just of his colour. What if we do omit  
This reprobate till he were well inclin'd;  
And satisfy the deputy with the visage  
Of Ragozine, more like to Claudio? 80



*Bar.* I swear I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.—(Act iv. 3. 62, 63.)

*Duke.* O, 'tis an accident that heaven provides!  
Dispatch it presently; the hour draws on  
Prefix'd by Angelo: see this be done,  
And sent according to command; whiles I  
Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

*Prov.* This shall be done, good father, presently.

But Barnardine must die this afternoon:  
And how shall we continue Claudio,  
To save me from the danger that might come  
If he were known alive?

*Duke.* Let this be done.  
Put them in secret holds, both Barnardine and  
Claudio: 91

Ere twice the sun hath made his journal<sup>1</sup>  
greeting 92  
To the under generation, you shall find  
Your safety manifested.

*Prov.* I am your free dependant.

*Duke.* Quick, dispatch, and send the head to  
Angelo. [*Exit Provost.*]

Now will I write letters to Angelo,—  
The provost, he shall bear them,—whose contents

Shall witness to him I am near at home,  
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound

<sup>1</sup> *Journal*, diurnal.

To enter publicly: him I'll desire 101  
To meet me at the consecrated fount,  
A league below the city; and from thence,  
By cold gradation and well-balanced form,  
We shall proceed with Angelo.

*Re-enter Provost with Ragozine's head in bag.*

*Prov.* Here is the head; I'll carry it myself.

*Duke.* Convenient! is it. Make a swift return;  
For I would commune with you of such things  
That want no ear but yours.

*Prov.* I'll make all speed. [*Exit.*]

*Isab.* [*Within*] Peace, ho, be here! 110

*Duke.* The tongue of Isabel. She's come to  
know

If yet her brother's pardon be come hither:  
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,  
To make her heavenly comforts of despair,  
When it is least expected.

*Enter ISABELLA.*

*Isab.* Ho, by your leave!

*Duke.* Good morning to you, fair and gracious daughter.

*Isab.* The better, given me by so holy a man.  
Hath yet the deputy sent my brother's pardon?

*Duke.* He hath releas'd him, Isabel, from  
the world:

His head is off, and sent to Angelo. 120

*Isab.* Nay, but it is not so.

*Duke.* It is no other: show your wisdom,  
daughter,

In your close patience.

*Isab.* O, I will to him and pluck out his eyes!

*Duke.* You shall not<sup>2</sup> be admitted to his sight.

*Isab.* Unhappy Claudio! wretched Isabel!  
Injurious world! most damned Angelo!

[*Pacing about agitatedly.*]

*Duke.* This nor hurts him nor profits you a jot;  
Forbear it therefore; give your cause to heaven.

[*Isabel comes down to him.*]

Mark what I say, which you shall find 130  
By every syllable a faithful verity:

The duke comes home to-morrow;—nay, dry  
your eyes;

One of our covent,<sup>3</sup> and his confessor,  
Gives me this instance:<sup>4</sup> already he hath carried

Notice to Escalus and Angelo;  
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,  
There to give up their power. If you can, pace  
your wisdom 137

In that good path that I would wish it go;  
And you shall have your bosom<sup>5</sup> on this wretch,  
Grace of the duke, revenges to your heart,  
And general honour.

*Isab.* I am directed by you.

*Duke.* This letter, then, to Friar Peter give;  
'Tis that he sent me of the duke's return:  
Say, by this token, I desire his company  
At Mariana's house to-night. Her cause and  
yours

I'll perfect him withal; and he shall bring you  
Before the duke; and to the head of Angelo  
Accuse him home and home. For my poor self,  
I am combined<sup>6</sup> by a sacred vow,  
And shall be absent. Wend you with this  
letter: 150

Command these fretting waters from your eyes  
With a light heart; trust not my holy order,  
If I pervert your course. Who's here?

*Enter LUCIO.*

*Lucio.* Good even. Friar, where's the provost?

*Duke.* Not within, sir.

*Lucio.* O pretty Isabella, I am pale at mine  
heart to see thine eyes so red: thou must be  
patient. I am fain to dine and sup with water  
and bran; I dare not for my head fill my belly;  
one fruitful meal would set me to't. But they  
say the duke will be here to-morrow. By my  
troth, Isabel, I lov'd thy brother: if the old  
fantastical duke of dark corners had been at  
home, he had lived. [*Exit Isabella.*]

*Duke.* Sir, the duke is marvellous little be-  
holding to your reports; but the best is, he  
lives not in them.

*Lucio.* Friar, thou knowest not the duke so  
well as I do: he's a better woodman than thou  
tak'st him for. 171

*Duke.* Well, you'll answer this one day.  
Fare ye well.

*Lucio.* Nay, tarry; I'll go along with thee:  
I can tell thee pretty tales of the duke.

*Duke.* You have told me too many of him

<sup>1</sup> Convenient, becoming.

<sup>2</sup> Shall not, i.e. will not.

<sup>3</sup> Covent, convent.

<sup>4</sup> Instance, intimation.

<sup>5</sup> Bosom, i.e. heart's desire.

<sup>6</sup> Combined, pledged.

already, sir, if they be true; if not true, none were enough.

*Lucio.* I was once before him for getting a wench with child. 180

*Duke.* Did you such a thing?

*Lucio.* Yes, marry, did I: but I was fain to forswear it; they would else have married me to the rotten medlar.

*Duke.* Sir, your company is fairer than honest. Rest you well.

*Lucio.* By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end: [if bawdy talk offend you, we'll have very little of it.] Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr; I shall stick. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. A room in Angelo's house.

*Enter ANGELO and ESCALUS, with letters.*

*Escal.* Every letter he hath writ hath disvouch'd other.

*Ang.* In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions show much like to madness: pray heaven his wisdom be not tainted! And why meet him at the gates, and reliver<sup>1</sup> our authorities there?

*Escal.* I guess not. s

*Ang.* And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his ent'ring, that if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street?

*Escal.* He shows his reason for that; to have a dispatch of complaints, and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

*Ang.* Well, I beseech you, let it be proclaimed:

Betimes i' the morn I'll call you at your house:

Give notice to such men of sort and suit As are to meet him. 20

*Escal.* I shall, sir. Fare you well.

*Ang.* Good night. [Exit Escalus.]

This deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,<sup>2</sup>

And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid!

And by an eminent body that enforc'd The law against it! But that her tender shame

Will not proclaim against her maiden loss, How might she tongue me!<sup>3</sup> Yet reason dares her no;

For my authority bears of a credent bulk, That no particular<sup>4</sup> scandal once can touch



*Lucio.* Nay, friar, I am a kind of burr; I shall stick.

—(Act iv. 3. 189, 190.)

But it confounds the breather. He should have liv'd,

Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,

Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge, By so receiving a dishonour'd life

With ransom of such shame. Would yet he had liv'd!

Alack, when once our grace we have forgot, Nothing goes right: we would, and we would not! [Exit.]

<sup>1</sup> Reliver, redeliver.

<sup>2</sup> Unpregnant, unready.

<sup>3</sup> Tongue me, speak of me.

<sup>4</sup> Particular, personal.

[SCENE V. *Fields without the town.*

*Enter DUKE in his own habit, and FRIAR PETER.*

*Duke.* [Giving letters] These letters at fit time deliver me:

The provost knows our purpose and our plot.  
The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,  
And hold you ever to our special drift;  
Though sometimes you do blench<sup>1</sup> from this to that,

As cause doth minister. Go call at Flavius' house,

And tell him where I stay: give the like notice  
To Valentius, Rowland, and to Crassus,  
And bid them bring the trumpets<sup>2</sup> to the gate;  
But send me Flavius first.

*Fri. P.* It shall be speeded well. [Exit.

*Enter VARRIUS.*

*Duke.* I thank thee, Varrius; thou hast made good haste: 11

Come, we will walk. There's other of our friends

Will greet us here anon, my gentle Varrius.

[*Exeunt.*]

[SCENE VI. *Street near the city gate.*

*Enter ISABELLA and MARIANA.*

*Isab.* To speak so indirectly I am loth:  
I would say the truth; but to accuse him so,  
That is your part: yet I am advis'd to do it;  
He says, to veil full purpose.

*Mari.* Be rul'd by him.

*Isab.* Besides, he tells me that, if peradventure  
He speak against me on the adverse side,  
I should not think it strange; for 't is a physic  
That's bitter to sweet end.

*Mari.* I would Friar Peter—

*Isab.* O, peace! the friar is come.

*Enter FRIAR PETER.*

*Fri. P.* Come, I have found you out a stand  
most fit, 10

Where you may have such vantage on the duke,  
He shall not pass you. Twice have the trum-  
pets sounded;

The generous and gravest citizens

Have hent<sup>3</sup> the gates, and very near upon

The duke is entering: therefore, hence, away!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Before the gates of Vienna. Flourish of trumpets and drums.*

*Enter from one side, DUKE, VARRIUS, Lords, Officers; from the city gates, Soldiers, then ANGELO and ESCALUS, LUCIO, PROVOST, &c. At the back, FRIAR PETER, ISABELLA, and MARIANA veiled.*

[*Angelo and Escalus kneel and deliver up their commissions, which the Duke hands to an Officer. Angelo and Escalus rise.*

*Duke.* My very worthy cousin, fairly met!  
Our old and faithful friend, we are glad to see you.

*Ang.* } Happy return be to your royal grace!  
*Escal.* }

*Duke.* Many and hearty thankings to you both.

We have made inquiry of you; and we hear  
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul  
Cannot but yield you forth to public thanks,  
Forerunning more requital.

*Ang.* You make my bonds still greater.

*Duke.* O, your desert speaks loud; [and I should wrong it,

To lock it in the wards of covert bosom, 10

When it deserves, with characters of brass,

A fortified residence 'gainst the tooth of time

And rasure of oblivion.] Give me your hand,

And let the subject see, to make them know  
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim  
Favours that keep within. Come, Escalus,

[*Takes the hands of both of them, placing Angelo on one side of him, Escalus on the other.*

<sup>1</sup> *Blench*, start off.      <sup>2</sup> *Trumpets*, trumpeters.

<sup>3</sup> *Hent*, seized, taken possession of.

You must walk by us on our other hand;  
And good supporters are you.

FRIAR PETER and ISABELLA *come forward.*

*Fri. P.* Now is your time: speak loud and  
kneel before him. 19

*Isab.* Justice, O royal duke! Vail<sup>1</sup> your  
regard [*Kneeling.*

Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a maid!  
O worthy prince, dishonour not your eye  
By throwing it on any other object  
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,  
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice!

*Duke.* Relate your wrongs; in what? by  
whom? be brief.

Here is Lord Angelo shall give you justice:  
Reveal yourself to him.

*Isab.* O worthy duke,  
You bid me seek redemption of the devil:  
Hear me yourself; for that which I must speak  
Must either punish me, not being believ'd,  
Or wring redress from you: hear me, O, hear  
me, here! 32

*Ang.* My lord, her wits, I fear me, are not firm:  
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother  
Cut off by course of justice,—

*Isab.* By course of justice! [*Rising.*

*Ang.* And she will speak most bitterly and  
strange.

*Isab.* Most strange, but yet most truly, will  
I speak:

That Angelo's forsworn; is it not strange?  
That Angelo's a murderer; is't not strange?  
That Angelo is an adulterous thief, 40  
An hypocrite, a virgin-violator;  
Is it not strange and strange?

*Duke.* Nay, it is ten times strange.

*Isab.* It is not truer he is Angelo  
Than this is all as true as it is strange:  
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth  
To the end of reckoning.

*Duke.* Away with her! Poor soul,  
She speaks this in the infirmity of sense.

[*The Officers are about to seize her;  
she waves them back.*

*Isab.* O prince, I conjure thee, as thou be-  
liev'st  
There is another comfort than this world,

That thou neglect me not, with that opinion  
That I am touch'd with madness! Make not  
impossible 51

That which but seems unlike: 't is not impos-  
sible.

But one, the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,  
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute  
As Angelo; even so may Angelo,  
In all his dressings, characts,<sup>2</sup> titles, forms,  
Be an arch-villain. Believe it, royal prince:  
If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more,  
Had I more name for badness.

*Duke.* By mine honesty,  
If she be mad,—as I believe no other,— 60  
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense,  
Such a dependency of thing on thing,  
As<sup>3</sup> e'er I heard in madness.

*Isab.* O gracious duke,  
Harp not on that; nor do not banish reason  
For inequality; but let your reason serve  
To make the truth appear where it seems hid,  
And hide the false, seems true.<sup>4</sup>

*Duke.* Many that are not mad  
Have, sure, more lack of reason. What would  
you say?

*Isab.* I am the sister of one Claudio,  
Condemn'd upon the act of fornication 70  
To lose his head; condemn'd by Angelo:  
I, in probation of a sisterhood,  
Was sent to by my brother; one Lucio  
As then the messenger,—

*Lucio.* [*Comes down, taking his cap off to the*

*Duke*] That's I, an't like your grace:  
I came to her from Claudio, and desir'd her  
To try her gracious fortune with Lord Angelo  
For her poor brother's pardon.

*Isab.* That's he indeed.

*Duke.* You were not bid to speak.

*Lucio.* No, my good lord;  
Nor wish'd to hold my peace.

*Duke.* I wish you now, then;  
Pray you, take note of it: and when you have  
A business for yourself, pray heaven you then  
Be perfect. 82

*Lucio.* I warrant your honour.

*Duke.* The warrant's for yourself; take heed  
to't.

<sup>2</sup> *Characts*, i.e. characters, distinctive marks.

<sup>3</sup> *As*, i.e. that.

<sup>4</sup> *The false, seems true*, i.e. the false that seems true.

<sup>1</sup> *Vail*, lower.

*Isab.* This gentleman told somewhat of my tale,—

*Lucio.* Right.

*Duke.* It may be right; but you are i' the wrong

To speak before your time. [*Lucio bows and retires.*] Proceed.

*Isab.* I went

To this pernicious caitiff deputy,—

*Duke.* That's somewhat madly spoken.

*Isab.* Pardon it;

The phrase is to the matter. 90

*Duke.* Mended again. The matter; proceed.

*Isab.* In brief, to set the needless process by, How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd, How he refell'd<sup>1</sup> me, and how I replied,— For this was of much length,—the vile conclusion

I now begin with grief and shame to utter: He would not, but by gift of my chaste body To his concupiscible intemperate lust, Release my brother; and, after much debate-ment, 99

My sisterly remorse<sup>2</sup> confutes mine honour, And I did yield to him: but the next morn be-times,

His purpose surfeiting, he sends a warrant For my poor brother's head.

*Duke.* This is most likely!

*Isab.* O, that it were as like as it is true!

*Duke.* By heaven, fond wretch, thou know'st not what thou speak'st, Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour In hateful practice.<sup>3</sup> First, his integrity Stands without blemish. Next, it imports no reason

That with such vehemency he should pursue Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended, He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself, And not have cut him off. Some one hath set you on: 112

Confess the truth, and say by whose advice Thou cam'st here to complain.

*Isab.* And is this all?

Then, O you blessed ministers above, Keep me in patience, and with ripen'd time Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up

In countenance!<sup>4</sup> Heaven shield your grace from woe, 118

As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbeliev'd go!

[*Going.*]

*Duke.* I know you'd fain be gone. An officer!

[*The officers advance.*]

To prison with her! Shall we thus permit A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall On him so near us? This needs must be a practice.

Who knew of your intent and coming hither?

*Isab.* One that I would were here, Friar Lodowick.

*Duke.* A ghostly father, belike. Who knows that Lodowick?

*Lucio.* My lord, I know him; 't is a meddling friar;

I do not like the man: had he been lay, my lord,

For certain words he spoke against your grace In your retirement, I had swung<sup>5</sup> him soundly. 120

*Duke.* Words against me! this<sup>6</sup> a good friar, belike!

And to set on this wretched woman here Against our substitute! Let this friar be found.

*Lucio.* But yesternight, my lord, she and that friar,

I saw them at the prison: a saucy friar, A very scurvy fellow.

*Fri. P.* Blessed be your royal grace! I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard Your royal ear abus'd. First, hath this woman Most wrongfully accus'd your substitute, 140 Who is as free from touch or soil with her As she from one ungut.

*Duke.* We did believe no less. Know you that Friar Lodowick that she speaks of?

*Fri. P.* I know him for a man divine and holy;

Not scurvy, nor a temporary meddler, As he's reported by this gentleman; And, on my trust, a man that never yet Did, as he vouches, misreport your grace.

*Lucio.* My lord, most villanously; believe it.

*Fri. P.* Well, he in time may come to clear himself; 150

<sup>1</sup> *Refell'd* (Latin, *refello*), rebutted.

<sup>2</sup> *Remorse*, pity.

<sup>3</sup> *Practice*, plotting.

<sup>4</sup> *Countenance*, false appearance, hypocrisy.

<sup>5</sup> *Swung*, whipt.

<sup>6</sup> *This*, i.e., this is

But at this instant he is sick, my lord, 151  
Of a strange fever. Upon his mere request,  
Being come to knowledge that there was complaint

Intended 'gainst Lord Angelo, came I hither,  
To speak, as from his mouth, what he doth know

Is true and false; and what he with his oath  
And all probation will make up full clear,  
Whensoever he's convented.<sup>1</sup> First, for this woman,

To justify this worthy nobleman,  
So vulgarly<sup>2</sup> and personally accus'd, 160  
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,  
Till she herself confess it.

Duke. Good friar, let's hear it.

[*Exit Isabella, guarded.*]

Do you not smile at this, Lord Angelo?

O heaven, the vanity of wretched fools!

Give us some seats. [*The attendants bring two chairs of state from within the city gates.*]

Come, cousin Angelo;

In this I'll be impartial; be you judge  
Of your own cause.

[*Mariana advances, veiled. Duke and Angelo seat themselves.*]

Is this the witness, friar?

First, let her show her face, and after speak.

Mari. Pardon, my lord; I will not show my face

Until my husband bid me. 170

Duke. What, are you married?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. Are you a maid?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow, then?

Mari. Neither, my lord.

Duke. Why, you are nothing, then: neither maid, widow, nor wife? 180

Lucio. [*Behind Duke's chair.*] My lord, she may be a punk; for many of them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow: I would he had some cause

To prattle for himself.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mari. My lord, I do confess I ne'er was married;

And I confess, besides, I am no maid:

I have known my husband; yet my husband knows not

That ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk, then, my lord: it can be no better.

Duke. For the benefit of silence, would thou wert so too! 191

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Duke. This is no witness for Lord Angelo.

Mari. Now I come to't, my lord:

She that accuses him [of fornication,]

In self-same manner doth accuse my husband;

And charges him, my lord, with such a time

When I'll depose I had him in mine arms

[With all the effect of love.]

Ang. Charges she more than me?

Mari. Not that I know.

Duke. No? you say your husband. 201

Mari. Why, just, my lord, and that is Angelo,

[Who thinks he knows that he ne'er knew my body,

But knows he thinks that he knows Isabel's.]]

Ang. This is a strange abuse.<sup>3</sup> Let's see thy face.

Mari. My husband bids me; now I will unmask. [*Unveils.*]

This is that face, thou cruel Angelo,  
Which once thou swor'st was worth the looking on; 208

This is the hand which, with a vow'd contráct,  
Was fast belock'd in thine; this is the body  
That took away the match from Isabel,  
And did supply thee at thy garden-house<sup>4</sup>  
In her imagin'd person.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Lucio. [*Behind chair*] Carnally, she says.

Duke. Sirrah, no more!

Lucio. Enough, my lord. [*Goes to Peter.*]

Ang. My lord, I must confess I know this woman:

And five years since there was some speech of marriage

Betwixt myself and her; which was broke off,  
Partly for that her promised proportions<sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> Abuse, deception, delusion.

<sup>4</sup> Garden-house, summer-house.

<sup>5</sup> Proportions, shares of real and personal estate, i.e. marriage portion.

<sup>1</sup> Convented, summoned.

<sup>2</sup> Vulgarly, publicly.

Came short of composition;<sup>1</sup> but in chief 220  
 For that her reputation was disvalued  
 In levity: since which time of five years  
 I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard  
 from her,

Upon my faith and honour.

*Mari.* [*Kneeling*] Noble prince,  
 As there comes light from heaven and words  
 from breath,

As there is sense in truth and truth in virtue,  
 I am affianc'd this man's wife as strongly

As words could make up vows: [and, my  
 good lord,

But Tuesday night last gone in 's garden-house  
 He knew me as a wife.] As this is true, 230

Let me in safety raise me from my knees;

Or else for ever be confix'd<sup>2</sup> here,

A marble monument! [*Rises.*

*Ang.* [*Starting up*] I did but smile till now:  
 Now, good my lord, give me the scope of  
 justice;

My patience here is touch'd. I do perceive  
 These poor informal<sup>3</sup> women are no more  
 But instruments of some more mightier mem-  
 ber

That sets them on: let me have way, my lord,  
 To find this practice out.

*Duke.* Ay, with my heart;  
 And punish them to your height of pleasure.

[*Rises.*  
 Thou foolish friar, and thou pernicious woman,  
 Compact<sup>4</sup> with her that's gone, think'st thou  
 thy oaths, 242

Though they would swear down each particular  
 saint,

Were testimonies against his worth and credit,  
 That's seal'd in approbation? You, Lord  
 Escalus,

Sit with my cousin; lend him your kind pains  
 To find out this abuse, whence 't is deriv'd.

There is another friar that set them on;  
 Let him be sent for.

*Fri. P.* Would he were here, my lord! for  
 he, indeed, 250

Hath set the women on to this complaint:  
 Your provost knows the place where he abides,  
 And he may fetch him.

*Duke.*

Go do it instantly.

[*Exit Provost.*

And you, my noble and well-warranted cousin,  
 Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth,  
 Do with your injuries as seems you best,  
 In any chastisement: I for a while will leave  
 you; 258

But stir not you till you have well determin'd  
 Upon these slanderers.

*Escal.* My lord, we'll do it thoroughly.

[*Exit Duke. Angelo and Escalus sit.*  
 Signior Lucio, did not you say you knew that  
 Friar Lodowick to be a dishonest person?

*Lucio.* *Cucullus non facit monachum.*<sup>5</sup> honest  
 in nothing but in his clothes; and one that  
 hath spoke most villanous speeches of the duke.

*Escal.* We shall entreat you to abide here  
 till he come, and enforce them against him;  
 we shall find this friar a notable fellow.

*Lucio.* As any in Vienna, on my word. 269

*Escal.* [*To an Officer*] Call that same Isabel  
 here once again: I would speak with her.  
 [*Exit Officer through city gates.*] Pray you,  
 my lord, give me leave to question; you shall  
 see how I'll handle her.

[*Lucio.* Not better than he, by her own  
 report.

*Escal.* Say you?

*Lucio.* Marry, sir, I think, if you handled  
 her privately, she would sooner confess: per-  
 chance, publicly, she'll be ashamed.

*Escal.* I will go darkly to work with her.

*Lucio.* That's the way; for women are light  
 at midnight. ] 281

*Re-enter Officer with ISABELLA.*

*Escal.* [*To Isabella*] Come on, mistress:  
 here's a gentlewoman denies all that you  
 have said.

*Lucio.* My lord, here comes the rascal I  
 spoke of; here with the provost.

*Escal.* In very good time: speak not you to  
 him till we call upon you.

*Lucio.* Mum.

*Re-enter PROVOST, with the DUKE in his friar's  
 habit.*

*Escal.* Come, sir: did you set these women

<sup>1</sup> Composition, agreement.

<sup>2</sup> Confix'd, fixed.

<sup>3</sup> Informal, insane.

<sup>4</sup> Compact, leagued.

<sup>5</sup> "The cowl does not make the monk."



on to slander Lord Angelo? they have confessed you did. 291

*Duke.* 'T is false.

*Escal.* How! know you where you are?

*Duke.* Respect to your great place! and let the devil

Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne!  
Where is the duke? 't is he should hear me speak.

*Escal.* The duke's in us; and we will hear you speak:

Look you speak justly.

*Duke.* Boldly, at least. But, O, poor souls, Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox? Good night to your redress! Is the duke gone? Then is your cause gone too. The duke's unjust, 302

Thus to retort<sup>1</sup> your manifest appeal,  
And put your trial in the villain's mouth  
Which here you come to accuse.

*Lucio.* This is the rascal; this is he I spoke of.

*Escal.* Why, thou unreverend and unhal- low'd friar,

Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women To accuse this worthy man, but, in foul mouth, And in the witness of his proper ear, 310 To call him villain? and then to glance from him

To the duke himself, to tax him with injustice? Take him hence; [*Officers advance*] to the rack with him! We'll touse<sup>2</sup> you

Joint by joint, but we will know his purpose. What, unjust?

*Duke.* Be not so hot; the duke Dare no more stretch this finger of mine than he Dare rack his own: his subject am I not, Nor here provincial.<sup>3</sup> My business in this state Made me a looker-on here in Vienna, 319 Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble Till it o'er-run the stew; laws for all faults, But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong statutes

Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop, As much in mock as mark.

*Escal.* Slander to the state! Away with him to prison!

[*Two Officers approach the Duke.*

*Ang.* What can you vouch against him, Signior Lucio? Is this the man that you did tell us of?

*Lucio.* 'T is he, my lord. Come hither, good-man baldpate: do you know me? 329

[*They advance towards each other.*

*Duke.* I remember you, sir, by the sound of your voice: I met you at the prison, in the absence of the duke.

*Lucio.* O, did you so? And do you remember what you said of the duke?

*Duke.* Most notably, sir.

*Lucio.* Do you so, sir? And was the duke a fleshmonger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be? 333

*Duke.* You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke so of him; and much more, much worse.

*Lucio.* O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the nose for thy speeches?

*Duke.* I protest I love the duke as I love myself.

*Ang.* Hark, how the villain would close<sup>4</sup> now, after his treasonable abuses!

*Escal.* Such a fellow is not to be talked withal. Away with him to prison! Where is the provost? [*Provost advances.*] Away with him to prison! lay bolts enough upon him: let him speak no more. Away with those giglots<sup>5</sup> too, and with the other confederate companion!

[*Officers advance to seize Isabella and Mariana. The Provost arrests the Duke.*

*Duke.* [*To Provost*] Stay, sir; stay awhile.

*Ang.* What, resists he? Help him, Lucio.

*Lucio.* Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; foh, sir! Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal, you must be hooded, must you? Show your knave's visage, with a pox to you! show your sheep-biting face, and be hanged an hour! Will't not off? 360

[*Pulls off the friar's hood, and discovers the Duke. Angelo and Escalus start up from their seats. Lucio steps back amazed.*

*Duke.* Thou art the first knave that e'er mad'st a duke.

<sup>1</sup> Retort, refer back.

<sup>2</sup> Touse, tear.

<sup>3</sup> Provincial, under the jurisdiction of this ecclesiastical province.

<sup>4</sup> Close, come to an agreement, make reparation.

<sup>5</sup> Giglots, wantons.

First, provost, let me bail these gentle three.

[*Officers release Isabella and Mariana.*]

*Lucio is stealing away.*

[*To Lucio*] Sneak not away, sir; for the friar and you

Must have a word anon. Lay hold on him.

[*Officers seize Lucio and bring him back.*]

*Lucio.* This may prove worse than hanging.

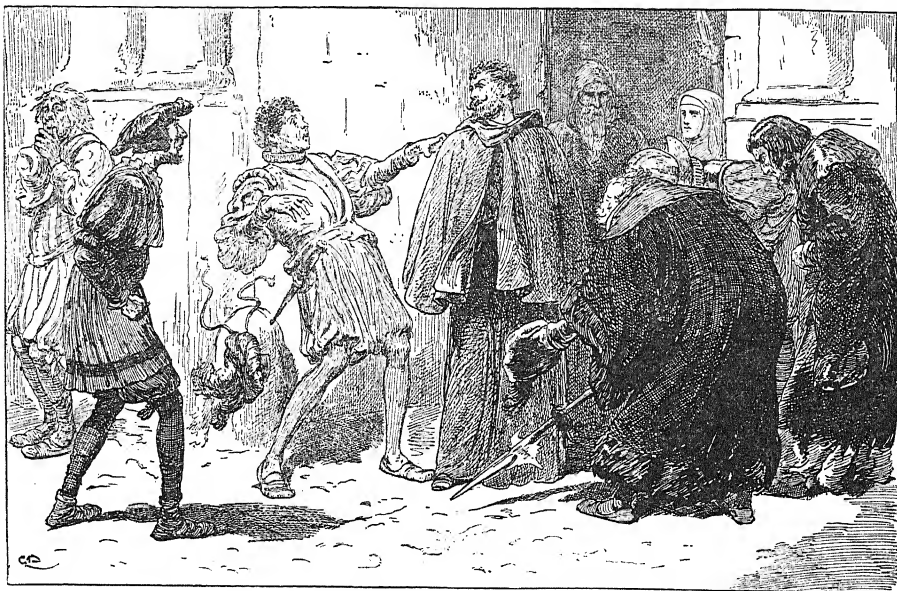
*Duke.* [*To Escalus*] What you have spoke

I pardon: sit you down:

We'll borrow place of him. [*To Angelo*] Sir, by your leave.

[*Takes Angelo's chair. Escalus sits.*]

Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,



*Duke.* Thou art the first knave that e'er mad'st a duke.—(Act v. 1. 361.)

That yet can do thee office?<sup>1</sup> If thou hast,  
Rely upon it till my tale be heard, 370  
And hold no longer out.

*Ang.* O my dread lord,  
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,  
To think I can be undiscernible,  
When I perceive your grace, like power divine,  
Hath look'd upon my passes.<sup>2</sup> Then, good  
prince,

No longer session hold upon my shame,  
But let my trial be mine own confession:  
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,  
Is all the grace I beg.

*Duke.*

Come hither, Mariana.

[*Mariana advances.*]

Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

*Ang.* I was, my lord. 381

*Duke.* Go take her hence, and marry her  
instantly. [*Angelo goes to Mariana.*]

Do you the office, friar; which consummate,  
Return him here again. Go with him, provost.

[*Exeunt Angelo, Mariana, Friar Peter,  
and Provost through the city gates.*]

*Escal.* My lord, I am more amaz'd at his  
dishonour

Than at the strangeness of it.

*Duke.*

Come hither, Isabel.

[*Duke and Escalus rise.*]

[*Your friar is now your prince: as I was then  
Advertising<sup>3</sup> and holy to your business,  
Not changing heart with habit, I am still  
Attorney'd at your service.*]

<sup>1</sup> Do thee office, i.e. do thee service.

<sup>2</sup> Passes, proceedings.

<sup>3</sup> Advertising, i.e. assisting with counsel.

*Isab.* O, give me pardon,  
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd<sup>1</sup>  
Your unknown sovereignty!

*Duke.* You are pardon'd, Isabel:  
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.  
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart;  
And you may marvel why I obscur'd myself,  
Labouring to save his life, and would not rather  
Make rash remonstrance<sup>2</sup> of my hidden power  
Than let him so be lost. O most kind maid,  
It was the swift celerity of his death,  
Which I did think with slower foot came on,  
That brain'd my purpose. But peace be with  
him! 401

That life is better life, past fearing death,  
Than that which lives to fear: make it your  
comfort,  
So happy is your brother.

*Isab.* I do, my lord.

*Re-enter* ANGELO, MARIANA, FRIAR PETER,  
and PROVOST.

*Duke.* For this new-married man, approach-  
ing here,  
Whose salt<sup>3</sup> imagination yet hath wrong'd  
Your well-defended honour, you must pardon  
For Mariana's sake: but as he adjudg'd your  
brother,—

Being criminal, in double violation  
Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach 410  
Thereon dependent, for your brother's life,—  
The very mercy of the law cries out

[Most audible, even from his proper tongue,]  
"An Angelo for Claudio, death for death!"

Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers  
leisure;

Like doth quit like, and MEASURE still FOR  
MEASURE.

{ [Then, Angelo, thy fault's thus manifested;  
{ Which, though thou wouldst deny, denies thee  
{ vantage.]

We do condemn thee to the very block  
Where Claudio stoop'd to death, and with  
like haste. 420

Away with him!

[*Officers advance and stand by Angelo's  
side.*

<sup>1</sup> *Pain'd*, put to labour.

<sup>2</sup> *Remonstrance*, demonstration.

<sup>3</sup> *Salt*, lustful.

*Mari.* [O my most gracious lord,  
I hope you will not mock me with a husband.]

*Duke.* It is your husband mock'd you with  
a husband.

Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,  
I thought your marriage fit; else imputation,  
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,  
And choke your good to come: for his pos-  
sessions,

Although by confutation<sup>4</sup> they are ours,  
We do instate and widow you withal,  
To buy you a better husband.]

*Mari.* O my dear lord,  
I crave no other, nor no better man. 431

*Duke.* Never crave him; we are definitive.<sup>5</sup>

*Mari.* [*Kneeling*] Gentle my liege,—

*Duke.* You do but lose your labour.  
Away with him to death! [*To Lucio*] Now,  
sir, to you.]

[*Officers about to remove Angelo.*

*Mari.* O my good lord! Sweet Isabel, take  
my part;

Lend me your knees, and all my life to come  
I'll lend you all my life to do you service.

*Duke.* Against all sense you do importune  
her:

Should she kneel down in mercy of this fact,  
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,  
And take her hence in horror.

*Mari.* Isabel, 441  
Sweet Isabel, do yet but kneel by me;  
Hold up your hands, say nothing; I'll speak  
all.

They say, best men are moulded out of faults;  
And, for the most, become much more the better  
For being a little bad: so may my husband.

O Isabel, will you not lend a knee?

*Duke.* He dies for Claudio's death.

*Isab.* [*Kneeling*] Most bounteous sir,  
Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,  
As if my brother liv'd. I partly think 450

A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,  
Till he did look on me: since it is so,  
Let him not die. My brother had but justice,  
In that he did the thing for which he died.  
For Angelo,  
His act did not o'ertake his bad intent,  
And must be buried but as an intent

<sup>4</sup> *Confutation*, conviction.

<sup>5</sup> *Definitive*, resolved.

That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subjects,  
 Intents but merely thoughts.

*Mari.* Merely, my lord.

*Duke.* Your suit's unprofitable; stand up,  
 I say. [*Mariana and Isabella rise.*]

I have bethought me of another fault. 461  
 Provost, how came it Claudio was beheaded  
 At an unusual hour?

*Prov.* It was commanded so.

*Duke.* Had you a special warrant for the deed?

*Prov.* No, my good lord; it was by private message.

*Duke.* For which I do discharge you of your office:

Give up your keys.

*Prov.* Pardon me, noble lord:

I thought it was a fault, but knew it not;  
 Yet did repent me, after more advice.<sup>1</sup> 469  
 For testimony whereof, one in the prison,  
 That should by private order else have died,  
 I have reserv'd alive.

*Duke.* What's he?

*Prov.* His name is Barnardine.

*Duke.* I would thou hadst done so by Claudio.  
 Go fetch him hither; let me look upon him.

[*Exit Provost. Duke talks apart with Isabella.*]

*Escal.* I am sorry, one so learned and so wise  
 As you, Lord Angelo, have still appear'd,  
 Should slip so grossly, both in the heat of blood,  
 And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

*Ang.* I am sorry that such sorrow I procure:  
 And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart  
 That I crave death more willingly than mercy;  
 'Tis my deserving, and I do entreat it. 482

*Re-enter from the city, PROVOST, with BARNARDINE, CLAUDIO muffled, and JULIET.*

*Duke.* Which is that Barnardine?

*Prov.* This, my lord.

*Duke.* There was a friar told me of this man.  
 Sirrah, thou art said to have a stubborn soul,  
 That apprehends no further than this world,  
 And squar'st thy life according. Thou'rt  
 condemn'd:

But, for those earthly faults, I quit them all;  
 And pray thee take this mercy to provide

For better times to come. Friar, advise him;  
 I leave him to your hand. [*Exeunt Barnardine  
 and Friar into the city.*] What muffled  
 fellow's that? 491

*Prov.* This is another prisoner that I sav'd,  
 Who should have died when Claudio lost his  
 head;

As like almost to Claudio as himself.

[*Begins to unmuffle Claudio.*]

*Duke.* [*To Isabella*] If he be like your brother,  
 then, for his sake

Is he pardon'd,—[*Claudio discovers himself to  
 Isabella—she rushes into his arms, and then  
 kneels to Angelo,—*] and, for your lovely  
 sake;

Give me your hand, [*raising her*] and say you  
 will be mine,

He is my brother too: [*taking Claudio's hand*]  
 but fitter time for that.

By this Lord Angelo perceives he's safe;

[*Crossing to Angelo.*]

Methinks I see a quickening in his eye. 500  
 Well, Angelo, your evil quits you well:

Look that you love your wife; her worth worth  
 yours.

I find an apt remission in myself;  
 And yet here's one in place<sup>2</sup> I cannot pardon.  
 [*To Lucio*] You, sirrah, that knew me for a  
 fool, a coward,

One all of luxury, an ass, a madman;

Wherein have I so deserv'd of you,

That you extol me thus?

*Lucio.* Faith, my lord, I spoke it but ac-  
 cording to the trick. If you will hang me for  
 it, you may; but I had rather it would please  
 you I might be whipt. 512

*Duke.* Whipt first, sir, and hang'd after.  
 Proclaim it, provost, round about the city,  
 If any woman's wrong'd by this lewd fellow,  
 As I have heard him swear himself there's  
 one

Whom he begot with child, let her appear,  
 And he shall marry her: the nuptial finish'd,  
 Let him be whipt and hang'd. 519

*Lucio.* [*I beseech your highness, do not marry  
 me to a whore!*] Your highness said even now,  
 I made you a duke: good my lord, do not re-  
 compensate me in making me a cuckold.

<sup>1</sup> Advice, consideration.

<sup>2</sup> In place, present.

*Duke.* Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her.

Thy slanders I forgive; and therewithal  
Remit thy other forfeits. Take him to prison;  
[*Officers seize Lucio.*

And see our pleasure herein executed.

*Lucio.* Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death, whipping and hanging.

*Duke.* Slandering a prince deserves it. 530

[*Exeunt Officers with Lucio.*

She, Claudio, that you wrong'd, look you restore.

Joy to you, Mariana! Love her, Angelo:  
I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue.  
Thanks, good friend Escalus, for thy much  
goodness:

There's more behind that is more grate. <sup>1</sup>  
Thanks, provost, for thy care and secrecy:  
We shall employ thee in a worthier place.  
Forgive him, Angelo, that brought you home  
The head of Ragozine for Claudio's:

The offence pardons itself. Dear Isabel, 540  
[*Taking her hand and kissing it.*

I have a motion much imports your good;  
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,  
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is  
mine.

So, bring us to our palace; where we'll show  
What's yet behind, that's meet you all should  
know. [*Exeunt.*

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<sup>1</sup> *Gratulate*, gratifying.



# NOTES TO MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

## ACT I. SCENE 1.

1. Line 5: *Since I am PUT to know*.—Compare Cymbeline, ii. 3. 110:

You put me to forget a lady's manners.

2. Line 6: *the LISTS of all advice; i.e. the limits*. Compare I. Henry IV. iv. 1. 51, 52:

The very list, the very utmost bound  
Of all our fortunes.

3. Lines 7-10:

then no more remains  
*But that, to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,  
And let them work.*

This clause in the Duke's first sentence has proved a more awkward stumbling-block to commentators than almost any passage in Shakespeare. The Cambridge editors chronicle twelve conjectural emendations in their foot-note, and five others in the supplementary notes at the end of the play. It has been proved, however, by the Old-Spelling editors that the lines as they stand are capable of explanation—an explanation, it is true, which leaves the whole passage (lines 3-9) an example of the most contorted and arbitrary syntax. I give their note: "The words 'my strength' include (1) the Duke's science, his knowledge of the properties of government; (2) his ducal authority, which is his sole prerogative. 'Your own science,' he says to Escalus, 'exceeds in that' (in that province of my strength which embraces my administrative skill) all that my 'advice' (counsel) can give you. 'Then,' he continues, 'no more remains (is needful) but that (my strength *per se*, which is mine alone) to your sufficiency' (legal science),—your 'worth' (character and rank) making you fit for the post,—and you may henceforth let 'them' (your prior sufficiency and my now deputated power) work together."

[This explanation of the Old-Spelling editors seems to me quite as involved and obscure as the text which it professes to explain. It is evident that the text is corrupt, probably through there having been some interlineation in the MS. from which it was printed; nor can I believe that Shakespeare would have wished such a hideously unrhymical verse as line 8 to be spoken by any actor. If by *my strength* the Duke means "my power," or "my authority," we may imagine that the passage stood something like this:

then no more remains  
But that [*i.e. my strength*] to add to your sufficiency,  
And, as your worth is able, let them work.

The rest of line 9, *The nature of our people*, would then form an imperfect line by itself.—F. A. M.]

4. Line 11: *the TERMS*.—"Terms mean the technical language of the courts. An old book called *Les Termes de la Ley* (written in Henry the Eighth's time) was in Shakespeare's days, and is now, the accidence of young students in the law" (Blackstone).

5. Line 18: *with special SOUL*.—This metaphorical use of *soul* (meaning preference or regard) may be compared with a similar use of the word in *The Tempest*, iii. 1. 42-46:

for several virtues  
Have I lik'd several women; never any  
With so full *soul*, but some defect in her  
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd  
And put it to the foil.

6. Line 31: *proper; i.e. proprius*, peculiar to one's self. Compare *Timon*, i. 2. 106, 107: "what better or *properer* can we call our own than the riches of our friends?" and below, in this play, v. 1. 110: "Faults *proper* to himself."

7. Line 41: *use*.—*Use* was in Shakespeare's time a customary word for *interest*. Compare *Venus and Adonis*, 768:

But gold that's put to *use* more gold begets.

8. Lines 41, 42:

*But I do bend my speech  
To one that can my part in him advertise.*

The Duke has been giving Angelo advice; he now breaks off, intimating gracefully that, after all, he is speaking to one who can instruct *him* in such matters.

9. Line 43: *Hold, therefore, Angelo*.—This is generally supposed to be spoken by the Duke as he hands his commission to Angelo. Grant White conjectures that a part of the line is lost, and he restores it thus:

Hold therefore, Angelo, our place and power;

basing his guess on i. 3. 11-13 below:

I have deliver'd to Lord Angelo . . .  
My absolute *power and place* here in Vienna.

But this is juggling with the text, not editing. Dyce quotes Gifford, on the words "*Hold thee, drunkard*" (*i.e.* take the letter) in Jonson's *Catiline*: "There is no expression in the English language more common than this, which is to be found in almost every page of our old writers; yet the commentators on Shakespeare, with the exception of Steevens, who speaks doubtfully on the subject, misunderstand it altogether. In *Measure for Measure*, the Duke, on producing Angelo's commission, says: '*Hold, therefore, Angelo*'" (Jonson's Works, vol. iv. p. 347).

10. Lines 45, 46:

*Mortality and mercy in Vienna  
Live in thy tongue and heart.*

Douce rightly emphasizes the importance of these words—"the privilege of exercising mercy," conferred by the Duke upon his deputy. See also lines 65-67 below:

your scope is as mine own,  
So to enforce or *qualify* the laws  
As to your soul seems good.

The Duke thus renders it impossible for Angelo to make the excuse—such as it would be—that his instructions were precise and without margin of mercy.

11. Line 52: *We have with a LEAVEN'D and prepared choice.*—A leavened choice is explained by Johnson as one “not declared as soon as it fell into the imagination, but suffered to work long in the mind.” The metaphor may no doubt have this meaning, as *leaven* or yeast does take some hours to ferment; but may it not mean as well, or more primarily, that the choice was based on a thorough and searching scrutiny, as leaven works up through and permeates the whole mass of dough?

12. Lines 68, 69:

*I love the people,  
But do not like to STAGE me to their eyes.*

*Stage* is used again as a verb in two passages of Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 13. 29–31:

Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will  
Unstate his happiness, and be *staged* to the show  
Against a sword!

and v. 2. 216, 217:

the quick comedians  
Extemporally will *stage* us.

### ACT I. SCENE 2.

13. Line 15: *the thanksgiving BEFORE meat.*—Hamner reads *after*, and his reading, say the Cambridge editors, “is recommended by the fact that in the old forms of ‘graces’ used in many colleges, and, as we are informed, at the Inns of Court, the prayer for peace comes always after, and never before, meat. But as the mistake may easily have been made by Shakespeare, or else deliberately put into the mouth of the ‘First Gentleman,’ we have not altered the text.”

14. Line 28: *Well, there went but a pair of shears between us.*—An expression, which may almost be termed proverbial for, *We are both of one piece.* Steevens cites Marston, *The Malcontent*, 1604: “*There goes but a paire of sheeres betwixt an emperor and the sonne of a bagge-piper; onely the dying, dressing, pressing, glossing, makes the difference*” (Works, vol. ii. p. 270). Compare, too, Dekker, *The Gull’s Hornbook*, ch. i.: “*there went but a pair of shears between them.*”

15. Line 35: *as be PIL'D, as thou art PIL'D.*—“A quibble between *piled*=peeled, stripped of hair, bald (from the French disease), and *piled* as applied to velvet, three-piled velvet meaning the finest and costliest kind of velvet” (Dyce). Compare Chaucer, *Prologue*, line 627:

With skalled browes blake, and *piled* berd.

16. Line 39: *forget to drink after thee.*—That is, for fear of the contagion.

17. Lines 45, 46, 48.—These lines are given by Pope to the First Gentleman, and there is a good deal of probability in the surmise; still, it is only a probability; and, as the Cambridge editors remark, “It is impossible to discern any difference of character in the three speakers, or to introduce logical sequence into their buffoonery.”

18. Line 52: *A French crown; i.e. the corona Veneris.* Compare *Midsummer Night’s Dream*, i. 2. 99: “Some of your *French crowns* have no hair at all.”

19. Line 84: *the sweat.*—This very likely refers to the plague or “sweating-sickness,” which ravaged London in

1603, carrying off about a fifth of the population. *The war*, above, may also refer to the war with Spain, which came to an end in the autumn of 1604.

20. Lines 99, 100: *ALL HOUSES in the SUBURBS of Vienna must be pluck’d down.*—Tyrwhitt, quite unnecessarily, as I take it, would read *all bawdy-houses*. There is no doubt that this is meant, but when we remember who the speakers were, and how much a meaning look or an extra accent can convey, we may well suppose that Pompey said merely *all houses*, and that when he said *houses* Mrs. Overdone quite understood what he meant. As a matter of fact, houses of ill-fame were chiefly in the suburbs. Compare Heywood, *The Rape of Lucrece*, ii. 3: “*Bru . . . he removes himself from the love of Brutus that shrinks from my side till we have had a song of all the pretty suburbanians*” (p. 194)—a prelude to Valerius’ rattling song of Molly, Nelly, Betty, Dolly, Nanny, Rachel, and Biddy.

21. Line 116: *Thomas tapster.*—Douce expresses his surprise that Mrs. Overdone “should have called the clown by this name when it appears by his own showing that his name was Pompey.” But of course it is a mere class-name, no more peculiar to one man than John Barleycorn or Tommy Atkins. For a contemporary instance of the precise alliterative form, compare Fletcher’s *Rollo*, iii. 1 (end of scene), where a song, expanded from the *Three merry men* snatch, is sung by a Yeoman or “Page of the Cellar,” a Butler, a Cook, and a Pantler. The last sings:

O man or beast, or you at least  
that wear a brow or antler,  
Prick up your ears unto the tears  
of me poor *Pauid the Pantler*.

22. Line 119.—The Folio after this line begins a new scene (*Scena Tertia*) with the entrance of the Provost, &c. The Collier MS. omits Juliet from the persons who enter here, since, if present, she is silent, and, as appears from Claudio’s words to Lucio, out of sight and hearing. Yet Pompey has just said, “There’s Madam Juliet.” The Cambridge editors “suppose that she was following at a distance behind, in her anxiety for the fate of her lover. She appears again,” they add, “as a mute personage at the end of the play.”

[It looks very much here as if the author had originally intended to make some use of Julietta or Juliet in this scene, but in the course of working it out had changed that intention. It is evident, from act ii. scene 3, that Juliet was arrested as well as Claudio, and that, for some time at any rate, she was kept “under observation.” In the acting edition Juliet does not come on with the Provost and Claudio; but there is no reason why she should not be on the stage; for it is quite clear that the dialogue between Lucio and Claudio is spoken aside. Only one would certainly expect, if Juliet were at that time present on the stage, that Claudio would have made some allusion to the fact.—F. A. M.]

23. Lines 124–127:

*Thus can the demigod Authority  
Make us pay down for our offence by weight.  
The words of heaven:—on whom it will, it will;  
On whom it will not, so; yet still ’t is just.*

In the Ff. there is no stop after *weight*, and this pointing is preserved in the Cambridge Shakespeare. Davenant, in his *Law Against Lovers*, gives the reading in the text, and he has been generally followed. He omits the next two lines altogether. Dr. Roberts, Provost of Eton, conjectured that "The words of heaven" should be "The sword of heaven." Henley, however, explains the passage as it stands, by an apt reference to the words in Romans ix. 15, 18: "For He saith to Moses, I will have mercy on whom I will have mercy;" and "Therefore hath He mercy on whom He will have mercy, and whom He will He hardeneth."

24. Line 133: *Like rats that RAVIN down their proper bane*.—Compare *Macbeth*, ii. 4. 28, 29:

Thriftless ambition, that will *ravin* up  
Thine own life's means!

and *Cymbeline*, i. 6. 49: "*ravining* first the lamb."

25. Line 138: *the MORALITY of imprisonment*.—Ff. have *mortality*, an obvious misprint, rectified by Davenant, and adopted into the text by Rowe.

26. Line 152: *the denunciation*.—This word, meaning proclamation or formal declaration ("To denounce or declare," Minshew, 1617), is only used here by Shakespeare. Dyce quotes from Todd's Johnson's Dictionary, s.v. *Denunciation*, "This publick and reiterated denunciation of bans before matrimony" (Hall, Cases of Conscience). Boyer (French Dictionary) has "To Denounce, V.A. (or declare) *dénoncer, déclarer, signifier, faire savoir*," and "Denunciation, or Denouncing, S. *Dénonciation, déclaration, Signification, l'Action de dénoncer, &c.*"

27. Line 154: *Only for PROPAGATION of a dower*.—F. 1 has *propogation*, corrected to *propagation* by F. 2. Various emendations have been proposed, e.g. *prorogation* by Malone, *procuration* by Jackson, and *preservation* by Grant White. Surely there is no need for any change in the text. Shakespeare does not use the substantive in any other passage; but he uses the verb to *propagate* three times, in *All's Well*, ii. 1. 200; *Rom.* and *Jul.* i. 1. 193; *Timon*, i. 1. 67. In these three passages it certainly seems to have the sense of "to improve" or "to increase." Only once, in *Pericles*, i. 2. 73:

From whence an issue I might *propagate*,

Shakespeare uses the verb in the sense of "to beget." Steevens, in his note, makes the curious statement,—apparently on the authority of an article in the *Edinburgh Magazine*, November, 1786,—that "*Propagation* being here used to signify *payment*, must have its root in the Italian word *pagare*" (Var. Ed. vol. ix. p. 24). *Propagate* is derived from the Latin *pro*, before, forward, and *pag*, the root of *pango*, to fix. But surely either "increase," or "bring to its maturity," is the sense which best suits this passage; the meaning being that Claudio and Juliet had not declared their marriage because her dower yet remained in the absolute control of her friends; and, till their approval was gained, the two lovers thought it best to hide their love in case she should lose her dower.—F. A. M.

28. Line 162: *Whether it be the FAULT AND GLIMPSE of newness*.—Malone explains this by assuming *fault* and

*glimpse* to be used, by the figure known as hendiadys, for *faulty glimpse*. But may not the *fault* of newness mean simply the result of novelty and inexperience?

29. Line 171: *like unscour'd armour*.—Compare *Troilus* and *Cressida*, iii. 3. 152, 153:

Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail  
In monumental mockery.

30. Line 172: *nineteen zodiacs*.—Claudio states here that the law has been in abeyance for *nineteen* years; in i. 3. 21 the Duke says that he has let it slip for *fourteen* years. No satisfactory explanation of this disagreement has been found before Dr. Brinsley Nicholson's acute suggestion, recorded in the *Old-Spelling Shakespeare*, that the law was made *nineteen* years ago, but that the duke has reigned only *fourteen* years.

31. Line 177: *tickle*.—*Tickle* for *ticklish* is used again by Shakespeare in *II. Henry VI.* i. 1. 215, 216:  
the state of Normandy  
Stands on a *tickle* point.

32. Line 183: *receive her approbation*; i.e. enter upon her probation. Compare *The Merry Devil of Edmounton*, ii. 2. 70:

And I must take a twelve months' *approbation*;

and iii. 1. 17, 18:

Madam, for a twelve months' *approbation*  
We mean to make this trial of our child.

33. Line 185: *in my voice*; i.e. in my name. Compare *As You Like It*, ii. 4. 87:

And *in my voice* most welcome shall you be.

34. Line 188: *There is a PRONE and speechless dialect*.—Editors are much at variance as to the exact sense of the word *prone* as here used, some taking it to mean "prompt, ready," and others (as I think with more likelihood) understanding it as "humble, appealing," from the analogy of *prone*=prostrate, as in supplication.

### ACT I. SCENE 3.

35. Line 2: *DRIBBLING dart*.—The sense is evident: a weak and ineffectual missile. But while *dribbling* may be used figuratively in its modern sense, it is perhaps an allusion to a *dribber* in archery, i.e., according to Steevens, one who shoots badly.

36. Line 12: *stricture*; i.e. strictness. Warburton proposes *strict ure* (*ure*=use, practice); a word used in *Promos* and *Cassandra*, but not anywhere by Shakespeare.

37. Lines 20, 21:

*The needful bits and curbs to headstrong WEEDS,*  
*Which for this fourteen years we have let SLIP.*

This, which is the reading of the Ff., is frequently altered by editors (following Theobald) from *weeds* to *steeds*, and from *slip* to *sleep*. Mr. W. G. Stone writes me on this passage: "Shakespeare was careless in linking metaphors. I think it possible that he combined the idea of a well-bitted horse (literally equivalent to enforcement of law), and the picture of a rank, noisome growth of weeds, suffered to spring up in a fair garden (literally equivalent to relaxation of law). I do not evade the difficulty by accepting Collins's suggestion (quoted in Schmidt's *Sh.*



Lex. *s.v.* *Weed*) that *weed* is a term still commonly applied to an ill-conditioned horse; because this term denotes, I believe, a weak horse; and if *weeds*=horses, the context shows that they are figured as robust animals. *Sleep* is a specious emendation,—more consistent, no doubt, with the metaphor of an old, drowsy lion,—but *slip*=let pass, makes sense.”

## 38. Lines 26, 27:

*in time the rod's  
More mock'd than fear'd.*

Ff. read

*in time the rod  
More mock'd than fear'd.*

The Cambridge editors adopt Pope's conjecture and read *the rod BECOMES more mock'd*. The reading in the text is that adopted by the Old-Spelling editors, on the ground that *becomes* was not so likely to be overlooked as the inconspicuous 's after *rod*, which gives the same sense.

39. Line 30: *The baby beats the nurse*.—"This allusion," says Steevens, "was borrowed from an ancient print, entitled *The World turn'd Upside Down*, where an infant is thus employed." It may be questioned whether Shakespeare's powers of observation and invention were ever at so low a zero as to oblige him to "borrow from an ancient print" when he wanted to speak of a baby beating its nurse.

## 40. Lines 42, 43:

*And yet my nature never in the fight,  
To do it slander.*

Ff. *To do in slander*. The correction is Hammer's, it referring to *nature*. *Sight* instead of *fight* is adopted by many editors, after Pope.

## 41. Lines 47, 48:

*How I may formally in person BEAR  
Like a true friar.*

So Ff. It is almost universally altered by modern editors, after Capell, to *bear me*. Furnivall and Stone read *bear*, adopting Schmidt's explanation, that it means "be have."

42. Line 51: *Stands at a guard with*.—This probably means, "stands on his guard against," is careful not to lay himself open.

## ACT I. SCENE 4.

43. Line 30: *Sir, make me not your story*.—This admirable expressive phrase, perfectly obvious in meaning ("make me not your jest"), has been oddly misunderstood by some editors, who have altered *story* to "scorn," and even "sport." Compare *Merry Wives*, v. 5. 170, where Falstaff, jeered at by his expected dupes, replies: "Well, I am your theme: you have the start of me."

## 44. Lines 31-33:

*though 't is my familiar sin  
With maids to SEEM THE LAPWING and to jest,  
Tongue far from heart.*

The allusion here is probably to the *lapwing's* way of deceiving sportsmen by running along the ground for some distance before taking wing. Compare *Comedy of Errors*, iv. 2. 27, 28:

Far from her nest the *lapwing* cries away:

My heart prays for him, though my tongue do curse;

and see note 101 on that play.

45. Line 40: *Your brother and his LOVER*.—*Lover* in Shakespeare's time was used for a woman as well as a man. Compare *As You Like It*, iii. 4. 43: "O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of *his lover*." Coles, in his *Latin Dictionary*, has: "A Lover, *amator*, *amasius*, m. *amatrix*, *amasia*, fem."

## 46. Lines 51, 52:

*Bore many gentlemen, myself being one,  
In hand and hope of action.*

*To bear in hand* means, according to Schmidt, "to abuse with false pretences or appearances." Compare Much Ado, iv. 1. 305: "What, *bear her in hand* until they come to take hands; and then, with public accusation," &c.

47. Line 60: *But doth REBATE and blunt his natural edge*.—I am indebted to Mr. Stone for the following note on this word: "Cotgrave (ed. 1632) has: 'RABATRE. To abate, deduct, default, diminish, lessen, extenuate; remit, bate; give or draw back; also, a horse to rebate his curvet . . . RABATRE: m. u. f. Rebated, bated, abated, deducted, defaulted, diminished; given, taken, or drawn back.' Under *Rabattre* Boyer (ed. 1729) has: 'Cheval qui rabat ses Courbettes de bonne grace, (en Termes de Menage), a Horse that rebates his curvets handsomely, or finely.' Amongst the senses of 'Rabattre, v. a.' Bellows (*Fr. Dict.* ed. 1877) gives, 'aplatir, to flatten,' and 'Rabattu—e, a. flattened: smoothed.' Bellows's gloss admits of literal application to this line—for an edge flattened is blunted—but I think that Cotgrave's renderings—and you will observe that he uses the English *rebate*—are near enough; for, if an edge be abated, diminished, or lessened, clearly it is blunted. Compare Greene's *Orlando Furioso*:

And what I dare, let say the Portingale,  
And Spaniard tell, who, mann'd with mighty fleets,  
Came to subdue their islands to my king,  
Filling our seas with stately argosies,  
Calvars and magars, hulks of burden great;  
Which Brandimart rebated from his coast,  
And sent them home ballast'd with their wealth.

—Works, ed. Dyce, 1861, p. 90, col. 2.

This is the city of great Babylon,

Which proud Darius was rebated from. —*id.* p. 101, col. 1.

Collier wanted to read *rebutted* for *rebated* in both these passages. Dyce says: "Mr. Collier is greatly mistaken:—the old copies are right in both passages. Greene uses *rebate* in the sense of *beat back* (which is its proper sense, —*Fr. rebattre*). So again in the first speech of the next play [*a Looking-Glass for London and England*, p. 117, col. 1] we find,—

Great Jewry's God, that foil'd stout Benhadad,  
Could not *rebate* the strength that Rasni brought," &c.

I suspect that Rolfe and Dyce are both wrong in connecting Eng. *rebate* with '*rebattre*,' to *beat back* again. '*Rabattre*' seems to be nearer the sense required." Compare Massinger, *The Roman Actor*, iv. 2:

*Esop.* Only, sir, a foil,  
The point and edge *rebated*, when you act,  
To do the murder—

where the Quarto reads *rebutted*.

48. Line 88: *Soon at night; i.e.* "this very night." Compare Merry Wives, ii. 2. 295 and 298: "Come to me *soon at night*;" II. Henry IV. v. 5. 96: "I shall be sent for *soon at night*," &c. Better still, compare Othello, iii. 4. 198. Bianca asks Cassio if she shall see him "*soon at night*." Returning shortly afterwards she says—with evident reference to this invitation: "An you'll come to supper *to-night*, you may," &c. (iv. 1. 166).

## ACT II. SCENE 1.

[The Provost, according to Ff., is not on at the beginning of this scene, but is made to enter at line 32, just before Angelo says, "Where is the Provost?" This is very absurd; and it is much better that he should go on at the beginning of the scene, as marked by Capell and in the stage-directions of the Acting Edition.

In the arrangement of the play as acted at Drury Lane, 1824, under Macready's management, this act is thus rearranged for stage purposes. Scene 1 consists of the first part of Scene 1 as far as line 37, after which Escalus goes off; and the rest of the scene includes Scene 2 in the text, commencing with the Provost's speech, line 7, to the end of scene. Scene 2 is the scene in the street, and contains nearly all that part of Scene 1 in the text from line 41 to line 279 inclusive. Elbow enters with his halbert and two constables having hold of Pompey and Froth; Escalus enters with two apparitors immediately after Elbow's speech; and the scene continues much as in the text, with a few omissions, including the part of the Justice, which is of course unnecessary. Scene 3 is omitted altogether; the third scene being identical with Scene 4 of the text.—F. A. M.]

49. Line 2: *to fear; i.e.* to affright. Used transitively several times in Shakespeare, *e.g.* Merchant of Venice, ii. 1. 8, 9:

I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine  
Hath *fear'd* the valiant.

50. Line 8: *Let but your honour KNOW*.—Johnson remarks: "To *know* is here to *examine*, to *take cognizance*. So in A Midsummer Night's Dream, i. 1. 67, 68:

Therefore, fair Hernia, question your desires;  
*Know* of your youth, examine well your blood."

51. Line 12: *OUR blood*.—So Ff. It is quite possible that this reading may be right, *our* meaning "our common blood," and so I let it stand; but few emendations seem more reasonable and self-justified than that of Davenant's, adopted by Rowe, and followed by most editors—*your*. Mr. Stone suggests that "by exchanging *your* for *our*, when using a word which might have a general application to human frailty, Escalus avoided a too personal reference in a supposititious case."

52. Line 22: *what knows the law, &c.*—Ff. *what knows the Lawes*.

53. Line 28: '*T* is very PREGNANT. — Compare Cymbeline, iv. 2. 325: "O, 'tis *pregnant, pregnant!*" That is, "it is clearly evident."

54. Line 28: *FOR I have had such faults*.—*For*=for that, *i.e.* because; often used by Shakespeare. Compare As You Like It, iii. 2. 133, 134:

Why should this a desert be?  
*For* it is unpeopled? No.

55. Lines 39, 40:

*Some run from BREAKS of ice, and answer none;  
And some condemned for a fault alone.*

Ff. read *brakes*. This, following the Old-Spelling editors, I take to be merely a variant of *breaks*. The following is their note, given at the end of the play: "The thought uppermost in Escalus's mind is the capricious manner in which punishment is inflicted. He compares this, apparently, to the luck which enables some to clear dangerous ground in the ice, but his metaphor is abruptly abandoned with the words and answer none, &c. The form *brakes* occurs in the epilogue of Marston and Webster's Malcontent, 1604, where *brakes* evidently means *brakes, flaws*; not, as Steevens supposed, *brake-fern* which grows on uncultivated ground:

Then let not too severe an eye peruse  
The slighter *brakes* of our reformed Muse,  
Who could herself herself of faults detect,  
But that she knows 'tis easy to correct,  
Though some men's labour, &c."

[This is one of the most difficult passages in the play, and marked with a dagger by the Globe edd. Steevens has a long and very interesting note, in the first part of which he explains the text thus: "Some run away from danger, and stay to answer none of their faults, whilst others are condemned only on account of a single frailty" (Var. Ed. vol. ix. p. 43), taking *breaks* to have the same meaning as that given above; but in the subsequent part of his note he produces very strong instances of the use of the word *break* in the sense of "a machine for torture," and if it has that meaning, we must adopt the emendation first given by Rowe and read "*brakes of vice*." This was adopted also by Malone, who followed Rowe chiefly on the ground that the words *answer none*, *i.e.* "are not called to account by their conscience," show that the "*brakes of vice*" evidently here mean "engines of torture." *Brake* originally meant a kind of severe bit, used for refractory horses, and also a contrivance, used by farriers to confine the legs of horses while they were being shod. I confess that to me the reading of the text is eminently unsatisfactory, though, no doubt, the explanation quoted above makes some sense of it. I cannot see the slightest connection between the idea of running from a dangerous place on ice, and the words *answer none*; nor does the *ice* metaphor seem to me to fit in at all with the rest of the passage. It may be that we should regard these two lines as being merely the sketch of some speech which Shakespeare intended to write; but against that theory we must set the fact that the two lines are supposed to form part of a rhyming quatrain, such as we come across occasionally in blank verse scenes (*e.g.* in Much Ado, iv. 1. 253–256). Such passages generally contain some very sententious expressions. It is worth noting that line 38 is printed in F. 1 in italics, as if it were a quotation, which very possibly it is. In the Quarto of Hamlet, 1603, many of the lines of the speech of Corambis

(Polonius) to Laertes in act i. sc. 3 are printed with inverted commas before them; and, in the Quarto of 1604, though none of the lines in the speech of Polonius to Laertes are so marked, three of the lines in the speech to Ophelia are. This rhymed quatraine, spoken by Escalus, was probably meant to embody some well-known apophthegms; and therefore the reading "brakes of vice" seems to me more suitable to the context; especially as Rowe's emendation involves such a very slight alteration of the text, and the misprint of *ice* for *vice* is one very likely to have occurred. I should take *brakes* to mean here not so much "engines of torture" as "means for restraint of vice," the general sense of the line being, "some escape from all restraints of vice and yet have to answer for none," while some are condemned for a single fault. We might have expected, in line 40, "for one fault alone;" but the author seems to have purposely avoided that because *one* would have rhymed to *none* at the end of the preceding line.—F. A. M.]

56. Line 54: *precise villains*.—Rolfe well remarks on this: "He means of course that they are *precisely* or literally villains; but, as Clarke notes, the word gives the impression of 'strict, severely moral,' as in i. 3. 50 above: 'Lord Angelo is *precise*.'"

57. Line 61: *he's out at elbow*.—This, as Clarke observes, is "a hit at the constable's threadbare coat, and at his being startled and put out by Angelo's peremptory repetition of his name."

58. Line 63: *PARCEL-bawd*.—*Parcel* for *part* is again used by Shakespeare in II. Henry IV. ii. 1. 94: "Thou didst swear to me upon a *parcel*-gilt goblet." It is met with not unfrequently in the dramatic literature of the period. Compare Day, Humour out of Breath, i. 1. 58-60:

*Hip*. My sister would make a rare beggar.

*Franc*. True, she's *parcel* poet, *parcel* fiddler already; and they commonly sing three parts in one.

59. Lines 69 and 75: *detest*.—The same blundering use of *detest* for *protest* or *attest* is given to Mrs. Quickly in Merry Wives, i. 4. 100: "but, I *detest*, an honest maid as ever broke bread."

60. Line 92: *stew'd prunes*.—A dish proverbial in Elizabethan literature for its prevalence in brothels. It is referred to by Shakespeare in Merry Wives, i. 1. 296; I. Henry IV. iii. 3. 123; and II. Henry IV. ii. 4. 159.

61. Line 97: *China dishes*.—"A *China* dish, in the age of Shakespeare, must have been such an uncommon thing, that the Clown's exemption of it, as no utensil in use in a common brothel, is a striking circumstance in his absurd and tautological deposition" (Steevens).

62. Line 133: *the Bunch of Grapes*.—The practice of giving names to particular rooms in an inn seems to have been common. Compare I. Henry IV. ii. 4. 30: "Score a pint of bastard in the *Half-moon*;" and see the London Prodigal, i. 2, where Sir Lancelot, stopping at the *George*, and entering, says: "This room shall serve;" and having given his order to the drawer for a pint of sack, the drawer recapitulates, "A quart of sack in the *Three Tunns*" (ed. Tauchnitz, p. 229). According to the Return of a Jury

to a Writ of Elegit, 7 May, 43 Eliz., there was, in the Tabard, Southwark, "una alia camera vocata *the flower de Luce*" (Hall's Society in the Elizabethan Age, 2nd ed. appendix, p. 162).

63. Line 180: *Justice or Iniquity*?—Escalus is of course referring to Elbow and Pompey. Ritson thinks that by *Iniquity* is meant the old *Vice* of the Moralities. Compare Richard III. iii. 1. 82, 83:

Thus, like the formal *Vice*, *Iniquity*,  
I moralize two meanings in one word;

and see note 305 to that play.

64. Line 200: *thou art to continue*.—Steevens suggests that Elbow, misinterpreting the language of Escalus, supposes that the Clown is to *continue* in confinement.

65. Line 215: *they will draw you*.—"Draw has here a cluster of senses. As it refers to the tapster, it signifies *to drain*, *to empty*; as it is related to *hang* ['they will *draw* you, Master Froth, and you will *hang* them'], it means *to be conveyed to execution on a hurdle*" (Johnson). In Froth's reply, *drawn in* is probably equivalent to "taken in."

66. Line 228: *the greatest thing about you*.—An allusion, it is generally supposed, to the "monstrous hose," as an old ballad calls them, or ridiculously large breeches, which were worn in the early part of Elizabeth's reign. See the lengthy note in the Variorum Shakespeare on this passage; and compare Romeo and Juliet, note 89.

67. Line 256: *a bay*.—Usually taken to mean the architectural term *bay*; i.e., according to Johnson, "the space between the main beams of the roof;" according to Dyce, a term used "in reference to the frontage." Boyer, in his French Dictionary, has "*Bay* or empty Place in Masonry for a Door or Window." Coles (Lat. Dict.) has "*A bay* of building, *Mensura viginti quatuor pedum*." Furnivall and Stone suggest "a partitioned space, box."

[Pope's most obvious emendation *day* for *bay* may be noticed, only because it is so obvious, and because Pompey, *ceteris paribus*, would be more likely to talk about "three pence a *day*" for a house than "three pence a *bay*," even were it, as Jonson says, a common term in many parts of England. It certainly would be more satisfactory if the commentators could have found any instance of *bay* being used distinctly as part of a house, and not, as in the only passage quoted by Steevens, as a term of measurement. If one could come across such an expression, for instance, as "a house with many *bays* in it" in any work of Shakespeare's time; or if we could discover any evidence of such a phrase so used in the vernacular, it would relieve one of the doubt which every editor must now feel that such an extremely common misprint of *b* for *d* may be really the only ground for admitting into the text what is a highly characteristic expression, and one which we certainly should not wish to get rid of for the sake of so ordinary a phrase as "three pence a *day*." Perhaps Pompey here only means by *bay* a room.—F. A. M.]

68. Line 275: *YOUR readiness*.—Ff. *THE readinesse*; an evident misprint of the common contraction *y'* (your), which was taken for *y'* (the). The emendation is Pope's.

doubtless a misprint, though the Old-Spelling editors resolutely adhere to it. The correction was introduced by Hammer.

80. Line 112: *pelting*.—*Pelting*, in the sense of *paltry*, is used several times by Shakespeare (e.g. Lear, ii. 3. 18: "Poor *pelting* villages"); and Stevens quotes the phrase "a *pelting* jade" from Lyly's *Mother Bomby* (1594), iv. 2. The passage runs: "If thou be a good hackneyman, take all our four bonds for the payment, thou knowest we are town-borne children, and will not shrinke the citie for a *pelting* jade" (Works, vol. ii. p. 128).

81. Lines 113, 114:

*Would use his heaven for thunder;  
Nothing but thunder. Merciful Heaven!*

Dyce arranged these lines, perhaps preferably, so as to leave *Merciful Heaven!* in a line to itself.

82. Line 122: *As MAKES the angels weep*.—So Ff., usually altered to the modern grammatical *make*. But such constructions are not uncommon in Shakespeare; comp. Henry V. i. 2. 118, 119. They are apparently a survival of the Northern plural in *-es*. In some cases the plural noun may be regarded as equivalent, in thought, to the singular.

83. Line 126: *We cannot weigh our brother with ourself*.—This is not, as might be supposed at first sight, a reference of Isabella's to her own brother, but a general statement—*our brother* meaning "our fellow-man," whom she says we cannot weigh as we should, impartially, with ourselves, passing on each an equal judgment.

84. Line 132: *Art a vis'd o' that?*—*Avis'd* is used several times by Shakespeare in the same sense as here (i.e. advised, aware); e.g. Merry Wives, i. 4. 106: "Are you *avis'd* o' that?"

85. Line 136: *That SKINS the vice*.—Shakespeare uses the word *skin* (as a verb) only here and in a very similar passage in Hamlet, iii. 4. 147: "It will but *skin* and flim the ulcerous place." In both places the verb has the meaning of "to cover with a skin;" not that which it usually has in our time, viz. "to take off the skin."

86. Line 149: *shekels*.—This word appears in the Ff. as *sickles*, a spelling used in Wyclif's Bible.

87. Line 154: *dedicate*.—This form of the participle is also used in II. Henry VI. v. 2. 37, 38:

*He that is truly dedicate to war  
Hath no self-love.*

88. Line 172: *evils*; i.e. privies. Used again in Henry VIII. ii. 1. 67:

*Nor build their evils on the graves of great men.*

Henley remarks: "The desecration of edifices devoted to religion, by converting them to the most abject purposes of nature, was an Eastern method of expressing contempt. See 2 Kings, x. 27."

#### ACT II. SCENE 3.

89. Line 11: *the flaws*.—Here Warburton (after Davenant) reads *flames*, which is certainly a help to the metaphor, and was perhaps in the original text. But, as John-

son says of Warburton's emendations: "Who does not see that, upon such principles, there is no end of correction?"

90. Lines 30-34:

*but LEST you do repent,  
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame,  
Which sorrow is always toward ourselves, not heaven,  
Showing we would not SPARE heaven as we love it,  
But as we stand in fear.*

This passage is so broken up by parentheses that it appears more obscure than it really is; and besides, there is an aposiopesis, for the sentence is not finished; the meaning, however, is tolerably clear. The Duke, in his assumed character of spiritual adviser, wishes to impress upon Juliet that her repentance, to be effective, should be based upon the sorrow that she feels for having offended God, and not on account of the shame which her sin has brought upon herself. F. 1, F. 2, F. 3 read *least* instead of *lest*, which is the correction of F. 4. Stevens calls it "a kind of negative imperative." The meaning is: "In case you *only* repent as *that* (= because) the sin has brought you to this shame;" and then he points out that the sorrow is merely selfish sorrow. The only difficulty in the remainder of the passage is the expression "*spare* heaven," which may mean either, as Malone explains it, "*spare to offend* heaven," or "*spare* heaven (i.e. God) the pain that sin causes to Him." Juliet interrupts the Duke at this point without letting him finish his advice in the sense above.—F. A. M.

91. Lines 40-42:

*Must die to-morrow! O injurious love,  
That respites me a life, whose very comfort  
Is still a dying horror!*

This passage is certainly very difficult to explain; Hammer's emendation *law* for *love* is a very plausible one, and gets rid of the difficulty in the simplest manner. The meaning then would be plain enough, Juliet exclaiming on the *law* which spares her life, but takes that of her lover. Johnson supposes Juliet to refer to the fact that her execution was respited on account of her pregnancy; but it does not appear that the law, so greedily revived by the immaculate Angelo, inflicted any penalty upon the woman, further than the disgrace involved in exposure. If we refer to scene 2 of this act (lines 16, 17):

*Dispose of her  
To some more fitter place; and that with speed;*

and again, lines 23-25:

*See you the fornicatress be remov'd:  
Let her have needful, but not lavish, means;  
There shall be order for't;*

we find that Angelo does no more than direct that Juliet shall be taken care of till she has given birth to her child; but, if we refer to the story, we find that the penalty for the woman was that she "should ever after be infamously noted by the wearing of some disguised apparel" (Hazlitt's Shak. Lib. vol. iii. pt. 1, p. 156). It is possible, however, that Juliet may, in this passage, refer to her unborn child, which *should* be her comfort, but who will now only remind her of the horrid death of her lover.—F. A. M.

## 69. Lines 291, 292:

Just. *Eleven, sir.*Escal. *I pray you home to dinner with me.*

Rolfe cites Harrison's Description of England, ed. Furnivall, p. 166: "With vs the nobilitie, gentrie, and students, doo ordinarilie go to dinner at eleuen before noone, and to supper at fiue, or between fiue and six at afternoone. The merchants dine and sup seldome before twelue at noone, and six at night especiallie in London. The husbandmen dine also at high noone as they call it, and sup at seuen or eight: but out of the tearme in our vniersities the scholars dine at ten."

## ACT II. SCENE 2.

70. Line 4: *He hath but as offended in a dream!*—Grant White reads, *He hath offended but as in a dream*—that being of course the sense; but why change? The beauty of the line is gone, and I scarcely see that it is even made appreciably clearer.

71. Line 40: *To FINE the faults whose FINE stands in record.*—*Fine*, both as verb and noun, is several times used by Shakespeare in the sense of general, not necessarily of pecuniary, punishment. It is used again in iii. 1. 114, 115:

Why would he for the momentary trick  
Be perdurably *fin'd*!

Compare Coriolanus, v. 6. 64, 65:

What faults he made before the last, I think  
Might have found easy *fin'es*.

72. Line 53: *But might you do't.*—*Might* you may be merely a transposition of *you might*, perhaps for the sake of euphony. [In the Cambridge Shakespeare the passage is printed with a full stop at the end of the speech; but Ff. all agree in printing the sentence with a note of interrogation at the end after *him*. Walker (Critical Examination, &c., vol. ii. p. 250) suggested the emendation: "*But you might do't*," which the Cambridge editors should certainly have adopted if they altered the punctuation of the Ff. If the line is to be spoken as printed in the text it must be spoken as a question, or it would not be intelligible to the audience. I cannot see any reason why the author should not have written "*But you might do't*," if he did not mean Isabella to ask a question. The fact that this sentence begins, like that above in line 51, with *But* makes it probable that, like that also, it is intended to be interrogative. On the other hand Dyce, who adopts Walker's emendation and does away with the note of interrogation, points to Isabella's speech above (line 49):

Yes; I do think that *you might* pardon him.

—F. A. M.]

73. Line 58: *May call it BACK again. Well, believe this.*—F. 1 reads *may call it againe*;—*back*, which improves alike metre and sense, was added in F. 2.

*Well, believe this*, the reading of the F., is altered by Theobald to *Well believe this* (i.e. "be thoroughly assured of this"), and the reading is adopted by some editors. It is a very good reading, but the F. is, to say the least, quite as good, and I think better.

74. Line 76: *If He, which is the TOP OF JUDGMENT.*—Dyce quotes from Dante, Purgatorio, vi. 37:

*Che cima di giudicio non s'avalla;*

precisely the same phrase, *top of judgment*. The word *top* is often used by Shakespeare to express the highest point: compare the Tempest, iii. 1. 38: "the *top* of admiration;" King John, iv. 3. 45-47:

This is the very *top*,

The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,  
Of murder's arms.

75. Line 79: *Like man new made;* i.e. in Johnson's common-sense phrase, "You would be quite another man." I think the references made by some commentators to Adam (as the *man new made*) are rather far-fetched.

[Most certainly I cannot see what Adam has to do with it; but may not *new made* here have the scriptural sense of "regeneration?" Shakespeare is in a decidedly theological vein of mind in this speech, and it is natural, having just spoken of the effect of the Redemption, he should have in his mind "regeneration," such as our Lord explained to Nicodemus (John iii. 3-8).—F. A. M.]

76. Line 90: *The law hath not been dead, though it hath slept.*—Holt White compares the maxim in law, *Dormiunt aliquando leges, moriuntur nunquam*.

77. Line 92: *If the first that did the edict infringe.*—Several emendations of this line have been proposed, where none is needed. It is one of those lines, so frequent in Shakespeare, and so ruthlessly handled by his editors, where the first unaccented half of the first foot is wanting. If we remember this—making sufficient pause on the first word to make it accentually equal to two syllables—and lay the accent of *edict* on the second syllable (as Shakespeare does whenever the measure requires it), we shall see that the line is strictly rhythmical and very expressive in its solemn slowness. [This is all quite true as far as the study is concerned, but no actor could speak the line, as it stands, with any effect. Of the various emendations suggested, the best perhaps is that of Capell's: "*If he the first*," and Grant White's: "*If but the first*." Davenant altered the line to "*If he who first*." Shakespeare is very fond of the phrase "*If that*," and it is quite possible that he first wrote "*If that the first*;" but, seeing he had too many *thats* in the sentence, struck out the *that* after *If*. Certainly, for stage purposes, the words *If* and *first* require to be emphasized. The emendation that would transpose the position of the last three words and read "*infringe the edict*," making the line end with a trochee, are, I think, much less probable. Out of eight passages in verse in which Shakespeare uses the word *edict*, including this one, it is accented five times on the second syllable.—F. A. M.]

78. Lines 94, 95:

*and, like a prophet,  
Looks in a glass.*

An allusion to the beryl-stone, in which it was supposed that the future might be seen, and the absent brought before the eyes. This picturesque superstition has been often utilized in romances and poems; the latest and greatest instance being Rossetti's ballad, "Rose Mary."

79. Line 99: *But, ERE they live, to end.*—Ff. print *here*,

## ACT II. SCENE 4.

92. Line 9: *Grown FEAR'd and tedious*.—So Ff. Many editors read *sear'd*, after Hamner, and Collier states that such is actually the reading in Lord Ellesmere's copy of the First Folio. *Fear'd* means, no doubt, just what it says on the surface, for, as Johnson says, "what we go to with reluctance may be said to be *fear'd*."

93. Line 11: *with boot*.—This expression occurs again in Lear, v. 3. 301, and *boot*, in the same sense, is used several times by Shakespeare. The meaning, according to Schmidt, is "something given over," a difference of sense from *boot*, meaning "profit, advantage."

94. Line 17: *'Tis not the devil's crest*.—This phrase is no doubt used ironically; and there is nothing in the expression so obscure as to give warrant for the two pages of annotation in the Variorum Shakespeare, and the conjectural emendations of Hamner and Johnson.

95. Line 27: *The general*.—This word, for "the people," occurs twice elsewhere in Shakespeare: Hamlet, ii. 2. 457: "caviare to the general;" and Julius Cæsar, ii. 1. 10-12:

and, for my part,  
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,  
But for the *general*.

96. Line 53: *or*.—Ff. *and*, an obvious error, corrected by Davenant, whose correction is adopted into the text by Rowe.

97. Line 56: *I had rather give my body than my soul*.—This is perhaps (?intentionally) misunderstood by Angelo; Isabella means, I had rather die (*give my body to death*) than thus forfeit my soul.

98. Line 75: *Or seem so*, CRAFTILY.—Ff. *crafty*; corrected by Rowe, after Davenant.

99. Line 76: *Let me be ignorant*.—*Me* was omitted in F. 1, added in F. 2.

100. Lines 79, 80:

as THESE black masks  
Proclaim an ENSHIELD beauty.

Various conjectures have been made as to the precise meaning of *these black masks*; but I think we may reasonably take the word *these* to be equivalent to no more than an emphatic *the*—as indeed was its original significance. Compare Romeo and Juliet, i. 1. 236, 237:

These happy masks, that kiss fair ladies' brows,  
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair.

*Enshield* is simply a contraction of *enshielded*. Similar contractions are not uncommon in Shakespeare. See, on the *masks*, Romeo and Juliet, note 22.

101. Line 90: *But in the loss of question*.—Schmidt understands this phrase to mean "as no better arguments present themselves to my mind, to make the point clear;" Steevens, however, seems nearer the mark in explaining it to mean "in idle supposition, or conversation that leads to nothing;" as we should say now, "for the sake of argument."

102. Line 94: *the ALL-BUILDING law*.—So Ff.; best explained in the Old-Spelling editors' alteration of Schmidt's definition: "being the foundation and bond of all." Rowe

displaces *all-building* by *all-holding*, and Johnson by *all-binding*.

103. Line 103: *That longing HAVE been sick for*.—So Ff. Many editors follow Rowe's emendation *I've*; but the ellipsis of *have* for *I have* is perhaps intentional. The Cambridge editors (note xi.) say: "The second person singular of the governing pronoun is frequently omitted by Shakespeare in familiar questions, but, as to the first and third persons, his usage rarely differs from the modern. If the text be genuine, we have an instance in this play of the omission of the third person singular, i. 4. 72: 'Has censured him.' See also the early Quarto of the Merry Wives of Windsor, sc. xiv. l. 40, p. 285 of our reprint:

He cloath my daughter, and aduertise *Slender*  
To know her by that signe, and steale her thence,  
And unknowne to my wife, shall marrie her."

104. Lines 111-113:

*Ignomy in ransom and free pardon*  
*Are of two houses: lawful mercy*  
*Is nothing kin to foul redemption.*

This is the arrangement and reading of F. 1, which I have not felt justified in disturbing, though Steevens' rearrangement, as follows, is plausible:

lawful mercy is  
Nothing akin to foul redemption.

*Ignomy* is, of course, merely another form of *ignominy* (by which it is replaced in F. 2); but the spelling is preserved in many modern editions. It occurs also in I. Henry IV. v. 4. 100:

Thy *ignomy* sleep with thee in the grave;  
and in Troilus and Cressida, v. 10. 33, 34:

*ignomy* and shame  
Pursue thy life;

as well as in the Qq. of Titus Andronicus, iv. 2. 115:

I blush to think upon this *ignomy*.

105. Line 122, 123:

If not a FEDARY, but only he,  
Owe and succeed thy weakness.

*Fedary* (or *feodary*, as the later Ff. have it) originally meant a vassal; in Cymbeline, iii. 2. 21, it is certainly used in the sense of *accomplice*: "Art thou a *fedary* for this act?" Mr. Stone writes me: "I incline to the view that *F. fedarie* (F. 2 *feodary*) means a *vassal*, not an *accomplice*. If *succeed* could be supposed to mean *follow*—in a moral sense—*feodary* is better understood as meaning *accomplice*. Accepting the other interpretation of *feodary*, Isabella may mean: If my brother be not an inheritor of frailty, but frailty begins and ends with him, let him die. As if a man could be heir to himself, and by this title hold his property. With either explanation we must take *thy* (line 123) to mean *you men*, since Angelo has not yet revealed himself."

106. Line 130: *credulous to false prints*.—Compare Twelfth Night, ii. 2. 31; and see my note on that passage (78).

107. Line 160: *And now I give my sensual RACE the rein*.—For the use of the word *race* in the sense here given to it—i.e. "natural disposition" (Schmidt)—compare the only other instance in Shakespeare, The Tempest, i. 2. 358-360:

thy vile race,  
Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good natures  
Could not abide to be with.

As Mr. Aldis Wright observes (Clarendon Press ed. of the Tempest, p. 96), "the word is used in this secondary sense like 'strain' (A. S. *strynd*, a stock, from *stryman*, to beget) in Troilus and Cressida, ii. 2. 154:

Can it be  
That so degenerate a *stratin* as this  
Should once set footing in your generous bosoms?"

108. Line 162: *PROLIXIOUS blushes*.—Steevens cites examples of the use of *prolixious* by Drayton, Gabriel Harvey, and Nash, but the sense is not precisely that of the text. The word is here evidently used, by a certain license of language, for "tiresomely prudish."

## ACT III. SCENE 1.

109. Line 5: *Be ABSOLUTE for death*; i.e. be certain you will die. Compare Shakespeare's use of *absolute* in Cymbeline, iv. 2. 106, 107:

I am *absolute*  
'T was very Cloten;

Pericles, ii. 5. 19: "How *absolute* she's in 't;" &c.

110. Line 10: *That DOST*.—Changed by Hammer to *do*, leaving *skyeey influences* as the subject, instead of *breath*. The sense is quite clear, and would come to much the same in either case.

111. Lines 11-13:  
*merely, thou art DEATH'S FOOL;*  
*For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun*  
*And yet runn'st toward him still.*

This appears to be a reference to a figure in the Dance of Death, some edition of which may very well have been seen by Shakespeare. The subject is very thoroughly explored in a dissertation prefixed by Douce to Pickering's edition of The Dance of Death, 1833, to which the references given below are made. A reprint of it is included in Bohn's Illustrated Series.

"From a manuscript note by John Stowe, in his copy of Leland's Itinerary, it appears that there was a Dance of Death in the church of Stratford upon Avon: and the conjecture that Shakespeare, in a passage in Measure for Measure, might have remembered it, will not, perhaps, be deemed very extravagant. He there alludes to Death and the fool, a subject always introduced into the paintings in question" (p. 53). "Bishop Warburton and Mr. Malone have referred to old Moralities, in which the fool escaping from the pursuit of Death is introduced. Ritson has denied the existence of any such farces, and he is perhaps right with respect to printed ones; but vestiges of such a drama were observed several years ago at the fair of Bristol by the present writer" (pp. 176, 177). The Dance of Death, with 41 cuts, attributed to Holbein, was first published at Lyons in 1538. In 1547 an edition appeared containing 12 additional cuts, one of them (the 43rd of the series) having Death and the fool for its subject. In this the fool is mocking Death, by putting his finger in his mouth, and at the same time endeavouring to strike him with his bladder-bauble. Death smiling, and amused at his efforts, leads him away in a dancing attitude, playing at the same time on a bagpipe. The following text

(Proverbs, ch. vii. v. 22) is beneath the cut: "Quasi agnus lasciviens, et ignorans, nescit<sup>1</sup> quod ad vincula stultus trahatur" (see p. 261). Another illustration of the subject is in an alphabet ornamented with subjects from the Dance of Death, which was introduced into books printed at Basle by Bebelius and Cratander about 1530. In Bohn's edition of the Dance of Death there is a reprint of this alphabet. The design for the letter R has for its subject Death seizing the fool, who strikes at him with his bladder-bauble and seems to strive to escape. English readers would be familiarized with this, since in an edition of Coverdale's Bible printed by James Nicolson in Southwark, the same design is used for the letter A. It is found in other English books, and even as late as 1618 in an edition of Stowe's Survey of London. (See pp. 214-218.) Besides this, the so-called Queen Elizabeth's prayer-book, printed by J. Daye in 1569, of which there are other editions dated 1578, 1581, 1590, has at the end "a Dance of Death of singular interest, as exhibiting the costume of its time with respect to all ranks and conditions of life." Among the characters are both the Fool and the Female Fool (p. 147). Douce gives also (p. 163) from the Stationers' Registers, under date January 5th, 1597, the entry to the Purfootes of "The roll of the Daunce of Death, with pictures, and verses upon the same." See also Richard II. note 220.

112. Line 24: *For thy complexion shifts to strange EFFECTS*.—Johnson would read *affects*, i.e. "affections of mind;" but the word in the text, in its natural meaning of "natural manifestations, expressions," is very little in need of improvement.

113. Line 29: *sire*.—So F. 4. The reading of the earlier Ff. is *fire*.

114. Lines 34-36:  
*for all thy blessed youth*  
*Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms*  
*Of palsied old.*

This passage has given rise to a great deal of conjecture, and many unsatisfactory substitutions for *aged* have been brought forward. The meaning seems to me to be simply this. The Duke, with a pessimism worthy of Leopardi, is going over the catalogue of miseries, cunningly extracting poison from the fairest flowers of life, and finally he declares that neither in youth nor age is there anything enjoyable, at least according to man's way of dealing with the seasons; for even in youth he is devoured with the ennui and care proper to age, and is as feeble and nerveless as a palsied beggar-man, with strength neither of body nor of will.

115. Line 40: *MOE thousand deaths*; i.e. a thousand more deaths. *Moe* is frequently used in Shakespeare for *more*. Compare Henry VIII. ii. 3. 97: "That promises *moe thousands*." Compare Julius Caesar, note 101.

116. Line 51: *Bring me to hear them speak, where I may be conceal'd*.—F. 1 reads *Bring them to hear me speak*, an obvious transposition, which, however, was not set right before the conjecture of Steevens, adopted by Malone.

<sup>1</sup> The word *nescit* is not in the Vulgate

## 117. Lines 57-59:

*Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,  
Intends you for his swift ambassador,  
Where you shall be an everlasting LEIGER.*

*Leiger, lieger, or ledger*, means "a resident ambassador." Compare Cymbeline, i. 5. 80: "*leigers* for her sweet." Steevens cites *Look About You*, a comedy, 1600: "as *leiger* to solicit for your absent love;" and Leicester's Commonwealth, "a special man of that hasty king, who was his *ledger*, or agent, in London." The word is used for "resident" in Shirley's *Lady of Pleasure*, iv. 2:

Fools are a family over all the world;  
We do affect one naturally; indeed  
The fool is *leiger* with us.

## 118. Lines 68-70:

*a restraint,*  
THOUGH all the world's vastidity you had,  
To a determined scope.

This magnificent conception of a life fettered and confined within the limits of its remorse may be compared with the feeblér, more rhetorical, but still fine image of Byron in *The Gaiour*:

The mind that broods o'er guilty woes  
Is like the scorpion girt by fire,  
In circle narrowing as it glows, &c.

—Works, Tauchnitz ed., 1842, vol. ii. p. 166.

Ff. print *Through*, a misprint which was corrected by Pope.

## 119. Lines 82, 83:

*Think you I can a resolution fetch  
From FLOWERY TENDERNESS?*

The phrase *flowery tenderness* appears to be used by Claudio in mockery or resentment of his sister's stolic counsels, coming, as they do, from her, a mere woman, a creature tender as a flower, to him, a man, supposing himself valiant.

120. Line 88: *conserve*; i.e. preserve, a word used by Shakespeare only here and in *Othello*, iii. 4. 75: "*Con-serv'd* of maidens' hearts." Chaucer employs the word in the *Knights Tale*, 1471:

Syn thou art mayde, and kepere of us alle,  
My maydenhode thou kepe and wel *conserve*,  
And whil I live a mayde I wil the serve.

121. Line 93: *His filth within being cast*.—"As a hawk is made to *cast out* her 'casting,' a pellet put down her throat to test the state of her digestion" (Furnivall and Stone, *Old-Spelling Shakspeare*, note).

122. Line 94: *The PRENZIE Angelo?*—Few words in Shakespeare have given rise to so much controversy as this word *prenzie*, repeated again in line 97 below. F. 2 has *prinuely*, and various conjectural emendations have been adopted, of which *priestly* (Hanmer's conjecture) is, justly, the most widely accepted. Accepting the word in the text as accurate, many attempts have been made to explain it. The Cambridge editors say: "It may be etymologically connected with *prin*, in old French, meaning demure; also with *princeox*, a coxcomb, and with the word *prender*, which occurs more than once in Skelton, e.g.:

This peyssh proud, this *prender* gest,  
When he is well, yet can he not rest.

Mr. Bullock mentions, in support of his conjecture, that *pensie* is still used in some north-county districts. *Prinsie* is also found in Burns' poems [as '*prinsie* Mallie' in *Hallowe'en*] with the signification of 'demure, precise,' according to the glossary." Dr. Brinsley Nicholson suggests that the word *prenzie* may stand for the old Italian *Prenze*, a variant for *Principe*; and his suggestion is given in the note to the word in the *Old-Spelling Shakspeare*, from which I have adopted, at line 97, the reading *prenzie's guards*, for the *prenzie gardes* of F. 1; *prenzie's guards* in this case meaning a prince's guards—the lace on his robe. Compare Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 3. 58:

O, rhymes are *guards* on wanton Cupid's hose.

123. Line 115: *PERDURABLY fin'd*.—This is the only instance of the word *perdurably* in Shakespeare, but we have *perdurable* in *Henry V.* iv. 5. 7: "O *perdurable* shame!" and in *Othello*, i. 3. 343: "cables of *perdurable* toughness."

## 124. Lines 122-128:

*To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside  
In thrilling REGION of thick-ribbed ice;  
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,  
And blown with restless violence round about  
The pendent world; or to be worse than worst  
Of those that lawless and incertain THOUGHT  
IMAGINE HOWLING.*

*Region*, the reading of the Ff., was altered by Rowe to *regions*, and Dyce, who follows him, declares that the plural is "positively required" here, as also in *thought*, line 127. "We contend," says Dr. Ingleby, "that *Region* is used in the abstract, and in the radical sense; and that it means *restricted place*, or *confinement*; also that *thought* is used in the abstract, and that it is the objective governed by *imagine*" (*The Still Lion*, 1874, pp. 97, 98). With the latter statement I cannot agree. Perhaps we should read *thoughts Imagine* or *thought Imagines*. With regard to the possible sources of Shakespeare's conception of future punishment, see the numerous interesting quotations from mediæval visions of hell and purgatory, given in the notes to the play in the *Old-Spelling Shakspeare*, with special reference to "alternate torments of heat and cold," such as the *fiery floods* and *thick-ribbed ice* point to. An extract from Macrobius, whose commentary on Cicero's *Dream of Scipio* was well known in Shakespeare's time, affords a curious parallel to the sentence "blown with restless violence."

[Perhaps one of the descriptions that Shakespeare had in his mind was that contained in *The Revelation of the Monk of Evesham*, published in 1482. (See Arber's reprint of this curious work from the unique copy in the British Museum, and compare, especially, chapters 15, 17, 24, in which the Three Places of Pains and Torments of Purgatory are described.) As to the word *howling*, it is worth while, perhaps, to quote the well-known lines in *Hamlet*, addressed to the Priest by Laertes over his sister's grave, v. 1. 263-265:

I tell thee, churlish priest,  
A ministering angel shall my sister be  
When thou liest *howling*.

With the whole of the passage quoted above we may compare the following lines from Milton's *Paradise Lost*:



Thither by harpy-footed furies hal'd,  
At certain revolutions, all the damn'd  
Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter change  
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,  
From beds of raging fire, to starve in ice  
Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine  
Immoveable, infix'd, and frozen round,  
Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.

—Book ii. lines 596-603.

—F. A. M.]

125. Line 130: *penury*.—This is the correction by F. 2 of the misprint *perjury* in F. 1.

126. Line 141: *Heaven SHIELD my mother play'd my father fair!*—For *shield* in the sense of *forbid*, compare All's Well, i. 3. 174: "God *shield*, you mean it not!" and Romeo and Juliet, iv. 1. 41:

God *shield* I should disturb devotion!

127. Line 142: *slip of wilderness*; i.e. wild slip. *Wilderness* is used for *wildness* in Old Fortunatus, 1600, iv. 1:

But I in *wilderness* totter'd out my youth,  
And therefore must turn wild, must be a beast.

Steevens cites another line in which the word *wilderness* occurs, from Beaumont and Fletcher's *Maid's Tragedy*, v. 4; but the word may there be used in its modern sense.

128. Line 143: *Take my DEFIANCE*.—Explained by Schmidt as "rejection, declaration that one will have nothing to do with another." Compare I. Henry IV. i. 3. 228:

All studies here I solemnly *defy*.

I am not sure that this interpretation does not afford, after all, a tamer sense than if we take Isabella's indignant *defiance* to mean simply—*defiance*.

129. Line 170: *do not SATISFY your resolution with hopes that are fallible*.—Hanmer conjectures *falsify*, not a bad conjecture as things go, but unnecessary. Steevens explains the passage: "Do not rest with satisfaction on *hopes that are fallible*."

130. Line 194: *I am now going to resolve him, I had rather, &c.*—So most editors; the Cambridge editors follow the pointing of the Ff.: "I am now going to resolve him: I had rather," &c.

131. Line 217: *Frederick the great soldier who MISCARRIED at sea*; i.e. was lost. Compare Merchant of Venice, ii. 8. 29, 30:

there *miscarried*

A vessel of our country richly fraught.

132. Line 221: *She should this Angelo have married; was affianced to her oath*.—*She* is of course used, by a grammatical license, for *her*. See Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar*, par. 111. Very likely the latter clause is merely a misprint for "was affianced to her by oath" (as F. 2 corrects it), and so most editors read; the Old-Spelling editors retain the reading of F. 1, and Mr. Stone suggests that here "Mariana's betrothal vow to Angelo may be regarded as a quasi-agent, instead of the person who took the oath."

133. Line 266: *the corrupt deputy SCALED*.—The meaning of this word is very doubtful. The verb is used by Shakespeare in its ordinary sense of "to climb" with a ladder in four passages, and in a peculiar sense in Coriolanus, i. 1. 92-95:

I shall tell you

A pretty tale: it may be you have heard it;  
But, since it serves my purpose, I will venture  
To *scale* 't a little more,

where many modern editors read *stale*, an emendation which Halliwell in his *Archaic Dictionary*, under *Scale*, says is undoubtedly right, and is strongly supported also by Dyce. In another passage in the same play, ii. 3. 257, the word occurs,

*Scaling* his present bearing with his past,

where it is undoubtedly used in the sense of "to weigh;" a sense which seems to suit the passage in our text very well.

Johnson says: "To *scale* is certainly to *reach* as well as to *disperse* or *spread abroad*, and hence its application to a routed army which is *scattered over the field*." Ritson says: "The Duke's meaning appears to be, either that Angelo would be *over-reached*, as a town is by the *scalade*; or, that his true character would be *spread or lay'd open*, so that his villainy would become evident." This latter meaning suggested by Johnson has been adopted by many editors, and also makes very good sense. Richardson in his Dictionary, under *Scale*, says: "In Meas. for Meas.—'The corrupt deputy was *scaled*, by *separating* from him, or stripping off his covering of hypocrisy.' The tale of Menenius (in Coriolanus) was '*scaled* a little more,' by being *divided* more into particulars and degrees; more circumstantially or at length.—'*Scaling* his present bearing with his past,' (also in Coriolanus), looking *separately* at each, and, thence, comparing them."

In a passage in Hall, copied by Holinshed, we have this verb used in a very peculiar sense; he is referring to the dispersion of the army of Welshmen collected together at the beginning of Buckingham's insurrection: "the Welshmen lyngerynge ydely and without money, vitayle, or wages sodaynely *scaled* and departed" (Reprint, p. 394). The meaning there seems to be simply "separated." It is difficult to decide authoritatively between the various meanings assigned to the word in the text; but "over-reached" or "exposed" both would suit the context. Grant White gets out of the difficulty by reading *foiled*; an emendation for which, however, there seems no necessity.—F. A. M.

134. Line 277: *the moated grange*.—A *grange* is a solitary house, frequently a farm-house; "some one particular house," says Ritson, "immediately inferior in rank to a *hall*, situated at a small distance from the town or village from which it takes its name." Compare Othello, i. 1. 105, 106:

What tell'st thou me of robbing? This is Venice;  
My house is not a *grange*.

The word is used again in Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 309:

Or thou goest to the *grange* or mill.

The "lonely moated grange" of Mariana is equally familiar to the readers of the two most popular English poets, Tennyson as well as Shakespeare.

#### ACT III. SCENE 2.

135. Line 4: *brown and white BASTARD*.—*Bastard* is a sweet Spanish wine. Compare I. Henry IV. ii. 4. 30: "a pint of *bastard*;" line 82: "your brown *bastard* is your

only drink." Coles (Latin Dictionary) has "Bastard wine, *vinum possum*." Nares quotes Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Tamer Tamed*, ii. 1:

I was drunk with *bastard*,  
Whose nature is to form things like itself,  
Heady and monstrous.

136. Line 26: *I drink*, I EAT, ARRAY MYSELF, and live.—Ff. *eate away myselfe*. The reading in the text, an unexceptionable and universally followed emendation, was first adopted into the text by Theobald, after Bishop's conjecture.

137. Lines 40, 41:

*That we were all, as some would seem to be,*  
FROM OUR FAULTS, AS FAULTS FROM SEEMING, FREE!

This is the reading of F. 1, followed by the Cambridge and the Old-Spelling editors. F. 2 and F. 3 read "*Free from our faults*," and F. 4 "*Free from all faults*." The latter part of the line should be, according to Hamner, *as from faults seeming free*—a widely-accepted emendation which has this among other drawbacks, that it turns a line of blank verse into a regular dactylic canter. Furnivall and Stone give, I think, the plain meaning of the Folio text in their foot-note: "Would that we were as free from faults, as our faults are from seeming (hypocrisy)."

138. Line 48: *Pygmalion's images, newly made woman*.—A double allusion to the story of *Pygmalion's image* coming to life, and to a meaning sometimes given to the word *woman*, like the primary meaning of the Latin *mulier*. See Cotgrave under *Dame du milieu*.

139. Line 53: *What say'st thou*, TROT?—Needlessly altered by some editors to "What say'st thou to't?" *Trot* (a contemptuous term for an old woman, used in *Taming of Shrew*, i. 2. 80) is no unlikely epithet for the irreverent Lucio to use to his patron. Boyer (French Dictionary) has "an old Trot (or decrepit Woman) *Un vieille*."

140. Line 60: *in the tub*.—Compare Henry V. ii. 1. 79: "the powdering tub of infamy"—an allusion to the treatment for the French disease; referred to again in *Timon*, iv. 3. 80.

141. Line 107: *extirp*.—Used only here and in *I. Henry VI.* iii. 3. 24: "*extirped from our provinces*." *Extirpate* is only used in *The Tempest*, i. 2. 125, 126:

*extirpate me and mine*  
Out of the dukedom.

142. Line 119: *a MOTION generative*.—Compare *Two Gent. of Verona*, ii. 1. 100: "O excellent *motion*! O exceeding puppet!"—which explains the word by giving a synonym for it. Theobald reads "*a motion ungenerative*," but the change seems unnecessary—indeed, I think the force of the expression is weakened rather than heightened by the alteration.

143. Line 128: *I never heard the absent duke much DETECTED for women*.—*Detected* is usually explained as meaning "suspected;" but Verplanck (quoted by Rolfe) remarks: "The use of this word, in the various extracts from old authors, collected by the commentators, shows that its old meaning was (not suspected, as some of them say, but) charged, arraigned, accused. Thus, in Greenway's Tacitus (1622), the Roman senators, who informed

against their kindred, are said 'to have detected the dearest of their kindred.'

144. Line 135: *clack-dish*.—A dish with a cover, *clacked* to call attention to the beggars who carried it.

145. Line 138: *A SHY fellow was the duke*.—Compare v. 1. 53, 54:

the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,  
May seem as *shy*, as grave, as just, as absolute.

This closely parallel passage (the only other instance of the word in Shakespeare) quite disallows, I think, the emendation *sty*, adopted in the present passage by Hamner.

146. Line 160: *dearer*.—This is Hamner's correction of the reading of F. 1, *deare*. F. 2 follows F. 1; F. 3 and F. 4 read *dear*.

147. Lines 191, 192: *The duke, I say to thee again, would eat MUTTON on Fridays*.—The double entendre (*mutton*, or *laced mutton*, being slang for a courtesan) is a common one in plays of the period. It occurs in Shakespeare's original, *Promos and Cassandra*, pt. I. i. 3:

I heard of one Phallax,  
A man esteem'd, of Promos verie much:  
Of whose Nature, I was so bolde to axe,  
And I smelt, he loved *lase mutton* well.  
—W. C. Hazlitt, Shakespeare's Library, vol. iii. p. 274.

148. Line 193: *He's now past it; yet (and I say to thee) he would*, &c.—This is the reading of the Ff., preserved by the Old-Spelling editors, but almost universally abandoned in favour of Hamner's plausible emendation: "He's not past it yet, and I say to thee, he would," &c.—plausible, but surely less characteristic of Lucio and his reckless scandal-mongering than the expression in the Folio; an expression explained well enough by Poins' remark concerning Falstaff (*I. Henry IV.* ii. 4. 283, 284): "Is it not strange that desire should so many years *outline performance*?" The parenthetical "and I say to thee" is merely an emphatic pressing home of the point.

149. Line 232: *the Sea*.—Ff. read *Sea*, a spelling not uncommon at the time. Furnivall and Stone quote Hall's *Chronicles*, 1548, ed. 1809, p. 789, l. 3: "the *Sea* Apostolick;" and Stow's *Annals*, 1605, p. 1058, l. 14: "the *sea* of Rome."

150. Line 237: *and it is as dangerous . . . as*.—This is the correction of F. 3 and F. 4 of the reading of F. 1 and F. 2: *and as it is as dangerous*.

151. Line 278: *Grace to stand, and virtue go*; i.e. "to go." "He should have grace to withstand temptation, and virtue to go (walk) uprightly" (Furnivall and Stone, note).

152. Line 287: *How may likeness, made in crimes, &c.*—Many attempts have been made to amend this passage or to explain it. Mr. W. G. Stone attempts a paraphrase in his notes on *Measure for Measure* (New Shakspeare Society's Transactions, part iii. p. 115\*): "How may a real affinity of guilt (like that which attaches to Angelo, who meditates the same crime for which he has condemned Claudio), practising upon the world, draw with such gossamer threads as hypocritical pretences the solid advantages of honour, power," &c. The addition of *to* in line

289 is not without confirmation in the usage of Shakespeare's time.

## ACT IV. SCENE 1.

153. Line 1: *Take, O, take these lips away.*—This song appears again in Fletcher's *Bloody Brother*, v. 2, with the addition of the following stanza:

Hide, O hide those hills of snow  
Which thy frozen bosom bears,  
On whose tops the pinks that grow  
Are of those that April wears;  
But first set my poor heart free,  
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

The two stanzas are also found in the spurious edition of Shakespeare's *Poems*, 1640; and it has been supposed by some that the same hand wrote the whole poem. It seems equally certain that Shakespeare did write the first stanza, and that he did not write the second. In the first place, the added stanza is of obviously poorer stuff than the original one—as inferior as Fletcher is to Shakespeare. In the second place, the original stanza is so written as to afford a very beautiful refrain in the last two lines:

But my kisses bring again,  
Bring again;  
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,  
Seal'd in vain.

The added stanza is written with no such intention; and a refrain is impossible, without a perfect dislocation of sense, thus: "poor heart free," and "chains by thee." I do not think there is anything very surprising in Fletcher's using and continuing a song of Shakespeare's. Literary property was not then very strictly guarded; and both before and since there have been instances of apparently unfinished poems completed by other hands.

154. Line 18: *much upon this time have I promised here TO MEET.*—*Meet* is used intransitively in *Merry Wives*, ii. 3. 5: "'Tis past the hour, sir, that Sir Hugh promised to meet;" and in *As You Like It*, v. 2. 129: "as you love Phebe, *meet*: and as I love no woman, I'll *meet*."

155. Line 21: *I do CONSTANTLY believe you.*—*Constantly* here means firmly; the word is used in the same sense in *Troilus and Cressida*, iv. 1. 40-42:

I constantly do think—  
Or, rather, call my thought a certain knowledge—  
My brother Troilus lodges there to-night.

In the other sense of *firmly*, i.e. with firmness of mind, it is used in *Julius Cæsar*, v. 1. 92:

To meet all perils very constantly.

156. Line 30: *a PLANCHED gate.*—Steevens cites Sir Arthur Gorges' translation of Lucan's *Pharsalia*, 1614, p. 18 (bk. i.):

Like a proud Courser bred in Thrace,  
Accustom'd to the running race,  
Who when he hears the Trumpets noyse,  
The shouts and cries of men and boyes,  
(Though in the stable close vp-pent)  
Yet, with his hooves, doth beat and rent  
The *planched* floore, the barres and chaines,  
Vntill he have got loose the raines.

157. Lines 34-36:

*There have I made my promise  
Upon the heavy middle of the night  
To call upon him.*

The Ff. arrange these lines thus:

There have I made my promise, vpon the  
Heauy midle of the night, to call vpon him.

The arrangement adopted in the text was proposed to Dyce by Lord Tennyson in 1844. It is adopted by Dyce, the Cambridge, and the Old-Spelling editors, &c., and seems unquestionably right.

158. Line 40: *In action all of precept.*—"Showing the several turnings of the way with his hand" (Warburton).

159. Line 62: *contrarious.*—Used only here and in *I. Henry IV.* v. 1. 52:

And the *contrarious* winds that held the king.

*Quests* is F. 2's correction of the *quest* of F. 1.

160. Line 64: *make thee the father of their idle DREAM.*—So Ff. and Old-Spelling editors; Pope's emendation *dreams* is almost universally followed. It seems to me more probable than not, but not certain, and I have allowed the original reading to stand.

161. Lines 74, 75:

*Sith that the justice of your title to him  
Doth FLOURISH the deceit.*

This is the only instance of *flourish* used as a verb in the sense obviously intended here. But *flourish* is often used as a noun with somewhat the same signification; e.g. *Sonnet* lx. 9:

Time doth transfix the *flourish* set on youth;  
i.e. the "varnish, gloss, ostentatious embellishment" (Schmidt).

162. Line 76: *Our corn's to reap, for yet our TILTH's to sow.*—F. 1, F. 2, F. 3 print *tithes*; F. 4 *tythes*, which Knight, the Cambridge editors, &c., retain. Johnson takes the word by metonymy for *harvest*, and Knight suggests that *tithe* may be understood as meaning "the proportion that the seed which is sown bears to the harvest." The reading adopted in the text is Warburton's very probable conjecture, to which great support is given by the passage in Markham's *English Husbandman*, 1635 (quoted in the *Variorum* Sh. ix. 145): "After the beginning of March you shall begin to sow your barley upon that ground which the year before did lie fallow, and is commonly called your *tith* or fallowfield."

[I cannot find *tith* in any of the numerous provincial glossaries that I have searched; but Halliwell in his *Archaic and Provincial Dictionary* gives a quotation from Gower:

So that the *tithe* is nyge forlorne,  
Whiche Criste sewe with his owen honde.

—MS. Soc. Antiq. x34 f. x38,

which seems very appropriate, for there he speaks of sowing *tith*; and Richardson, *sub voce*, gives a quotation from Apollonius Rhodius, Argon. b. iv.:

O'er the rough *tith* he cast his eyes around,  
And soon the plough of adamant he found,  
And yokes of brass,

where it seems to mean "ground to be tilled." Fawkes appears to have published his translation in 1701.—F. A. M.]

## ACT IV. SCENE 2.

163. Line 30: *mystery*.—The word *mystery* is used by Shakespeare several times for trade or profession; three times in the present scene; once in Othello, iv. 2. 30; and twice in Timon, iv. 1. 18; iv. 3. 458. [It is well to remember that the word *mystery* in the sense of a trade, occupation, or art, is quite a different word from *mystery* in its ordinary sense—"anything kept concealed, a secret rite;" the latter being derived through the Latin *mysterium*, from the Greek *μυστήριον*; while *mystery*, or *mistery*, as it should be spelt, is from the Middle English *mistere*, a word used by Chaucer, and is no doubt adapted from the old French *mestier*, which Cotgrave translates "a trade, occupation, *mistery*." As Skeat says, the two words have been sadly confused. Spenser uses *mysterie*—"the soldier's occupation" in Prosopopoia or Mother Hubbard's Tale:

Shame light on him that through so false illusion,  
Doth turne the name of Souldiers to abusion,  
And that which is the noblest *mysterie*,  
Brings to reproach and common infamie,

—Pp. 6, 7, ed. 1617.

—F. A. M.]

164. Lines 46-50:

Abhor. *Every true man's apparel fits your thief.*  
Pom. *If it be too little, &c.*

The distribution of speakers in the text is that of the Ff. Almost all the editors since Capell, including even the Old-Spelling editors, have given the whole passage, from *Every true man's apparel to so every true man's apparel fits your thief*, to Abhorson. But I consider the admissibility of the original reading to have been quite proved by Cowden Clarke in the following passage, quoted by Rolfe: "Abhorson states his proof that hanging is a mystery by saying, 'Every true man's apparel fits your thief,' and the Clown, taking the words out of his mouth, explains them after his own fashion, and ends by saying, so (in this way, or thus) *every true man's apparel fits your thief*. Moreover, the speech is much more in character with the Clown's snip-snap style of chop-logic than with Abhorson's manner, which is remarkably curt and bluff."

165. Line 54: *he doth oftener ask forgiveness*.—This is an allusion to the practice, common among executioners, of asking the pardon of those whom they were about to send out of the world. Compare As You Like It, iii. 5. 3-6:

The common executioner,  
Whose heart he' accustom'd sight of death makes hard,  
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck  
But first begs pardon.

166. Line 59: *and I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me YARE*.—The word, which occurs several times in Shakespeare, is from A. S. *gædro*, ready. There is a curious parallel to the use of this word in its present connection, in Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 13. 129, 130:

A halter'd neck which does the hangman thank  
For being *yare* about him.

167. Line 86: *meul'd*.—Johnson's explanation, "sprinkled, defiled," seems preferable to Blackstone's derivation from Fr. *mesler*, mingled, compounded.

168. Line 89: *seldom when*; i.e. 'tis seldom when. Compare II. Henry IV. iv. 4. 79, 80:

'Tis *seldom* when the bee doth leave her comb  
In the dead carrion.

169. Line 92: *the UNSISTING postern*.—This is an expression never satisfactorily explained, unless the guess of the Old-Spelling editors can be said to solve the difficulty. They suggest that the word may be derived from *sisto*, which is sometimes intransitive, and that *unsisting* may thus mean "shaking."

170. Line 103: *This is his LORDSHIP's man*.—Ff. *Lords*. The correction was made by Pope. "In the MS. plays of our author's time they often wrote *Lo*. for *Lord*, and *Lord*. for *Lordship*; and these corrections were sometimes improperly followed in the printed copies" (Malone).

171. Lines 103, 104:

Duke. *This is his lordship's man.*  
Prov. *And here comes Claudio's pardon.*

This is the reading of the Ff, and I do not see any certain reason why it should be altered, as most editors, following Tyrwhitt's conjecture, have altered it, by the transposition of the speakers' names. Tyrwhitt bases his change on the seeming inconsistency of the Provost's words. "He has just declared a fixed opinion that the execution will not be countermanded; and yet, upon the first entrance of the messenger, he immediately guesses that his errand is to bring Claudio's pardon." I cannot see any real inconsistency in this. The Provost, judging from what he knows of Angelo's character, has said that he has no expectation of a remand. At that moment Angelo's servant enters. "This is his lordship's man," says the Duke significantly. "And here comes Claudio's pardon!" cries the Provost, now at last convinced. Is not all this very natural? The Provost, despite the opinion he holds to the contrary, has just confessed that "haply" the pretended friar may be in the secret, and "something know." Would not the unexpected entrance of Angelo's servant—at so very unusual an hour ("almost day," as he says in leaving)—force a strong probability on the Provost's mind that after all the friar is right? Another imaginary inconsistency is brought forward by Knight in support of the charge: that of the Provost's first saying, "Here comes Claudio's pardon," and then, "I told you [that he had no chance of a pardon]." Here again the process of mind is quite natural. Having read the letter, and found out what it really is, the provost is of course in the same mind as before as to Angelo's character, and the improbability of his pardoning Claudio. Thus, when the Duke questions him, "What news?" he replies (ignoring his momentary change of front), "I told you;" that is, "I told you before that Claudio must die."

172. Line 135: *one that is a prisoner nine years old*.—Compare Hamlet, iv. 6. 15: "Ere we were *two days old* at sea."

173. Lines 187-189: *Shave the head, and TIE the beard; and*

say it was the desire of the penitent to be so BAR'D.—So Ff., and there seems no reason to suppose there is any error, though Dyce reads *trim*, and Simpson conjectures *dye*. *Bared*, immediately following, has reference chiefly, no doubt, to the shaving of the head (probably receiving the tonsure, in order to die in the odour of sanctity); but it may also refer to the tying back of the beard; for, as Dyce notes, we have in *All's Well*, iv. 1. 54, the expression, "the *baring* of my beard."

174. Line 205: *attempt*; i.e. tempt, as in *Merchant of Venice*, iv. 1. 421:

Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further.

## ACT IV. SCENE 3.

175. Line 5: *he's in for a commodity of BROWN PAPER*.—Steevens cites Middleton, *Michaelmas Term*, 1607, ii. 3: "I know some gentlemen in town has been glad, and are glad at this time, to take up commodities in hawks hoods and *brown paper*" (*Works*, vol. i. p. 451); and R. Davenport, *A New Tricke to Cheat the Divell*, 1636, i. 2, fol. B:

*Vsurer*. . . What newes in Holborne, Fleet-street, and the Strand?

In th' Ordinaries among Gallants, no young Heires  
There to be snapp'd?

*Scrievener*. Th' have bin so bit already

With taking up *Commodities of browne paper*,

Buttons past fashion, silkes, and Sattins,

Babies and childrens Fiddles, with like trash

Tooke up at a deare rate, and sold for trifles.

Malone quotes the following passage relating to the practices of the money-lenders from Nash, *Christ's Teares ouer Ierusalem*, 1593, fol. 46: "He falls acquainted with Gentlemen, frequents Ordinaries and Dicing-houses dayly, where when some of them (in play) haue lost all theyr mony, he is very diligent at hand, on their Chaynes, or Bracelets, or Iewels, to lend them halfe the value: Now this is the nature of young Gentlemen that where they haue broke the Ise, and borrowd once, they will come againe the seconde time; and that these young foxes knowe, as well as the Begger knows his dish. But at the second time of their comming, it is doubtful whether they shall haue money or no. The worlde growes harde, and wee all are mortal, let them make him any assurance before a Iudge, and they shall haue some hundred poundes (*per consequence*) in Silks & Veluets. The third time if they come, they shall haue baser commodities: the fourth time Lute strings and *gray Paper*."

176. Line 21: "*for the Lord's sake*."—Malone compares Nash (*Apologie for Pierce Pennilesse*, 1593): "At that time that thy joys were in the *fleeting*, and thus crying *for the Lord's sake* out at an iron window;" and *Papers Complaint*, in *The Scourge of Folly*, 1611, p. 241, by John Davies (of Hereford):

Good gentle Writers, *for the Lord sake, for the Lord sake*,

Like Lud-gate Pris'ner, lo, I (begging) make my mone to you.

Compare Heywood, *A Woman Killed with Kindness*, iii. 1:

Agon to prison? Malby, hast thou seene

A poore slave better tortur'd? Shall we heare

The musicke of his voice cry from the grate,

"Meate *for the Lord's sake*."

—Works, vol. ii. p. 116.

177. Line 43: *I would desire you to CLAP INTO your prayers*.—The phrase to *clap into* is used again by Shakespeare in *Much Ado*, iii. 4. 44: "*Clap's into Light o' Love*;" and *As You Like It*, v. 3. 11: "Shall we *clap into* 't roundly?"

178. Lines 92, 93:

*Ere twice the sun hath made his JOURNAL greeting*  
TO THE UNDER GENERATION.

The word *journal* for *diurnal* is used again in *Cymbeline*, iv. 2. 10: "Stick to your *journal* course." The Ff. read, in the next line, *To yond generation*. The emendation adopted in the text is that of Hammer, who suggested that the *yond* of the Ff. was due to a misreading of *ye ond*, a contraction for the *under*. Pope reads *yonder*. Steevens takes the *under generation* to mean the Antipodes, and cites Richard II. iii. 2. 38. Dyce, understanding by the term "the generation who live on the earth beneath,—mankind in general," cites *Lear*, ii. 2. 170:

Approach, thou beacon to this *under globe*;

and *Tempest*, iii. 3. 53–55:

You are three men of sin, whom Destiny,  
That hath to instrument this *lower world*  
And what is in 't," &c.

179. Line 104: *By cold gradation and WELL-BALANCED form*.—F. 1, F. 2, F. 3 read *weale-balanced*; F. 4 *weal balanced*, probably by a mere misprint; though some editors take *weal-balanced* to mean "adhered to for the public weal." The correction was made by Rowe.

180. Line 133: *covent*.—An alternative form of *convent*, used again in *Henry VIII*, iv. 2. 19. Some editors read *convent*, but as the Cambridge editors remark, "Shakespeare's ear would hardly have tolerated the harsh-sounding line:

One of our cōvent and his cōfessor."

Coles (*Latin Dictionary*) has:

*Covent carnobium, conventus monachorum.*

181. Lines 137, 138:

*If you can, pace your wisdom*

*In that good path that I would wish it go.*

The comma after *can* was inserted by Rowe: the Ff. read: "If you can pace your wisdom." The reading in the text is that usually followed. Rolfe adopts the conjecture of the Cambridge editors (not adopted by them):

If you can pace your wisdom

In that good path that I would *have* it, go.

182. Line 139: *And you shall have your BOSOM on this wretch*.—A somewhat similar example of this use of the word *bosom* is found in *Winter's Tale*, iv. 4. 573–575:

he shall not perceive

But that you have your father's *bosom* there

And speak his very heart.

183. Line 171: *he's a better WOODMAN than thou tak'st him for*.—Read compares Beaumont and Fletcher, *The Chances*, i. 8:

Well, well, son John,

I see you are a *woodman*, and can choose

Your deer tho' it be ' the dark.

—Works, vol. i. p. 498.

184. Line 184: *the rotten medlar*.—Compare *As You Like It*, iii. 2. 126: "you'll be *rotten* ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the *medlar*."

## ACT IV. SCENE 4.

185. Line 6: *RELIVER* our authorities there?—So F. 1; the later Ff. *deliver*; modern editors read *redeliver*, which is, in any case, the meaning of the word. Mr. Stone, in his notes on Measure for Measure (New Sh. Soc. Trans. part iii. p. 116), observes that Cotgrave has "*Relivrer*, to redeliver;" and that *Reliveer*, to redeliver, appears in Kelham's Old French Dictionary. Ducange gives *Rede-liberare*, explaining it as "*Iterum liberare, seu tradere*," which he confirms by a quotation from a charter of 1502 (apud Rymer, tom. 13, pag. 53, col. 1). The uncompounded Low Latin verbs *liberare*, *librare*, and *livrare*, were all used in the sense of the French *livrer*.

186. Lines 19, 20:

*Give notice to such men of SORT AND SUIT  
As are to meet him.*

This means men of rank (*sort*: compare Much Ado, i. 1. 7, and note 3), and such as owed attendance to the prince as their liege lord (compare the term of feudal law: *suit and service*).

187. Line 28: *How might she TONGUE me!*—Compare Cymbeline, v. 4. 146, 147:

'T is still a dream, or else such stuff as madmen  
*Tongue* and brain not.

188. Line 29: *For my authority bears of a credent bulk.*—So the first three Ff.; F. 4. changes of to *off*. Schmidt explains the phrase of a *credent bulk*, as "weight of credit."

## ACT IV. SCENE 5.

189. Line 5: *Though sometimes you do BLEND from this to that.*—Compare Winter's Tale, i. 2. 333: "Could man so *blend*!" and Troilus and Cressida, ii. 2. 67, 68:

there can be no evasion

To *blend* from this, and to stand firm by honour.

190. Line 6: *Flavius' house*—Ff. have *Flavia's*. The emendation is Rowe's.

191. Line 8: *To VALENTIUS, Rowland, and to Crassus.*—Ff. *Valencius*. The reading in the text is adopted by the Cambridge editors, though in the Globe edition they read, with Capell, *Valentinus*.

192. Line 9: *the trumpets*; *i.e.* the trumpeters, as in Henry V. iv. 2. 61:

I will the banner from a *trumpet* take.

Shakespeare uses the form *trumpeter* as well, but four times only against five.

## ACT IV. SCENE 6.

193. Line 13: *The generous and gravest citizens.*—The ellipsis here is a common one in Elizabethan English. Ben Jonson has "The *soft and sweetest* music;" and see the other quotations in Abbott's Shakespearian Grammar, par. 398.

194. Line 14: *hent*.—This word is used again in Winter's Tale, iv. 3. 133:

And merrily *hent* the stile-a;

and, as a noun, in Hamlet, iii. 3. 88:

Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid *hent*.

See note on the latter passage.

## ACT V. SCENE 1.

195. Line 20: *VAIL your regard.*—Compare Venus and Adonis, 956: "She *vail'd* her eyelids." Boyer (French Dictionary) has "To *vail* one's Bonnet, (to pull off one's Hat) *Se decouvrir, lever son Chapeau à quelqu'un.*"

196. Lines 73, 74:

*One Lucio*

*AS THEN* the messenger.

*As* is frequently joined to expressions of time in Shakespeare. Compare Tempest, i. 2. 70: "*as* at that time;" and Romeo and Juliet, v. 3. 247:

That he should hither come at this dark night.

197. Line 158: *Whensoever he's CONVENED.*—*Convent*, for summon, is used also in Coriolanus, ii. 2. 58, 59:

*We are convened*

Upon a pleasing treaty;

and in Henry VIII. v. 1. 50–52:

hath commanded . . .

He be *convented*.

It is used in a somewhat different sense in Twelfth Night, v. 1. 391.

198. Line 168: *First, let her show HER face.*—This is the correction found in F.2 of the evident error in F.1, "*your face.*"

199. Line 205: *This is a strange ABUSE.*—*Abuse* here means deception, as in Hamlet, iv. 7. 51:

Or is it some *abuse*, and no such thing?

and Macbeth, iii. 4. 142, 143:

My strange and self-*abuse*

Is the initiate fear that wants hard use.

200. Line 212: *garden-house.*—Malone compares The London Prodigal, 1605, v. 1: "If you have any friend, or *garden-house* where you may employ a poor gentleman as your friend, I am yours to command in all secret service" (Tauchnitz ed. p. 268). Reed refers to, but does not quote the following passage from Stubbes, Anatomie of Abuses, 1597: "In the Feedles and Suburbs of the Cities thei haue gardens, either palled, or walled round about very high, with their Harbers and Bowers fit for the purpose" [*i.e.* for assignations].—New Shak. Soc. Reprint, p. 88.

201. Line 219: *her promised PROPORTIONS.*—Compare Two Gent. of Verona, ii. 3. 3: "I have receiv'd my *proportion*," *i.e.* my portion or allotment. The word is also used in the same sense in the prose part of Pericles, iv. 2. 29.

202. Line 236: *These poor INFORMAL women.*—This is Shakespeare's only use of the word *informal*; but he uses *formal* in the sense of sane, in Comedy of Errors, v. 1. 105:

To make of him a *formal* man again,

*i.e.* to bring him back to his senses; and in much the same sense in Twelfth Night, ii. 5. 128: "this is evident to any *formal* capacity."

203. Line 242: *COMPACT with her that's gone*; *i.e.* leagued in conspiracy. The only other instance of this sense of the word in Shakespeare is in a doubtful passage in Lear, ii. 2. 125, 126, where the Ff. read:

When he *confect*, and flattering his displeasure,  
Tript me behind.

The Qq. reading is *conjunct*, which is perhaps preferable.

204. Line 263: Cucullus non facit monachum.—This proverb seems to have been a favourite with Shakespeare. He has quoted it in the Latin twice (here and in Twelfth Night, i. 5. 62), and given three translations of it; literally, in Henry VIII. iii. 1. 23: "All hoods make not monks;" and freely here ("honest in nothing but in his clothes") and in Twelfth Night ("that's as much to say as, I wear not motley in my brain"). The proverb is quoted in Promos and Cassandra, pt. I. iii. 6:

A holie Hoode makes not a Frier devoute.

205. Line 281: *women are LIGHT at midnight*.—The obvious quibble on *light* is one of Shakespeare's favourite puns. Compare Merchant of Venice, v. 1. 129, 130:

Let me give *light*, but let me not be *light*;  
For a *light* wife doth make a heavy husband.

206. Lines 320, 321:

Where I have seen corruption BOIL AND BUBBLE  
Till it o'er-run the STEW.

Steevens compares Macbeth, iv. 1. 19:

Like a hell-broth *boil and bubble*.

*Stew* may mean here a *stew-pan*, or its contents. The metaphor is taken of course from the kitchen, with an afterthought perhaps of the *stews*.

207. Lines 322-324:

*the strong statutes*  
Stand like THE FORFEITS in A BARBER'S SHOP,  
As *much* in *mock* as *mark*.

"These shops," says Nares, "were places of great resort, for passing away time in an idle manner. By way of enforcing some kind of regularity, and perhaps at least as much to promote drinking, certain laws were usually hung up, the transgression of which was to be punished by specific *forfeitures*. It is not to be wondered, that laws of that nature were as often laughed at as obeyed."

[In my copy of F. 4, which has some annotations in MS., I find the following note on this passage: "It is a custom in the shops of all mechanicks to make it a forfeiture for any stranger to use or take up the tools of their trade. In a Barber's shop especially, when heretofore Barbers practis'd the under parts of surgery their Instruments being of a nice kind, and their shops generally full of Idle people" (a written list was displayed!) "showing what particular forfeiture was required for meddling." This note is much to the same purpose as Warburton's in the Var. Ed. *ad locum*.—F. A. M.]

208. Line 346: *Hark, how the villain would CLOSE now*.—Compare Two Gent. of Verona, ii. 5. 13: "after they *clos'd* in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest;" and Troilus and Cressida, iii. 2. 51: "an 'twere dark, you'd *close* sooner;" where *close* is used, as here, in the sense of coming to an agreement. It is oftener followed by *with*; e.g. Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 830: "*close with him*, give him gold."

209. Line 353: *Away with those GIGLOTS too*.—*Giglot*

<sup>1</sup> There is a hiatus here in the MS.

(spelt *giglet* in Ff.) is used as an adjective (meaning, as here, *wanton*) in I. Henry VI. iv. 7. 41: "a *giglot* wench;" and Cymbeline, iii. i. 31: "O *giglot* fortune!"

210. Line 358: *Show your SHEEP-BITING face, and be hanged AN HOUR!*—On *sheep-biting*, see note on *sheep-biter* in Twelfth Night, ii. 5. 6 (note 133). "Be hanged *an hour*" seems to have been something of a colloquialism. *An hour* appears to mean nothing in particular, but to be intended to emphasize the expression in which it occurs. Gifford has a long note on the subject in his edition of Ben Jonson (vol. iv. pp. 421, 422), suggested by a passage in The Alchemist, v. 1:

like unto a man  
That had been strangled *an hour* and could not speak.

—Works, vol. iv. p. 163.

"... Strangled *an hour*, &c. (though Lovewit perversely catches at the literal sense to perplex his informant) has no reference to duration of time, but means simply suffocated, and therefore, unable to utter articulate sounds. A similar mode of expression occurs in Measure for Measure: 'Shew your sheep-biting face, and be *hanged an hour!*'"

Gifford then refers to the following passage in Bartholomew Fair, ii. 1:—

Leave the bottle behind you, and be *curst awhile!*

In his note on that passage he refers to the passage in As You Like It, i. 1. 38:

Marry, sir, be better employed, and be *naught awhile!*

and then continues as follows:

"It is not easy to ascertain the origin of this colloquial vulgarism; but that the explanation of Warburton (which Steevens is pleased to call 'far-fetched') is as correct as it is obvious, may be proved 'by witnesses more than my pack will hold.' It will be sufficient to call two or three:

"The first shall be our poet:

Peecce and be *naught!* I think the woman's frantic.

—Tale of a Tub.

—plain boy's play

More manly would become him.

Lady. You would have him

Do worse then, would you, and be *naught*, you owlet!

—New Academy.

"Again:

Come away, and be *naught a while!*

—Storie of Kyng Darius.

"Again:

Nay, sister, if I stir a foot, hang me; you shall come together of yourselves, and be *naught!*

—Green's Tu Quoque.

"Again:

What, piper, ho! be *hanged awhile!*

—Old Madrigal.

"And, lastly:

Get you both in, and be *naught awhile!*

—Swetnam.

"It is too much, perhaps, to say that the words 'an hour,' 'a while,' are pure expletives; but it is sufficiently apparent that they have no perceptible influence on the exclamations to which they are subjoined. To conclude, 'be *naught*, *hanged*, *curst*,' &c. with or without *an hour*, *a while*, wherever found, bear invariably one and the same meaning; they are, in short, pithy and familiar maledictions, and cannot be better rendered than in the

words of Warburton—a plague, or a mischief on you!" (Jonson's Works, vol. iv. pp. 421, 422).

211. Line 383: *which consummate*.—*Consummate* is used again as a participle (= being consummated) in Much Ado, iii. 2. 2.

212. Line 387: *ADVERTISING and holy to your business*.—Compare i. 1. 42 above:

To one that can my part in him *advertise*.

213. Lines 390–392:

*O, give me pardon,  
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and PAIN'D  
Your unknown sovereignty!*

This is the only instance in Shakespeare of the verb to *pain* being used in the sense of putting to trouble or labour; but *painful* is not infrequently used with the meaning of laborious, as in Tempest, iii. 1. 1: "some sports are *painful*;" and *painfully* is twice used in the sense of laboriously: in Love's Labour's Lost, i. 1. 74: "*painfully* to pore upon a book;" and in King John, ii. 1. 223, 224:

Who *painfully* with much expedient march  
Have brought a countercheck.

214. Line 397: *Make rash REMONSTRANCE of my hidden power*.—This is the only example of the word *remonstrance* in Shakespeare; here it evidently means demonstration, manifestation. Dyce cites from Arrowsmith's Shakespeare's Editors and Commentators, p. 28, the following quotations: Barnabe Barnes, The Devil's Charter, 1607, i. 4, sig. B, 3:

Your sonne shall make *remonstrance* of his valour;

W. Barclay, The Lost Lady, 1639, p. 4:

with all *remonstrances*  
Of love, &c.;

Taylor, Sermons, 1653, iv. p. 162, serm. 13, part 2: "manifested in such visible *remonstrances*;" Smith, Posthumous Sermons, 1744: "to make *remonstrance* and declaration of what he thinks" (vol. ix. p. 78, serm. 3).

215. Line 406: *Whose SALT imagination*.—Compare Othello, ii. 1. 244: "the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection."

216. Line 416: *MEASURE still FOR MEASURE*.—*Measure for measure*, in the sense of "like for like," seems to have been a common phrase. It is used in III. Henry VI. ii. 6. 54:

*Measure for measure* must be answered;

and Steevens cites the same phrase from A Warning for Fair Women, 1599 (lines 898, 899):

Then triall now remains, as shall conclude,  
*Measure for measure*, and lost blood for blood.

—School of Shakspeare, vol. ii. p. 304.

217. Line 428: *Although by CONFUTATION they are ours*.—So F. 1; F. 2 reads *confiscation*, which has been followed by all the editors. The editors of the Old-Spelling Shakespeare have been the first to explain the meaning of the word *confutation*, and to restore it to its place in the text. I give the substance of their note, as it appears, in a slightly condensed form, in the New Shakspeare Society's Transactions, 1880–86, part iii. pp. 116\*–117\*: "Although the sb. *confutatio*, conviction, was unknown, there were examples of the post-classical use of the vb. *con-*

*future*, to convict. In Ammianus Marcellinus, lib. xxvi. cap. 3, and the Theodosian Code, lib. xi. tit. viii. respectively, the past participles *confutatos* and *confutatus* occur, the context showing that in both cases they bear the meaning of *convicted*.

"Moreover, as Angelo's crime was murder, not treason, conviction would be the proper English term for expressing the antecedent cause of his forfeiture. 'Lands are forfeited upon *attainder*, and not before; goods and chattels are forfeited by *conviction*' (Blackstone's Commentaries, iv. 387, ed. 1873).

"There was another possible meaning for *confutation*. The Catholicon Anglicum, p. 263, has: 'to Ouer come; confundere, fundere, *confutare*, debellare,' &c. Now apply this definition metaphorically to Angelo's circumstances, and it might be said that he had been vanquished in single combat with his accuser Isabel. We, having no trial by battle, by duel of accuser and accused, which was frequent in early days, forget that *overcoming* your adversary was in fact *convicting* him of the crime of which you accused him, or he you. The addition of the meaning 'convict' to *confutare*, overcome, would follow as a matter of course."

218. Line 456: *His act did not o'ertake his bad intent*.—Malone compares the very closely parallel passage in Macbeth, iv. 1. 145, 146:

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook  
Unless the deed go with it.

219. Lines 495–498:

*If he be like your brother, for his sake  
Is he pardon'd,—[Claudio discovers himself to Isabella—she rushes into his arms, and then kneels to Angelo,—and, for your lovely sake;  
Give me your hand, [raising her] and say you will be mine,  
He is my brother too: [taking Claudio's hand] but  
fitter time for that.*

In F. 1 the last three lines stand thus (without any stage-direction):

Is he pardon'd and for your louelic sake  
Give me your hand, and say you will be mine,  
He is my brother too: But fitter time for that.

F. 4 has a comma after *pardon'd* and a semicolon after *mine*.

The awkwardness of the rhythm of line 496 is very manifest; and various emendations have been attempted. Hamner reads *He's pardoned* and rearranges the next two lines thus:

Give me your hand, say you'll be mine, and he's  
My brother too.

All the difficulty as to rhythm would be got over if we could accentuate *pardon'd* on the second syllable; but I can find no instance of *pardon*, either verb or substantive, being so accentuated. There is, however, no reason why it should not be,—for it was originally spelt *pardoun*; and *condone*, the only other similar verb derived from the Latin *dono*, is always accentuated on the last syllable; the reason being because, in that case, the *e* mute is retained at the end of the word. Capell proposed: "Is he too pardon'd?" to which Dyce very justly objects because



of the *too* in the next line; and prints, apparently on his own responsibility, "*Then* is he pardon'd." It is easy to supply an extra syllable to make the line more rhythmical; I would suggest *So* rather than *Then*, but I should prefer to read "*He* is pardon'd," letting the pause supply the place of the next syllable, but that the author seems to have wished to avoid the recurrence of *He* is at the beginning of two lines so close together. The dramatic force of the passage requires that the *his* in line 495 and the *your* in line 496 should be slightly accented.

The first important point to be considered is when does Isabella recognize Claudio? As the text stands, without any stage-direction, it would appear that Isabella took no notice whatever of her brother when she finds he is alive; but, as has been pointed out by other commentators, Shakespeare wrote for the stage, and this recognition of Claudio could easily take place in action without any spoken words. In the acting version it takes place after the words *Is he pardon'd*, and Isabella is made to say *O, my dear brother!* The next two and a half lines of the Duke's speech are omitted, and he resumes

By this Lord Angelo perceives he's safe.

This, of course, gets rid of all difficulty, but to take such liberties with the text here is scarcely necessary. As the passage is arranged in our text, we imagine that Claudio—who is on the right side of the stage by the side of the Provost—having thrown off his disguise, turns round to Isabella at the word *pardon'd*; she interrupts the Duke by rushing across him to embrace her brother; and then, remembering herself, kneels to express her respectful gratitude. The Duke continues his interrupted sentence, and raises her from her knees, placing her on the left side of him. He then speaks the next line (497) holding her hand in his; and, at the words *He is my brother too*, turns to Claudio, giving him his hand as a confirmation of his pardon. The arrangement of the punctuation, adopted in our text, slightly alters the sense of the passage as printed by most modern editors; the words *and for your lovely sake* meaning that Claudio has been pardoned—as undoubtedly he was—chiefly for Isabella's sake. But, as the passage is usually punctuated, these words would mean that for Isabella's *lovely sake*, if she gave the Duke her hand, then he would consider Claudio his brother; but surely, in that case, the words *for your lovely sake* are redundant; for what the Duke means to say is that, if Isabella will marry him, he will look upon Claudio as his brother. In any case the last sentence must be elliptical in its construction, being equivalent to "*If you will give me your hand [in marriage], then he is my brother too.*"—F. A. M.

220. Line 507: *Wherein have I so deserv'd of you?*—So the Ff., which Pope took upon himself to "correct" as follows:

*Wherein have I deserved so of you;*

a reading which Dyce says "at least restores the metre." I cannot conceive how any one (except Pope) could think the change an improvement metrically.

221. Line 510: *I spoke it but* ACCORDING TO THE TRICK. —Compare Lucio's jaunty words to Pompey, iii. 2. 53: "Is the world as it was, man? Which is the way? Is it sad, and few words? or how? The *trick* of it?"

222. Line 515: *If any WOMAN'S wrong'd by this lewd fellow.*—Ff. read *woman*. The correction is due to Hammer, and is generally adopted. The Cambridge editors read *Is any woman*.

223. Line 523: *Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death, whipping and hanging.*—There is a reference here to that extraordinary freak of British law, the *peine forte et dure*, alluded to in Much Ado, iii. 1. 75, 76: "she would . . . press me to death with wit;" Richard II. iii. 4. 72:

*O, I am press'd it to death through want of speaking!*

and Troilus, iii. 2. 218: "*press it to death.*" On this punishment see note 178 on Much Ado. It is suggested in a letter in the Athenæum of Feb. 23, 1884, signed H. C. Coote, that Shakespeare had also in mind an Italian law, in force during his lifetime in the States of the Church, by which a criminal could be released from the penalty of his crime on marrying a courtesan. In Prof. Fabio Gori's Archivio Storico, Artistico, Archeologico, e Letterario (Spoleto, Tip. Bassani), vol. iii. pp. 220, 221, is given, says Mr. Coote, "the petition of a Senese courtesan named Caterina de Geronimo, living at Rome, to the governor of the city. It has been extracted from the public records of Rome, and may therefore be fully relied upon for truth and authenticity. This petition (*supplica*), which is dated the 9th of February, 1611, sets forth that the lady has followed her profession for these twenty years ('sono 20 anni che sta in peccato') and now wishes to reform ('Hora si trova in volontà et [*sic*] fermo proposito di levarsi di peccato, et [*sic*] viver da donna dabene et [*sic*] christianamente'). She then goes on to state that Nicolò de Rubeis (i.e. de Rossi) di Assisi, alias Gattarello, who has been accused, though quite unjustly, of being a cheat at cards ('falso gioiatore'), he never having had such things as cards or dice in his possession, has been, through the persecution of his enemies, condemned to exile from Rome and the States of the Church. The poor petitioner ('povera oratrice') has put up the banns between herself and the said Nicolò in the church of S. Lorenzo in Lucina, and she implores his excellency the governor to remit to Nicolò his said exile, inasmuch as he wishes to relieve her from sin, which besides, she adds, will be a pious work. The governor has noted upon the memorial 'Concedatur.' Whatever may have been the value of the poor woman's opinion of her friend Nicolò, there can be no doubt that she has represented the criminal law of the States of the Church with perfect accuracy, and that law was probably not confined to the Papal dominions. Some wandering Englishman had doubtless heard of it, and told the poet, who, as we know, thirsted after all sorts of knowledge, and he afterwards applied it, as we have seen, to heighten the local colour of his play."

224. Line 545: *What's yet behind, THAT's meet you all should know.*—F. 1 reads *that*, by an obvious misprint; corrected in F. 2.

225. Line 538.—In the acting edition the following passage (marked as a quotation) is substituted for the remaining eight lines of the Duke's speech, and the play concludes:

For thee, sweet saint—if for a brother sav'd,  
From that most holy shrine thou wert devote to,

Thou deign to spare some portion toh, ev y l fo  
Thy Duke, thy friar, tempts thee from thy vow:

[*Isabel is falling on her knees, the Duke prevents her—kisses her hand, and proceeds with his speech.*

In its right orb let thy true spirit shine,  
Blessing both prince and people—thus we'll reign,  
Rich in the possession of their hearts, and, warn'd  
By the abuse of delegated trust,  
Engrave this royal maxim on the mind,  
To rule ourselves before we rule mankind.

Whence these lines come from I cannot discover. They certainly do not come from Gildon's version, which ends with a speech after "The last Musick," the concluding couplet of the Duke being:

Impartial Justice, Kings should mind alone  
For that 't is still perpetuates a throne.

On referring to Bell's edition, 1774, which is printed from

the Prompt Books, I find the speech concludes with the following lines:

*Dear Isabel, I have a motion much imports your good,  
Shade not, sweet saint, those graces with a veil,  
Nor in a Nunnery hide thee; say thou 't mine;  
Thy Duke, thy Friar, tempts thee from thy vows  
Let thy clear spirit shine in public life;  
No cloister'd sister, but thy Prince's Wife.*

The last five are printed in italics by Bell; and, in a note, the editor adds "the five distinguished lines which conclude, are an addition, by whom we know not; however, they afford a better finishing than that supplied by Shakespeare." Certainly none of the lines in either acting version are taken from Davenant's play, which indeed does not contain anything original so nearly approaching to poetry.—F. A. M.

## WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

NOTE.—The addition of sub., adj., verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb only in the passage or passages cited.

The compound words marked with an asterisk (\*) are printed as two separate words in F. 1.

Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line	Act Sc. Line
According <sup>1</sup> .... v. 1 487	Belocked..... v. 1 210	Definitive..... v. 1 432	Fornicatrix.... ii. 2 23
Adoptedly .... i. 4 47	Belongings .... i. 1 30	Denunciation.. i. 2 152	Ported ..... v. 1 12
Advisings (sub.) iii. 1 203	Billets ..... iv. 3 58	Dependency <sup>18</sup> . v. 1 62	*Fruit-dish.... ii. 1 95
Affianced ..... { iii. 1 222	Birch..... i. 3 24	Dependent <sup>19</sup> (adj.) v. 1 411	Garden-house.. v. 1 212, 220
{ v. 1 227	Breather <sup>10</sup> .... iv. 4 31	Disguiser ..... iv. 2 186	Generative .... iii. 2 118
All-building... ii. 4 94	*Bringsings-forth iii. 2 152	Dismissed <sup>20</sup> .. ii. 2 102	Giglots..... v. 1 351
All-hallond .... ii. 1 130	Cardinally <sup>11</sup> .. ii. 1 81	Disvalued..... v. 1 221	Gnarled ..... ii. 2 116
Approbation <sup>2</sup> . i. 2 133	Carnally..... v. 1 214	Disvouched.... iv. 4 1	Gratulate (adj.) v. 1 535
Attempt <sup>3</sup> ..... i. 4 79	Characts ..... v. 1 56	Doubleness.... iii. 1 267	Head <sup>24</sup> ..... iii. 1 91
Attorneyed <sup>4</sup> ... v. 1 390	China <sup>12</sup> ..... ii. 1 97	Dribbling ..... i. 3 2	Head <sup>25</sup> (verb).. ii. 1 250, 251
Audible <sup>5</sup> ..... v. 1 413	Circumnured... iv. 1 28	Dukes (verb) .. iii. 2 100	Helmed..... iii. 2 150
Austereness... ii. 4 155	Clack-dish.... iii. 2 135	Emmew..... iii. 1 91	Hot-house .... ii. 1 66
Aves ..... i. 1 71	Combine ..... iii. 1 231	Enshield ..... ii. 4 80	House-eaves... iii. 2 136
Backed <sup>6</sup> ..... iv. 1 29	Commandments <sup>13</sup> i. 2 7, 12	Enskyed..... i. 4 34	Husband <sup>26</sup> .... iii. 2 75
Back-wounding iii. 2 193	Concupiscible . v. 1 98	Escapes <sup>21</sup> ..... iv. 1 63	Immoderate... i. 2 131
Baldpate ..... v. 1 329	Confessed <sup>14</sup> ... v. 1 533	Eve <sup>22</sup> ..... ii. 1 130	Inequality..... v. 1 65
Bald-pated .... v. 1 356	Confixed ..... v. 1 232	Facing ..... iii. 2 11	Infliction ..... i. 3 23
Bane <sup>7</sup> ..... i. 2 133	Confutation <sup>15</sup> . v. 1 428	Fewness ..... i. 4 39	Informal ..... v. 1 236
*Bawd-born.... iii. 2 73	Conserve <sup>16</sup> ... iii. 1 88	Fleshmonger.. v. 1 337	Ingots..... iii. 1 26
Bay <sup>8</sup> ..... ii. 1 256	Contracting (sub.) iii. 2 296	Flourish <sup>23</sup> .... v. 1 75	Instate ..... v. 1 429
Bear <sup>9</sup> ..... i. 3 47	Counsellers <sup>17</sup> .. i. 2 111	Forenamed.... iii. 1 248	Institutions... i. 1 11
	Custom-shrunk i. 2 85		Inward <sup>27</sup> (sub.) iii. 2 138

<sup>1</sup> Used adverbially = accordingly; as adj. used very frequently.

<sup>2</sup> = probation of a novice; used frequently elsewhere in other senses.

<sup>3</sup> Verb, used absolutely; used transitively frequently elsewhere.

<sup>4</sup> = employed as an attorney.

<sup>5</sup> Used adverbially; as adj. = attentive, in Coriolanus, iv. 5. 238.

<sup>6</sup> = having as a back or limit; used frequently elsewhere in other senses.

<sup>7</sup> Figuratively = poison; used frequently elsewhere = destruction, ruin.

<sup>8</sup> See note 67. <sup>9</sup> = to behave.

<sup>10</sup> = a speaker; = a human being, in three other passages.

<sup>11</sup> Elbow's blunder for *carnally*.

<sup>12</sup> = porcelain.

<sup>13</sup> = the Ten Commandments.

<sup>14</sup> Used transitively in its ecclesiastical sense; in same sense in trans. Rom. and Jul. iv. 1. 23; used very frequently in its ordinary sense elsewhere.

<sup>15</sup> = conviction. See note 217.

<sup>16</sup> = to preserve; in culinary sense in Othello, iii. 4. 75.

<sup>17</sup> = lawyers; used frequently elsewhere = advisers.

<sup>18</sup> = consistency; occurs in slightly different sense in Cymbeline, ii. 3. 123; Ant. and Cleo. v. 2. 26.

<sup>19</sup> = occasioned by something previous.

<sup>20</sup> = pardoned; used in various other senses elsewhere.

<sup>21</sup> = sallows; used elsewhere in other senses.

<sup>22</sup> i.e. All-hallond eve.

<sup>23</sup> Used transitively = to colour; also transitively = to brandish, Rom. and Jul. i. 1. 85; used intransitively frequently elsewhere.

Lamb-skins.... iii. 2 9

Leavened..... i. 1 52

Manifested<sup>28</sup>... iv. 2 170

<sup>24</sup> = a bud.

<sup>25</sup> = to decapitate.

<sup>26</sup> = one who keeps house; used frequently elsewhere in other senses.

<sup>27</sup> = a confidant; as adj. with similar meaning in Rich. III. iii. 4. 8; used both as sub. and adj. in other passages.

<sup>28</sup> Used adjectively.

# WORDS PECULIAR TO MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

	Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line		Act Sc. Line
Mealed.....	iv. 2 86	Prioress.....	i. 4 11	Shekels.....	ii. 2 149	Touse.....	v. 1 313
Mercer.....	iv. 3 11	Procuress.....	iii. 2 58	Shy. ....	iii. 2 138;	Treasonable...	v. 1 345
Misreport.....	v. 1 148	Prolixious.....	ii. 4 162	Siege <sup>10</sup> .....	iv. 2 101	*True-meant..	i. 4 55
Moated.....	iii. 1 277	Promise-breach	v. 1 410	Sisterly.....	v. 1 100	Tun-dish.....	iii. 2 182
Morality.....	i. 2 138	*Promise-keeping	i. 2 77	Skyey.....	iii. 1 9	Unbelieved....	v. 1 119
Mother <sup>1</sup> .....	i. 4 86	Prompture.....	ii. 4 178	Sliding (sub.)...	ii. 4 115	Uncleanliness..	ii. 1 83
Mouth <sup>2</sup> (verb).	iii. 2 194	Propagation....	i. 2 154	Snow-broth....	i. 4 58	Uncleanness <sup>17</sup> .	ii. 4 54
*New-conceived	ii. 2 96	Provincial <sup>6</sup> ....	v. 1 318	Spawnd.....	iii. 2 114	Undiscernible.	v. 1 373
Nicety.....	ii. 4 162	Provost.....	i. 2 117, etc.	Splay.....	ii. 1 243	Undoubtful....	iv. 2 143
Notedly.....	v. 1 335	Razure.....	v. 1 13	Starkly.....	iv. 2 70	Ungentured....	iii. 2 184
Offenceful.....	ii. 3 26	Ready (money)	iv. 3 8	Stead <sup>11</sup> (up)...	iii. 1 260	Ungot.....	v. 1 142
*Outward-salnted	iii. 1 89	Rebate.....	i. 4 60	Stew <sup>12</sup> .....	v. 1 321	Unhurtful....	iii. 2 175
Over-read.....	iv. 2 212	Refelled.....	v. 1 94	Stifle <sup>13</sup> .....	ii. 4 158	Unmask (intr.).	v. 1 206
Overweigh.....	ii. 4 157	Remissness....	ii. 2 96	Stinkingly....	iii. 2 28	Unscoured....	i. 2 171
*Parcel-bawd..	ii. 1 63	Remonstrance.	v. 1 397	Stones <sup>14</sup> .....	ii. 1 110	Unshaped.....	iv. 4 23
Pardoner.....	iv. 2 112	Renouncement	i. 4 35	Straitness.....	iii. 2 208	Unshunned....	iii. 2 63
Pass <sup>3</sup> .....	i. 3 38	Rent <sup>7</sup> .....	ii. 1 254	Stricture.....	i. 3 12	Unsisting.....	iv. 2 92
Passes <sup>4</sup> .....	v. 1 375	Reproach <sup>8</sup> (verb)	v. 1 426	Stroke <sup>15</sup> .....	iv. 2 83	Unskilfully....	iii. 2 155
Penitently.....	iv. 2 147	Reprobate (sub.)	iv. 3 73	Sun-rise.....	ii. 2 153	Unsoiled.....	ii. 4 155
Perdurably....	iii. 1 115	Resemblance <sup>9</sup> .	iv. 2 203	Taphouse.....	ii. 1 220	Unsworn.....	i. 4 9
Permissive.....	i. 3 38	School-maids..	i. 4 47	Temporary....	v. 1 145	Untrussing....	iii. 2 190
Pick-lock.....	iii. 2 18	Seedness.....	i. 4 42	Tested.....	ii. 2 149	Unwedgeable..	ii. 2 116
Piled.....	i. 2 35	Seemers.....	i. 3 54	Testimonied..	iii. 2 152	Unweighing...	iii. 2 147
Planchet.....	iv. 1 30	Self-offences..	iii. 2 280	Thick-ribbed..	iii. 1 123	Uprighteously.	iii. 1 206
Plausible.....	iii. 1 254	Sheep-biting..	v. 1 358	Tick-tack.....	i. 2 196	Vastidity.....	iii. 1 69
Pose (verb)....	ii. 4 51			Tongue <sup>16</sup> (verb).	iv. 4 28	Viewless.....	iii. 1 124
Pre-contract...	iv. 1 72					*Virgin-violator	v. 1 41
Prenzie.....	iii. 1 94, 97					Vulgarly.....	v. 1 160

<sup>1</sup> Applied to an abbess or prioress.

<sup>2</sup> Mouth with, i.e. exchange kisses on the mouth with; the verb is used in other senses elsewhere.

<sup>3</sup> = permission.

<sup>4</sup> = proceedings. Used in Sonn. ciii. 11 in singular, perhaps in same sense.

<sup>5</sup> In the sense of to pimp; used frequently elsewhere in other senses.

<sup>6</sup> Belonging to an ecclesiastical province; as epithet, derived from Provins in France, in Hamlet, iii. 2. 288.

<sup>7</sup> = to hold by lease; = to rend, used frequently elsewhere.

<sup>8</sup> The sub. is repeatedly used throughout Shakespeare's plays.

<sup>9</sup> = probability; = likeness, occurs in Winter's Tale, v. 2. 39; Rich. III. iii. 7. 11.

<sup>10</sup> = a seat; used in other senses elsewhere.

<sup>11</sup> = to supply; = to benefit, used frequently elsewhere.

<sup>12</sup> See note 206. Used three times = a brothel.

<sup>13</sup> Used intransitively; used transitively elsewhere.

<sup>14</sup> Of fruit.

<sup>15</sup> Of a pen; used elsewhere in many senses.

<sup>16</sup> = to speak of; in Cymb. v. 4. 148 = to speak.

Warranted (adj.) iii. 2 150

Waste<sup>18</sup> (adj.). ii. 2 170

Well-balanced. iv. 3 104

\*Well-defended v. 1 407

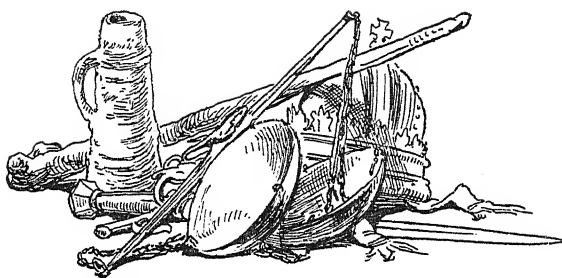
Well-warranted v. 1 254

Well-wished .. ii. 4 27

Whoremonger. iii. 2 37

<sup>17</sup> Lucrece, 193.

<sup>18</sup> Sonn. lxxvii. 10.



# KING LEAR

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LEAR, king of Britain.  
King of France.  
Duke of Burgundy.  
Duke of Cornwall.  
Duke of Albany.  
Earl of Kent.  
Earl of Gloster.  
EDGAR, son to Gloster.  
EDMUND, bastard son to Gloster.  
CURAN, a courtier.  
Old Man, tenant to Gloster.  
Doctor.  
Fool.  
OSWALD, steward to Goneril.  
An Officer employed by Edmund.  
Gentleman attendant on Cordelia.  
A Herald.  
Servants to Cornwall.  
GONERIL, }  
REGAN,    } daughters to Lear.  
CORDELIA, }

Knights attending on Lear, Officers, Messengers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

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### SCENE—BRITAIN.

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HISTORIC PERIOD: Mythical, 841–791 B.C. (3105 A.M. Holinshed).

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### TIME OF ACTION.

Mr. Daniel gives the following time analysis.

Day 1: Act I. Scene 1.	Day 6: Act III. Scene 7; Act IV. Scene 1.
Day 2: Act I. Scene 2.—An interval of something less than a fortnight.	Day 7: Act IV. Scene 2.—Perhaps an interval of a day or two.
Day 3: Act I. Scenes 3, 4, 5.	Day 8: Act IV. Scene 3.
Day 4: Act II. Scenes 1, 2.	Day 9: Act IV. Scenes 4, 5, 6.
Day 5: Act II. Scenes 3, 4; Act III. Scenes 1–6.	Day 10: Act IV. Scene 7; Act V. Scenes 1–3.

# KING LEAR.

## INTRODUCTION.

### LITERARY HISTORY.

The earliest known edition of King Lear is a quarto published in 1608, with the title-page as follows:

M. William Shak-speare: | *HIS* | True  
Chronicle Historie of the life and | death of  
King LEAR and his three | Daughters. | *With*  
*the vnfortunate life of Edgar, sonne* | and heire to  
the Earle of Gloster, and his | sullen and  
assumed humor of | Tom of Bedlam: | *As it*  
*was played before the Kings Maiestie at White-*  
*hall vpon* | *S. Stephans night in Christmas*  
*Hollidayes.* | By his Maiesties seruants play-  
ing vsually at the Gloabe | on the Bancke-side.

| LONDON, | Printed for *Nathaniel Butter*,  
and are to be sold at his shop in *Pauls* |  
Church-yard at the signe of the Pide Bull  
neere | *S<sup>t</sup>. Austins Gate.* 1608.

A second quarto was issued by Butter in the same year, the title-page of which is similar, except that instead of the imprint "*LONDON*," &c., it has "Printed for *Nathaniel Butter.* | 1608."

It has been stated by several editors that a third quarto was brought out in 1608; but this is an error, due to the fact that of the existing copies of the first quarto no two are exactly alike. As the Cambridge editors remark, the text was apparently corrected when the book was on the press, and the corrected and uncorrected sheets were bound up indiscriminately. This is also the view taken by Dr. Furness in his "New Variorum" edition of the play. He says: "For some reason or other 'Master N. Butter' was in a hurry to publish his 'booke,' and he therefore sent out the 'copy,' divided into several parts, to several compositors, and these different parts, when printed, were dispatched to a binder to be stitched (it is not probable that any of the Shakespearian quartos were more than merely

stitched, or had other than paper covers). We learn from Arber's invaluable *Transcript of the Stationers' Registers*, ii. 881-2, that the binding was not done by the printers, and as there were nearly fifty freemen binders at that time in London, there must have been among them various degrees of excellence. As ill-luck would have it, the several portions of this tragedy of *Lear* fell to the charge of a careless binder, and the signatures, corrected and uncorrected, from the different printers, were mixed up, to the confusing extent in which the few copies that survive have come down to us."

Critics are not entirely agreed as to which of the two quartos was the earlier, but Furness and Rolfe are probably correct in assuming that the priority is to be assigned to the "Pide Bull" edition, though the evidence in favour of this view is purely circumstantial. The Cambridge editors, in their collation of the texts, call the other edition Q. 1; but in their preface they say that, after all, they are inclined to regard it as the later edition.

In the Folio of 1623 the play is evidently printed from a different manuscript, and a better one than was used for the Quartos. According to Furness the quartos contain 220 lines that are not found in the Folio, which, on the other hand, has 50 lines that do not appear in the Quartos. The 3rd scene of the 4th act is entirely wanting in the Folio.

How the difference in the texts is to be explained has been much discussed by the critics and commentators. No two of them come to precisely the same conclusion, and it is not likely that the question can ever be settled. The weight of authority is in favour of the view that the Folio gives us a later and revised form of the play, and that the omissions in that edition were probably made in the theatre for stage purposes.

The play could not have been written earlier than 1603—the date of the publication of Harsnet's Declaration of Popish Impostures, to which Shakespeare was indebted for the names of some of the devils mentioned by Edgar in the 4th scene of act iii.—nor later than 1606, on the 26th of December in which year it was performed before King James. We get this latter information from the entry in the Stationers' Registers, November 26th, 1607, which states that the play was acted "before the kinges maiestie at Whitehall vppon Sainct Stephens night at Christmas Last." Malone, Dyce, and Fleay believe that the date of composition is to be placed early in 1605; Dowden, Furnivall, and Moberly put it 1605-6. Aldis Wright, we may add, finds in Gloucester's speech, "These *late* eclipses," &c., i. 2. 112, a reference to the great eclipse of the sun which took place in October, 1605, and excited much dismay and alarm. He also thinks that Gloucester's words in the same speech, "machinations, hollownesse, treachery, and all ruinous disorders," may allude to the Gunpowder Plot of Nov. 5, 1605, his general conclusion being that "Shakespeare did not begin to write King Lear till towards the end of the year 1605."

The story of Lear and his three daughters is old and oft repeated. "It is told by Geoffrey of Monmouth in his *Historia Britonum*, by Layamon in his *Brut*, by Robert of Gloucester, by Fabyan in his *Chronicle*, by Spenser in the *Faerie Queene*, by Holinshed in his *Chronicle*, by Camden in his *Remaines*, in the *Mirror for Magistrates*, in Warner's *Albions England*, and elsewhere in prose and verse. It had also been dramatized in the *Chronicle History of King Leir*, which, according to Malone and Halliwell, was written in 1593 or 1594" (Rolfe).<sup>1</sup> This old play was reprinted in 1605,

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Furnivall has a useful summary covering much the same ground; he says: "The source of the Lear story is Holinshed's Chronicle; of the Gloster, Edmund and Edgar story, Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia. Mr. Hazlitt has reprinted in his Shakspeare's Library: 1. The History of Lear, from Holinshed. 2. The same, from the English Gesta Romanorum (ab. 1440, A.D.), Edit Madden, pp. 50-3. 3. The History of Leir and his Three Daughters, 1605, a play. It was not used by Shakspeare. 4. Queen Cordelia, an historical poem, by John Higin, from the Mirror for Magistrates. 5. The Story of the Paphlagonian Unkind King, from Sidney's Arcadia. 6. The Ballad of Lear and

not improbably on account of the success of Shakespeare's King Lear, which had just appeared on the stage. The materials of this earlier drama were probably taken from Holinshed; but whether Shakespeare took his incidents from the chronicle or the old play it is impossible to determine. In either case the obligation was of the most trivial nature. In the words of Furness, "The distance is always immeasurable between the hint and the fulfilment; what to our purblind eyes is a bare, naked rock, becomes, when gilded by Shakespeare's heavenly alchemy, encrusted thick all over with jewels. When, after reading one of his tragedies, we turn to what we are pleased to call the 'original of his plot,' I am reminded of those glittering gems, of which Heinespeaks, that we see at night in lovely gardens, and think must have been left there by king's children at play; but when we look for these jewels by day we see only wretched little worms which crawl painfully away, and which the foot forbears to crush only out of strange pity."

The story of Gloster and his sons is not found either in Holinshed or the old play of King Leir. For this the dramatist was indebted to Sir Philip Sidney's Arcadia; and the skill with which he has interwoven it with the main plot is as noteworthy as in the blending of two independent tales in the Merchant of Venice and other plays.

The following extracts from Holinshed and Sidney will add to the value of this introduction:—

"Leir the sonne of Baldud, was admitted ruler ouer the Britaines, in the yeere of the world 3105, at what time Ioas reigned as yet in Iuda. This Leir was a prince of right noble demeanour, gouerning his land and subiects in great wealth. He made the towne of Caerlier nowe called Leicester, which standeth vpon the riuier of Sore. It is written that he had by his wife three daughters without other issue, whose names were Gonorilla, Regan, and Cordeilla, which daughters he greatly loued, but specially Cordeilla the yongest farre aboue the two elder.

his Three Daughters. The Latin original of the Lear story is Geoffrey of Monmouth (Hist. Britonum, bk. ii. ch. 11-15). And it was first told, and well told, in English, by Layamon in his Brut ab. 1205. That it came originally from Wales there is little doubt" (Leopold Shakspeare, Introduction, p. lxxx.).



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When this Leir therefore was come to great yeeres, & began to waxe vnweldie through age, he thought to vnderstand the affections of his daughters towards him, and preferre hir whome he best loued, to the succession ouer the kingdome. Whorvpon he first asked Gonorilla the eldest, how well shee loued him: who calling hir gods to record, protested, that she loued him more than hir owne life, which by right and reason shoulde be most deere vnto hir. With which answer the father being well pleased, turned to the second, and demanded of hir how well she loued him: who answered (confirming hir saiens with great othes) that she loued him more than tounge could expresse, and farre aboue all other creatures of the world.

"Then called he his yongest daughter Cordeilla before him, and asked of hir what account she made of him: vnto whom she made this answer as followeth: Knowing the great loue and fatherlie zeale that you haue alwayes borne towards me, (for the which I maie not answere you otherwise than I thinke, and as my conscience leadeth me) I protest vnto you, that I haue loued you euer, and will continuallie (while I liue) loue you as my naturall father. And if you would more vnderstand of the loue that I beare you, asser-taine your selfe, that so much as you haue, so much you are worth, and so much I loue you, and no more. The father being nothing content with this answer, married his two eldest daughters, the one vnto Henninus, the Duke of Cornewal, and the other vnto Maglanus, the Duke of Albania, betwixt whome he willed and ordeined that his land should be deuided after his death, and the one halfe thereof immediatlie should be assigned to them in hand: but for the third daughter Cordeilla he reserued nothing.

"Neuertheles it fortuneth that one of the princes of Gallia (which now is called France) whose name was Aganippus, hearing of the beautie, womanhood, and good conditions of the said Cordeilla, desired to haue hir in marriage, and sent ouer to hir father, requiring that he mighte haue hir to wife: to whome answere was made, that he might haue his daughter, but as for anie dower he could haue none, for all was promised and assured to hir other sisters alreadye. Aganippus notwithstanding this answer of deniall to receiue anie thing by way of dower with Cordeilla, took hir to wife, onlie moued thereto (I saie) for respect of hir person and amiable vertues. This Aganippus was one of the twelue kings that ruled Gallia in those daies, as in the British historie it is recorded. But to proceed.

"After that Leir was fallen into age, the two dukes that had married his two eldest daughters, thinking long yer the gouernment of the land did come to their hands, arose against him in armour, and reft from him the gouernance of the land, vpon conditions to be continued for terme of life: by the which he was put to his portion, that is, to liue after a rate

assigned to him for the maintenance of his estate, which in processe of time was diminished as well by Maglanus as by Henninus. But the greatest griefe that Leir tooke, was to see the vnkindnesse of his daughters, which seemed to thinke that all was too much which their father had, the same being neuer so little: in so much, that going from the one to the other, he was brought to that miserie, that scarcelie they would allow him one seruauant to waite vpon him.

"In the end, such was the vnkindnesse, or (as I maie saie) the vnnaturalnesse which he found in his two daughters, notwithstanding their faire and pleasant words vttered in time past, that being constrained of necessitie, he fled the land, and sailed into Gallia, there to seeke some comfort of his yongest daughter Cordeilla whom before time he hated. The ladie Cordeilla hearing that he was arrined in poore estate, she first sent to him priuile a certaine summe of monie to apparell himselfe withall, and to reteine a certain number of seruants that might attende vpon him in honorable wise, as appertained to the estate which he had borne: and then so accompanied, she appointed him to come to the court, which he did, and was so ioifullie, honorablie, and louinglie receiued, both by his sonne in law Aganippus, and also by his daughter Cordeilla, that his hart was greatlie comforted: for he was no lesse honored, than if he had bene king of the whole countrie himselfe.

"Now when he had informed his son in law and his daughter in what sort he had bene vsed by his other daughters, Aganippus caused a mightie armie to be put in readinesse, and likewise a great naue of ships to be rigged, to passe ouer into Britaine with Leir his father in law, to see him againe restored to his kingdome. It was accorded, that Cordeilla should also go with him to take possession of the land, the which he promised to leaue vnto hir, as the rightfull inheritour after his deceasse, notwithstanding any former grant made to hir sisters or to their husbands in anie maner of wise.

"Herevpon, when this armie and naue of ships were readie, Leir and his daughter Cordeilla with hir husband tooke the sea, and arriuing in Britaine, fought with their enimies, and discomfited them in battell, in which Maglanus and Henninus were slaine: and then was Leir restored to his kingdome, which he ruled after this by the space of two yeeres, and then died, fortie yeeres after he first began to reigne. His bodie was buried at Leicester in a vault vnder the channell of the riuer of Sore beneath the towne.

"Cordeilla the yongest daughter of Leir was admitted Q. and supreme gouernesse of Britaine, in the yeere of the world 3155, before the bylding of Rome 54, Uzia was then reigning in Iuda, and Jero-boam ouer Israell. This Cordeilla after hir father's deceasse ruled the land of Britaine right worthilie during the space of fife yeeres, in which meane time her husband died, and then about the end of those

five yeeres, hir two nephewes Margan and Cunedag, sonnes to hir aforesaid sisters, disdaining to be vnder the gouernment of a woman, leuiud warre against hir, and destroyed a great part of the land, and finally tooke hir prisoner, and laid hir fast in ward, wherewith she tooke suche griefe, being a woman of a manlike courage, and despairing to reconer libertie, there she slue herselfe."

The following extract is from Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia* (lib. ii. pp. 133-138, ed. 1598):

"It was in the kingdome of *Galacia*, the season being (as in the depth of winter) verie cold, and as then sodainlie growne to so extreame and foule a storme, that neuer any winter (I thinke) brought forth a fowler child: so that the Princes were euen cōpelled by the haile, that the pride of the winde blew into their faces, to seeke some shrowding place which a certain hollow rocke offering vnto them, they made it their shield against the tempests furie. And so staying there, till the violence thereof was passed, they heard the speach of a couple, who not perceiuing them, being hid within that rude canapie, held a straunge and pitifull disputation, which made them step out, yet in such sort, as they might see vnseene. There they perceiued an aged man, and a young, scarcelie come to the age of a man, both poorly arrayed, extremely weather-beaten; the olde man blind, the young man leading him: and yet through all those miseries, in both there seemed to appeare a kind of noblesse, not sutable to that affliction. But the first words they heard, were these of the old man. Well *Leonatus* (said he) since I cannot perswade thee to leade me to that which should end my griefe, and thy trouble, let me now intreat thee to leaue me: feare not, my miserie cannot be greater then it is, and nothing doth become me but miserie: feare not the daunger of my blind steps, I cannot fall worse then I am: and do not I pray thee, do not obstinately continue to infect thee with my wretchednesse: but flie, flie from this region only worthie of me. Deare father (answered he) do not take away from me the only remnant of my happinesse: while I haue power to do you service, I am not whollie miserable. Ah my sonne (said he, and with that he groned, as if sorrow straued to breake his heart) how euill fits it me to haue such a sonne, and how much doth thy kindnesse vpbraide my wickednesse? These dolefull speeches, and some others to like purpose (well shewing they had not bene borne to the fortune they were in,) moued the Princes to go out vnto them, and aske the younger what they were? Sirs (answered he with a good grace, and made the more agreeable by a certaine noble kind of piteousnesse) I see well you are straungers, that know not our miserie, so well here knowne, that no man dare know, but that we must be miserable. Indeed our state is such, as though nothing is so needfull vnto vs as pitie,

yet nothing is more dangerous vnto us, then to make our selues so knowne as may stirre pitie; but your presence promiseth that crueltie shall not ouer-runne hate: and if it did, in truth our state is sunke below the degree of feare.

"This old man (whom I leade) was lately rightfull Prince of this countrie of *Papilagonia*, by the hard-hearted vngratefulnessse of a sonne of his, depriued, not onely of his kingdome (whereof no forraigne forces were euer able to spoyle him) but of his sight, the riches which Nature graunts to the poorest creatures. Whereby, and by other his vnnaturall dealings, he hath bene driuen to such griefe, as euen now he would haue had me to haue led him to the top of this rocke, thence to cast himselfe headlong to death: and so would haue made me, who receiued my life of him, to be the worker of his destruction. But noble Gentlemen, said he, if either of you haue a father, and feele what dutifull affection is engrafted in a sonnes heart, let me intreat you to conueigh this afflicted Prince to some place of rest and securitie: amongst your worthie acts it shall be none of the least, that a king of such might and fame, & so vniustlie oppressed, is in any sort by you relieued.

"But before they could make him answer, his father beganne to speake. Ah my sonne, said he, how euill an Historian are you, that leaue out the chiefe knot of all the discourse? my wickednesse, my wickednesse: and if thou doest it to spare my eares, (the only sense now left me proper for knowledge) assure thy selfe thou doest mistake me: and I take witness of that Sunne which you see (with that he cast vp his blind eyes, as if he would hunt for light) and wish my selfe in worse case then I do wish my selfe, which is as euill as may be, if I speake vnrulie, that nothing is so welcome to my thoughts, as the publishing of my shame. Therefore know you Gentlemen (to whom from my heart I wish that it may not proue some ominous foretoken of misfortune to haue met with such a miser as I am) that whatsoever my son (O God, that truth binds me to reproch him with the name of my son) hath said is true. But besides those trutthes, this also is true, that hauing had in lawfull mariage, of a mother fit to beare royall children, this sonne (such a one as partly you see, and better shall know by my short declaration) and so enjoyed the expectations in the world of him, till he was growne to iustifie their expectations (so as I needed enuie no father for the chiefe comfort of mortallitie, to leaue another ones-selfe after me) I was caried by a bastard sonne of mine (if at least I be bound to beleue the words of that base woman my concubine, his mother) first to mislike, then to hate, lastlie to destroy, or to do my best to destroy this sonne (I thinke you thinke) vnderdeseruig destruction. What wayes he vsed to bring me to it, if I should tell you, I should tediouslie trouble you with as much poisonous hypocrisie, desperate fraud, smooth

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malice, hidden ambition, and smiling enuie, as in anie liuing person could be harboured: but I list it not; no remembrance of naughtinesse delights me but mine owne; and me thinks, the accusing his traps might in some maner excuse my fault, which certainlie I lothe to do. But the conclusion is, that I gaue orders to some seruants of mine, whom I thought as apt for such charities as my selfe, to leade him out into a Forrest, and there to kill him.

"But those theenes (better natured to my sonne then my selfe) spared his life, letting him go to learne to liue poorly: which he did, giuing himselfe to be a priuate souldier in a countrey here by: but as he was ready to be greatly aduanced for some noble peeces of service which he did, he heard newes of me: (drunke in my affection to that vnlawfull and vnnaturall sonne of mine) suffered my selfe so to be governed by him, that all fauours and punishments passed by him, all offices, and places of importance distributed to his favorites; so that ere I was aware, I had left my selfe nothing but the name of a King: which he shortly wearie of too, with many indignities (if any thing may be called an indignitie, which was laid vpon me) threw me out of my seat, and put out my eyes, and then (proud in his tyrannie) let me go, neither imprisoning, nor killing me; but rather delighting to make me feeble my miserie; miserie indeed, if euer there were anie; full of wretchednesse, fuller of disgrace, and fullest of guiltinesse. And as he came to the crowne by so vnjust means, as vnjustlie he kept it, by force of straunger souldiers in *Cittadels*, the neasts of tyrannie, and murderers of libertie; disarming all his owne countrimen, that no man durst shew himself a wel-willer of mine: to say the truth (I thinke) few of them being so (considering my cruell follie to my good sonne, and foolish kindnesse to my vnkind bastard;) but if there were any who felt a pitie of so great a fall, and had yet any sparkes of vnslaine dutie left in them towards me; yet durst they not shew it, scarcelie with giuing me almes at their doores; which yet was the onlie sustenance of my distressed life, no bodie daring to shew so much charitie, as to lend me a hand to guide my darke steps: till this sonne of mine (God knowes, worthy of a more vertuous, and more fortunate father) forgetting my abominable wrongs, not recking danger, and neglecting the present good way hee was in of doing himselfe good, came hither to do this kind office you see him performe towards me, to my vnspokeable grieve; not onlie because his kindnesse is a glasse euen to my blind eyes of my naughtiness, but that about all griefes, it grieues me he should desperatelie aduenture the losse of his well-deseruing life for mine, that yet owe more to Fortune for my deserts, as if he would carie muddle in a chest of Chrystall: for well I know, he that now raigeth, how much so euer (and with good reason) he despiseth me, of all men despised; yet he will not let slip any

aduantage to make away him, whose iust title (ennobled by courage & goodnesse) may one day shake the seat of a neuer secure tyrannie. And for this cause I craued of him to leade me to the top of this rocke, indeed I must confesse, with meaning to free him from so serpentine a companion as I am. But he finding what I purposed, onely therein since he was borne, shewed himselfe disobedient vnto me. And now Gentlemen, you haue the true storie, which I pray you publish to the world, that my mischieuous proceedings may be the glorie of his filiall pietie, the onlie reward now left for so great a merite. And if it may be, let me obtaine that of you, which my sonne denies me: for neuer was there more pity in sauing any, then in ending me, both because therein my agonie shall end, & so you shal preserue this excellent young man, who else wilfully followes his owne ruine."

### STAGE HISTORY.

The first recorded performance of King Lear took place at Whitehall, in the presence of King James, on the 26th December, 1606. For this knowledge we are indebted to an entry in the Stationers' Register, under the names Nathanael Butter and John Busby, and the date 26th November, 1607, to the following effect: "Entred for their copie under th(e) handes of Sir George Buck Knight and th(e) wardens A booke called. Master William Shakespeare his *historige of Kinge LEAR* as yt was played before the kinges maiestie at Whitehall vppon Sainct Stephens night (26 December) at Christmas last by his maiesties seruantes playinge vsually at the 'Globe' on the Bankside . . . vi<sup>d</sup>." (Arber's Transcripts, vol. iii. p. 161, verso). This is not, of course, the earliest entry in the Stationers' Registers concerning a King Lear; neither does it settle the date of the first performance of the piece. That the first representation took place in 1605 is the conclusion arrived at by Malone and accepted by most subsequent commentators down to Mr. Horace Howard Furness, and to Mr. Fleay, who conjectures it to have been given about May 7 of that year. Even then, as the reader knows, an earlier King Lear had been played. In Henslowe's Diary a representation of "Kinge leare" is chronicled under the date "the 6 of Aprell 1593." This was, of course, the earlier play of Lear or Leir. Henslowe's Diaries, as they exist, are unfortunately untrustworthy. These dates, however, are pre-

sumably accurate, and the scene of production was probably the Rose Theatre.

To enter into the question of the representatives of successive plays is to go over ground already trodden. Little is known concerning those who took part in the performance of *Lear*. Collier says that Shakespeare was not one of the Queen's men at the period when the first *King Lear* was played (see Henslowe's Diary, p. 34). Malone assumes that Burbage was the original *Lear*. This seems borne out by the *Elegy* quoted at p. 9 of this volume.

After the resumption of theatrical entertainments following the Restoration a little better fate attended *Lear* than other plays of a similar date, seeing that before it was exhibited in a mutilated form, it was at least seen in its original shape. Downes, in his *Roscius Anglicanus* (p. 26), numbers among the plays which were acted at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, between the opening in 1662 and the beginning of May, 1665, at which time the plague began to rage, "The Tragedy of *King Lear*, as Mr. Shakespear wrote it, before it was altered by Mr. Tate." It is the chief defect in Downes that he had no idea of the matters of contemporary theatrical history with which future times would be concerned. In this, as in other similar cases, he tells us nothing. Our first stage knowledge of *Lear* is accordingly in Tate's mangled version. Concerning this we have the dubious advantage of full information. The *History of King Lear*, by N. Tate, was printed in quarto in 1681, and again in 1689. A list of the *dramatis personæ* and the actors with which the piece was given at Dorset Garden in 1681 is prefixed. It is as follows:

KING LEAR, ...	Mr. Betterton.
GLOSTER, ...	Mr. Gillo.
KENT, ...	Mr. Wiltshire.
EDGAR, ...	Mr. Smith.
BASTARD, ...	Mr. Jo. Williams
CORNWAL, ...	Mr. Norris.
ALBANY, ...	Mr. Bowman.
GENTLEMAN-USHER, ...	Mr. Jevon.
CONERIL, ...	Mrs. Shadwel.
REGAN, ...	Lady Slingsby.
CORDELIA, ...	Mrs. Barry.
Guards, Officers, Messengers, Attendants.	

In the prologue to this piece, Tate, after the

wont of adapters, pays a few compliments to the author he has travestied. After saying that it might have been worth while under a new name to have drawn the spectators in to "our old honest play," he continues:

But he that did this evening's treat prepare  
Bluntly resolv'd before hand to declare  
Your entertainment should be most old fare.  
Yet hopes, since in rich Shakespear's soil it grew,  
'T will relish yet, with those whose tastes are true,  
And his ambition is to please a few.  
If then this heap of flowers shall chance to wear  
Fresh beauty in the order they now bear,  
Ev'en (sic) this Shakespear's praise; each rustick  
knows

'Mongst plenteous flow'rs a garland to compose,  
Which strung by this coarse hand may fairer show,  
But 't was a power divine first made 'em grow.

The epistle dedicatory to Tate's *King Lear* is addressed to his "esteemed friend Tho. Boteler, Esq." It is curious as at once an apology for Tate's adaptation, an explanation of his method, and a self-pronounced encomium upon his work. To Boteler Tate ascribes the drama, since nothing but the power of his (Boteler's) persuasion and his own zeal for all the remains of Shakespeare could have wrought him to so bold an undertaking. The chief difficulty he declares to have been in making the chiefest persons speak something like their character on matter whereof he had no ground in his author(!). *Lear's* real and Edgar's pretended madness have, he holds, so much of extravagant nature as "could never have started but from our Shakespear's creating fancy." He has found the whole to answer Boteler's description of it: "A heap of jewels, unstrung and unpolisht, yet so dazling in their disorder" that he soon perceived he had seized a treasure. Tate's procedure may best be described in his own words: "'T was my good fortune to light on one expedient to rectify what was wanting in the regularity and probability of the tale, which was to run through the whole a love betwixt Edgar and Cordelia; that never chang'd word with each other in the original. This renders Cordelia's indifference, and her father's passion in the first scene, probable. It likewise gives countenance to Edgar's disguise, making that a generous design that was before a poor shift

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to save his life. The distress of the story is evidently heightened by it; and it particularly gave occasion of a new scene or two, of more success (perhaps) than merit." Mark and approve Tate's modesty in the last sentence! "This method," continues Tate, "necessarily threw me on making the tale conclude in a success to the innocent distressed persons: otherwise I must have incumbered the stage with dead bodies, which conduct makes many tragedies conclude with unseasonable jests." He then quotes the success of the piece as a justification for so bold a change, and fortifies himself with the opinion of Dryden expressed in the preface to the Spanish Fryar (it should be the dedication—there is no preface) that it is more difficult to end a serious piece happily than tragically. One more gem from this precious epistle dedicatory may be exhibited. Tate says: "I have one thing more to apologize for, which is, that I have us'd less quaintness of expression even in the newest parts of this play. I confess 't was design in me, partly to comply with my author's style, to make the scenes of a piece, and partly to give it some resemblance of the time and persons here represented."

For giving the play a happy termination Tate had more justification than can always be advanced by the perverters of Shakespeare. The termination of *The Chronicle History of King Lear*, which preceded the play of Shakespeare, and has been supposed to have in part inspired it, is happy. That of Holinshed's history is the same; and the *Mirror for Magistrates*, the *Faery Queene*, and other poetical works dealing with the legend, show Lear reigning for from two to three years after his restoration to the kingdom, and then dying in peace. For the Lear of history or of myth, and for that of Tate, such an end is well enough. For the Lear of Shakespeare, however, the sublimest picture of age that the world has seen, it is impossible. The words of Kent dispose of the entire question, v. 3. 313-315:

Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! he hates him  
That would upon the rack of this tough world  
Stretch him out longer.

How long the happy termination—which

won the approval of Dr. Johnson and was condemned by Addison, and after him by Richardson in his *Clarissa*—held possession of the stage will be seen. A score successive revivals between 1681 and 1829 are chronicled by Genest, who can oppose to these but one solitary performance with the original catastrophe.

The dismissal of the Fool was another of the "emendations" of Tate which long won acceptance. Davies surmises that in the few representations of Shakespeare's play which followed the Restoration, "Nokes, whose face was a comedy, acted the fool with Betterton's Lear" (*Dram. Misc.* ii. 267). This is mere conjecture. Following up his conjecture he says, that "we may guess the consequence" of such a conjunction, and finds in his own supposition a reason for backing up Tate. One fact of interest Davies chronicles, namely, that Garrick once contemplated the restoration of the Fool and designed the part for Woodward, "who promised to be very chaste in his colouring, and not to counteract the agonies of Lear." Garrick's heart misgave him, however, and he dared not "hazard so bold an attempt" (*ib.*).

In neither version of *Lear* does Betterton or any of his company seem to have made much mark. Fame, which commemorates his Hamlet and other Shakespearian characters, is silent as to his *Lear*, and the few unsatisfactory annals of the early stage say nothing concerning any of the cast.

When, on 30th October, 1706, Tate's *King Lear* was acted at the Haymarket, Betterton was again *Lear*, Verbruggen being *Edgar*, Mills *Edmund*, Freeman *Gloster*, Minns *Kent*, and Mrs. Bracegirdle *Cordelia*. On the 29th November, 1715, at Drury Lane, Barton Booth was *Lear* to the *Edgar* of Wilks, the *Edmund* of Mills, and the *Cordelia* of Mrs. Santlow. The remainder of the cast is not given, and the performance appears to have inspired but moderate interest. Booth's *Lear* was in his day compared to that of Garrick, as was subsequently that of Barry. Booth's delivery of the curse on Goneril was rapid. The fire throughout "was ardent, and his feelings were remarkably energetic; but they were not attended with those strugglings of parental

affection and those powerful emotions of conflicting passions so visible in every look, action, and attitude of our great Roscius" (ib. p. 279).

At Lincoln's Inn Fields Lear was played for the first time 15th October, 1720, and was acted about ten times during the season. Boheme was Lear, Ryan Edgar, Ogden Kent, Quin Gloster, Leigh Edmund, Spiller the Gentleman Usher, Mrs. Parker Regan, and Mrs. Seymour Cordelia. Antony Boheme, who had a tall figure, an expressive face, with something that was venerable about it, and had originally been an actor on a booth at a fair, Bartholomew or Southwark, obtained some reputation as Lear, and won the praise of Macklin, who says that he assigned Lear a trait of the antique (Davies, *Dram. Misc.* ii. 277).

In the next important revival, which took place at Drury Lane 8th March, 1739, Quin, who had been the Gloster to Boheme, was Lear, Milward Edgar, Wright Gloster, Mills Edmund, Winstone Kent, Theophilus Cibber the Gentleman Usher, Havard Albany, Mrs. Mills Cordelia, and Mrs. Furnival Goneril. Quin demanded twenty-two rehearsals and attended but two. Without offending the public or forfeiting his reputation, he came altogether short of Boheme, feeling neither the tender nor the violent emotions of the soul, and proving his inferiority to his predecessor in almost every scene (ib. p. 278).

Garrick was the next actor to essay the part of Lear. This he did in his memorable first season of 1741-1742, at Goodman's Fields 11th March, 1742, repeating the performance at Drury Lane on the 28th of May. Tate's version, it is needless to say, was selected. The cast of the first representation is not known; that at Drury Lane included Havard as Edgar, Mills as Edmund, Berry as Gloster, Winstone as Kent, Neale as the Gentleman Usher, and Mrs. Woffington as Cordelia.

To the general blaze of triumph which attended Garrick's opening season his Lear doubtless contributed. Not, however, until later in his career are we able to estimate its influence upon his contemporaries. When once he was pitted against Spranger Barry criticism and epigram ran riot. Before this

time Garrick, who had played Lear in Dublin, made, 11th June, 1746, his first appearance in the character at Covent Garden. Upon this occasion Ryan was Edgar, Chapman Kent, Bridgewater Gloster, Cashell Edmund, Philips the Usher, Mrs. Vincent Cordelia, Miss Haughton Goneril, and Mrs. Bland Regan.

On 26th February, 1756, Barry appeared at Covent Garden in Lear. He played the part the previous May in Dublin. Ryan was again Edgar, Sparks was Kent, Ridout Gloster, Smith Edmund, Shuter the Gentleman Usher, Mrs. Hamilton (late Mrs. Bland) Regan, and Miss Nossiter Cordelia. Lear was acted six times. Barry's reception was eminently favourable. His fine figure was of great use, his bearing was dignified and venerable, his manner of speaking the curse impressive, and the pathetic scenes were rendered with remarkable effect. His voice, however, "wanted that power and flexibility which varied passion requires. His pauses and broken interruptions of speech, of which he was extremely enamoured . . . were at times too inartificially repeated; nor did he give that terror to the whole which the great poet intended should predominate" (Davies, *Dram. Misc.* ii. 280, 281). In one or two scenes Barry was charged with copying Garrick.

To the challenge of Barry, Garrick responded by reviving *King Lear* at Drury Lane on 28th Oct. 1756, with Mrs. Davies as his Cordelia. The revival was announced as with restorations from Shakespeare. These, however, did not include the tragic termination nor the reintroduction of the Fool. What they were is not known, since Garrick's version has not been printed. Genest assumes that the alterations probably "did not differ materially from those shown in *King Lear* as published by Bell in 1772 or 1773 from the prompt-book of Drury Lane" (*Account of the Stage*, iv. 475).

The town was now flooded with comparisons between Garrick and Barry. One or two epigrams of the date were happy enough deservedly to survive. One on "The Two Lears" is as follows:

The town has found out different ways  
To praise the different Lears;

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To Barry they give loud huzzas;  
To Garrick—only tears.

A second, no less well known, runs:

A king—*may every inch a king,*  
Such Barry doth appear;  
But Garrick's quite another thing;  
He's *every inch King Lear*.

Theophilus Cibber, a constant enemy of Garrick, speaks of the first as a pretty conceit, but asks "How if it be not quite true?—For 't is as certain that Mr. Garrick has had other applauses besides tears, as 'tis true, Mr. Barry, besides loud Huzzas has never failed to draw tears from many of his spectators" (Dissertations on Theatrical Subjects by Mr. Cibber, 1756, p. 43). After insinuating that Garrick was jealous of Barry, he supplies another epigram which he claims may stand by the other, and is not the less poignant for its truth:

Criticks attend—and judge the rival Lears;  
Whilst each commands applause and each your tears:  
Then own the truth—well he performs his part  
Who touches—even Garrick—to the heart.

—(Ib. p. 44.)

Garrick was said to have been too deliberate in the curse. This is scarcely reconcilable with the fact mentioned by Davies that he "rendered the curse so terribly affecting to the audience, that, during his utterance of it, they seemed to shrink from it as from a blast of lightning. His preparation for it was extremely affecting; his throwing away his crutch, kneeling on one knee, clasping his hands together and lifting his eyes toward heaven, presented a picture worthy of the pencil of a Raphael" (Dram. Misc. ii. 280).

Among the passages restored by Garrick from Shakespeare were the lines spoken by Lear (ii. 4. 155–158):

Do you but mark how this becomes the house:  
"Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;  
Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg  
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food."

In the delivery of these lines, unknown to Booth, Boheme, and Quin, Garrick, throwing himself on his knees, with his hands clasped, and a tone of supplication in which the irony was veiled, obtained a great effect. Murphy says: "Garrick in Lear was transformed into a weak old man, still retaining an air of

royalty; in the mad scenes his genius was remarkably distinguished: he had no sudden starts, no violent gesticulation; his movements were slow and feeble, misery was depicted in his countenance; he moved his head in the most deliberate manner; his eyes were fixed; or if they turned to any one near him he made a pause and fixed his look on the person after much delay; his features at the same time telling what he was going to say before he uttered a word; during the whole time he presented a scene of woe and misery, and a total alienation of mind from every idea, but that of his unkind daughters" (Life of Garrick, i. 37, 38). This presents an aspect of King Lear, but can scarcely be accepted as a complete embodiment of a king whose impetuosity was not the least conspicuous of his qualities. "After Macbeth King Lear was Garrick's masterpiece," says Tate Wilkinson (The Mirror, or Actor's Tablet, p. 221). Mrs. Davies played Cordelia during the illness of Mrs. Cibber, whom Davies calls the most pathetic of all actresses and the only Cordelia of excellence.

Barry played Lear again 7th Oct. 1769, at Drury Lane, with Reddish as Edgar, Palmer as Edmund, Dodd as the Gentleman Usher, and Mrs. Barry as Cordelia, and was replaced by Garrick, 21st February, 1770. Before this time, however, during the absence of Garrick, another Lear had sprung up in Powell, who played the part for the first time 2nd Jan. 1765, to the Cordelia of Mrs. Cibber. Of this performance Davies says that it was "a fair promise of something great in the future" (Dram. Misc. ii. 281).

A new version of King Lear had meanwhile appeared. This, which saw the light at Covent Garden 20th Feb. 1768, was altered by George Colman. It is an improvement upon Tate, but it is very far from being Shakespeare. In a thoughtful and sensible preface—the worst manglers of Shakespeare wrote many such—Colman points out the mistakes of his predecessor and advocates his own theories. "To reconcile the catastrophe of Tate to the story of Shakespeare, was the first grand object I proposed to myself in the alteration" (Dramatick Works, vol. vii. p. 104). On the

strength of the censure of Warton (*Adventurer*, No. 122) he omitted the leap down Dover Cliff. The putting out Gloucester's eyes he meditated omitting, but upon examination it appeared so closely interwoven with the fable that he durst not venture to change it. He had at one time an idea of retaining the Fool, but, led again by the opinion of Warton (*Adventurer*, No. 126), he abandoned it, being "convinced that such a scene 'would sink into burlesque' in the representation, and would not be endured on the modern stage" (Colman's *Dram. Works*, iii. p. 105).

Powell was the original Lear of the nearest approach to Shakespeare that for more than a century had been made. The entire cast survives, but the only features of interest in it are the Duke of Burgundy of Lewis, the Duke of Albany of Hull, Bensley's Edmund, and Mrs. Yates's Cordelia. Besides introducing lines of his own, Colman keeps some of Tate's fustian. It was the fashion to compare the Lear of Powell with that of Garrick. Francis Gentleman, however, while allowing Powell "more nature but less expression than Barry," places him "far, far beneath Mr. Garrick in both." Gentleman avers that Powell's "deportment was abominable; not a trace of majesty in it. His transitions in the violent parts wanted essential volubility (whatever that may mean), and most of his attitudes were injudiciously disposed" (*Dramatic Censor*, i. 372). On the following page Gentleman speaks with praise of the Edgar of Regan and that of Howard, not knowing how to award either a preference. Smith and Reddish are also said to give satisfaction. The Gloucester of Sparks and that of Berry are said to have been respectable, but that of Burton at Drury Lane is nervous and feeble. The Edmund of Palmer and that of Bensley, the Gentleman Usher of Woodward, Dyer, and Dodd, win favourable recognition. Mrs. Cibber, Mrs. Yates, and Mrs. Barry are praised in Cordelia. Of Mrs. Bellamy, it is said, that she "looked the part amiably, but tuned the words most monotonously" (ib. 376). Colman's version was never revived. Mrs. Barry played Cordelia at Drury Lane 7th Oct. 1769, in Tate's Lear, to the Lear of her hus-

band. A revival with the Barrys in the principal parts, Lewis as Edgar, and Quick as the Gentleman Usher, took place at Covent Garden 24th Nov. 1774, and another at the same house on 22nd Feb. 1776, with Mrs. Bulkley as Cordelia. The performances in Lear of West Digges and of Mossop are also chronicled. Gentleman speaks disparagingly of both. Henderson played Lear at Drury Lane 22nd March, 1779, to the Cordelia of Miss Young. The pathetic was not his forte. His friend Ireland allows that his powers were unequal to Lear. On the 14th of the following April, at the same house, Mrs. Robinson was Cordelia.

Mrs. Siddons first played Cordelia at Drury Lane for her benefit 21st Jan. 1788. Tate's version was adopted, and the receipts taken at the door were £347, 10s. The cast comprised Kemble as Lear, Wroughton as Edgar, Barrymore as Edmund, Aikin as Kent, Packer as Gloucester, Lamash as Gentleman Usher, and Mrs. Ward as Regan. The Cordelia of Mrs. Siddons added little to her reputation, and she is held to have chosen the play with regard to her brother's interest rather than her own. Kemble, however, does not seem to have scored greatly in the part, which is not included in the summary of his character given by Hazlitt *à propos* to his retirement in *Coriolanus* (*Criticism*, pp. 287, *et seq.*). Leigh Hunt also leaves it unmentioned.

Pope played Lear at Covent Garden 6th Jan. 1794, to the Cordelia of Mrs. Esten, Holman's Edgar, Harley's Kent, and Hull's Gloucester. Pope had a good voice but no expression, and his performance had little value. On 18th May, 1808, Kemble repeated Lear at Covent Garden to the Edgar of Charles Kemble, the Kent of Cooke, and the Cordelia of Miss Smith. On the 27th of the following February he repeated it at the same house to the Cordelia of Miss Bristow, the Edmund of Brunton, the Gloucester of Murray, and the Oswald of Farley. A version altered by Kemble was then acted. In this Kemble restored passages from Tate which Garrick had excised. Genest (viii. 133) declared this version decidedly worse than Garrick's.

Booth was the next Lear witnessed at Covent



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Garden, playing the character for the first time 13th April, 1820, with Macready as Edmund, Fawcett as Kent, and Sally Booth as Cordelia. In the Theatrical Inquisitor, xvi. 246 *et seq.*, the new representative of Lear is said to have made "its hoary-headed hero the victim of his ignorant distortion and unshrinking audacity." Charles Kemble is said to have been "a most poetical representative of Edgar." Mr. Macready's great requisites (*sic*) were wasted upon the obnoxious villainy of Edmund, and Miss Booth, who was amusingly anxious not to be supposed a relative of the actor performing Lear, whose representation was destined to eclipse her own, was "essentially mediocre" as Cordelia. Fawcett, according to the same authority, was a failure in Kent. The representation was decried as "a mean, hurried, and malicious anticipation of the measures adopted at the other house," at which Kean was announced as Lear.

Kean's first appearance as Lear took place at Drury Lane, 24th April, 1820. Rae was Edgar; Dowton, Kent; and Mrs. W. West, Cordelia. On 10th Feb. 1823, it was revived, when the original fifth act was restored. Other innovations of Tate are assumed to have been omitted. As this is the first fully recorded performance of the play given approximately as Shakespeare intended it to be acted, the cast is supplied: Lear = Kean, Edgar = Cooper, Edmund = Younge, Kent = Terry, Gloster = Powell, Oswald = S. Penley, Cordelia = Mrs. W. West, Goneril = Mrs. Glover, Regan = Mrs. Knight. The Fool, it is seen, does not appear. Kean in the last act could not carry Mrs. West without obvious difficulty. This caused some laughter, which must have interfered with the success of the performance. On the 24th further restorations from Shakespeare were made, and are said to have been received with enthusiasm. According to the New Monthly Magazine (probably Talfourd) the change "produced no appalling effect, as had been anticipated, but was received with silent tears. (ix. 108). Of Kean's interpretation it is said that it was "quiet, gentle, yet intense, and each word and sigh seemed to come from a breaking heart."

A first appearance at Covent Garden of

Vandenhoff as Lear is not indexed in Genest. It took place 9th December, 1820, and was repeated three times. Vandenhoff was announced as from Liverpool. Miss Foote was the Cordelia, and Abbott the Edmund. He was a little awkward in deportment, but was received with applause.

Young played Lear at Drury Lane on the 30th of March, 1829, but the performance was not repeated. A version wrongly announced as Shakespeare's was given. W. Farren was Kent for the first time, Cooper was Edgar; Miss Phillips, Cordelia; Mrs. W. West, Goneril; and Mrs. Faucit, Regan.

On 25th January, 1838, Macready produced Shakespeare's King Lear. He had played the character previously in Tate's version, and was very nervous about the substitution. In common with most actors he feared the introduction of the Fool. His diary of Jan. 4 has this entry: "My opinion of the introduction of the Fool is that, like many such terrible contrasts in poetry and painting, in acting representation it will fail of effect; it will either weary and annoy or distract the spectator" (Reminiscences, ii. 97). The following day he wrote: "Speaking to Willmott and Bartley about the part of the Fool in Lear, and mentioning my apprehension that, with Meadows, we should be obliged to omit the part, I described the sort of fragile, hectic, beautiful-faced boy that he should be, and stated my belief that it never could be acted. Bartley observed that a woman should play it. I caught at the idea, and instantly exclaimed, Miss P. Horton is the very person. I was delighted at the thought" (ib.). The revival was on an elaborate scale. Macready was nervous, and thought he failed in the character. The verdict was, however, favourable. Lear became one of Macready's stock characters, and was played by him in the country and in America. Bulwer, afterwards Lord, Lytton, speaking as chairman at the farewell banquet to Macready in March, 1851, spoke with pardonable extravagance of eulogy of the "titanic grandeur of Lear."

After the example had been set of acting Shakespeare's version, the attempt, so far as the capital is concerned, to go back to the pro-

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fane version of Tate was abandoned. Innumerable performances of *King Lear* have since been given, and no tragedian has left it out of his repertory. The productions have, however, for the most part been ephemeral, and have left no surviving record.

*King Lear* was among the revivals of Charles Kean at the Princess's, at which house it was given on the 17th April, 1858. Ryder was Edgar; Mr. Walter Lacy, Edmund; Cooper, Kent; Miss Kate Terry, Cordelia; Miss Heath (afterwards Mrs. Wilson Barrett), Goneril; and Miss Eleanor Bufton (Mrs. Swanborough), Regan. The fool was played by Miss Poole. It was repeated thirty consecutive times. Three years later, in June, 1861, Phelps appeared at the same house in *Lear*. He showed the pathetic aspects of *Lear*, but failed in the majestic and the terrible. Phelps had played the part previously at the Surrey and elsewhere. He played it also at Sadler's Wells, 5th Nov. 1845, with Marston as Edgar, George Bennett as Edmund, A. Younge as Kent, H. Mellon as Gloster, Miss Cooper as Cordelia; and again in 1861.

At Sadler's Wells, also, *King Lear* was played by C. Dillon in 1868 and by W. H. Pennington in 1870. Mr. and Mrs. Rousby appeared at Drury Lane in 1873 as *Lear* and Cordelia. In February, 1881, Booth played *Lear* at the Princess's with Miss Maud Milton, John Ryder, and W. Redmund in the cast. In June, 1882, at Her Majesty's Theatre, London, Ernesto Rossi, the famous Italian tragedian, appeared as *King Lear*, supported by an English company, including W. H. Vernon, John Ryder, Miss Louise Moodie, and Miss Lydia Cowell. The part of the King was delivered by Rossi in Italian, while his associates spoke English, and the experiment was hardly a success. On Nov. 10th, 1892, the tragedy was produced at the Lyceum, with Henry Irving as *Lear*, William Terriss as Edgar, Frank Cooper as Edmund, Alfred Bishop as Gloucester, Miss Ada Dyas as Goneril, Miss Maud Milton as Regan, and Miss Ellen Terry as Cordelia. The play was splendidly staged, and the entire performance most interesting.

In later days *Lear* has often been seen at home and abroad, the most noteworthy re-

presentations being those of the Italian tragedians, Salvini and Rossi.

*Lear* has been often acted in Germany and France. On 26th September, 1626, *Lear* was played by the English Comedians at the Court of Dresden (Cohn's *Shakespeare in Germany*, Introduction cxvi.). It is now constantly given by the great German companies. *Le Roi Lear* of Ducis was played at the Théâtre Français 20th June, 1783. It is a wretched work, founded partly upon Tate and ending happily. Another *Roi Lear*, imitated from Shakespeare by Élie Sauvage and Duhomme, was played at the Odéon in November, 1844. Rouvière was the *Lear*.

### CRITICAL REMARKS.

The play of *Lear* obviously belongs to that dark chapter of Shakespeare's life when, after his attainment of the fullness of his power and complete mastery of his art, the deeper problems and mysteries of human life were in some singularly pressing and vital way brought home to him for solution. Whatever the special conditions attending the personal struggle, the result was an unequalled series of tragedies of passion, all turning upon the extent to which order and civilization and happiness rest upon domestic and social relations and upon a wise acceptance of the conventions of life without too close and curious a scrutiny. In *Othello* the fatal strain falls upon the bond between husband and wife; in *Macbeth* upon that between kinsman and kinsman, between king and subject; in *Timon* upon that which unites every man with his kind; in *Lear* upon that uniting parent and child: in all, the false friend, "the smiler with the knife beneath his cloak," the foe within a man's own household, is the unsound link in the chain by which the golden lamp of happiness hangs. Each of these plays, it has been noticed, ends disastrously, "in confusion and sorrow;" but in *Lear* the passionate emphasis is such as to give the play a unique place, not only in this group, but in the history of drama. The trivial source of the tragic issues of the piece—the fantastic whim of a king from whom madness is not far distant—lends to it almost an ironic force. In its good and evil are more

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definitely ranged in a series of distinct antagonisms than in most of the Shakespearean dramas; but the separation is not for the enforcement of the final salvation and triumph of goodness, but rather of the blindness of the doom which overwhelms good and evil alike. Although at the last the guilty are punished, yet, as Schlegel and others have pointed out, "the virtues that would bring help and succour are everywhere too late, or are over-matched by the cunning activity of malice." So far as the limits of the dramatic action are concerned, vice drags down virtue with it to a not dissimilar fate. Cordelia, it is true, regains her father's love before her death by strangling in the prison; Lear in that clouded gleam, which at the last breaks in for a moment upon the mad brain, has some glimpse of a higher love and truth than he has yet known; the blind Gloucester gropes his way to his leal son's side again; Kent finds grateful recognition of faithful service. But the blow falls unsparingly. Over the corpse of his wronged daughter the old man dies broken-hearted; Kent's vain fidelity has only a third grave to which to look forward; Gloucester dies of mingled joy and grief; Edgar, whose "foolish honesty" has assisted in his father's undoing, has his brother's death upon his hands. Kent's exclamation, "all's cheerless, dark, and deadly," sums up the whole situation; and that this termination rhymed with the personal mood of the poet must be inferred from a variety of contingent circumstances, apart from the fact that the original story and the play from which Shakespeare worked, end happily. While, however, the reflex of a personal mood must undoubtedly be traced in the tragic close of the Shakespearean plot, it must be admitted that the higher logic of events demands it independently of the personal mood. After the breaking down of the mind sufficiently to admit, not merely of the cession of kingly power in one incapable of renouncing the habit and temper of kingship, but of the cession of power in a manner unworthy of a king; and especially after the tragedy of passion which follows the ingratitude of his elder daughters, a comedy-ending to the action would have been discordant. Lear, reconciled to Cordelia, might

have been restored to his throne, as in the story on which Shakespeare based his drama; but what reconciliation was possible with Goneril and Regan, what happiness could have rounded off so intense and disastrous a struggle with evil. Lear and Cordelia, saved from the horrors of storm and wreck, would still have found but a bare rock and waste of sea about them, with death only removed a little further off. Once having conceived the idea that such an action as that of Lear in the division of his kingdom involved certain morbid elements which the conduct of his daughters would develop into madness, Shakespeare was almost compelled to a tragedy-ending, though the tone might have been less dark and hopeless. Lear's madness is not that of a mood merely; it is fundamental; the bitterness of life has cut too deeply to find remedy in anything but death. In the case of Goneril and Regan and Edmund, and in a modified degree in that of Gloucester, justice demands the guilty life; and even the death of Cordelia, which at first sight appears wanton, has its necessity in the events preceding it, for no art could withdraw this white victim from the monstrous coils of fate that lay about her. She is doomed, and happiest so. Step by step, as by some inner and dark necessity of things, the foredoomed close works itself out with a consummate art which abundantly proves that whatever depths had been sounded in the personal struggle, the poet had remained master of himself.

Improbable as the story is in itself, Shakespeare has succeeded in making it appeal, not merely as a powerful imaginative product of a fantastic kind, but as absolutely true in its rendering of a great complex of passion. The concrete basis of the drama is a wild phantasmagory of figures performing the strangest antics against a background of turbulence and storm. Yet so true is the passion that breathes in them to the high key in which it is pitched, so logical are the sequences, and with such certainty is mood played off against mood, that after the initial surprise at the conditions assumed by the dramatist, the mind is immediately subdued by a sense of the profoundest reality. Shelley, indeed, describes it as "the most perfect specimen of the dramatic art

existing in the world," and even M. Saint-Marc Girardin in his comparison of the *Œdipus Coloneus*, *King Lear*, and *Père Goriot*, is shaken in his adhesion to the methods of the eternal Greeks and the eternal Romans. Schlegel, commenting upon the criticism which censures the incorporation of the story of *Gloster* and his sons with that of *Lear*, points out how skilfully the interweaving is carried out so as to secure the highest unity. In one sense the play is a compound of two tragedies—indeed Mr. Moulton has chosen to regard it as three tragedies in one; but the two are so worked that the single motive receives a double enforcement from actions which, though in some respects contrasted, fall within the same scheme of passion. Of the various excellences in the adaptation of details in the plot-construction, Schlegel has noted that the pity felt by *Gloster* for the fate of *Lear* becomes the means which enables his son *Edmund* to effect his complete destruction, and affords the outcast *Edgar* an opportunity of being the saviour of his father; while the activity of *Edmund* in the cause of *Regan* and *Goneril*, and the passion which both entertain for him, induce them to execute justice on each other and on themselves. Coleridge, with his wonted fineness of touch, has indicated how *Cordelia's* reluctance to yield a point to her father, the touch of his own stubbornness which animates her, lessens the glaring absurdity of *Lear's* conduct, which is again, in part, palliated by the similar unwillingness on *Kent's* part to abate anything in his blunt advocacy of *Cordelia*. He further points out that the conduct of *Edmund* to *Edgar* and his father is rendered plausible by the seemingly casual indication that *Edmund* has been abroad nine years, and that there has, therefore, been no co-domestication; that the Fool is from the first removed from the sphere of pure buffoonery by the anticipation of his entry in a reference which brings him into living connection with the higher passions and pathos of the play; that the character of *Albany* renders possible "a perfect sympathy of monstrosity" and consentaneity of action on the part of *Regan* and *Goneril*; and that *Edgar's* assumed madness—he might have added also the professional

madness of the Fool—takes off part of the shock which would otherwise be caused by the true madness of *Lear*. Points such as these might readily be multiplied in evidence of the almost unerring judgment shown in the dramatic structure and minor details of the play. Only one man could have safely handled that great "trio of madness" in the middle act of the piece, and only one man could have carried the action through it and past it without anticlimax to a great termination. In one place only did Coleridge think that Shakespeare had urged the tragic of the play beyond the outermost mark of the dramatic—the blinding of *Gloster*; a point, however, bearing rather upon the proprieties of stage presentation than upon the dramatist's art in the abstract. From the point of view of the imagination the incident has to be judged by a less restricted standard of fitness—that of consistency with the environment in which the action is supposed to take place. The incident is one amongst other elements in the piece cited in support of the view that the play is to be characterized as the result of a deliberate endeavour to conduct us into heathen and barbaric times, a purposeful study by Shakespeare of an unruly and turbulent age, in which passion was lord of all. The characterization is obviously true in so far that Shakespeare has carefully refrained in the play from all direct reference to Christianity—a degree of chronological consistency possibly not without meaning in view of his other anachronisms; and there is good ground for the stress laid by Mr. Hales on the fact that the strange savage figures of the piece, and its crowding horrors and ghastliness, carry us back to the "dragons of the prime." Along the same line of inquiry is the question, also entered upon by the last-mentioned writer, as to the extent to which the play may be regarded as a deliberate study by Shakespeare in the characteristics of the Celtic race, and as taking an important place among the evidences of his acute sense of ethnological distinctions. By sentiment, if not by system, Shakespeare was inevitably more or less of an ethnologist in the perception of differences of national character and temperament, wit-

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ness the Teutonic characteristics in Hamlet, the Jewish in the Merchant of Venice, and the Italian in Romeo and Juliet; and the author of the New Exegesis of Shakespeare long since laid stress on the accurate discrimination of the Celtic characteristics in Macbeth. In King Lear this is even more striking; and in this regard at least Shakespeare has been almost faultlessly consistent with the demands of the old British tradition. Some special interest attaches to this in connection with the fact that Shakespeare himself was born on the old Welsh and English borderland, and that certain Celtic elements undoubtedly entered into his own character and genius.

Of the individual characters of the play it is noteworthy how completely, despite the many clearly-drawn and impressive characters, the figure of Lear dominates all, almost to the point of diffusing a certain madness wherever he may go. He is to be conceived as a large-brained, irritable-nerved man, impulsive, passionate, capable of inspiring the strongest attachment in the best natures, constitutionally compelled to lead, yet in a fantastic moment divesting himself of rulership, though impotent to put away at the same time the habit and necessity of ruling. The trial of the daughters accompanying this is rightly characterized by Coleridge as "a trick," it being manifest that the old king anticipates from Cordelia a profession of affection which will throw into the shade those of her sisters. He comes to her last of the three, but he has reserved for her the most opulent division of his kingdom. She has, moreover, heard the speeches of her sisters, only the turn of a phrase is required to outpace them in the rivalry of profession. At bottom he feels instinctively that her affection is truer and deeper than that of either Goneril or Regan, but he is too habituated to profession not to look for an expression commensurate with the feeling of which his instinct assures him. The trick undoes itself by its own foolishness, arousing, as it was bound to do in a nature like that of Cordelia, only pain and revulsion from the indignity of subjection to so gross a test, from the signs of weakness and senility

in the abrogation of power in this childish fashion, and from the unscrupulous eagerness of her sisters to turn their father's weakness to their own advantage. Not under conditions such as these can the full heart speak its love. A chilled and, when she turns to her sisters, even a disgustful reserve overspreads it, with some inherited touch of the obstinacy and pride which are so clearly discernible in the father. The excess of rage of the disappointed king, who finds the instinctive feeling after a greater depth of love in Cordelia momentarily baffled—who finds his longing for intense expression opposed in that pained, relentless, "Nothing, my lord," and his plans all thrown down and ridiculous, is perfectly natural under the conditions assumed. These are undoubtedly, so far as Lear is concerned, those of failing powers of restraint bordering upon madness, if, indeed, it may not be said that this borderland has been already crossed. On this point professionalism has some claim to speak, and at least three medical men, Dr. Brigham, Dr. Ray, and Dr. Bucknall, have certified the insanity of Lear from the very outset of the play, pointing out at the same time—as Coleridge had done before them—the profound insight with which Shakespeare has distinguished the assumed madness of Edgar from the real madness of Lear, and the wisdom of the poet's views with regard to the treatment of the insane. At the same time there is little satisfaction in approaching the study of Lear from the standpoint of Colney Hatch; indeed it is all but impossible to the reader who rises to the due height of the play. As Lamb well said, the passions of Lear are storms turning up and disclosing to the bottom a mind like a sea with vast hidden riches, and in reading the play we are "sustained" by a grandeur which baffles the malice of daughters and storms," discovering in the aberration of his reason "a mighty irregular power of reasoning, immethodized from the ordinary purposes of life, but exerting its powers, as the wind bloweth where it listeth, at will on the corruptions and abuses of life." It is a madness which often transcends reason, and Lear the madman was never perhaps more a king. The qualities of Lear are reproduced to some extent in his

daughters, the better qualities in Cordelia, the worse in Goneril and Regan, but both in alliance with a certain absoluteness, pride, obstinacy, and impatience. Fine nature as that of Cordelia indisputably is, a spark more of conciliatory tact at the beginning would have averted the tragic fate. If, however, in Cordelia there is the touch of weakness which humanizes, there is in Goneril and Regan no touch of the goodness that redeems. They are bad enough in the old story, but Shakespeare scores even more deeply the lines of evil, adding conjugal infidelity to filial impiety. A curious likeness exists between them; and Victor Hugo, in view of this resemblance, has said that Shakespeare "takes ingratitude and gives this monster two heads, Goneril and Regan." Gervinus, however, has pointed out that Goneril is the calmer, the more resolute, the more pitiless, the stronger and the worse of the pair. Regan, as Dowden puts it, is "a smaller, shriller, fiercer, more eager piece of

malice." It is Goneril who first suggests the plucking out of Gloster's eyes; it is she who poisons her sister. Regan quails a little before her father's curse; but Goneril treats it as she would an ordinary outburst of petulance. The two share with Edmund and Oswald a place amongst the most hopelessly wicked characters of the Shakespearean plays. Amongst the other characters the Fool undoubtedly appeals most forcibly to the heart, from the first brief reference, to that significant disappearance in the very middle of the play. In no respect is Shakespeare's art more strikingly shown than in the way in which he thus lifts the Fool from the old level of extemporized clowning and buffoonery and gives the part the highest tragic force. It is in thorough keeping with the daring and profound reach of intellect which has given us in the work as a whole, perhaps "the greatest single achievement in poetry of the Teutonic or Northern genius."—  
R. M. W.



Glo.

Away, and let me die.—(Act iv. 6. 48.)

## KING LEAR.

### ACT I.

SCENE I. *A room of state in King Lear's palace.*

*Enter KENT, GLOSTER, and EDMUND.*

*Kent.* I thought the king had more affected<sup>1</sup> the Duke of Albany than Cornwall.

*Glo.* It did always seem so to us: but now, in the division of the kingdom, it appears not which of the dukes he values most; for equalities are so weigh'd, that curiosity<sup>2</sup> in neither can make choice of either's moiety.<sup>3</sup>

*Kent.* Is not this your son, my lord?

*Glo.* His breeding, sir, hath been at my charge: I have so often blush'd to acknowledge him, that now I am braz'd to't. 11

[*Kent.* I cannot conceive you.

*Glo.* Sir, this young fellow's mother could: whereupon she grew round-womb'd, and had, indeed, sir, a son for her cradle ere she had a husband for her bed. Do you smell a fault?

*Kent.* I cannot wish the fault undone, the issue of it being so proper.<sup>4</sup>

*Glo.* But I have a son, sir, by order of law, some year elder than this, who yet is no dearer in my account: though this knave came something saucily into the world before he was sent for, yet was his mother fair; there was good sport at his making, and the whoreson must be acknowledged.]—Do you know this noble gentleman, Edmund?

*Edm.* No, my lord.

*Glo.* My Lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honourable friend.

*Edm.* My services to your lordship.

*Kent.* I must love you, and sue to know you better. 31

*Edm.* Sir, I shall study deserving.

*Glo.* [He hath been out<sup>5</sup> nine years, and away he shall again.] [*Sennet within.*—The king is coming.

*Enter LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, and Attendants.*

*Lear.* Attend the Lords of France and Burgundy, Gloster.

<sup>1</sup> *Affected*, liked, been partial to.

<sup>2</sup> *Curiosity*, curious scrutiny.

<sup>3</sup> *Moiety*, share.

<sup>4</sup> *Proper*, comely.

<sup>5</sup> *Out*, abroad.

*Glo.* I shall, my liege.

[*Exeunt Gloster and Edmund.*]

*Lear.* Meantime we shall express our darker<sup>1</sup> purpose.—

Give me the map there.—Know that we've divided

In three our kingdom: and 't is our fast intent  
To shake all cares and business from our age;  
Conferring them on younger strengths, while  
we 41

Unburden'd crawl toward death.—Our son of  
Cornwall,

And you, our no less loving son of Albany,  
We have this hour a constant will to publish  
Our daughters' several dowers, that future  
strife

May be prevented now. The princes, France  
and Burgundy,

Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,  
Long in our court have made their amorous  
sojourn,

And here are to be answer'd.—Tell me, my  
daughters,—

Since now we will divest us both of rule, 50  
Interest of territory, cares of state,—

Which of you shall we say doth love us most?  
That we our largest bounty may extend

Where nature doth with merit challenge.—  
Goneril,

Our eldest-born, speak first.

*Gon.* Sir,

I love you more than words can wield<sup>2</sup> the  
matter;

Dearer than eyesight, space, and liberty;  
Beyond what can be valu'd, rich or rare;

No less than life, with grace, health, beauty,  
honour;

As much as child e'er lov'd, or father found;  
A love that makes breath poor, and speech

unable; 61

[*Beyond all manner of so much I love you.*]

*Cor.* [*Aside*] What shall Cordelia speak?

Love, and be silent.

*Lear.* Of all these bounds, even from this  
line to this,

With shadowy forests and with champaigns<sup>3</sup>  
rich'd,<sup>4</sup>

With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,  
We make thee lady: to thine and Albany's  
issue

Be this perpetual.—What says our second  
daughter,

Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.

*Reg.* Sir, 70

I'm made of that self<sup>5</sup> metal as my sister,  
And prize me at her worth. In my true  
heart

I find she names my very deed of love;  
Only she comes too short,—that<sup>6</sup> I profess  
Myself an enemy to all other joys,  
Which the most precious square<sup>7</sup> of sense  
professes;

And find I am alone felicitate<sup>8</sup>

In your dear highness' love.

*Cor.* [*Aside*] Then poor Cordelia!

And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's  
More ponderous than my tongue. 80

*Lear.* To thee and thine hereditary ever

Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;  
No less in space, validity,<sup>9</sup> and pleasure,

Than that conferr'd on Goneril.—Now, our  
joy,

Although the last, not least; to whose young  
love

The vines of France and milk<sup>10</sup> of Burgundy  
Strive to be interest'd;<sup>11</sup> what can you say to  
draw

A third more opulent than your sisters? Speak.

*Cor.* Nothing, my lord.

*Lear.* Nothing! 90

*Cor.* Nothing.

*Lear.* Nothing will come of nothing: speak  
again.

*Cor.* Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave  
My heart into my mouth: I love your majesty  
According to my bond;<sup>12</sup> nor more nor less.

*Lear.* How, how, Cordelia! mend your  
speech a little,

Lest it may mar your fortunes.

*Cor.* Good my lord,

You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me: I  
Return those duties back as are right fit, 99

<sup>5</sup> *Self*, same.

<sup>6</sup> *That*, in that, because.

<sup>7</sup> *Square*, compass, scope.

<sup>8</sup> *Felicitate*, made happy.

<sup>9</sup> *Validity*, value.

<sup>10</sup> *Milk*, pastures.

<sup>11</sup> *Interest's*, interested.

<sup>12</sup> *Bond*, duty.

<sup>1</sup> *Darker*, more secret.

<sup>2</sup> *Wield*, express.

<sup>3</sup> *Champaigns*, plains.

<sup>4</sup> *Rich'd*, enriched.



Obeys you, love you, and most honour you.  
 Why have my sisters husbands, if they say  
 They love you all?<sup>1</sup> Haply, when I shall wed,  
 That lord whose hand must take my plight<sup>2</sup>  
     shall carry  
 Half my love with him, half my care and duty:  
 Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters,  
 To love my father all.

*Lear.* But goes thy heart with this?

*Cor.* Ay, good my lord.

*Lear.* So young, and so untender?

*Cor.* So young, my lord, and true.

*Lear.* Let it be so,—thy truth, then, be thy  
     dower: 110

For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,  
 The mysteries of Hecate, and the night;  
 By all the operation of the orbs  
 From whom we do exist, and cease to be;  
 Here I disclaim all my paternal care,  
 Propinquity and property of blood,  
 And as a stranger to my heart and me  
 Hold thee, from this, for ever. The barbarous  
     Scythian,

Or he that makes his generation messes<sup>3</sup>  
 To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom 120  
 Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd,  
 As thou my sometime daughter.

*Kent.* Good my liege,—

*Lear.* Peace, Kent!

Come not between the dragon and his wrath.—  
 I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest<sup>4</sup>  
 On her kind nursery.—Hence, and avoid my  
     sight!

So be my grave my peace, as here I give  
 Her father's heart from her!—Call France;—  
     who stirs?

Call Burgundy.—Cornwall and Albany,  
 With my two daughters' dowers digest<sup>5</sup> this  
     third: 130

Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry<sup>6</sup>  
     her.

I do invest you jointly with my power,  
 Pre-eminence, and all the large effects  
 That troop with majesty.—Ourself, by monthly  
     course,

With reservation of an hundred knights,  
 By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode  
 Make with you by due turns. Only we still  
     retain

The name, and all th' additions<sup>7</sup> to a king;  
 The sway, revenue, execution of the rest,  
 Beloved sons, be yours: which to confirm, 140  
 This coronet part between you.

[*Giving the crown.*

*Kent.*

Royal Lear,

Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,  
 Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,  
 As my great patron thought on in my  
     prayers,—

*Lear.* The bow is bent and drawn, make<sup>8</sup>  
     from the shaft.

*Kent.* Let it fall rather, though the fork<sup>9</sup>  
     invade

The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly,  
 When Lear is mad. What wouldst thou do,  
     old man?

Think'st thou that duty shall have dread to  
     speak,

When power to flattery bows? To plainness  
     honour's bound, 150

When majesty falls to folly. Reserve thy state;  
 And, in thy best consideration, check

This hideous rashness: answer my life my  
     judgment,

Thy youngest daughter does not love thee  
     least;

Nor are those empty-hearted whose low sound  
 Reverbs<sup>10</sup> no hollowness.

*Lear.* Kent, on thy life, no more.

*Kent.* My life I never held but as a pawn  
 To wage<sup>11</sup> against thine enemies; nor fear to  
     lose it,

Thy safety being the motive.

*Lear.* Out of my sight!

*Kent.* See better, Lear; and let me still  
     remain 160

The true blank<sup>12</sup> of thine eye.

*Lear.* Now, by Apollo,—

*Kent.* Now, by Apollo, king,  
 Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.

*Lear.* O, vassal! miscreant!

[*Laying his hand on his sword.*

<sup>1</sup> All, alone, altogether.

<sup>2</sup> Plight, troth.

<sup>3</sup> Makes his generation messes, devours his offspring.

<sup>4</sup> Set my rest, find rest, repose.

<sup>5</sup> Digest, enjoy (perhaps, incorporate).

<sup>6</sup> Marry, find a husband for.

<sup>7</sup> Additions, title.

<sup>8</sup> Make, go, get away.

<sup>9</sup> Fork, barbed head.

<sup>10</sup> Reverbs, reverberates.

<sup>11</sup> Wage, wager, stake.

<sup>12</sup> Blank, target.

*Alb. Corn.* Dear sir, forbear.

*Kent.* Do;

Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow  
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift;  
Or, whilst I can vent clamour from my throat,  
I'll tell thee thou dost evil.

*Lear.* Hear me, recreant!  
On thine allegiance, hear me!— 170  
That thou hast sought to make us break our  
vow,—

Which we durst never yet,—and with strain'd<sup>1</sup>  
pride

To come between our sentence and our power,—  
Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,—  
Our potency made good, take thy reward.

Five days we do allot thee, for provision  
To shield thee from diseases<sup>2</sup> of the world;  
And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back  
Upon our kingdom: if, on the tenth day fol-  
lowing, 179

Thy banish'd trunk be found in our dominions,  
The moment is thy death. Away! by Jupiter,  
This shall not be revok'd.

*Kent.* Fare thee well, king: sith<sup>3</sup> thus thou  
wilt appear,

Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.—  
[*To Cordelia*] The gods to their dear shelter  
take thee, maid,

That justly think'st, and hast most rightly  
said!—

[*To Regan and Goneril*] And your large  
speeches may your deeds approve,

That good effects may spring from words of  
love.—

Thus Kent, O princes, bids you all adieu; 189  
He'll shape his old course in a country new.

[*Exit.*]

*Flourish.* Re-enter GLOSTER, with FRANCE,  
BURGUNDY, and Attendants.

*Glo.* Here's France and Burgundy, my noble  
lord.

*Lear.* My Lord of Burgundy,  
We first address towards you, who with this  
king  
Hath rival'd for our daughter: what, in the  
least,

Will you require in present dower with her,  
Or cease your quest of love?

*Bur.* Most royal majesty,  
I crave no more than hath your highness  
offer'd,

Nor will you tender less.

*Lear.* Right noble Burgundy,  
When she was dear to us, we did hold her so;  
But now her price is fall'n. Sir, there she  
stands: 200

If aught within that little-seeming<sup>4</sup> substance,  
Or all of it, with our displeasure piec'd,<sup>5</sup>  
And nothing more, may fitly like<sup>6</sup> your grace,  
She's there, and she is yours.

*Bur.* I know no answer.

*Lear.* Will you, with those infirmities<sup>7</sup> she  
owes,<sup>8</sup>

Unfriended, new-adapted to our hate,  
Dower'd with our curse, and stranger'd<sup>9</sup> with  
our oath,

Take her, or leave her?

*Bur.* Pardon me, royal sir;  
Election makes not up on such conditions.

*Lear.* Then leave her, sir; for, by the power  
that made me, 210

I tell you all her wealth.—[*To France*] For  
you, great king,

I would not from your love make such a stray<sup>10</sup>  
To match you where I hate; therefore beseech  
you

T' avert<sup>11</sup> your liking a more worthier way  
Than on a wretch whom nature is asham'd  
Almost t' acknowledge hers.

*France.* This is most strange,  
That she, who even but now was your best  
object,

The argument<sup>12</sup> of your praise, balm of your age,  
Most best, most dear'st, should in this trice  
of time 219

Commit a thing so monstrous, to<sup>13</sup> dismantle  
So many folds of favour. Sure, her offence  
Must be of such unnatural degree,  
That monsters<sup>14</sup> it, or your fore-vouch'd affec-  
tion

<sup>4</sup> Little-seeming, small in appearance.

<sup>5</sup> Piec'd, pieced out.

<sup>7</sup> Infirmities, disabilities.

<sup>9</sup> Stranger'd, estranged, disowned.

<sup>10</sup> Make such a stray, go astray so far as.

<sup>11</sup> Avert, turn.

<sup>13</sup> To, as to.

<sup>6</sup> Like, please.

<sup>8</sup> Owes, owns, has.

<sup>12</sup> Argument, theme.

<sup>14</sup> Monsters, makes monstrous.

<sup>1</sup> Strain'd, excessive.

<sup>2</sup> Diseases, discomforts.

<sup>3</sup> Sith, since.

Fall'n into taint: which to believe of her,  
Must be a faith that reason without miracle  
Should never plant in me.

*Cor.* I yet beseech your majesty,—  
If for I want that glib and oily art,  
To speak and purpose not; since what I well  
intend,

I'll do't before I speak,—that you make known  
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness, 230  
No unchaste action, or dishonour'd step,  
That hath depriv'd me of your grace and favour;  
But even for want of that for which I'm  
richer,—

A still-soliciting<sup>1</sup> eye, and such a tongue



*Cor.* Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides:  
Who cover faults, at last shame them derides.  
Well may you prosper!

*France.*

Come, my fair Cordelia.—(Act i. 1. 283-285.)

As I am glad I have not, though not to have it  
Hath lost me<sup>2</sup> in your liking.

*Lear.* Better thou  
Hadst not been born than not t' have pleas'd  
me better.

*France.* Is it but this,—a tardiness in nature  
Which often leaves the history unspoke 239  
That it intends to do?—My Lord of Burgundy,  
What say you to the lady? Love's not love  
When it is mingled with regards that stand

Aloof from the entire<sup>3</sup> point. Will you have her?  
She is herself a dowry.

*Bur.* Royal Lear,  
Give but that portion which yourself propos'd,  
And here I take Cordelia by the hand,  
Duchess of Burgundy.

*Lear.* Nothing: I have sworn; I am firm.

*Bur.* I'm sorry, then, you have so lost a  
father 249  
That you must lose a husband.

<sup>1</sup> Still-soliciting, ever-begging.

<sup>2</sup> Lost me, caused my loss,

<sup>3</sup> Entire, main, essential.

*Cor.* Peace be with Burgundy!  
Since that respects<sup>1</sup> of fortune are his love,  
I shall not be his wife.

*France.* Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich,  
being poor;  
Most choice, forsaken; and most lov'd, despis'd!  
Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon:  
Be't lawful I take up what's cast away.  
Gods, gods! 't is strange that from their cold'st  
neglect

My love should kindle to inflam'd respect.—  
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my  
chance,

Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:  
[Not all the dukes of waterish Burgundy  
Can buy this unpriz'd<sup>2</sup> precious maid of me.—  
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind:<sup>3</sup>  
Thou lovest here, a better where to find.]

*Lear.* Thou hast her, France: let her be  
thine; for we

Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see  
That face of hers again:—Therefore be gone  
Without our grace, our love, our benison.<sup>4</sup>—  
[Come, noble Burgundy.]

[*Flourish.* *Exeunt Lear, Burgundy,  
Cornwall, Albany, Gloster, and  
Attendants.*]

*France.* Bid farewell to your sisters. 270

*Cor.* Ye jewels of our father, with wash'd<sup>5</sup>  
eyes

Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you  
are;

And, like a sister, am most loath to call  
Your faults as they are nam'd. Love well our  
father:

To your professed bosoms<sup>6</sup> I commit him:

[But yet, alas, stood I within his grace,  
I would prefer<sup>7</sup> him to a better place.]

So, farewell to you both.

*Reg.* Prescribe not us our duty.

*Gon.* Let your study

Be to content your lord, who hath receiv'd you  
At fortune's alms. [You have obedience  
scanted,

And well are worth the want that you have  
wanted.

<sup>1</sup> *Respects*, considerations.

<sup>2</sup> *Unpriz'd*, unappreciated.

<sup>4</sup> *Benison*, blessing.

<sup>6</sup> *Bosoms*, love.

<sup>3</sup> *Unkind*, unnatural.

<sup>5</sup> *Wash'd*, tearful.

<sup>7</sup> *Prefer*, commend.

*Cor.* Time shall unfold what plighted<sup>8</sup> cun-  
ning hides:  
Who cover faults, at last shame them derides.]  
Well may you prosper!

*France.* Come, my fair Cordelia.

[*Exeunt France and Cordelia.*]

*Gon.* Sister, it is not little I have to say of  
what most nearly appertains to us both. I  
think our father will hence to-night.

*Reg.* That's most certain, and with you;  
next month with us. 290

*Gon.* You see how full of changes his age  
is; the observation we have made of it hath  
not been little: he always lov'd our sister  
most; and with what poor judgment he hath  
now cast her off appears too grossly.<sup>9</sup>

*Reg.* 'T is the infirmity of his age: yet he  
hath ever but slenderly known himself.

*Gon.* The best and soundest of his time  
hath been but rash; then must we look to  
receive from his age, not alone the imperfec-  
tions of long-engrafted condition, but there-  
withal the unruly waywardness that infirm  
and choleric years bring with them.

*Reg.* Such unconstant<sup>10</sup> starts are we like  
to have from him as this of Kent's banishment.

*Gon.* There is further compliment of leave-  
taking between France and him. Pray you,  
let us hit<sup>11</sup> together: if our father carry autho-  
rity with such dispositions as he bears, this  
last surrender of his will but offend<sup>12</sup> us. 310

*Reg.* We shall further think of it.

*Gon.* We must do something, and i' the heat.

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II. *A hall in the Earl of Gloster's castle.*

*Enter EDMUND, with a letter.*

*Edm.* Thou, nature, art my goddess; to thy  
law

My services are bound. Wherefore should I  
Stand in<sup>13</sup> the plague of custom, and permit  
The curiosity<sup>14</sup> of nations to deprive me,  
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moon-  
shines

<sup>8</sup> *Plighted*, folded, secret.

<sup>10</sup> *Unconstant*, capricious.

<sup>12</sup> *Offend*, injure.

<sup>14</sup> *Curiosity*, scrupulousness.

<sup>9</sup> *Grossly*, palpably.

<sup>11</sup> *Hit*, agree.

<sup>13</sup> *Stand in*, be exposed to

Lag of<sup>1</sup> a brother? Why bastard? wherefore base?

When my dimensions are as well compact,<sup>2</sup>

My mind as generous, and my shape as true,

As honest madam's issue? [Why brand they us

With base? with baseness? bastardy? base, base?

Who, in the lusty stealth of nature, take  
More composition and fierce quality <sup>12</sup>  
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired bed,  
Go to the creating a whole tribe of fops,  
Got 'tween asleep and wake?—Well, then,  
Legitimate Edgar, I must have your land: ]



*Glo.* Hum—conspiracy!—"Sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue."—(Act i. 2. 59, 60.)

Our father's love is to the bastard Edmund  
As to the legitimate: [fine word,—legitimate!  
Well, my legitimate,] if this letter speed,<sup>3</sup>  
And my invention thrive, Edmund the base  
Shall top the legitimate. [I grow; I prosper:— <sup>21</sup>  
Now, gods, stand up for bastards! ]

*Enter GLOSTER.*

*Glo.* Kent banish'd thus! and France in  
choler parted!<sup>4</sup>

And the king gone to-night! subscrib'd<sup>5</sup> his  
power!

Confin'd to exhibition!<sup>6</sup> All this done  
Upon the gad!<sup>7</sup>—Edmund, how now! what  
news?

*Edm.* So please your lordship, none.

[*Putting up the letter.*

[*Glo.* Why so earnestly seek you to put up  
that letter?

*Edm.* I know no news, my lord. ]

*Glo.* What paper were you reading? <sup>30</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Lag of*, lagging behind.

<sup>2</sup> *Compact*, compacted.

<sup>3</sup> *Speed*, succeed.

<sup>4</sup> *Parted*, departed.

<sup>5</sup> *Subscrib'd*, surrendered.

<sup>6</sup> *Confin'd to exhibition*, limited to an allowance.

<sup>7</sup> *The gad*, the spur of the moment.

*Edm.* Nothing, my lord. 31

*Glo.* No? What needed, then, that terrible<sup>1</sup> dispatch of it into your pocket? the quality of nothing hath not such need to hide itself. Let's see: come, if it be nothing, I shall not need spectacles.

*Edm.* I beseech you, sir, pardon me: it is a letter from my brother, that I have not all o'er-read; and for so much as I have perus'd, I find it not fit for your o'er-looking. 40

*Glo.* Give me the letter, sir.

*Edm.* I shall offend, either to detain or give it. The contents, as in part I understand them, are to blame.

*Glo.* Let's see, let's see.

*Edm.* I hope, for my brother's justification, he wrote this but as an essay or taste<sup>2</sup> of my virtue.

*Glo.* [*Reads*]:

"This policy and reverence of age makes the world bitter to the best of our times;<sup>3</sup> keeps our fortunes from us till our oldness<sup>4</sup> cannot relish them. I begin to find an idle and fond<sup>5</sup> bondage in the oppression of aged tyranny; who sways, not as it hath power, but as it is suffer'd. Come to me, that of this I may speak more. If our father would sleep till I wak'd him, you should enjoy half his revenue for ever, and live the beloved of your brother, EDGAR."

Hum—conspiracy!—"Sleep till I waked him, you should enjoy half his revenue,"—My son Edgar! Had he a hand to write this? a heart and brain to breed it in?—When came this to you? who brought it?

*Edm.* It was not brought me, my lord,—there's the cunning of it; I found it thrown in at the casement of my closet.<sup>6</sup>

*Glo.* You know the character<sup>7</sup> to be your brother's?

*Edm.* If the matter were good, my lord, I durst swear it were his; but, in respect of that, I would fain think it were not. 70

*Glo.* It is his.

*Edm.* It is his hand, my lord; but I hope his heart is not in the contents.

*Glo.* Has he never before sounded you in this business?

*Edm.* Never, my lord: but I have heard him oft maintain it to be fit, that, sons at perfect<sup>8</sup> age, and father declining, the father should be as ward to the son, and the son manage his revenue.

*Glo.* O villain, villain!—[His very opinion} in the letter!—Abhorred villain! Unnatural, {detested,<sup>9</sup> brutish villain! worse than brutish!—Go, sirrah, seek him; } I'll apprehend him:—abominable villain!—Where is he?

*Edm.* I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother till you can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shall run a certain course; where,<sup>10</sup> if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honour, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel<sup>11</sup> my affection to your honour, and to no other pretence<sup>12</sup> of danger.

*Glo.* Think you so?

*Edm.* If your honour judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening. 101

*Glo.* He cannot be such a monster—

*Edm.* Nor is not, sure.

*Glo.* To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him.—Heaven and earth!—Edmund, seek him out; wind me<sup>13</sup> into him, I pray you: frame the business after your own wisdom. I would unstate myself,<sup>14</sup> to be in a due resolution.<sup>15</sup>

*Edm.* I will seek him, sir, presently; convey<sup>16</sup> the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal. 111

*Glo.* These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourg'd by the sequent effects: love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, dis-

<sup>8</sup> Perfect, full.

<sup>9</sup> Detested, detestable.

<sup>10</sup> Where, whereas. <sup>11</sup> Feel, test. <sup>12</sup> Pretence, design.

<sup>13</sup> Wind me, insinuate yourself.

<sup>14</sup> Unstate myself, sacrifice my rank and fortune.

<sup>15</sup> In a due resolution, duly satisfied.

<sup>16</sup> Convey, sliely manage.

<sup>1</sup> Terrible, affrighted.

<sup>2</sup> Essay or taste, trial or test.

<sup>3</sup> Times, life.

<sup>4</sup> Oldness, old age.

<sup>5</sup> Fond, foolish.

<sup>6</sup> Closet, chamber.

<sup>7</sup> Character, handwriting.

cord; in palaces, treason; and the bond crack'd  
'twixt son and father. This villain of mine  
comes under the prediction; there's son against  
father: the king falls from bias<sup>1</sup> of nature;  
there's father against child. We have seen  
the best of our time: machinations, hollow-  
ness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, fol-  
low us disquietly to our graves.—Find out  
this villain, Edmund; it shall lose thee no-  
thing; do it carefully.—And the noble and  
true-hearted Kent banish'd! his offence, hon-  
esty!—"T is strange. [*Exit.*]

*Edm.* This is the excellent foppery of the  
world, that, when we are sick in fortune,—  
often the surfeit of our own behaviour,—we  
make guilty of our disasters the sun, the  
moon, and the stars: as if we were villains  
by necessity; fools by heavenly compulsion;  
knaves, thieves, and traitors,<sup>2</sup> by spherical  
predominance;<sup>3</sup> [drunkards, liars, and adul-  
terers, by an enforc'd obedience of planetary  
influence;] and all that we are evil in, by a  
divine thrusting on: [an admirable evasion of  
whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposi-  
tion to the charge of a star! My father com-  
pounded with my mother under the Dragon's  
tail; and my nativity was under *ursa major*;  
so that it follows, I am rough and lecherous.  
—Tut, I should have been that I am, had the  
maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on  
my bastardizing.]-Edgar! pat he comes like  
the catastrophe of the old comedy: my cue is  
villanous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o'  
Bedlam.

*Enter EDGAR.*

[O, these eclipses do portend these divisions!  
fa, sol, la, mi.]

*Edg.* How now, brother Edmund! what  
serious contemplation are you in? 151

*Edm.* [I am thinking, brother, of a predic-  
tion I read this other day, what should follow  
these eclipses.

*Edg.* Do you busy yourself with that?

*Edm.* I promise you, the effects he writes of  
succeed<sup>4</sup> unhappily; as of unnaturalness be-  
tween the child and the parent; death, dearth,

dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in  
state, menaces and maledictions against king  
and nobles; needless diffidences,<sup>5</sup> banishment  
of friends, dissipation<sup>6</sup> of cohorts, nuptial  
breaches, and I know not what.

*Edg.* How long have you been a sectary  
astronomical?<sup>7</sup>

*Edm.* Come, come;] when saw you my  
father last?

*Edg.* The night gone by.

*Edm.* Spake you with him?

*Edg.* Ay, two hours together. 170

*Edm.* Parted you in good terms? Found  
you no displeasure in him by word nor coun-  
tenance?

*Edg.* None at all.

*Edm.* Bethink yourself wherein you may  
have offended him: and at my entreaty for-  
bear his presence till some little time hath  
qualified the heat of his displeasure; [which  
at this instant so rageth in him, that with the  
mischief of your person it would scarcely  
allay.]

*Edg.* Some villain hath done me wrong. 180

*Edm.* That's my fear. I pray you, have a  
continent<sup>8</sup> forbearance till the speed of his  
rage goes slower; and, as I say, retire with  
me to my lodging, from whence I will fitly  
bring you to hear my lord speak: [pray ye,  
go; there's my key:]-if you do stir abroad,  
go arm'd.

*Edg.* Arm'd, brother!

*Edm.* Brother, I advise you to the best; I  
am no honest man if there be any good mean-  
ing toward you: I have told you what I have  
seen and heard but faintly, nothing like the  
image and horror of it: pray you, away.

*Edg.* Shall I hear from you anon?

*Edm.* I do serve you in this business.

[*Exit Edgar.*]

A credulous father! and a brother noble,  
Whose nature is so far from doing harms,  
That he suspects none; on whose foolish honesty  
My practices<sup>9</sup> ride easy!—I see the business.—  
Let me, if not by birth, have lands by wit:  
All with me's meet that I can fashion fit. 200

[*Exit.*]

<sup>1</sup> Bias, tendency.

<sup>2</sup> Treachers, traitors.

<sup>3</sup> Spherical predominance, influence of the spheres.

<sup>4</sup> Succeed, follow.

<sup>5</sup> Diffidences, distrusts.

<sup>6</sup> Dissipation, disbanding.

<sup>7</sup> Sectary astronomical, astrological disciple.

<sup>8</sup> Continent, restrained.

<sup>9</sup> Practices, plots.

SCENE III. *A room in the Duke of Albany's palace.*

*Enter GONERIL and OSWALD.*

*Gon.* Did my father strike my gentleman for chiding of his fool?

*Osw.* Ay, madam.

*Gon.* By day and night, he wrongs me; every hour

He flashes into one gross crime or other,  
That sets us all at odds: I'll not endure it:

His knights grow riotous, and himself up-  
braids us  
On every trifle.—When he returns from hunt-  
ing,

I will not speak with him; say I am sick:—  
If you come slack of former services, 9  
You shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer.

[*Horns within.*]

*Osw.* He's coming, madam; I hear him.

*Gon.* Put on what weary negligence you  
please,



*Edm.* Brother, I advise you to the best; I am no honest man if there be any good meaning toward you.—(Act i. 2. 188-190.)

You and your fellows; I'd have it come to  
question:

If he distaste<sup>1</sup> it, let him to my sister,  
Whose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,  
Not to be over-ru'd. Idle old man,  
That still would manage those authorities  
That he hath given away!—Now, by my life,  
Old fools are babes again; and must be us'd  
With checks as<sup>2</sup> flatteries,—when they're  
seen abus'd. 20

Remember what I have said.

*Osw.* Very well, madam.

*Gon.* And let his knights have colder looks  
among you;

What grows of it, no matter; advise your fel-  
lows so:

I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,  
That I may speak:—I'll write straight to my  
sister,

{ To hold my very course.—[Prepare for din-  
ner.] [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *A hall in the same.*

*Enter KENT, disguised.*

*Kent.* If but as well I other accents borrow,  
That can my speech defuse,<sup>3</sup> my good intent  
May carry through itself to that full issue  
For which I raz'd<sup>4</sup> my likeness.—Now, ban-  
ish'd Kent,

If thou canst serve where thou dost stand  
condemn'd,

So may it come,<sup>5</sup> thy master, whom thou lov'st,  
Shall find thee full of labours.

*Horns within.* *Enter LEAR, Knights, and  
Attendants.*

*Lear.* Let me not stay<sup>6</sup> a jot for dinner;  
go get it ready. [*Exit an Attendant.*] How  
now! what art thou? 10

*Kent.* A man, sir.

<sup>1</sup> *Distaste*, dislike.

<sup>2</sup> *Checks as*, reproofs as well as.

<sup>3</sup> *Defuse*, disorder, disguise.

<sup>5</sup> *Come*, come to pass that.

<sup>4</sup> *Raz'd*, erased.

<sup>6</sup> *Stay*, wait.



*Lear.* What dost thou profess?<sup>1</sup> What wouldst thou with us?

*Kent.* I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly that will put me in trust; to love him that is honest; to converse<sup>2</sup> with him that is wise, and says little; to fear judgment; to fight when I cannot choose; and to eat no fish.

*Lear.* What art thou?

*Kent.* A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king. 21

*Lear.* If thou be as poor for a subject as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What wouldst thou?

*Kent.* Service.

*Lear.* Who wouldst thou serve?

*Kent.* You.

*Lear.* Dost thou know me, fellow?

*Kent.* No, sir; but you have that in your countenance which I would fain call master.

*Lear.* What's that? 31

*Kent.* Authority.

*Lear.* What services canst thou do?

*Kent.* I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious<sup>3</sup> tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly: that which ordinary men are fit for, I am qualified in; and the best of me is diligence.

*Lear.* How old art thou? 39

*Kent.* Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing, nor so old to dote on her for any thing: I have years on my back forty-eight.

*Lear.* Follow me; thou shalt serve me: if I like thee no worse after dinner, I will not part from thee yet.—Dinner, ho, dinner!—Where's my knave? my fool?—Go you, and call my fool hither. [*Exit an Attendant.*]

*Enter OSWALD.*

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

*Osw.* So please you,— [*Exit.*]

*Lear.* What says the fellow there? Call the clotpoll<sup>4</sup> back. [*Exit a Knight.*—Where's my fool, ho?—I think the world's asleep.

*Re-enter Knight.*

How now! where's that mongrel?

*Knight.* He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

*Lear.* Why came not the slave back to me when I call'd him?

*Knight.* Sir, he answered me in the roundest<sup>5</sup> manner, he would not.

*Lear.* He would not! 60

*Knight.* My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertain'd with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindness appears as well in the general dependants as in the duke himself also and your daughter.

*Lear.* Ha! sayest thou so?

*Knight.* I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent when I think your highness wrong'd. 71

*Lear.* Thou but rememberest me of mine own conception: I have perceived a most faint<sup>6</sup> neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity than as a very pretence<sup>7</sup> and purpose of unkindness: I will look further into't.—But where's my fool? I have not seen him this two days.

*Knight.* Since my young lady's going into France, sir, the fool hath much pined away.

*Lear.* No more of that; I have noted it well.—Go you, and tell my daughter I would speak with her. [*Exit an Attendant.*—Go you, call hither my fool. [*Exit an Attendant.*]

*Re-enter OSWALD.*

O, you sir, you, come you hither, sir: who am I, sir?

*Osw.* My lady's father.

*Lear.* "My lady's father"! my lord's knave: you [whoreson] dog! you slave! you cur!

*Osw.* I am none of these, my lord; I beseech your pardon. 91

*Lear.* Do you bandy looks with me, you rascal? [*Striking him.*]

*Osw.* I'll not be struck, my lord.

*Kent.* Nor tripp'd neither, you base football player. [*Tripping up his heels.*]

*Lear.* I thank thee, fellow; thou servest me, and I'll love thee.

<sup>1</sup> *Profess*, profess to do.

<sup>3</sup> *Curious*, elaborate.

<sup>2</sup> *Converse*, associate.

<sup>4</sup> *Clotpoll*, clodpole.

<sup>5</sup> *Roudest*, bluntest.

<sup>6</sup> *Faint*, slight.

<sup>7</sup> *Very pretence*, actual intention.

*Kent.* Come, sir, arise, away! I'll teach you differences: away, away! If you will measure your lubber's length again, tarry: but away! go to; have you wisdom? so.

[*Pushes Oswald out.*]

*Lear.* Now, my friendly knave, I thank thee: there's earnest of thy service.

[*Giving Kent money.*]

*Enter Fool.*

*Fool.* Let me hire him too:—here's my coxcomb. [*Offering Kent his cap.*]

*Lear.* How now, my pretty knave! how dost thou?

*Fool.* Sirrah, you were best take my coxcomb.

*Kent.* Why, fool? 110

*Fool.* Why, for taking one's part that's out of favour: nay, an thou canst not smile as the wind sits, thou 'lt catch cold shortly: there, take my coxcomb:<sup>1</sup> why, this fellow has banish'd two on's daughters, and did the third a blessing against his will; if thou follow him, thou must needs wear my coxcomb.—How now, nuncle! [Would I had two coxcombs and two daughters!]

*Lear.* Why, my boy? 119

*Fool.* If I gave them all my living,<sup>2</sup> I'd keep my coxcombs myself. There's mine; beg another of thy daughters.

*Lear.* Take heed, sirrah,—the whip.

*Fool.* Truth's a dog must to kennel; he must be whipp'd out, when Lady, the brach,<sup>3</sup> may stand by the fire and stink.

*Lear.* A pestilent gall to me!

*Fool.* ] Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

*Lear.* Do.

*Fool.* Mark it, nuncle; 130

Have more than thou showest,  
Speak less than thou knowest,  
Lend less than thou owest,<sup>4</sup>  
Ride more than thou goest,<sup>5</sup>  
Learn more than thou trowest,<sup>6</sup>  
Set<sup>7</sup> less than thou throwest;  
[Leave thy drink and thy whore,  
And keep in-a-door,]  
And thou shalt have more  
Than two tens to a score. 140

*Kent.* This is nothing, fool. 141

*Fool.* Then 't is like the breath of an unfee'd lawyer,—you gave me nothing for 't.—Can you make no use of nothing, nuncle?

*Lear.* Why, no, boy; nothing can be made out of nothing.

*Fool.* [*To Kent*] Prithee, tell him, so much the rent of his land comes to: he will not believe a fool.

*Lear.* A bitter fool! 150

*Fool.* Dost thou know the difference, my boy, between a bitter fool and a sweet fool?

*Lear.* No, lad; teach me.

*Fool.* That lord that counsell'd thee  
To give away thy land,  
Come place him here by me,—  
Do thou for him stand:  
The sweet and bitter fool  
Will presently appear;  
The one in motley here, 160  
The other found out there.

*Lear.* Dost thou call me fool, boy?

*Fool.* All thy other titles thou hast given away; that thou wast born with.

*Kent.* This is not altogether fool, my lord.

*Fool.* No, faith, lords and great men will not let me; if I had a monopoly out, they would have part on 't: and ladies too, they will not let me have all fool to myself; they'll be snatching.—Give me an egg, nuncle, and I'll give thee two crowns. 171

*Lear.* What two crowns shall they be?

*Fool.* Why, after I have cut the egg i' the middle, and eat up the meat, the two crowns of the egg. [When thou clovest thy crown i' the middle, and gavest away both parts, thou borest thine ass on thy back o'er the dirt: ] thou hadst little wit in thy bald crown, when thou gavest thy golden one away. If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipp'd that first finds it so. 180

[*Singing:* Fools had ne'er less grace in a year;

For wise men are grown foppish,<sup>8</sup>

And know not how their wits to wear,

Their manners are so apish.

*Lear.* When were you wont to be so full of songs, sirrah?

*Fool.* I have used it, nuncle, e'er since thou madest thy daughters thy mothers: for when

<sup>1</sup> Coxcomb, fool's cap.

<sup>2</sup> Living, property.

<sup>3</sup> Brach, female hound.

<sup>4</sup> Owest, ownest.

<sup>5</sup> Goest, walkest. <sup>6</sup> Trowest, knowest. <sup>7</sup> Set, stake.

<sup>8</sup> Foppish, foolish.

{thou gavest them the rod, and puttedst down  
{thine own breeches,] 190

*Singing:* Then they for sudden joy did weep,  
And I for sorrow sung,  
That such a king should play bo-peep,  
And go the fools among.

Prithee, nuncle, keep a schoolmaster that can  
teach thy fool to lie: I would fain learn to lie.

*Lear.* An you lie, sirrah, we'll have you  
whipp'd.

*Fool.* I marvel what kin thou and thy  
daughters are: they'll have me whipp'd for  
speaking true, thou'lt have me whipp'd for  
lying; and sometimes I am whipp'd for hold-  
ing my peace. I had rather be any kind o'  
thing than a fool: and yet I would not be  
thee, nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o' both  
sides, and left nothing i' the middle:—here  
comes one o' the parings.

*Enter GONERIL.*

*Lear.* How now, daughter! what makes  
that frontlet<sup>1</sup> on? Methinks you are too  
much of late i' the frown. 209

{*Fool.* Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou  
{hadst no need to care for her frowning; now  
{thou art an O without a figure: I am better  
{than thou art now; I am a fool, thou art noth-  
{ing.—[*To Goneril*] Yes, forsooth, I will hold  
{my tongue; so your face bids me, though you  
{say nothing. Mum, mum,

He that keeps nor crust nor crum,  
Weary of all, shall want some.—

{That's a shealed<sup>2</sup> peascod. [*Pointing to Lear.*] 210

*Gon.* Not only, sir, this your all-licens'd  
fool, 220

But other of your insolent retinue<sup>3</sup>  
Do hourly carp and quarrel; breaking forth  
In rank and not-to-be-endured riots.

Sir,

I had thought, by making this well known  
unto you,

T'have found a safe redress; but now grow  
fearful,

By what yourself too late have spoke and  
done,

That you protect this course, and put it on<sup>4</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Frontlet*, forehead (look).

<sup>2</sup> *Shealed*, shelled.

<sup>3</sup> *Retinue*, accented on second syllable.

<sup>4</sup> *Put it on*, encourage it.

By your allowance; [which if you should, the  
fault

Would not scape censure, nor the redresses  
sleep, 229

Which, in the tender of<sup>5</sup> a wholesome weal,<sup>6</sup>  
Might in their working do you that offence,  
Which else were shame, that then necessity  
Will call discreet proceeding.]

*Fool.* For, you trow, nuncle,

The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,  
That it's had it<sup>7</sup> head bit off by it young.

[So, out went the candle, and we were left  
darkling.<sup>8</sup>]

*Lear.* Are you our daughter?

*Gon.* Come, sir,

I would you would make use of that good  
wisdom 240

Whereof I know you're fraught; and put away  
These dispositions, that of late transform you  
From what you rightly are.

[*Fool.* May not an ass know when the cart  
draws the horse?—Whoop, Jug! I love thee.]

*Lear.* Doth any here know me?—Why, this  
is not Lear:

Doth Lear walk thus? speak thus? Where  
are his eyes?

Either his notion<sup>9</sup> weakens, or his discernings  
Are lethargied—Ha! waking? 't is not so.—

Who is it that can tell me who I am?— 250

*Fool.* Lear's shadow.

[*Lear.* I would learn that; for, by the  
marks of sovereignty, knowledge, and reason,  
I should be false-persuaded I had daughters.

*Fool.* Which they will make an obedient  
father.]

*Lear.* Your name, fair gentlewoman?

*Gon.* This admiration,<sup>10</sup> sir, is much o' the  
savour

Of other your new pranks. I do beseech you  
To understand my purpose aright: 260

As you are old and reverend, you should be  
wise.

Here do you keep a hundred knights and  
squires;

Men so disorder'd, so debosh'd,<sup>11</sup> and bold,

<sup>5</sup> *Tender of*, regard for.

<sup>6</sup> *Wholesome weal*, healthy commonwealth.

<sup>7</sup> *It*, its (old possessive).

<sup>8</sup> *Darkling*, in the dark.

<sup>9</sup> *Notion*, mind.

<sup>10</sup> *Admiration*, astonishment.

<sup>11</sup> *Debosh'd*, debauched.

That this our court, infected with their manners,

Shows like a riotous inn: epicurism and lust  
[Make it more like a tavern or a brothel  
Than a grac'd<sup>1</sup> palace.] The shame itself doth speak

For instant remedy: be, then, desir'd  
By her, that else will take the thing she begs,  
A little to disquantity<sup>2</sup> your train; 270  
And the remainder, that shall still depend,  
To be such men as may besort<sup>3</sup> your age,  
Which know themselves and you.

*Lear.* Darkness and devils!—  
Saddle my horses; call my train together.—  
Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee:  
Yet have I left a daughter.

*Gon.* You strike my people; and your disorder'd rabble  
Make servants of their betters.

*Enter ALBANY.*

*Lear.* Woe, that too late repents,—[*To Albany*]  
O, sir, are you come?

Is it your will? Speak, sir.—Prepare my horses.— 280

Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend,  
More hideous when thou show'st thee in a child  
Than the sea-monster!

*Alb.* Pray, sir, be patient.

*Lear.* [*To Goneril*] Detested<sup>4</sup> kite! thou liest:  
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,  
That all particulars of duty know,  
And in the most exact regard support  
The worships of their name.—O most small fault,

How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!  
Which, like an engine,<sup>5</sup> wrench'd my frame  
of nature 290

From the fix'd place; drew from my heart all love,

And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!  
Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in,

[*Striking his head.*]  
And thy dear judgment out!—Go, go, my people.

*Alb.* My lord, I'm guiltless, as I'm ignorant  
Of what hath mov'd you.

<sup>1</sup> *Grac'd*, dignified.

<sup>2</sup> *Disquantity*, diminish.

<sup>3</sup> *Besort*, become.

<sup>4</sup> *Detested*, detestable.

<sup>5</sup> *Engine*, rack.

*Lear.*

It may be so, my lord.—

Hear, nature, hear; dear goddess, hear!  
Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend  
To make this creature fruitful!

Into her womb convey sterility! 300

Dry up in her the organs of increase;

And from her derogate<sup>6</sup> body never spring

A babe to honour her! If she must teem,<sup>7</sup>

Create her child of spleen; that it may live,

And be a thwart<sup>8</sup> disnatur'd<sup>9</sup> torment to her!

Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth;

With cadent<sup>10</sup> tears fret channels in her cheeks;

Turn all her mother's<sup>11</sup> pains and benefits

To laughter and contempt,—that she may feel

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is 310

To have a thankless child!—Away, away!

[*Exit.*]

*Alb.* Now, gods that we adore, whereof  
comes this?

*Gon.* Never afflict yourself to know the cause;  
But let his disposition have that scope  
That dotage gives it.

*Re-enter LEAR.*

*Lear.* What, fifty of my followers at a clap!  
Within a fortnight?

*Alb.* What's the matter, sir?

*Lear.* I'll tell thee,—[*To Goneril*] Life and  
death! I am asham'd

That thou hast power to shake my manhood  
thus;

That these hot tears, which break from me  
perforce, 320

Should make thee worth them.—Blasts and  
fogs upon thee!

Th' untented<sup>12</sup> woundings of a father's curse  
Pierce every sense about thee!—Old fond eyes,

Beweept this cause again, I'll pluck ye out,

And cast you, with the waters that you lose,

To temper clay.—Ha, is it come to this?

Let it be so:—I have another daughter,

Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable:<sup>13</sup>

When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails

She'll flay thy wolfish visage. Thou shalt find

<sup>6</sup> *Derogate*, degraded, depraved.

<sup>7</sup> *Teem*, bear children.

<sup>8</sup> *Thwart*, perverse.

<sup>9</sup> *Disnatur'd*, unnatural.

<sup>10</sup> *Cadent*, falling.

<sup>11</sup> *Mother's*, maternal.

<sup>12</sup> *Untented*, incurable.

<sup>13</sup> *Comfortable*, ready to comfort.

That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think 331  
I have cast off for ever; thou shalt, I warrant thee.

[*Exeunt Lear, Kent, and Attendants.* ✓]

*Gon.* Do you mark that, my lord?

*Alb.* I cannot be so partial, Goneril,  
To the great love I bear you,—

*Gon.* Pray you, content.—What, Oswald,  
ho!—

[*To the Fool*] You, sir, more knave than fool,  
after your master.

*Fool.* Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear, tarry, and  
take the fool with thee.—

A fox, when one has caught her, 340  
And such a daughter,  
Should sure to the slaughter,  
If my cap would buy a halter:  
So the fool follows after. [*Exit.*]

*Gon.* This man hath had good counsel:—a  
hundred knights!

'Tis politic and safe to let him keep  
At point<sup>1</sup> a hundred knights: yes, that, on  
every dream,  
Each buzz,<sup>2</sup> each fancy, each complaint, dis-  
like,

He may enguard<sup>3</sup> his dotage with their powers,  
And hold our lives in mercy.<sup>4</sup>—Oswald, I say!—

*Alb.* Well, you may fear too far.

*Gon.* Safer than trust too far:  
Let me still<sup>5</sup> take away the harms I fear,  
Not fear still to be taken:<sup>6</sup> I know his  
heart.

What he hath utter'd I have writ my sister:  
If she sustain him and his hundred knights,  
When I have show'd th' unfitness,—

*Re-enter OSWALD.*

How now, Oswald!

What, have you writ that letter to my sister?

*Osw.* Ay, madam.

*Gon.* Take you some company, and away  
to horse:

Inform her full of my particular fear; 360  
And thereto add such reasons of your own  
As may compact it more. Get you gone;

And hasten your return. [*Exit Oswald.*] No,  
no, my lord, 363

This milky gentleness and course of yours,  
Though I condemn not, yet, under pardon,  
You are much more at task<sup>7</sup> for want of  
wisdom  
Than prais'd for harmful mildness.



*Fool.* So the fool follows after.—(Act i. 4. 344.)

*Alb.* How far your eyes may pierce I can-  
not tell:

Striving to better, oft we mar what's well.

*Gon.* Nay, then— 370

*Alb.* Well, well; the event.<sup>8</sup> [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *Court before the same.*

*Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.*

*Lear.* Go you before to Gloster with these  
letters. Acquaint my daughter no further  
with any thing you know than comes from  
her demand out of the letter. If your dili-  
gence be not speedy, I shall be there afore you.

<sup>7</sup> At task, to be taken to task, at fault.

<sup>8</sup> The event, the result (will show).

<sup>1</sup> At point, at call, ready.

<sup>2</sup> Buzz, whisper.

<sup>3</sup> Enguard, guard.

<sup>4</sup> In mercy, at his mercy.

<sup>5</sup> Still, ever.

<sup>6</sup> Taken, overtaken (by the harms).

*Kent.* I will not sleep, my lord, till I have delivered your letter. *[Exit.]*

*Fool.* If a man's brains were in 's heels, were't not in danger of kibes?<sup>1</sup>

*Lear.* Ay, boy. 10

*Fool.* Then, I prithee, be merry; thy wit shall ne'er go slipshod.

*Lear.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Fool.* Shalt see thy other daughter will use thee kindly; for though she's as like this as a crab<sup>2</sup>'s like an apple, yet I can what I can tell.

*Lear.* What canst tell, boy?

*Fool.* She will taste as like this as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell why one's nose stands i' the middle on's face? 20

*Lear.* No.

*Fool.* Why, to keep one's eyes of either side's nose; that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

*Lear.* I did her wrong—

*Fool.* Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?

*Lear.* No.

*Fool.* Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house. 30

*Lear.* Why?

*Fool.* Why, to put his head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

*Lear.* I will forget my nature.—So kind a father!—Be my horses ready?

*Fool.* Thy asses be gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars<sup>3</sup> are no moe<sup>4</sup> than seven is a pretty reason.

*Lear.* Because they are not eight? 40

*Fool.* Yes, indeed: thou wouldst make a good fool.

*Lear.* To take 't again perforce!<sup>5</sup>—Monster ingratitude!

*Fool.* If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

*Lear.* How's that?

*Fool.* Thou shouldst not have been old till thou hadst been wise.

*Lear.* O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven! 50

Keep me in temper: I would not be mad!

*Enter Gentleman.*

How now! are the horses ready?

*Gent.* Ready, my lord.

*Lear.* Come, boy.

*Fool.* She that's a maid now, and laughs at my departure,

Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter. *[Exeunt.]*

## ACT II.

SCENE I. *A court within the castle of the Earl of Gloster.*

*Enter EDMUND and CURAN, meeting.*

*Edm.* Save thee, Curan.

*Cur.* And you, sir. I have been with your father, and given him notice that the Duke of Cornwall and Regan his duchess will be here with him this night.

*Edm.* How comes that?

*Cur.* Nay, I know not.—You have heard of the news abroad,—I mean the whisper'd ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing<sup>6</sup> arguments?

*Edm.* Not I: pray you, what are they? 10

*Cur.* Have you heard of no likely wars toward? 'twixt the Dukes of Cornwall and Albany?

*Edm.* Not a word.

*Cur.* You may do, then, in time. Fare you well, sir. *[Exit.]*

*Edm.* The Duke be here to-night? The better! best!

This weaves itself perforce into my business. My father hath set guard to take my brother; And I have one thing, of a queasy<sup>8</sup> question, Which I must act:—briefness and fortune, work!— 20

Brother, a word;—descend:—brother, I say!

<sup>1</sup> Kibes, chilblains.

<sup>2</sup> Crab, crab-apple.

<sup>3</sup> Seven stars, the Pleiades.

<sup>4</sup> Moe, more.

<sup>5</sup> Perforce, by force. <sup>6</sup> Ear-kissing, whispered in the ear.

<sup>7</sup> Toward, coming, in preparation.

<sup>8</sup> Queasy, delicate.

*Enter* EDGAR.

My father watches;—O sir, fly this place; 22  
Intelligence is given where you are hid;  
You've now the good advantage of the night:—  
Have you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of  
Cornwall?

He's coming hither; now, i' the night, i' th'  
haste,

And Regan with him: have you nothing said  
Upon his party<sup>1</sup> 'gainst the Duke of Albany?  
Advise yourself.

*Edg.* I'm sure on't, not a word.

*Edm.* I hear my father coming:—pardon  
me; 30

In cunning I must draw my sword upon you:—  
Draw: seem to defend yourself: now quit  
you well.—

Yield:—come before my father.—Light, ho,  
here!

Fly, brother.—Torches, torches!—So, farewell.

[*Exit* Edgar.]

Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion

[*Wounds his arm.*]

Of my more fierce endeavour: I've seen  
drunkards

Do more than this in sport.—Father, father!—  
Stop, stop!—No help?

*Enter* GLOSTER, and *Servants with torches.*

*Glo.* Now, Edmund, where's the villain?

*Edm.* Here stood he in the dark, his sharp  
sword out, 40

Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the  
moon

To stand auspicious mistress,—

*Glo.* But where is he?

*Edm.* Look, sir, I bleed.

*Glo.* Where is the villain, Edmund?

*Edm.* Fled this way, sir, when by no means  
he could—

*Glo.* Pursue him, ho!—Go after. [*Exeunt*  
*some Servants.*].—By no means what?

*Edm.* Persuade me to the murder of your  
lordship;

[*But that I told him the revenging gods*  
*'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend;*  
*Spoke with how manifold and strong a bond*

<sup>1</sup> *Party*, part, side.

The child was bound to the father;—sir, in  
fine,] 50

Seeing how loathly<sup>2</sup> opposite I stood  
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,<sup>3</sup>  
With his prepared sword he charges home  
My unprovided body, lanc'd mine arm:  
But when he saw my best alarum'd<sup>4</sup> spirits,  
Bold in the quarrel's right, rous'd to th' en-  
counter,

Or whether gasted<sup>5</sup> by the noise I made,  
Full suddenly he fled.

*Glo.* Let him fly far:

Not in this land shall he remain uncaught;  
And found—dispatch.—The noble duke my  
master, 60

My worthy arch<sup>6</sup> and patron, comes to-night:  
By his authority I will proclaim it,  
That he which finds him shall deserve our  
thanks,

Bringing the murderous coward to the stake;  
He that conceals him, death.

[*Edm.* When I dissuaded him from his  
intent,

And found him pight<sup>7</sup> to do it, with curst<sup>8</sup>  
speech

I threaten'd to discover him: he replied,  
“Thou unpossessing<sup>9</sup> bastard! dost thou think,  
If I would stand against thee, would the re-  
posal 70

Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee  
Make thy words faith'd<sup>10</sup>? No: what I should  
deny,—

As this I would; ay, though thou didst pro-  
duce

My very character,<sup>11</sup>—I'd turn it all  
To thy suggestion,<sup>12</sup> plot, and damned prac-  
tice:

And thou must make a dullard of the world,  
If they not thought the profits of my death  
Were very pregnant<sup>13</sup> and potential spurs  
To make thee seek it.”

*Glo.* Strong and fasten'd<sup>14</sup> villain!

<sup>2</sup> *Loathly*, loathingly.

<sup>3</sup> *Motion*, attack (a fencing term).

<sup>4</sup> *Best alarum'd*, thoroughly roused.

<sup>5</sup> *Gasted*, frightened.

<sup>6</sup> *Arch*, chief.

<sup>7</sup> *Pight*, fixed, settled.

<sup>8</sup> *Curst*, sharp, harsh.

<sup>9</sup> *Unpossessing*, incapable of inheriting.

<sup>10</sup> *Faith'd*, believed.

<sup>11</sup> *Character*, handwriting.

<sup>12</sup> *Suggestion*, evil prompting.

<sup>13</sup> *Pregnant*, ready.

<sup>14</sup> *Fasten'd*, confirmed.

{ Would he deny his letter?—I never got<sup>1</sup>  
him.—] [*Tucket within.*

Hark, the duke's trumpets! I know not why  
he comes.—51

All ports<sup>2</sup> I'll bar; the villain shall not  
escape;

The duke must grant me that: besides, his  
picture

I will send far and near, that all the kingdom  
May have due note of him; and of my land,  
Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means  
To make thee capable.<sup>3</sup>

*Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, and Attendants.*

*Corn.* How now, my noble friend! since I  
came hither,—  
Which I can call but now,—I've heard strange  
news.

*Reg.* If it be true, all vengeance comes too  
short90  
Which can pursue th' offender. How dost,  
my lord?

{ [*Glo.* O, madam, my old heart is crack'd,—  
it's crack'd!

{ [*Reg.*] What, did my father's godson seek  
your life?

He whom my father nam'd? your Edgar?

*Glo.* O lady, lady, shame would have it  
hid!

*Reg.* Was he not companion with the riot-  
ous knights

That tend upon my father?

{ [*Glo.* I know not, madam:—'t is too bad,  
too bad.]

*Edm.* Yes, madam, he was of that consort.<sup>4</sup>

*Reg.* No marvel, then, though he were ill  
affected:100

{ ['T is they have put him on<sup>5</sup> the old man's  
death,

{ To have th' expense and waste of his revenues.<sup>6</sup>]

I have this present evening from my sister  
Been well inform'd of them; and with such  
cautions,

That if they come to sojourn at my house,  
I'll not be there.

*Corn.* Nor I, assure thee, Regan.—

Edmund, I hear that you have shown your  
father

A child-like office.

*Edm.* 'T was my duty, sir.

*Glo.* He did bewray<sup>7</sup> his practice:<sup>8</sup> and  
receiv'd109

This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him.

*Corn.* Is he pursu'd?

*Glo.* Ay, my good lord.

*Corn.* If he be taken, he shall never more  
Be fear'd of<sup>9</sup> doing harm: [make your own  
purpose,

How in my strength<sup>10</sup> you please.]—For you,  
Edmund,

Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant

So much commend itself, you shall be ours:

Natures of such deep trust<sup>11</sup> we shall much  
need;

You we first seize on.

*Edm.* I shall serve you, sir,

Truly, however else.

*Glo.* For him I thank your grace.

*Corn.* You know not why we came to visit  
you,—120

*Reg.* Thus out of season, threading dark-  
ey'd night:

[Occasions, noble Gloster, of some poise,<sup>12</sup>  
Wherein we must have use of your advice:]—

Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,

Of differences, which I best thought it fit

To answer from our home; the several mes-  
sengers

From hence attend dispatch. Our good old  
friend,

Lay comforts to your bosom; and bestow

Your needful counsel to our businesses,129

Which craves the instant use.

*Glo.* I serve you, madam:

Your graces are right welcome. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Before Gloster's castle.*

*Enter KENT and OSWALD, severally.*

[*Osw.* Good dawning to thee, friend: art of  
this house?

*Kent.* Ay.

<sup>1</sup> Got, begot.

<sup>2</sup> Ports, gates.

<sup>3</sup> Capable, a possible heir.

<sup>4</sup> Consort, set, company.

<sup>5</sup> Put him on, incited him to.

<sup>6</sup> Revenues, accented on second syllable.

<sup>7</sup> Bewray, betray.

<sup>8</sup> Practice, plot.

<sup>9</sup> Of, for, as to.

<sup>10</sup> In my strength, with my authority.

<sup>11</sup> Trust, trustworthiness. <sup>12</sup> Poise, weight.



*Osw.* Where may we set our horses?

*Kent.* I' the mire.

*Osw.* Prithee, if thou lovest me, tell me.

*Kent.* I love thee not.

*Osw.* Why, then, I care not for thee.

*Kent.* If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold,<sup>1</sup> I would make thee care for me. 10

*Osw.* Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

*Kent.* Fellow, I know thee.

*Osw.* What dost thou know me for?

*Kent.* A knave; a rascal; an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited,<sup>2</sup> hundred-pound, filthy, worsted-stock-



*Kent.* Draw, you rascal: you come with letters against the king.—(Act ii. 2. 38, 39.)

ing,<sup>3</sup> knave; a lily-livered, action-taking,<sup>4</sup> whoreson, glass-gazing,<sup>5</sup> superserviceable,<sup>6</sup> finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting<sup>7</sup> slave; one that wouldst be a bawd, in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pander, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch: one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deniest the least syllable of thy addition.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Pinfold*, pound.

<sup>2</sup> *Three-suited*, with only three suits of clothes.

<sup>3</sup> *Worsted-stocking*, wearing cheap stockings, shabby.

<sup>4</sup> *Action-taking*, bringing lawsuits.

<sup>5</sup> *Glass-gazing*, vain.

<sup>6</sup> *Superserviceable*, officious.

<sup>7</sup> *One-trunk-inheriting*, beggarly. <sup>8</sup> *Addition*, title.

*Osw.* Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one that is neither known of thee nor knows thee! 20

*Kent.* What a brazen-fac'd varlet art thou, to deny thou knowest me! Is it two days since I tripp'd up thy heels, and beat thee, before the king? Draw, you rogue: for, though it be night, yet the moon shines; I'll make a sop o' the moonshine of you: draw, you whoreson cullionly<sup>9</sup> barber-monger,<sup>10</sup> draw.

[Drawing his sword.]

*Osw.* Away! I have nothing to do with thee.

*Kent.* Draw, you rascal: you come with

<sup>9</sup> *Cullionly*, base, vile.

<sup>10</sup> *Barber-monger*, top.

letters against the king; and take Vanity the puppet's part against the royalty of her father: draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado<sup>1</sup> your shanks:—draw, you rascal; come your ways.

*Osw.* Help, ho! murder! help!

*Kent.* Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand; you neat<sup>2</sup> slave, strike. [*Beating him.*]

*Osw.* Help, ho! murder! murder!

*Enter EDMUND.*

*Edm.* How now! What's the matter?

[*Kent.* With you, goodman boy, if you please: come, I'll flesh ye; come on, young master. ]

*Enter GLOSTER.*

[*Glo.* Weapons! arms! What's the matter here? ] 51

*Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, and Servants.*

*Corn.* Keep peace, upon your lives; He dies that strikes again. What is the matter?

*Reg.* The messengers from our sister and the king.

*Corn.* What is your difference?<sup>3</sup> speak.

*Osw.* I am scarce in breath, my lord.

*Kent.* No marvel, you have so bestir'd your valour. You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in<sup>4</sup> thee: a tailor made thee. 60

*Corn.* Thou art a strange fellow: a tailor make a man?

*Kent.* Ay, a tailor, sir: a stone-cutter or a painter could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours o' the trade.

*Corn.* Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

*Osw.* This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spar'd at suit of his gray beard,—

*Kent.* [Thou whoreson zed!] thou unnecessary letter!—My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted<sup>5</sup> villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes<sup>6</sup> with him.—“Spare my gray beard,” you wagtail?

*Corn.* Peace, sirrah!

[You beastly knave,] know you no reverence?

*Kent.* Yes, sir; but anger hath a privilege.

*Corn.* Why art thou angry?

[*Kent.* That such a slave as this should wear a sword,

Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,

Like rats, oft bite the holy cords a-twain so  
Which are too intrinse<sup>7</sup> t' unloose; smooth<sup>8</sup>  
every passion

That in the natures of their lords rebel;  
Being oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;  
Renege,<sup>9</sup> affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks  
With every gale and vary of their masters,  
Knowing naught, like dogs, but following.—  
A plague upon your epileptic visage!

Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?

Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,  
I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot. 90

*Corn.* What, art thou mad, old fellow?

*Glo.* How fell you out? say that. ]

*Kent.* No contraries hold more antipathy  
Than I and such a knave.

*Corn.* Why dost thou call him knave? What is his fault?

*Kent.* His countenance likes<sup>10</sup> me not.

*Corn.* No more, perchance, does mine, nor his, nor hers.

*Kent.* Sir, 't is my occupation to be plain:  
I have seen better faces in my time  
Than stands on any shoulder that I see 100  
Before me at this instant.

*Corn.* This is some fellow,  
Who, having been prais'd for bluntness, doth affect

A saucy roughness, [and constrains the garb<sup>11</sup>  
Quite from his nature: he cannot flatter, he,—  
An honest mind and plain,—he must speak truth!

An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain. ]  
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness

Harbour more craft and more corrupter ends  
Than twenty silly-ducking<sup>12</sup> observants<sup>13</sup>

That stretch their duties nicely.<sup>14</sup> 110

[*Kent.* Sir, in good faith, in sincere verity,

<sup>1</sup> Carbonado, notch, cut.

<sup>2</sup> Neat, mere (perhaps, spruce, finical).

<sup>3</sup> Difference, quarrel.

<sup>5</sup> Unbolted, coarse.

<sup>4</sup> Disclaims in, disowns.

<sup>6</sup> Jakes, privy.

<sup>7</sup> Intrinse, intricate.

<sup>9</sup> Renege, deny.

<sup>11</sup> Constrains the garb, distorts his appearance.

<sup>12</sup> Silly-ducking, obsequious.

<sup>13</sup> Observants, servile persons. <sup>14</sup> Nicely, scrupulously.

Under th' allowance of your great aspect,<sup>1</sup>  
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire  
On flickering Phœbus' front,—

*Corn.* What mean'st by this?

*Kent.* To go out of my dialect, which you  
discommend so much. I know, sir, I am no  
flatterer: he that beguil'd you in a plain ac-  
cent was a plain knave; which, for my part,  
I will not be, though I should win your dis-  
pleasure to entreat me to 't. 120

*Corn.* What was the offence you gave him?

*Osw.* I never gave him any:

It pleas'd the king his master very late  
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction;  
When he, compact,<sup>2</sup> and flattering his dis-  
pleasure,

Tripp'd me behind; being down, insulted, rail'd,  
And put upon him such a deal of man,  
That worthied<sup>3</sup> him, got praises of the king  
For him attempting<sup>4</sup> who was self-subdu'd;  
And, in the fleshment<sup>5</sup> of this dread exploit,  
Drew on me here again.

[*Kent.* None of these rogues and cowards  
But Ajax is their fool.<sup>6</sup>]

*Corn.* Fetch forth the stocks!—  
You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend  
braggart, 133

We'll teach you—

*Kent.* Sir, I am too old to learn:  
Call not your stocks for me: I serve the king;  
On whose employment I was sent to you:  
You shall do small respect, show too bold  
malice

Against the grace and person of my master,  
Stocking<sup>7</sup> his messenger.

*Corn.* Fetch forth the stocks!—As I have  
life and honour, 140  
There shall he sit till noon.

*Reg.* Till noon! till night, my lord; and all  
night too.

*Kent.* Why, madam, if I were your father's  
dog,

You should not use me so.

*Reg.* Sir, being his knave, I will.

*Corn.* This is a fellow of the self-same colour  
Our sister speaks of.—Come, bring away<sup>8</sup> the  
stocks! [*Stocks brought out.*]

*Glo.* Let me beseech your grace not to do so:  
His fault is much, and the good king his master  
Will check<sup>9</sup> him for 't: [your purpos'd low  
correction 149

Is such as basest and contemn'd'st wretches  
For pilferings and most common trespasses  
Are punish'd with:] the king must take it ill,  
That he, so slightly valued in his messenger,  
Should have him thus restrain'd.

*Corn.* I'll answer that.

*Reg.* My sister may receive it much more  
worse,

To have her gentleman abus'd, assaulted,  
For following her affairs.—[Put in his legs.—]  
[*Kent is put in the stocks.*]  
Come, my lord, away.]

[*Exeunt all except Gloucester and Kent.*]

*Glo.* I'm sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the  
duke's pleasure,  
Whose disposition, all the world well knows,  
Will not be rubb'd or stopp'd: I'll entreat  
for thee. 161

*Kent.* Pray, do not, sir: I've watch'd, and  
travell'd hard;

Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll  
whistle.

A good man's fortune may grow out at  
heels:

Give you good morrow!

*Glo.* The duke's to blame in this; 't will be  
ill taken. [*Exit.*]

*Kent.* Good king, that must approve<sup>10</sup> the  
common saw,<sup>11</sup>—

Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st  
To the warm sun! 169

Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,  
That by thy comfortable<sup>12</sup> beams I may  
Peruse this letter!—Nothing almost sees  
miracles

But misery:—I know 'tis from Cordelia,  
Who hath most fortunately been inform'd  
Of my obscured<sup>13</sup> course; and shall find time  
From this enormous<sup>14</sup> state, seeking to give

<sup>1</sup> Aspect, accented on second syllable.

<sup>2</sup> Compact, joining with him.

<sup>3</sup> Worthied, exalted.

<sup>4</sup> Him attempting, attacking him.

<sup>5</sup> Fleshment, glory, exultation.

<sup>6</sup> Their fool, a fool to them.

<sup>7</sup> Stocking, putting in the stocks.

<sup>8</sup> Bring away, bring along.

<sup>9</sup> Check, chide, reprove.

<sup>10</sup> Approve, prove true.

<sup>11</sup> Saw, saying.

<sup>12</sup> Comfortable, comforting.

<sup>13</sup> Obscured, disguised.

<sup>14</sup> Enormous, abnormal.

Losses their remedies.—All weary and o'er-  
watch'd,<sup>1</sup>

Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold  
This shameful lodging. 179

Fortune, good night: smile once more; turn  
thy wheel! [Sleeps.]

SCENE III. *The open country.*

*Enter EDGAR.*

*Edg.* I heard myself proclaim'd;  
And by the happy hollow of a tree



*Lear.* Ha!  
Mak'st thou this shame thy pastime?—(Act ii. 4. 5, 6.)

Escap'd the hunt. No port<sup>2</sup> is free; no  
place,

That guard, and most unusual vigilance,  
Does not attend my taking.<sup>3</sup> While I may  
scape,

I will preserve myself: and am bethought  
To take the basest and most poorest shape  
That ever penury, in contempt of man,  
Brought near to beast: my face I'll grime  
with filth;

Blanket my loins; elf<sup>4</sup> all my hair in knots;  
And with presented nakedness out-face 11  
The winds and persecutions of the sky.  
The country gives me proof and precedent  
Of Bedlam beggars, who, with roaring voices,  
Strike in their numb'd and mortified<sup>5</sup> bare arms  
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;  
And with this horrible object, from low farms,  
Poor pelting<sup>6</sup> villages, sheep-cots, and mills,  
Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with  
prayers,

<sup>1</sup> *O'erwatch'd*, worn out with watching.

<sup>2</sup> *Port*, harbour, refuge.

<sup>3</sup> *Attend my taking*, watch to take me.

<sup>4</sup> *Elf*, tangle.

<sup>5</sup> *Mortified*, hardened (as if dead).

<sup>6</sup> *Pelting*, paltry, petty.

Enforce their charity.—“Poor Turlygod! poor Tom!”<sup>20</sup>  
That’s something yet:—Edgar I nothing am.  
[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *Before Gloster’s castle; Kent in the stocks.*

*Enter LEAR, Fool, and Gentleman.*

*Lear.* ’Tis strange that they should so depart from home,  
And not send back my messenger.

*Gent.* As I learn’d,  
The night before there was no purpose in them  
Of this remove.

*Kent.* Hail to thee, noble master!

*Lear.* Ha!

Mak’st thou this shame thy pastime?

*Kent.* No, my lord.

[*Fool.* Ha, ha! he wears cruel<sup>1</sup> garters.  
Horses are tied by the head, dogs and bears  
by the neck, monkeys by the loins, and men  
by the legs: when a man’s over-lusty at legs,  
then he wears wooden nether-stocks.]<sup>11</sup>

*Lear.* What’s he that hath so much thy  
place mistook

To set thee here?

*Kent.* It is both he and she,—

Your son and daughter.

*Lear.* No.

*Kent.* Yes.

*Lear.* No, I say.

*Kent.* I say, yea.

*Lear.* No, no, they would not.

*Kent.* Yes, they have.<sup>20</sup>

*Lear.* By Jupiter, I swear, no.

*Kent.* By Juno, I swear, ay.

*Lear.* They durst not do’t;

They could not, would not do’t; ’tis worse  
than murder,

To do upon respect<sup>2</sup> such violent outrage:

Resolve<sup>3</sup> me, with all modest<sup>4</sup> haste, which way  
Thou mightst deserve, or they impose, this  
usage,

Coming from us.

*Kent.* My lord, when at their home  
I did commend your highness’ letters to them,

Ere I was risen from the place that show’d  
My duty kneeling, came there a reeking post,  
Stew’d in his haste, half breathless, panting  
forth<sup>31</sup>

From Goneril his mistress salutations;  
Deliver’d letters, spite of intermission,<sup>5</sup>  
Which presently they read: on whose contents,  
They summon’d up their meiny,<sup>6</sup> straight took  
horse;

Commanded me to follow, and attend<sup>7</sup>  
The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks:  
And meeting here the other messenger,  
Whose welcome, I perceiv’d, had poison’d  
mine,—

Being the very fellow which of late<sup>40</sup>  
Display’d so saucily against your highness,—  
Having more man than wit about me, drew:  
He rais’d the house with loud and coward  
cries.

Your son and daughter found this trespass  
worth

The shame which here it suffers.

*Fool.* Winter’s not gone yet, if the wild-  
geese fly that way.

Fathers that wear rags

Do make their children blind;

But fathers that bear bags

Shall see their children kind.<sup>50</sup>

[*Fortune, that arrant whore,*

Ne’er turns the key to the poor.—

But, for all this, thou shalt have as many  
doulours for thy daughters as thou canst tell  
in a year.]

*Lear.* O, how this mother<sup>8</sup> swells up toward  
my heart!

*Hysterica passio*,—down, thou climbing sor-  
row,

Thy element’s below!—Where is this  
daughter?

*Kent.* With the earl, sir, here within.

*Lear.* Follow me not;

Stay here.<sup>[*Exit.*]</sup>

*Gent.* Made you no more offence but what  
you speak of?<sup>61</sup>

*Kent.* None.

How chance the king comes with so small a  
train?

<sup>1</sup> Cruel, a play upon *cruel*.

<sup>2</sup> Upon respect, deliberately.

<sup>3</sup> Resolve, inform. <sup>4</sup> Modest, becoming, reasonable.

<sup>5</sup> Spite of intermission, not waiting for me to be answered.

<sup>6</sup> Meiny, train, retinue.

<sup>7</sup> Attend, wait.

<sup>8</sup> Mother, hysteric passion (*hysterica passio*).

*Fool.* An thou hadst been set i' the stocks for that question, thou hadst well deserv'd it.

*Kent.* Why, fool?

*Fool.* We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there's no labouring i' the winter. [All that follow their noses are led by their eyes but blind men; and there's not a nose among twenty but can smell him that's stinking. Let go thy hold when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again: I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.]

That sir which serves and seeks for gain,  
And follows but for form, 80  
Will pack when it begins to rain,  
And leave thee in the storm.  
But I will tarry; the fool will stay,  
And let the wise man fly:  
The knave turns fool that runs away:  
The fool no knave, perdy.<sup>1</sup>

*Kent.* Where learned you this, fool?

*Fool.* Not i' the stocks, fool.

*Re-enter LEAR with GLOSTER.*

*Lear.* Deny to speak with me? They're sick? they're weary?

They have travell'd all the night? Mere fetches;<sup>2</sup> 90

The images<sup>3</sup> of revolt and flying-off.

Fetch me a better answer.

*Glo.* My dear lord,  
You know the fiery quality<sup>4</sup> of the duke;  
[How unremovable<sup>5</sup> and fix'd he is  
In his own course.]

*Lear.* Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!—

Fiery? what quality? Why, Gloster, Gloster, I'd speak to the Duke of Cornwall and his wife.

*Glo.* Well, my good lord, I have inform'd them so.

*Lear.* Inform'd them! Dost thou understand me, man? 100

*Glo.* Ay, my good lord.

*Lear.* The king would speak with Cornwall;  
the dear father  
Would with his daughter speak, commands  
her service:

Are they inform'd of this?—My breath and blood!—

Fiery? the fiery duke?—Tell the hot duke that—

No, but not yet:—may be he is not well:

Infirmity doth still neglect all office

Whereto our health is bound; we're not ourselves

When nature, being oppress'd, commands the mind

To suffer with the body: I'll forbear; 110

[And am fall'n out with my more headier<sup>6</sup> will,  
To take the indispos'd and sickly fit  
For the sound man.]—Death on my state!

wherefore [Looking on Kent.

Should he sit here? This act persuades me  
That this remotion<sup>7</sup> of the duke and her

Is practice<sup>8</sup> only. Give me my servant forth.

Go tell the duke and's wife I'd speak with them,

Now, presently: bid them come forth and hear me,

Or at their chamber-door I'll beat the drum  
Till it cry sleep to death. 120

[Glo. I would have all well betwixt you. [Exit.

*Lear.* O me, my heart, my rising heart!—  
but, down!

*Fool.* Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the eels when she put 'em i' the paste alive; she knapp'd<sup>9</sup> 'em o' the coxcombs with a stick, and cried, "Down, wantens, down!" 'T was her brother that, in pure kindness to his horse, buttered his hay.]

*Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOSTER, and Servants.*

*Lear.* Good morrow to you both.

*Corn.* Hail to your grace!

[Kent is set at liberty.

*Reg.* I am glad to see your highness. 130

*Lear.* Regan, I think you are; I know what reason

<sup>1</sup> *Perdy*, *par Dieu* (by God).

<sup>2</sup> *Fetches*, pretexts.

<sup>3</sup> *Images*, signs.

<sup>4</sup> *Quality*, temper.

<sup>5</sup> *Unremovable*, immovable.

<sup>6</sup> *Headier*, more headlong.

<sup>7</sup> *Remotion*, removal, departure.

<sup>8</sup> *Practice*, artifice.

<sup>9</sup> *Knapp'd*, rapped, hit.

I have to think so: if thou shouldst not be glad,  
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,  
Sepulchring an adulteress.—[To Kent] O, are  
you free?

Some other time for that.—Beloved Regan,  
Thy sister's naught:<sup>1</sup> O Regan, she hath tied

Sharp-tooth'd unkindness, like a vulture,  
here,— [Points to his heart.

I can scarce speak to thee; thou'lt not believe  
Of how deprav'd a quality<sup>2</sup>—O Regan!

Reg. I pray you, sir, take patience: I have  
hope

140



Lear. "Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;  
[Kneeling.

Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg  
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food."—(Act ii. 4. 156-158.)

You less know how to value her desert 141  
Than she to scant her duty.

Lear. Say, how is that?

Reg. I cannot think my sister in the least  
Would fail her obligation: if, sir, perchance  
She have restrain'd the riots of your followers,  
'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome  
end,

As clears her from all blame.

Lear. My curses on her!

Reg. O, sir, you are old;  
Nature in you stands on the very verge 149

Of her confine: you should be rul'd, and led  
By some discretion that discerns your state  
Better than you yourself. Therefore, I pray  
you, 152

That to our sister you do make return;  
Say you have wrong'd her, sir.

Lear. Ask her forgiveness?  
Do you but mark how this becomes the  
house:

"Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;  
[Kneeling.

Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg

<sup>1</sup> Naught, worthless, wicked.

<sup>2</sup> Quality, nature, disposition.

That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food.<sup>2</sup>

*Reg.* Good sir, no more; these are unsightly tricks:

Return you to my sister.

*Lear.* [*Rising*] Never, Regan:  
She hath abated<sup>1</sup> me of half my train; 161  
Look'd black upon me; struck me with her tongue,

Most serpent-like, upon the very heart:—  
All the stor'd vengeance of heaven fall  
On her ungrateful top!<sup>3</sup> Strike her young bones,

You taking<sup>3</sup> airs, with lameness!

*Corn.* Fie, sir, fie!

*Lear.* You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames

Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,  
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun,

To fall and blast her pride! 170

*Reg.* O the blest gods! so will you wish on me,

When the rash mood is on.

*Lear.* No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse:

Thy tender-hefted<sup>4</sup> nature shall not give  
Thee o'er to harshness: her eyes are fierce;  
but thine

Do comfort, and not burn. 'Tis not in thee  
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,

To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,<sup>5</sup>  
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt 170  
Against my coming in: thou better know'st  
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,  
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;  
Thy half o' the kingdom hast thou not forgot,  
Wherein I thee endow'd.

*Reg.* Good sir, to the purpose.

*Lear.* Who put my man i' the stocks?

[*Truckett within.*]

*Corn.* What trumpet's that?

*Reg.* I know 't,—my sister's: this approves<sup>6</sup>  
her letter,

That she would soon be here.

<sup>1</sup> Abated, deprived.

<sup>2</sup> Top, head.

<sup>3</sup> Taking, malignant.

<sup>4</sup> Tender-hefted, equivalent to tender.

<sup>5</sup> Sizes, allowances. <sup>6</sup> Approves, confirms.

*Enter OSWALD.*

Is your lady come?

*Lear.* This is a slave, whose easy-borrow'd  
pride

Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.—  
Out, varlet, from my sight!

*Corn.* What means your grace?

*Lear.* Who stock'd<sup>7</sup> my servant? Regan, I  
have good hope 191

Thou didst not know on 't.—Who comes here?  
O heavens,

*Enter GONERIL.*

If you do love old men, if your sweet sway  
Allow<sup>8</sup> obedience, if yourselves are old,  
Make it your cause; send down, and take my  
part!—

[*To Goneril*] Art not asham'd to look upon  
this beard?—

O Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?

*Gon.* Why not by the hand, sir? How  
have I offended?

All's not offence that indiscretion finds  
And dotage terms so.

*Lear.* O sides, you are too tough;  
Will you yet hold?—How came my man i'  
the stocks? 201

*Corn.* I set him there, sir: but his own dis-  
orders

Deserv'd much less advancement.

*Lear.* You! did you?

*Reg.* I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.  
If, till the expiration of your month,  
You will return and sojourn with my sister,  
Dismissing half your train, come then to me:  
I'm now from home, and out of that provision  
Which shall be needful for your entertainment.

*Lear.* Return to her, and fifty men dis-  
miss'd? 210

No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose  
To wage<sup>9</sup> against the enmity o' th' air;  
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl,—  
Necessity's sharp pinch!—Return with her?

[*Why, the hot-blooded France, that dower-  
less took*

Our youngest born, I could as well be brought

<sup>7</sup> Stock'd, put in the stocks.

<sup>8</sup> Allow, approve.

<sup>9</sup> Wage, wage war, contend.



To knee his throne, and, squire-like, pension  
beg

To keep base life afoot. ]—Return with her?  
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter<sup>1</sup>

To this detested groom. [*Pointing at Oswald.*  
*Gon.* At your choice, sir.

*Lear.* I prithee, daughter, do not make me  
mad: 221

I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell:  
We'll no more meet, no more see one another:—

But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my  
daughter;

Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,  
Which I must needs call mine: [thou art a  
boil,

A plague-sore, an embossed<sup>2</sup> carbuncle,  
In my corrupted blood. ] But I'll not chide  
thee;

Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:  
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot, 230  
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove:  
Mend when thou canst; be better at thy lei-  
sure:

I can be patient; I can stay with Regan,  
I and my hundred knights.

*Reg.* Not altogether so:

I look'd not for you yet, nor am provided  
For your fit welcome. [Give ear, sir, to my  
sister;

For those that mingle reason with your passion  
Must be content to think you old, and so—  
But she knows what she does. ]

*Lear.* Is this well spoken?

*Reg.* I dare avouch it, sir: what, fifty fol-  
lowers? 240

Is it not well? What should you need of  
more?

Yea, or so many, [sith<sup>3</sup> that both charge<sup>4</sup>  
and danger

Speak 'gainst so great a number? How, in  
one house

Should many people, under two commands,  
Hold amity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible. ]

*Gon.* Why might not you, my lord, receive  
attendance

From those that she calls servants or from  
mine?

*Reg.* Why not, my lord? If then they  
chanc'd to slack you,

We could control them. If you will come to  
me,—

For now I spy a danger,—I entreat you 250  
To bring but five-and-twenty: to no more  
Will I give place or notice.

*Lear.* I gave you all—

*Reg.* And in good time you gave it.

*Lear.* Made you my guardians, my deposi-  
taries;

But kept a reservation to be follow'd  
With such a number. What, must I come to  
you

With five-and-twenty, Regan? said you so?

*Reg.* And speak 't again, my lord; no more  
with me.

*Lear.* Those wicked creatures yet do look  
well-favour'd,<sup>5</sup>

When others are more wicked; not being the  
worst 260

Stands in some rank of praise.—[*To Goneril*]  
I'll go with thee:

Thy fifty yet doth double five-and-twenty,  
And thou art twice her love.

*Gon.* Hear me, my lord:

What need you five-and-twenty, ten, or five,  
To follow in a house where twice so many  
Have a command to tend you?

*Reg.* What need one?

*Lear.* O, reason not the need: our basest  
beggars

Are in the poorest thing superfluous:

Allow not nature more than nature needs,

Man's life is cheap as beast's: thou art a  
lady; 270

If only to go warm were gorgeous,

Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous  
wear'st,

Which scarcely keeps thee warm.—But, for  
true need,—

You heavens, give me that patience, patience  
I need!

You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,

As full of grief as age; wretched in both!

If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts

Against their father, fool me not so much

To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger,

<sup>1</sup> *Sumpter*, pack-horse.

<sup>2</sup> *Embossed*, swollen, tumid.

<sup>3</sup> *Sith*, since.

<sup>4</sup> *Charge*, cost, expense.

<sup>5</sup> *Well-favour'd*, well-featured.

And let not women's weapons, water-drops,  
Stain my man's cheeks!—No, you unnatural  
hags, 281

I will have such revenges on you both,  
That all the world shall—I will do such  
things,—

What they are, yet I know not; but they shall  
be

The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep;  
No, I'll not weep:—

I have full cause of weeping; but this heart  
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws,<sup>1</sup>

Or e'er I'll weep.—O fool, I shall go mad!

[*Exeunt* *Lear, Gloucester, Kent, and Fool.*

*Storm heard at a distance.*

*Corn.* Let us withdraw; 't will be a storm.

*Reg.* This house is little: the old man and  
his people 291

Cannot be well bestow'd.<sup>2</sup>

*Gon.* 'T is his own blame; 'hath put himself  
from rest,

And must needs taste his folly.

*Reg.* For his particular,<sup>3</sup> I'll receive him  
gladly,

But not one follower.

*Gon.* So am I purpos'd.

Where is my Lord of Gloucester?

*Corn.* Follow'd the old man forth:—he is  
return'd.

*Re-enter* GLOSTER.

*Glo.* The king is in high rage.

*Corn.* Whither is he going?

*Glo.* He calls to horse; but will I know not  
whither. 300

*Corn.* 'T is best to give him way; he leads  
himself.

*Gon.* My lord, entreat him by no means to  
stay.

*Glo.* Alack, the night comes on, and the  
bleak winds

Do sorely ruffle;<sup>4</sup> for many miles about  
There's scarce a bush.

*Reg.* O, sir, to wilful men  
The injuries that they themselves procure  
Must be their schoolmasters. Shut up your  
doors:

He is attended with a desperate train;  
And what they may incense<sup>5</sup> him to, being apt  
To have his ear abus'd, wisdom bids fear. 310

*Corn.* Shut up your doors, my lord; 't is a  
wild night:

My Regan counsels well: come out o' the  
storm. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT III.

### SCENE I. A heath.

*A storm, with thunder and lightning. Enter*  
*KENT and a Gentleman, meeting.*

*Kent.* Who's there, besides foul weather?

*Gent.* One minded like the weather, most  
unquietly.

*Kent.* I know you. Where's the king?

*Gent.* Contending with the fretful elements;  
Bids the wind blow the earth into the sea,  
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main,  
That things might change or cease; tears his  
white hair,

Which the impetuous blasts, with eyeless rage,  
Catch in their fury, and make nothing of;

Strives in his little world of man t' out-scorn  
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rain. 11  
This night, wherein the cub-drawn<sup>6</sup> bear  
would couch,

The lion and the belly-pinched wolf  
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he runs,  
And bids what will take all.

*Kent.* But who is with him?

*Gent.* None but the fool; who labours to  
out-jest

His heart-struck injuries.

*Kent.* Sir, I do know you;  
And dare, upon the warrant of my note,<sup>7</sup>  
Commend a dear thing to you. There's  
division,

<sup>1</sup> Flaws, shivers, fragments.

<sup>2</sup> Bestow'd, lodged.

<sup>3</sup> For his particular, as to him personally.

<sup>4</sup> Ruffle, rustle, grow boisterous.

<sup>5</sup> Incense, incite.

<sup>6</sup> Cub-drawn, sucked dry, hungry.

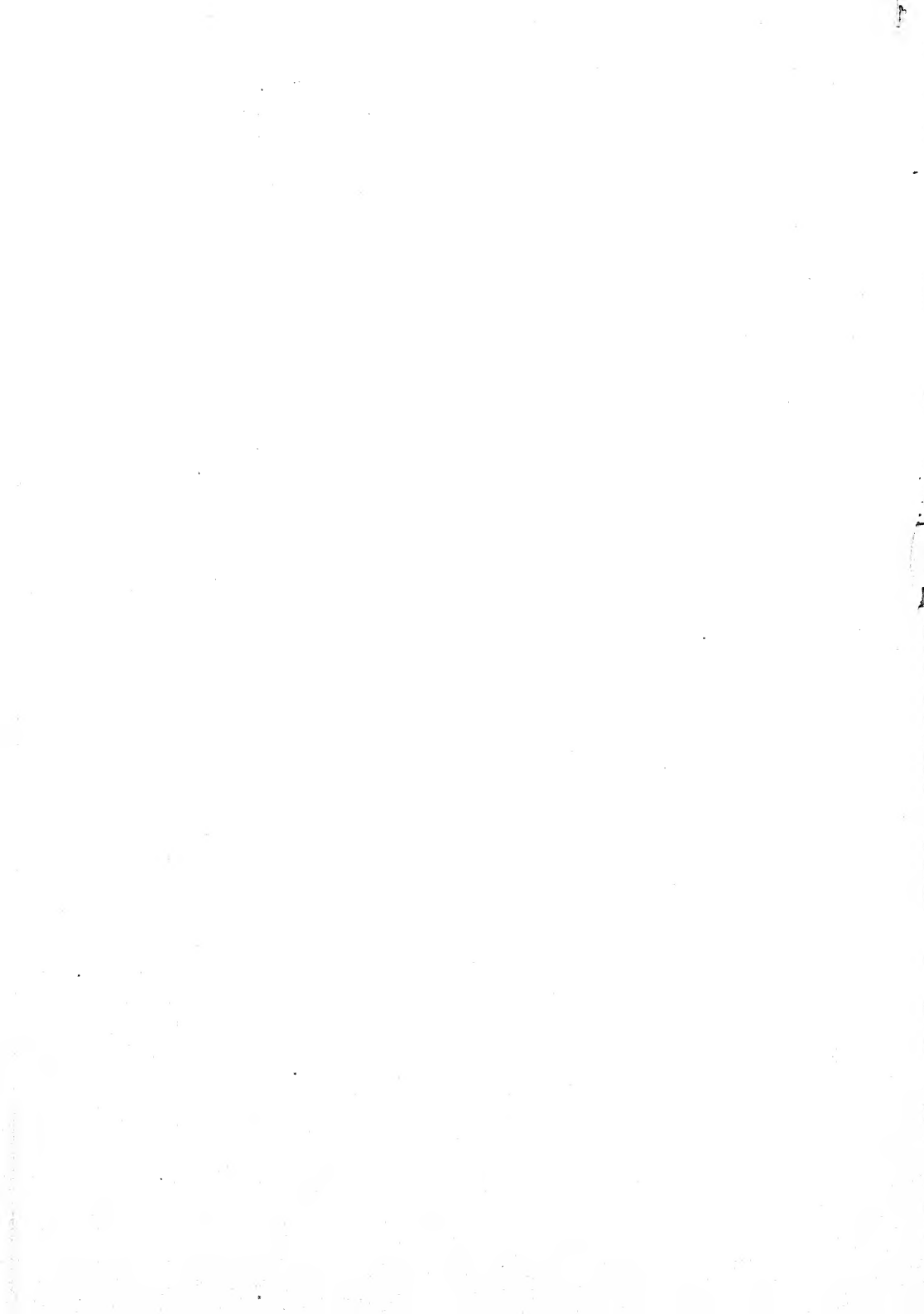
<sup>7</sup> Note, observation.

# KING LEAR

Act III. Scene ii.

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FROM A PAINTING BY PROFESSOR ALBERT  
W. HOLDEN





W. G. W. Golden



ACT III

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5

6

7

8

Although as yet the face of it be cover'd 20  
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany and  
Cornwall;

[Who have—as who have not, that their great  
stars

Throned and set high?—servants, who seem  
no less,

Which are to France the spies and speculations<sup>1</sup>  
Intelligent<sup>2</sup> of our state; what hath been seen,  
Either in snuffs<sup>3</sup> and packings<sup>4</sup> of the dukes;  
Or the hard rein which both of them have  
borne

Against the old kind king; or something  
deeper,

Whereof perchance these are but furnish-  
ings;—<sup>5</sup>]

But, true it is, from France there comes a  
power 30

Into this scatter'd<sup>6</sup> kingdom; who already,  
Wise in our negligence, have secret feet  
In some of our best ports, and are at point<sup>7</sup>.  
To show their open banner.—Now to you:  
If on my credit you dare build so far  
To make your speed to Dover, you shall find  
Some that will thank you, making just report  
Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow  
The king hath cause to plain.<sup>8</sup> 39

[I am a gentleman of blood and breeding;  
And, from some knowledge and assurance, offer  
This office to you.

*Gent.* I will talk further with you.

*Kent.* No, do not.

For confirmation that I am much more  
Than my out-wall,<sup>9</sup> open this purse, and take  
What it contains.] If you shall see Cor-  
delia,—

As fear not but you shall,—show her this ring;  
And she will tell you who your fellow is  
That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm!  
I will go seek the king. 50

*Gent.* Give me your hand: have you no  
more to say?

*Kent.* Few words, but, to effect, more than  
all yet,—

<sup>1</sup> *Speculations*, speculators, watchers.

<sup>2</sup> *Intelligent*, giving intelligence.

<sup>3</sup> *Snuffs*, huffs, offence-taking. <sup>4</sup> *Packings*, plottings.

<sup>5</sup> *Furnishings*, external pretences.

<sup>6</sup> *Scatter'd*, divided, unsettled.

<sup>7</sup> *At point*, on the point of, ready.

<sup>8</sup> *Plain*, complain. <sup>9</sup> *Out-wall*, exterior.

That, when we've found the king,—in which  
your pain

That way, I'll this,—he that first lights on him  
Holla the other. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II. *Another part of the heath.*  
*Storm continues.*

*Enter LEAR and Fool.*

*Lear.* Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks!  
rage! blow!

You cataracts and hurricanoes,<sup>10</sup> spout  
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd  
the cocks!<sup>11</sup>

You sulphurous and thought-executing<sup>12</sup> fires,  
Vaunt-couriers<sup>13</sup> of oak-cleaving thunderbolts,  
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking  
thunder,

Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!  
Crack nature's moulds, all germens<sup>14</sup> spill<sup>15</sup> at  
once,

That make ungrateful man! 9

*Fool.* [O nuncle, court holy-water in a dry  
house is better than this rain-water out o' door.]  
Good nuncle, in, and ask thy daughters' bless-  
ing: here's a night pities neither wise men  
nor fools.

*Lear.* Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire!  
spout, rain!

Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:  
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;  
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children,  
You owe me no subscription:<sup>16</sup> then let fall  
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your  
slave,

A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man:—  
But yet I call you servile ministers, 21  
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd  
Your high-engender'd battles 'gainst a head  
So old and white as this! O! O! 't is foul!

*Fool.* He that has a house to put 's head in  
has a good head-piece.

[The cod-piece that will house  
Before the head has any, {

<sup>10</sup> *Hurricanoes*, water-spouts.

<sup>11</sup> *Cocks*, weathercocks.

<sup>12</sup> *Thought-executing*, swift as thought.

<sup>13</sup> *Vaunt-couriers*, forerunners.

<sup>14</sup> *Germens*, germs, seeds.

<sup>15</sup> *Spill*, destroy.

<sup>16</sup> *Subscription*, obedience.

The head and he shall louse;—  
So beggars marry many. 30

The man that makes his toe  
What he his heart should make  
Shall of a corn cry woe,  
And turn his sleep to wake: ✓

for there was never yet fair woman but she  
made mouths in a glass.]

*Lear.* No, I will be the pattern of all pa-  
tience;

I will say nothing.

*Enter KENT.*

*Kent.* Who's there?

*Fool.* Marry, [here's grace and a cod-  
piece; that's] a wise man and a fool. 41

*Kent.* Alas, sir, are you here? things that  
love night

Love not such nights as these; the wrathful  
skies

Gallow<sup>1</sup> the very wanderers of the dark,  
And make them keep their caves: [since I was  
man,

Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid  
thunder,

Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never  
Remember to have heard: man's nature can-  
not carry<sup>2</sup>

Th' affliction nor the fear.]

*Lear.*

Let the great gods,

That keep this dreadful pother o'er our  
heads, 50

Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou  
wretch,

That hast within thee undivulged crimes,  
Unwhipp'd of justice: hide thee, thou bloody  
hand;

Thou perjur'd, and thou simular<sup>3</sup> of virtue  
That art incestuous: caitiff, to pieces shake,  
That under covert and convenient seeming  
Hast practis'd on man's life: close pent-up  
guilts,

Rive your concealing continents,<sup>4</sup> and cry  
These dreadful summoners grace.—I am a man  
More sinn'd against than sinning.

*Kent.*

[Alack, bare-headed!]

Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel;

Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the  
tempest: 62

[Repose you there; while I to this hard  
house—

More harder than the stones whereof 'tis  
rais'd;

Which even but now, demanding<sup>5</sup> after you,  
Denied me to come in—return, and force  
Their scant'd courtesies.]

*Lear.*

My wits begin to turn.—

Come on, my boy: how dost, my boy? art  
cold?

I'm cold myself.—Where is this straw, my  
fellow?

The art<sup>6</sup> of our necessities is strange, 70  
That can make vile things precious. Come,  
your hovel.—

Poor fool and knave, I've one part in my heart  
That's sorry yet for thee.

*Fool.* [Singing]

He that has and a little tiny wit,—

With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,—

Must make content with his fortunes fit,

For the rain it raineth every day.

*Lear.* True, my good boy.—Come, bring us  
to this hovel. [Exeunt *Lear* and *Kent*.]

[*Fool.* This is a brave night to cool a cour-  
tezan.—I'll speak a prophecy ere I go: 80

When priests are more in word than matter;

When brewers mar their malt with water;

When nobles are their tailors' tutors;

No heretics burn'd, but wenches' suitors;

When every case in law is right;

No squire in debt, nor no poor knight;

When slanders do not live in tongues;

Nor outpurses come not to throngs;

When usurers tell their gold i' the field;

And bawds and whores do churches build;— 90

Then shall the realm of Albion

Come to great confusion:

Then comes the time, who lives to see't,

That going shall be us'd with feet.

This prophecy Merlin shall make; for I live  
before his time. [Exit.]

SCENE III. A room in *Gloster's* castle.

*Enter GLOSTER and EDMUND.*

*Glo.* Alack, alack, Edmund, I like not this

<sup>1</sup> Gallow, affright.

<sup>2</sup> Carry, sustain.

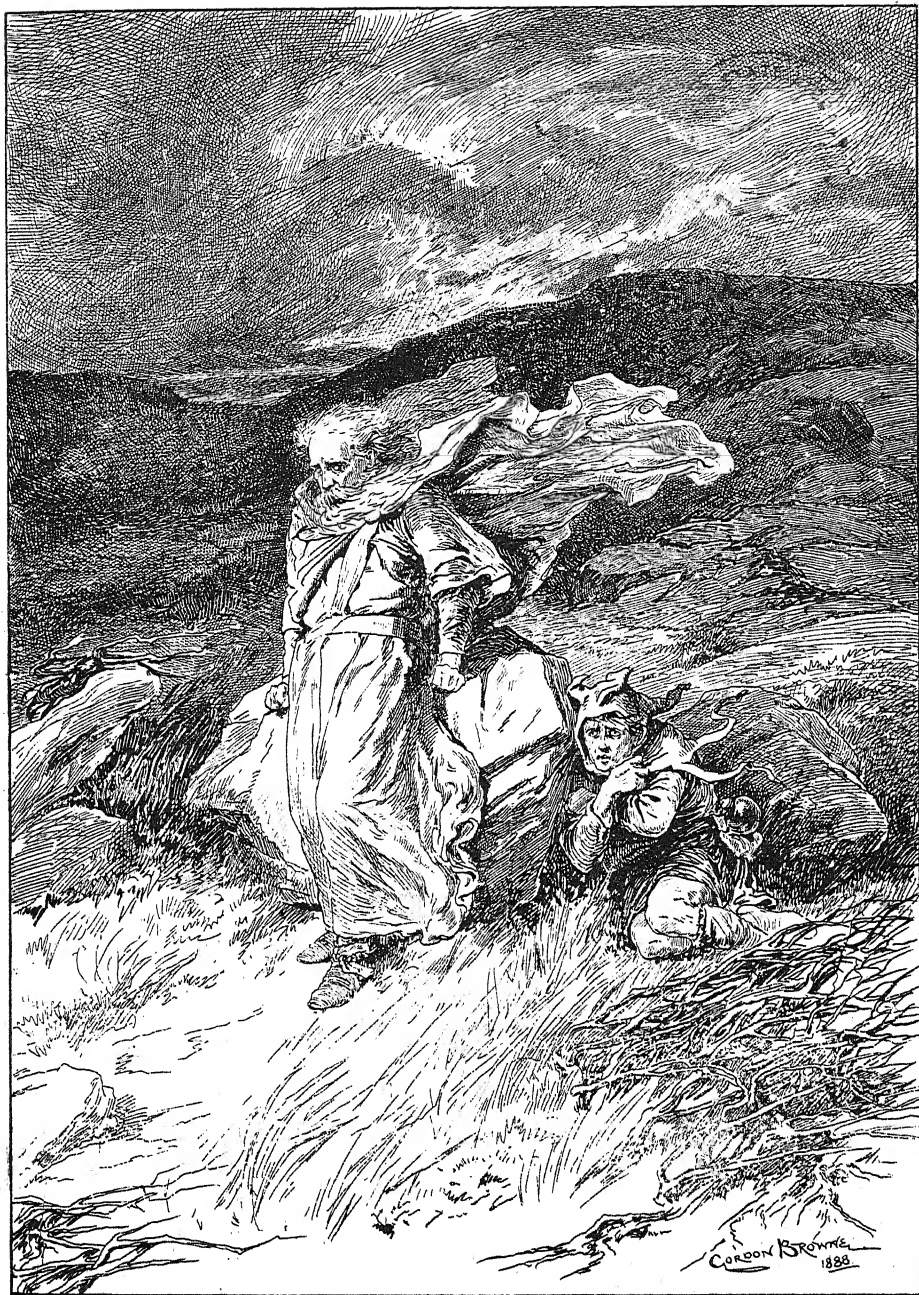
<sup>3</sup> Simular, simulator.

<sup>4</sup> Continents, containers, inclosures.

<sup>5</sup> Demanding, inquiring.

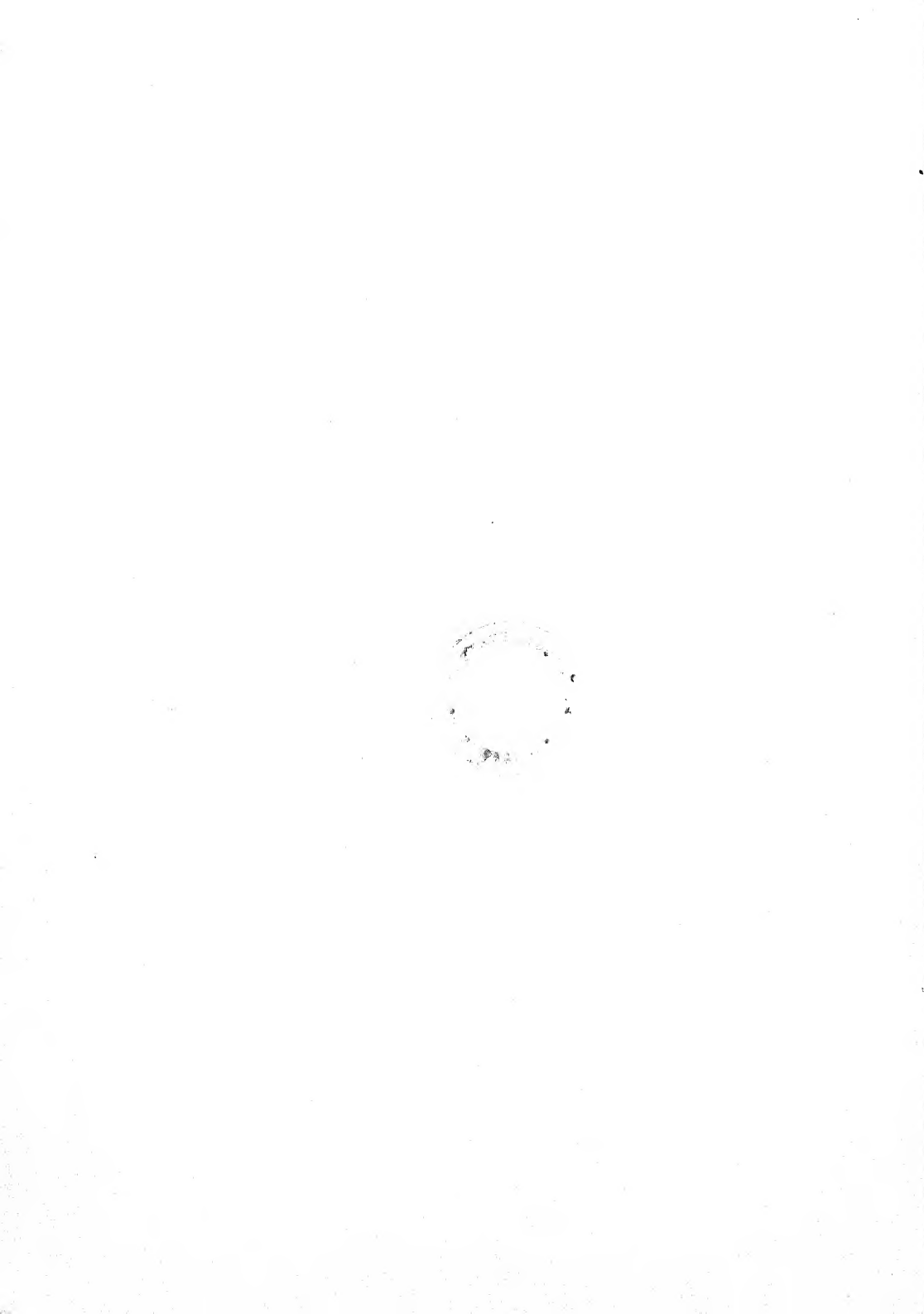
<sup>6</sup> Art, alchemy.





KING LEAR.  
Act III Scene 2. lines 37-38

*Lear.* No, I will be the pattern of all patience,  
I will say nothing.



unnatural dealing. When I desired their leave that I might pity him, they took from me the use of mine own house; charg'd me, on pain of perpetual displeasure, neither to speak of him, entreat for him, nor any way sustain him.

*Edm.* Most savage and unnatural!

*Glo.* Go to; say you nothing. There is division between the dukes; and a worse matter than that: I have received a letter this night;—'t is dangerous to be spoken;—I have lock'd the letter in my closet: these injuries the king now bears will be revenged home; there is part of a power already footed:<sup>1</sup> we must incline to the king. I will look<sup>2</sup> him, and privily relieve him: go you, and maintain talk with the duke, that my charity be not of him perceived: if he ask for me, I am ill, and gone to bed. Though I die for it, as no less is threatened me, the king my old master must be relieved. There is strange things toward,<sup>3</sup> Edmund; pray you, be careful. [*Exit.*]

*Edm.* This courtesy forbid<sup>4</sup> thee, shall the duke  
Instantly know; and of that letter too:—  
This seems a fair deserving, and must draw me  
That which my father loses,—no less than all:  
The younger rises when the old doth fall.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *A part of the heath, with a hovel.*  
*Storm continues.*

*Enter LEAR, KENT, and Fool.*

*Kent.* Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter:

[*The tyranny of the open night's too rough*  
*For nature to endure.*

*Lear.* Let me alone.

*Kent.* Good my lord, enter here.

*Lear.* Wilt break my heart?

*Kent.* I had rather break mine own. Good my lord, enter.]

*Lear.* Thou think'st 't is much that this contentious storm

Invades us to the skin: so 't is to thee;  
But where the greater malady is fix'd,

The lesser is scarce felt. [Thou'dst shun a  
bear; 9]

But if thy flight lay toward the roaring sea,  
Thou'dst meet the bear i' the mouth.] When  
the mind's free,

The body's delicate: the tempest in my mind  
Doth from my senses take all feeling else  
Save what beats there.—Filial ingratitude!  
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand  
For lifting food to't?—But I will punish  
home:<sup>5</sup>—

No, I will weep no more.—In such a night  
To shut me out!—Pour on; I will endure:—  
In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!—  
Your old kind father, whose frank heart  
gave all,— 20

O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;  
No more of that.

*Kent.* Good my lord, enter here.

*Lear.* Prithee, go in thyself; seek thine own  
ease:

This tempest will not give me leave to ponder  
On things would hurt me more.—But I'll go  
in.—

[*To the Fool*] In, boy; go first. You houseless  
poverty,—

Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll  
sleep.— [*Fool goes in.*]

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,  
That hide the pelting of this pitiless storm,  
How shall your houseless heads and unfed  
sides, 30

Your loop'd<sup>6</sup> and window'd raggedness, defend  
you

From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en  
Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;  
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,  
That thou mayst shake the superflux<sup>7</sup> to them,  
And show the heavens more just.

*Edg.* [*Within*] Fathom and half, fathom and  
half! Poor Tom!

[*The Fool runs out from the hovel.*]

*Fool.* Come not in here, nuncle, here's a  
spirit. Help me, help me! 40

*Kent.* Give me thy hand.—Who's there?

*Fool.* A spirit, a spirit: he says his name's  
poor Tom.

<sup>1</sup> Footed, on foot (perhaps, landed).

<sup>2</sup> Look, look for. <sup>3</sup> Toward, coming, at hand.

<sup>4</sup> Forbid, forbidden.

<sup>5</sup> Home, fully, to the utmost.

<sup>6</sup> Loop'd, full of holes.

<sup>7</sup> Superfluous, superfluous, surplus.

*Kent.* What art thou that dost grumble there i' the straw? Come forth.

*Enter EDGAR disguised as a madman.*

*Edg.* Away! the foul fiend follows me!—  
Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.—  
Hum! go to thy cold bed, and warm thee.

*Lear.* Didst thou give all to thy daughters?  
And art thou come to this? 50

*Edg.* Who gives any thing to poor Tom?  
whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and  
through flame, through ford and whirlpool,  
o'er bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives  
under his pillow, and halters in his pew; [set  
ratsbane by his porridge;] made him proud  
of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horse over  
four-inch'd bridges, to course his own shadow  
for a traitor.—Bless thy five wits!—[Tom's  
a-cold,—O, do de, do de, do de.—Bless thee  
from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking!<sup>1</sup>  
Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul  
fiend vexes:—there could I have him now,—  
and there,—and there again, and there.]

[*Storm continues.*]

*Lear.* What, have his daughters brought  
him to this pass?—

Couldst thou save nothing? Didst thou give  
'em all?

*Fool.* Nay, he reserv'd a blanket, else we  
had been all shamed.

*Lear.* Now, all the plagues that in the pen-  
dulous<sup>2</sup> air

Hang fated o'er men's faults light on thy  
daughters! 70

*Kent.* He hath no daughters, sir.

*Lear.* Death, traitor! nothing could have  
subdu'd nature

To such a lowness but his unkind daughters.—  
Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers  
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?  
Judicious<sup>3</sup> punishment! 't was this flesh begot  
Those pelican daughters.

*Edg.* Pillicock sat on Pillicock-hill:—  
Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

*Fool.* This cold night will turn us all to fools  
and madmen. 81

*Edg.* Take heed o' the foul fiend: obey thy

parents; keep thy word justly; swear not;  
commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not  
thy sweet heart on proud array. Tom's a-cold.

*Lear.* What hast thou been?

*Edg.* A serving-man, proud in heart and  
mind; [that curl'd my hair;] wore gloves;  
in my cap; [serv'd the lust of my mistress'  
heart, and did the act of darkness with her;]  
swore as many oaths as I spake words, and  
broke them in the sweet face of heaven: [one  
that slept in the contriving of lust, and wak'd  
to do it:] wine lov'd I deeply, dice dearly;  
[and in woman out-paramour'd the Turk;]  
false of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; hog  
in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog  
in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creak-  
ing of shoes nor the rustling of silks betray  
thy poor heart to woman: keep thy foot out  
of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen  
from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend.—

Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind;

Says suum, mun, ha, no, nonny.

Dolphin my boy, boy, sessa! let him trot by.

[*Storm continues.*]

*Lear.* Why, thou wert better in thy grave  
than to answer with thy uncover'd body this  
extremity of the skies.—Is man no more than  
this? Consider him well. Thou owest the  
worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no  
wool, the cat no perfume.—Ha! here's three  
on's are sophisticated!<sup>4</sup>—Thou art the thing  
itself: unaccommodated<sup>5</sup> man is no more but  
such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.  
—Off, off, you lendings!—come, unbutton here.

[*Tearing off his clothes.*]

*Fool.* Prithee, nuncle, be contented; 't is a  
naughty night to swim in.—[Now a little fire  
in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart,  
—a small spark, all the rest on's body cold.] 119  
—Look, here comes a walking fire.

*Edg.* This is the foul fiend Flibbertigibbet:  
he begins at curfew, and walks at first cock;  
he gives the web and the pin,<sup>6</sup> squints the eye,  
and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white  
wheat, and hurts the poor creature of earth.

Saint Withold footed thrice the old;

He met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;

<sup>1</sup> *Taking*, bewitching, magical injury.

<sup>2</sup> *Pendulous*, overhanging.

<sup>3</sup> *Judicious*, wise.

<sup>4</sup> *Sophisticated*, not genuine.

<sup>5</sup> *Unaccommodated*, unsupplied, unprovided.

<sup>6</sup> *The web and the pin*, cataract in the eye.

Bid her alight,  
And her troth plight,  
And, aroint<sup>1</sup> thee, witch, aroint thee!

*Kent.* How fares your grace? 130

*Enter GLOSTER with a torch.*

[*Lear.* What's he?

*Kent.*] Who's there? What is 't you seek?

*Glo.* What are you there? Your names?

*Edg.* Poor Tom; that eats the swimming  
frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt and  
the water;<sup>2</sup> that in the fury of his heart, when  
the foul fiend rages, [eats cow-dung for sal-  
lets;<sup>3</sup>] swallows the old rat and the ditch-  
dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing  
pool; who is whipp'd from tithing to tithing,  
and stock-punish'd, and imprison'd; who hath  
three suits to his back, six shirts to his body,  
horse to ride, and weapon to wear;

But mice and rats, and such small deer,  
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.

Beware my follower.—Peace, Smulkin; peace,  
thou fiend!

*Glo.* What, hath your grace no better com-  
pany?

*Edg.* The prince of darkness is a gentleman:  
Modo he's call'd, and Mahu.

*Glo.* Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown  
so vile, 150  
That it doth hate what gets<sup>4</sup> it.

*Edg.* Poor Tom's a-cold.

*Glo.* Go in with me: my duty cannot suffer  
T' obey in all your daughters' hard commands:  
Though their injunction be to bar my doors,  
And let this tyrannous night take hold upon  
you,

Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out,  
And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

*Lear.* First let me talk with this philo-  
sopher.—

What is the cause of thunder? 160

*Kent.* Good my lord, take his offer; go into  
th' house.

*Lear.* I'll talk a word with this same learned  
Theban.—

What is your study?

*Edg.* How to prevent the fiend, and to kill  
vermin.

*Lear.* Let me ask you one word in private.

*Kent.* Impórtune him once more to go, my  
lord;

His wits begin to unsettle.

*Glo.* Canst thou blame him?

His daughters seek his death:—ah, that good  
*Kent!*—

He said it would be thus,—poor banish'd  
man!—

Thou say'st the king grows mad; I'll tell thee,  
friend, 170

I'm almost mad myself: I had a son,  
Now outlaw'd from my blood; he sought my life,  
But lately, very late: I lov'd him, friend,  
No father his son dearer: true to tell thee,

[*Storm continues.*

The grief hath craz'd my wits.—What a night's  
this!—

I do beseech your grace,—

*Lear.* O, cry you mercy, sir.—

Noble philosopher, your company.

*Edg.* Tom's a-cold.

*Glo.* In, fellow, there, into th' hovel: keep  
thee warm.

*Lear.* Come, let's in all.

*Kent.* This way, my lord.

*Lear.* With him;

I will keep still with my philosopher. 181

*Kent.* Good my lord, soothe<sup>5</sup> him; let him  
take the fellow.

*Glo.* Take him you on.

*Kent.* Sirrah, come on; go along with us.

*Lear.* Come, good Athenian.

*Glo.* No words, no words: hush.

*Edg.* Child Roland to the dark tower came;  
His word was still,—Fie, foh, and fum,  
I smell the blood of a British man.

[*Exeunt.*

[SCENE V. *A room in Gloster's castle.*

*Enter CORNWALL and EDMUND.*

*Corn.* I will have my revenge ere I depart  
his house.

*Edm.* How, my lord, I may be censured,  
that nature thus gives way to loyalty, some-  
thing fears<sup>6</sup> me to think of.

*Corn.* I now perceive, it was not altogether

<sup>1</sup> *Aroint*, away with.

<sup>2</sup> *Water*, water-newt.

<sup>3</sup> *Sallets*, salads.

<sup>4</sup> *Gets*, begets.

<sup>5</sup> *Soothe*, humour.

<sup>6</sup> *Fears*, frightens.

your brother's evil disposition made him seek his death; but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reproveable badness in himself. 9

*Edm.* How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter he spoke of, which approves<sup>1</sup> him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens! that this treason were not, or not I the detector!

*Corn.* Go with me to the duchess.

*Edm.* If the matter of this paper be certain, you have mighty business in hand.

*Corn.* True or false, it hath made thee Earl of Gloster. Seek out where thy father is, that he may be ready for our apprehension. 20

*Edm.* [*Aside*] If I find him comforting<sup>2</sup> the king, it will stuff his suspicion more fully. —I will perséver in my course of loyalty, though the conflict be sore between that and my blood.<sup>3</sup>

*Corn.* I will lay trust upon thee; and thou shalt find a dearer father in my love.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *A chamber in a farmhouse adjoining Gloster's castle.*

*Enter GLOSTER, LEAR, KENT, FOOL, and EDGAR.*

[*Glo.* Here is better than the open air; take it thankfully. I will piece out the comfort with what addition I can: I will not be long from you.

*Kent.* All the power of his wits have given way to his impatience:—the gods reward your kindness! [*Exit Gloster.*

*Edg.* Frateretto calls me; and tells me Nero is an angler in the lake of darkness.—Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fiend.

*Fool.* Prithce, nuncle, tell me whether a madman be a gentleman or a yoeman? 11

*Lear.* A king, a king!

*Fool.* No, he's a yoeman that has a gentleman to his son; for he's a mad yoeman that sees his son a gentleman before him.

*Lear.* To have a thousand with red burning spits  
Come hissing<sup>4</sup> in upon 'em,—

*Edg.* The foul fiend bites my back.

*Fool.* He's mad that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, a boy's love, or a whore's oath. ] 21

*Lear.* It shall be done; I will arraign them straight.—

[*To Edgar*] Come, sit thou here, most learned justicer;<sup>5</sup>—

[*To the Fool*] Thou, sapient sir, sit here.—Now, you she-foxes!—

*Edg.* Look, where he stands and glares!—  
Wantest thou eyes at trial, madam?

Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me:—

[*Fool.* Her boat hath a leak,  
And she must not speak

Why she dares not come over to thee. 30

*Edg.* The foul fiend haunts poor Tom in the voice of a nightingale. Hopdance cries in Tom's belly for two white herring. Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee.

*Kent.* How do you, sir? Stand you not so amazed:

Will you lie down and rest upon the cushions?]

*Lear.* I'll see their trial first.—Bring in the evidence.—

[*To Edgar*] Thou robed man of justice, take thy place;—

[*To the Fool*] And thou, his yoke-fellow of equity,

Bench by his side:—[*To Kent*] You are o' the commission, 40

Sit you too.

*Edg.* [Let us deal justly.

Sleepest or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?

Thy sheep be in the corn;

And for one blast of thy minikin<sup>6</sup> mouth

Thy sheep shall take no harm. ]

Pur! the cat is gray.

*Lear.* Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril. [I here take my oath before this honourable assembly, she kick'd the poor king her father.

*Fool.* Come hither, mistress. Is your name Goneril?

*Lear.* She cannot deny it.

*Fool.* Cry you mercy, I took you for a joint-stool.

*Lear.*] And here's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim

<sup>1</sup> Approves, proves.

<sup>2</sup> Comforting, aiding.

<sup>3</sup> Blood, nature.

<sup>4</sup> Hissing, whizzing.

<sup>5</sup> Justicer, justice.

<sup>6</sup> Minikin, small and pretty.

What store<sup>1</sup> her heart is made on.—Stop her there!

Arms, arms, sword, fire!—Corruption in the place!—

False justicer, why hast thou let her scape?

*Edg.* Bless thy five wits! 60

*Kent.* O pity!—Sir, where is the patience now

That you so oft have boasted to retain?

*Edg.* [*Aside*] My tears begin to take his part so much,

They'll mar my counterfeiting.

*Lear.* The little dogs and all,

Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, see, they bark at me.



*Lear.* And here's another, whose warp'd looks proclaim  
What store her heart is made on.—Stop her there!  
Arms, arms, sword, fire!—(Act iii. 6. 56-58.)

*Edg.* Tom will throw his head at them.—  
Avant, you curs!

Be thy mouth or black or white,  
Tooth that poisons if it bite;  
Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,  
Hound or spaniel, brach<sup>2</sup> or lyn,<sup>3</sup>  
Or bobtail tike<sup>4</sup> or trundle-tail,<sup>5</sup>—  
Tom will make them weep and wail:  
For, with throwing thus my head,  
Dogs leap the hatch,<sup>6</sup> and all are fled.

70

Do de, de, de. Sessa! Come, march to wakes  
and fairs and market-towns.—Poor Tom, thy  
horn is dry. 79

*Lear.* Then let them anatomize Regan; see  
what breeds about her heart. Is there any  
cause in nature that makes these hard hearts?  
—[*To Edgar*] You, sir, I entertain for one of  
my hundred; only I do not like the fashion of  
your garments: you will say they are Persian;  
but let them be chang'd.

*Kent.* Now, good my lord, lie here and rest  
awhile.

*Lear.* Make no noise, make no noise; draw

<sup>1</sup> Store, material.

<sup>2</sup> Brach, female hound.

<sup>3</sup> Lyn, lime-hound.

<sup>4</sup> Tike, cur.

<sup>5</sup> Trundle-tail, a kind of dog.

<sup>6</sup> Hatch, half-doo

the curtains: so, so, so: we'll go to supper  
i' the morning: so, so, so. 91

*Fool.* And I'll go to bed at noon.

[*Re-enter GLOSTER.*]

*Glo.* Come hither, friend; where is the king  
my master?

*Kent.* Here, sir; but trouble him not,—his  
wits are gone.

*Glo.* Good friend, I prithee, take him in thy  
arms;

I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him:  
There is a litter ready; lay him in 't,  
And drive towards Dover, friend, where thou  
shalt meet

Both welcome and protection. [Take up thy  
master: 99

If thou shouldst dally half an hour, his life,  
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,  
Stand in assured loss: take up, take up;  
And follow me, that will to some provision  
Give thee quick conduct.

*Kent.* Oppress'd nature sleeps:—  
This rest might yet have balm'd thy broken  
sinews,

Which, if convenience<sup>1</sup> will not allow,  
Stand in hard cure.<sup>2</sup>—[*To the Fool*] Come,  
help to bear thy master;

Thou must not stay behind.

*Glo.* Come, come, away.

[*Exeunt Kent, Gloster, and the Fool,*  
*bearing off Lear.*

*Edg.* When we our betters see bearing our  
woes,

We scarcely think our miseries our foes. 110  
Who alone suffers suffers most i' the mind,  
Leaving free things and happy shows behind:  
But then the mind much sufferance<sup>3</sup> doth o'er-  
skip,

When grief hath mates, and bearing fellow-  
ship.

How light and portable<sup>4</sup> my pain seems now,  
When that which makes me bend makes the  
king bow,

He childed as I father'd!—Tom, away!

Mark the high noises; and thyself bewray,<sup>5</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Convenience, a quadrisyllable here.

<sup>2</sup> Stand in hard cure, will be hard to cure.

<sup>3</sup> Sufferance, suffering.

<sup>4</sup> Portable, endurable.

<sup>5</sup> Bewray, disclose.

When false opinion, whose wrong thoughts  
defile thee,

In thy just proof, repeals<sup>6</sup> and reconciles thee.  
What will hap<sup>7</sup> more to-night, safe scape the  
king! 121

Lurk, lurk.

[*Exit.*

SCENE VII. *A room in Gloster's castle.*

*Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, EDMUND,*  
*and Servants.*

*Corn.* Post speedily to my lord your hus-  
band; show him this letter:—the army of  
France is landed.—Seek out the villain Glos-  
ter. [*Exeunt some of the Servants.*

*Reg.* Hang him instantly.

*Gon.* Pluck out his eyes.

*Corn.* Leave him to my displeasure.—Ed-  
mund, keep you our sister company: the re-  
venges we are bound to take upon your  
traitorous father are not fit for your beholding.  
Advise the duke, where you are going, to a  
most festinate<sup>8</sup> preparation: we are bound to  
the like. Our posts shall be swift and intelli-  
gent betwixt us. Farewell, dear sister:—fare-  
well, my Lord of Gloster.

*Enter OSWALD.*

How now! where's the king?

*Osw.* My Lord of Gloster hath convey'd him  
hence:

Some five or six and thirty of his knights,  
Hot questrists<sup>9</sup> after him, met him at gate;  
Who, with some other of the lord's dependants,  
Are gone with him towards Dover; where they  
boast 19

To have well-armed friends.

*Corn.* Get horses for your mistress.

*Gon.* Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

*Corn.* Edmund, farewell.

[*Exeunt Goneril, Edmund, and Oswald.*

Go, seek the traitor Gloster,  
Pinion him like a thief, bring him before us.

[*Exeunt other Servants.*

Though well we may not pass upon his life  
Without the form of justice, yet our power  
Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men  
May blame, but not control.—Who's there?  
the traitor?

<sup>6</sup> Repeals, recalls. <sup>7</sup> What will hap, happen what will.

<sup>8</sup> Festinate, speedy. <sup>9</sup> Questrists, seekers.



*Re-enter Servants with GLOSTER.*

*Reg.* Ingrateful fox! 't is he.

*Corn.* Bind fast his corky<sup>1</sup> arms.

*Glo.* What mean your graces?—Good my friends, consider 30

You are my guests: do me no foul play, friends.

*Corn.* Bind him, I say. [*Servants bind him.*]

*Reg.* Hard, hard.—O filthy traitor!

*Glo.* Unmerciful lady as you are, I'm none.

*Corn.* To this chair bind him.—Villain, thou shalt find— [*Regan plucks his beard.*]

*Glo.* By the kind gods, 't is most ignobly done

To pluck me by the beard.

*Reg.* So white, and such a traitor!

*Glo.* Naughtly lady,  
These hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin,

Will quicken<sup>2</sup> and accuse thee: I'm your host:

With robbers' hands my hospitable favours<sup>3</sup>

You should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

*Corn.* Come, sir, what letters had you late from France? 42

*Reg.* Be simple-answer'd,<sup>4</sup> for we know the truth.

*Corn.* And what confederacy have you with the traitors

Late footed in the kingdom?

*Reg.* To whose hands have you sent the lunatic king?

Speak.

*Glo.* I have a letter guessingly set down,  
Which came from one that's of a neutral heart,  
And not from one oppos'd.

*Corn.* Cunning.

*Reg.* And false.

*Corn.* Where hast thou sent the king?

*Glo.* To Dover.

*Reg.* Wherefore to Dover? Wast thou not charg'd at peril— 51

*Corn.* Wherefore to Dover? Let him answer that.

*Glo.* I'm tied to the stake, and I must stand the course.

*Reg.* Wherefore to Dover?

*Glo.* Because I would not see thy cruel nails

Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister

In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.

The sea, with such a storm as his bare head

In hell-black night endur'd, would have buoy'd up 60

And quench'd the stelled<sup>5</sup> fires:

Yet, poor old heart, he help the heavens to rain.

If wolves had at thy gate howl'd that stern time,

Thou shouldst have said, "Good porter, turn the key,"

All cruels else subscrib'd:—but I shall see  
The winged vengeance overtake such children.

*Corn.* See't shalt thou never.—Fellows, hold the chair.—

Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.

*Glo.* He that will think to live till he be old,  
Give me some help!—O cruel!—O you gods!

*Reg.* One side will mock another; th' other too. 71

*Corn.* If you see vengeance,—

*First Serv.* Hold your hand, my lord:

I've serv'd you since I was a child;

But better service have I never done you

Than now to bid you hold.

*Reg.* How now, you dog!

*First Serv.* If you did wear a beard upon your chin,

I'd shake it on this quarrel. What do you mean?

*Corn.* My villain! [*Draws.*]

*First Serv.* Nay, then, come on, and take the chance of anger.

[*Draws. They fight. Cornwall is wounded.*]

*Reg.* Give me thy sword.—A peasant stand up thus! 80

[*Takes a sword from another Servant, and runs at First Servant behind.*]

*First Serv.* O, I am slain!—My lord, you have one eye left

To see some mischief on him.—O! [*Dies.*]

*Corn.* Lest it see more, prevent it.—Out, vile jelly!

Where is thy lustre now?

*Glo.* All dark and comfortless.—Where's my son Edmund?

<sup>1</sup> *Corky*, dry, withered.

<sup>2</sup> *Quicken*, come to life.

<sup>3</sup> *Favours*, features.

<sup>4</sup> *Simple-answer'd*, plain in your answer.

<sup>5</sup> *Stelled*, starry, fixed.

Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature  
To quit<sup>1</sup> this horrid act.

*Reg.* Out, treacherous villain!  
Thou call'st on him that hates thee: it was he  
That made the overture<sup>2</sup> of thy treasons to us;  
Who is too good to pity thee. 90

*Glo.* O my follies! Then Edgar was abus'd.—  
Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!

*Reg.* Go thrust him out at gates, and let  
him smell

His way to Dover.—How is 't, my lord? how  
look you?

*Corn.* I have receiv'd a hurt:—follow me,  
lady.—

Turn out that eyeless villain;—throw this  
slave

Upon the dunghill.—Regan, I bleed apace:  
Untimely comes this hurt: give me your arm.

[*Exit Cornwall, led by Regan.—Some  
of the Servants unbind Gloster, and  
lead him out.*]

*Sec. Serv.* I'll never care what wickedness  
I do, 99

If this man come to good.

*Third Serv.* If she live long,  
And in the end meet the old course of death,  
Women will all turn monsters.

*Sec. Serv.* Let's follow the old earl, and get  
the Bedlam<sup>3</sup>

To lead him where he would: his roguish  
madness

Allows itself to any thing.

*Third Serv.* Go thou: I'll fetch some flax  
and whites of eggs

T'apply to his bleeding face. Now, heaven  
help him! [*Exeunt severally.*]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The heath.*

*Enter EDGAR.*

*Edg.* Yet better thus, and known to be  
contemn'd,

Than still contemn'd and flatter'd. To be worst,  
The lowest and most dejected thing of fortune,  
Stands still in esperance,<sup>4</sup> lives not in fear:

The lamentable change is from the best;  
The worst returns to laughter. Welcome, then,  
Thou unsubstantial air that I embrace!

The wretch that thou hast blown unto the  
worst

Owes nothing to thy blasts.—But who comes  
here?

*Enter GLOSTER, led by an Old Man.*

My father, poorly led?—World, world, O  
world! 10

But that thy strange mutations make us hate  
thee,

Life would not yield to age.

*Old Man.* O, my good lord,  
I've been your tenant, and your father's tenant,  
These fourscore years.

*Glo.* Away, get thee away; good friend, be  
gone:

Thy comforts can do me no good at all;  
Thee they may hurt.

*Old Man.* You cannot see your way.

*Glo.* I have no way, and therefore want no  
eyes; 20

I stumbled when I saw: full oft 't is seen,  
Our means secure us,<sup>5</sup> and our mere defects  
Prove our commodities.<sup>6</sup>—O dear son Edgar,  
The food of thy abused<sup>7</sup> father's wrath!  
Might I but live to see thee in my touch,  
I'd say I had eyes again!

*Old Man.* How now! Who's there?

*Edg.* [*Aside*] O gods! Who is 't can say,  
"I'm at the worst?"

I'm worse than e'er I was.

*Old Man.* 'T is poor mad Tom.

*Edg.* [*Aside*] And worse I may be yet: the  
worst is not 29

So long as we can say "This is the worst."

*Old Man.* Fellow, where goest?

*Glo.* Is it a beggar-man?

*Old Man.* Madman and beggar too.

<sup>1</sup> Quit, requite.

<sup>2</sup> Overture, disclosure.

<sup>3</sup> Bedlam, madman.

<sup>4</sup> Esperance, hope.

<sup>5</sup> Our means secure us, our advantages make us secure  
or careless.

<sup>6</sup> Commodities, advantages.

<sup>7</sup> Abused, deceived.

*Glo.* He has some reason, else he could not  
beg. 33  
I' the last night's storm I such a fellow saw;  
Which made me think a man a worm: my son  
Came then into my mind; and yet my mind  
Was then scarce friends with him: I've heard  
more since.

As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods,—  
They kill us for their sport.

*Edg.* [*Aside*] How should this be?—  
Bad is the trade that must play fool to sorrow,  
Angering itself and others.—Bless thee, master!

*Glo.* Is that the naked fellow?

*Old Man.*

Ay, my lord.



*Edg.* Give me thy arm:  
Poor Tom shall lead thee.—(Act iv. 1. 81, 82.)

*Glo.* Then, prithee, get thee gone: if, for  
my sake, 43  
Thou wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,  
I' the way toward Dover, do it for ancient love;  
And bring some covering for this naked soul,  
Which I'll entreat to lead me.

*Old Man.* Alack, sir, he is mad.

*Glo.* 'Tis the times' plague, when madmen  
lead the blind.

Do as I bid thee, or rather do thy pleasure;  
Above the rest, be gone, 50

*Old Man.* I'll bring him the best 'parel  
that I have,  
Come on't what will. [*Exit.*

*Glo.* Sirrah, naked fellow,—

*Edg.* Poor Tom's a-cold.—[*Aside*] I cannot  
daub it<sup>1</sup> further.

*Glo.* Come hither, fellow.

*Edg.* [*Aside*] And yet I must.—Bless thy  
sweet eyes, they bleed.

<sup>1</sup> *Daub it*, disguise.

*Glo.* Know'st thou the way to Dover?

*Edg.* Both stile and gate, horse-way and foot-path. Poor Tom hath been scar'd out of his good wits:—bless thee, good man's son, from the foul fiend!—[five fiends have been in poor Tom at once; of lust, as Obidicut; Hobbididance, prince of dumbness; Mahu, of stealing; Modo, of Murder; and Flibbertigibbet, of mopping<sup>1</sup> and mowing,<sup>2</sup>—who since possesses chambermaids and waiting-women. So, bless thee, master!]

*Glo.* Here, take this purse, thou whom the heavens' plagues Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched

Makes thee the happier:—[heavens, deal so still!

Let the superfluous<sup>3</sup> and lust-dieted man, 70 That slaves<sup>4</sup> your ordinance,<sup>5</sup> that will not see Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly;

So distribution should undo excess, And each man have enough. ]—Dost thou know Dover?

*Edg.* Ay, master.

*Glo.* There is a cliff, whose high and bending head

Looks fearfully in the confined deep: Bring me but to the very brim of it, 78 And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear With something rich about me: from that place I shall no leading need.

*Edg.* Give me thy arm:

Poor Tom shall lead thee. [Exeunt.

SCENE II. Before the Duke of Albany's palace.

Enter GONERIL and EDMUND.

*Gon.* Welcome, my lord: I marvel our mild husband

Not met us on the way.

Enter OSWALD.

Now, where's your master?

*Osw.* Madam, within; but never man so chang'd.

I told him of the army that was landed; He smil'd at it: I told him you were coming; His answer was, "The worse:" of Gloster's treachery,

And of the loyal service of his son, When I inform'd him, then he call'd me sot,<sup>6</sup> And told me I had turn'd the wrong side out:—

What most he should dislike seems pleasant to him; 10

What like, offensive.

*Gon.* [To Edmund] Then shall you go no further.

It is the cowlish<sup>7</sup> terror of his spirit, That dares not undertake: he'll not feel wrongs,

Which tie him to an answer.<sup>8</sup> Our wishes on the way

May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother;

Hasten his musters and conduct his powers: I must change arms at home, and give the distaff

Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant Shall pass between us: ere long you're like to hear,

If you dare venture in your own behalf, 20 A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech; [Giving him a favour.

Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak, Would stretch thy spirits up into the air:— Conceive,<sup>9</sup> and fare thee well.

*Edm.* Yours in the ranks of death.

*Gon.* My most dear Gloster!

[Exit Edmund.

O, the difference of man and man!

To thee a woman's services are due:

My fool usurps my body.

*Osw.* Madam, here comes my lord. [Exit.

Enter ALBANY.

*Gon.* I have been worth the whistle.

*Alb.* O Goneril!

You are not worth the dust which the rude wind 30

Blows in your face. I fear your disposition: That nature which contemns it<sup>10</sup> origin

<sup>1</sup> Mopping, making faces.

<sup>2</sup> Mowing, grimacing.

<sup>3</sup> Superfluous, having more than enough.

<sup>4</sup> Slaves, makes a slave of, treats as a slave.

<sup>5</sup> Ordinance, established order, law of nature.

<sup>6</sup> Sot, fool, dolt.

<sup>7</sup> Cowish, cowardly.

<sup>8</sup> Answer, answer to a challenge, manly resistance.

<sup>9</sup> Conceive, understand.

<sup>10</sup> It, its (old possessive).

Cannot be border'd<sup>1</sup> certain in itself; 33  
 She that herself will sliver<sup>2</sup> and disbranch  
 From her material<sup>3</sup> sap, perforce must wither,  
 And come to deadly use.

*Gon.* No more; the text is foolish.

*Alb.* Wisdom and goodness to the vile seem  
 vile:

Filth's savour<sup>4</sup> but themselves. What have  
 you done?

Tigers, not daughters, what have you per-  
 form'd? 40

A father, and a gracious aged man,  
 Whose reverence even the head-lugg'd<sup>5</sup> bear  
 would lick,



*Gon.*

O vain fool!—(Act iv. 2. 61.)

Most barbarous, most degenerate! have you  
 madded. 43

Could my good brother suffer you to do it?

A man, a prince, by him so benefited!

If that the heavens do not their visible spirits

Send quickly down to tame these vile offences,

It will come,

Humanity must perforce prey on itself,

Like monsters of the deep.

*Gon.* Milk-liver'd man!

That bear'st a cheek for blows, a head for  
 wrongs; 51

Who hast not in thy brows an eye discerning  
 Thine honour from thy suffering; that not  
 know'st 53

Fools do those villains pity who are punish'd  
 Ere they have done their mischief. Where's  
 thy drum?

France spreads his banners in our noiseless  
 land;

With plumed helm thy state begins to threaten;

Whiles thou, a moral<sup>6</sup> fool, sitt'st still, and  
 criest

"Alack, why does he so?"

<sup>1</sup> Border'd, restrained.

<sup>2</sup> Sliver, break off.

<sup>3</sup> Material, nourishing.

<sup>4</sup> Savour, relish.

<sup>5</sup> Head-lugg'd, led by the head.

<sup>6</sup> Moral, moralizing.

*Alb.* See thyself, devil!  
Proper<sup>1</sup> deformity seems not in the fiend 60  
So horrid as in woman.

*Gon.* O vain fool!

*Alb.* Thou changed and self-cover'd<sup>2</sup> thing,  
for shame,  
Be-monster not thy feature.<sup>3</sup> Were't my fitness  
To let these hands obey my blood,<sup>4</sup>  
They're apt enough to dislocate and tear  
Thy flesh and bones:—howe'er thou art a fiend,  
A woman's shape doth shield thee.

*Gon.* Marry, your manhood now!

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Alb.* What news?

*Mess.* O, my good lord, the Duke of Corn-  
wall's dead; 70  
Slain by his servant, going to put out  
The other eye of Gloster.

*Alb.* Gloster's eyes!

*Mess.* A servant that he bred, thrill'd with  
remorse,<sup>5</sup>  
Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword  
To his great master; who, thereat enraged,  
Flew on him, and amongst them fell'd him  
dead;  
But not without that harmful stroke which  
since 77  
Hath pluck'd him after.

*Alb.* This shows you are above,  
You justicers,<sup>6</sup> that these our nether crimes  
So speedily can venge!—But, O poor Gloster!  
Lost he his other eye?

*Mess.* Both, both, my lord.—  
[This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer;  
Tis from your sister.

*Gon.* [Aside] One way I like this well;  
But being widow, and my Gloster with her,  
May all the building in my fancy pluck  
Upon my hateful life: another way  
The news is not so tart.—I'll read, and an-  
swer.

[Exit.]

*Alb.* Where was his son [when they did  
take his eyes?

*Mess.* Come with my lady hither.

*Alb.* He's not here.

<sup>1</sup> Proper, his own.

<sup>2</sup> Self-cover'd, concealing thy real self.

<sup>3</sup> Feature, bodily form.

<sup>4</sup> Blood, passion, anger.

<sup>5</sup> Remorse, pity.

<sup>6</sup> Justicers, just powers.

*Mess.* No, my good lord; I met him back<sup>7</sup>  
again. 91

*Alb.* ] Knows he the wickedness?

*Mess.* Ay, my good lord; 't was he inform'd  
against him;  
And quit the house on purpose, that their  
punishment  
Might have the freer course.

*Alb.* Gloster, I live  
To thank thee for the love thou show'dst the  
king,  
And to revenge thine eyes.—Come hither,  
friend:

Tell me what more thou know'st. [Exeunt.]

### SCENE III. The French camp near Dover.

*Enter KENT and a Gentleman.*

*Kent.* Why the King of France is so sud-  
denly gone back know you the reason?

*Gent.* Something he left imperfect in the  
state, which since his coming forth is thought  
of; which imports to the kingdom so much  
fear and danger, that his personal return was  
most requir'd and necessary.

*Kent.* Who hath he left behind him general?

*Gent.* The Marshal of France, Monsieur La  
Far. 10

*Kent.* Did your letters pierce the queen to  
any demonstration of grief?

*Gent.* Ay, sir; she took them, read them in  
my presence;

And now and then an ample tear trill'd<sup>8</sup> down  
Her delicate cheek: it seem'd she was a queen  
Over her passion; who, most rebel-like,  
Sought to be king o'er her.

*Kent.* O, then it mov'd her.

*Gent.* Not to a rage: patience and sorrow  
strove

Who should express her goodliest. You have  
seen 19

Sunshine and rain at once: her smiles and tears  
Were like a better way: those happy smilets<sup>9</sup>  
That played on her ripe lip seem'd not to know  
What guests were in her eyes; which parted  
thence

As pearls from diamonds dropt.—In brief,  
sorrow

<sup>7</sup> Back, going back.

<sup>8</sup> Trill'd, trickled.

<sup>9</sup> Smilets, a diminutive of smile.

Would be a rarity most belov'd, if all  
Could so become it.

*Kent.* Made she no verbal question?

*Gent.* Faith, once or twice she heav'd the  
name of "father"

Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart;  
Cried "Sisters, sisters!—Shame of ladies! sisters!  
Kent! father! sisters! What, i' the storm?  
i' the night?" 30

Let pity not be believ'd!"—There she shook  
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,  
And, clamour moisten'd, then away she started  
To deal with grief alone.

*Kent.* It is the stars,  
The stars above us, govern our conditions;  
Else one self<sup>1</sup> mate and mate could not beget  
Such different issues. You spoke not with her  
since?

*Gent.* No.

*Kent.* Was this before the king return'd?

*Gent.* No, since.

*Kent.* Well, sir, the poor distressed Lear's  
i' the town; 40

Who sometime, in his better tune, remembers  
What we are come about, and by no means  
Will yield to see his daughter.

*Gent.* Why, good sir?

*Kent.* A sovereign shame so elbows<sup>2</sup> him:  
his own unkindness,  
That stripp'd her from his benediction, turn'd  
her

To foreign casualties, gave her dear rights  
To his dog-hearted daughters,—these things  
sting

His mind so venomously, that burning shame  
Detains him from Cordelia.

*Gent.* Alack, poor gentleman!

*Kent.* Of Albany's and Cornwall's powers  
you heard not? 50

*Gent.* 'Tis so they are a-foot.

*Kent.* Well, sir, I'll bring you to our master  
Lear,  
And leave you to attend him: some dear cause<sup>3</sup>  
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile;  
When I am known aright, you shall not grieve  
Lending me this acquaintance. I pray you, go  
Along with me. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>1</sup> One self, the same.

<sup>2</sup> Elbows, stands at his elbow, haunts.

<sup>3</sup> Dear cause, important business.

SCENE IV. *The same. A tent.*

*Enter CORDELIA, Doctor, and Soldiers.*

*Cor.* Alack, 'tis he: why, he was met even  
now

As mad as the vex'd sea; singing aloud;  
Crown'd with rank fumitory and furrow-  
weeds,

With burdocks, hemlock, nettles, cuckoo-  
flowers,

Darnel, and all the idle weeds that grow  
In our sustaining corn.—A century<sup>4</sup> send  
forth;

Search every acre in the high-grown field,  
And bring him to our eye. [*Exit an Officer*].—

[What can man's wisdom

In the restoring his bereaved sense?

He that helps him take all my outward worth.

*Doct.* There is means, madam: 11

Our foster-nurse of nature is repose,  
The which he lacks; that to provoke in him  
Are many simples<sup>5</sup> operative, whose power  
Will close the eye of anguish.

*Cor.* ] All bless'd secrets,  
All you unpublish'd virtues of the earth,  
Spring with my tears! be aidant<sup>6</sup> and reme-  
diate<sup>7</sup>

In the good man's distress!—Seek, seek for  
him;

Lest his ungovern'd rage dissolve the life  
That wants the means to lead it.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* News, madam;  
The British powers are marching hitherward.

*Cor.* 'Tis known before; our preparation  
stands 22

In expectation of them.—O dear father,  
It is thy business that I go about;  
Therefore great France  
Mymourning and important<sup>8</sup> tears hath pitied.  
No blown<sup>9</sup> ambition doth our arms incite,  
But love, dear love, and our aged father's  
right:

[Soon may I hear and see him!] [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>4</sup> Century, a company of a hundred soldiers.

<sup>5</sup> Simples, medicinal herbs.

<sup>6</sup> Aidant, helpful.

<sup>7</sup> Remediate, healing, curing.

<sup>8</sup> Important, importunate.

<sup>9</sup> Blown, inflated.

[SCENE V. *A room in Gloster's castle.**Enter* REGAN and OSWALD.*Reg.* But are my brother's powers set forth?*Osw.* Ay, madam.*Reg.* Himself in person there?*Osw.* Madam, with much ado:  
Your sister is the better soldier.<sup>1</sup>*Reg.* Lord Edmund spake not with your  
lord at home?*Osw.* No, madam.*Reg.* What might import my sister's letter  
to him?*Osw.* I know not, lady.*Reg.* Faith, he is posted hence on serious  
matter.

It was great ignorance, Gloster's eyes being out,  
To let him live: where he arrives he moves 11  
All hearts against us: Edmund, I think, is gone,  
In pity of his misery, to dispatch  
His nighted<sup>2</sup> life; moreover, to desery  
The strength o' the enemy.

*Osw.* I must needs after him, madam, with  
my letter.*Reg.* Our troops set forth to-morrow: stay  
with us;

The ways are dangerous.

*Osw.* I may not, madam:  
My lady charg'd my duty in this business.*Reg.* Why should she write to Edmund?  
Might not youTransport her purposes by word?<sup>3</sup> Belike, 20  
Something—I know not what:—I'll love thee  
much,

Let me unseal the letter.

*Osw.* Madam, I had rather—*Reg.* I know your lady does not love her  
husband;I'm sure of that: and at her late being here  
She gave strange ceilliades<sup>4</sup> and most speaking  
looksTo noble Edmund. I know you are of her  
bosom.*Osw.* I, madam?*Reg.* I know in understanding; you are, I  
know't:

Therefore I do advise you, take this note:  
My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talk'd;  
And more convenient is he for my hand 31  
Than for your lady's:—you may gather more.  
If you do find him, pray you, give him this;  
And when your mistress hears thus much from  
you,

I pray, desire her call her wisdom to her.  
So, fare you well.If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,  
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.*Osw.* Would I could meet him, madam! I  
would show 39

What party I do follow.

*Reg.* Fare thee well. [*Exeunt.*]SCENE VI. *The country near Dover.**Enter* GLOSTER, and EDGAR dressed like a  
*peasant.**Glo.* When shall I come to the top of that  
same hill?*Edg.* You do climb up it now: look, how  
we labour.*Glo.* Methinks the ground is even.<sup>5</sup>*Edg.* Horrible steep.

Hark, do you hear the sea?

*Glo.* No, truly.*Edg.* Why, then, your other senses grow  
imperfect

By your eyes' anguish.

*Glo.* So may it be, indeed:  
Methinks thy voice is alter'd; and thou speak'st

In better phrase and matter than thou didst.

*Edg.* You're much deceiv'd: in nothing am  
I chang'd

But in my garments.

*Glo.* Methinks you're better spoken.*Edg.* Come on, sir; here's the place:—stand  
still.—How fearful 11

And dizzy 't is to cast one's eyes so low!

The crows and choughs that wing the mid-  
way airShows scarce so gross<sup>6</sup> as beetles: half way down  
Hangs one that gathers sampire,—dreadful  
trade!Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:  
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,<sup>1</sup> *Soldier*, a trisyllable here.<sup>2</sup> *Nighted*, darkened, blinded.<sup>3</sup> *By word*, orally.<sup>4</sup> *Ceilliades*, amorous glances.<sup>5</sup> *Even*, level.<sup>6</sup> *Gross*, big.



Appearlikemice; and yond tallanchoring bark,  
Diminish'd to her cock,<sup>1</sup>—her cock, a buoy  
Almost too small for sight: the murmuring  
surge, 20

That on th' unnumber'd<sup>2</sup> idle pebbles chafes,  
Cannot be heard so high.—I'll look no more;  
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient<sup>3</sup> sight  
Topple down headlong.

*Glo.* Set me where you stand.

*Edg.* Give me your hand:—you're now  
within a foot

Of th' extreme verge: for all beneath the moon  
Would I not leap upright.

*Glo.* Let go my hand.

Here, friend, 's another purse; in it a jewel  
Well worth a poor man's taking: fairies and  
gods 29

Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off;  
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

*Edg.* Now fare you well, good sir.

*Glo.* With all my heart.

*Edg.* [*Aside*] Why I do trifle thus with his  
despair

Is done to cure it.

*Glo.* [*Kneeling*] O you mighty gods!

This world I do renounce, and, in your sights,  
Shake patiently my great affliction off:

If I could bear it longer, and not fall  
To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,  
My snuff and loathed part of nature should  
Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him!—  
Now, fellow, fare thee well.

*Edg.* Gone, sir:—farewell.

[*Gloster throws himself forward, and falls.*]

[*Aside*] And yet I know not how conceit may  
rob 42

The treasury of life, when life itself  
Yields to the theft: had he been where he  
thought,

By this had thought been past.—Alive or dead?  
Ho you, sir! friend!—hear you, sir!—speak!—

[*Aside*] Thus might he pass indeed:—yet he  
revives.—

What are you, sir?

*Glo.* Away, and let me die.

*Edg.* Hadst thou been ought but gossamer,  
feathers, air,

So many fathom down precipitating, 50  
Thou'dst shiver'd like an egg: but thou dost  
breathe;

Hast heavy substance; bleed'st not; speak'st;  
art sound.

Ten masts at each<sup>4</sup> make not the altitude  
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell:

Thy life's a miracle. Speak yet again.

*Glo.* But have I fall'n, or no?

*Edg.* From the dread summit of this chalky  
bourn.

Look up a-height;<sup>5</sup>—the shrill-gorg'd<sup>6</sup> lark so  
far

Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.

*Glo.* Alack, I have no eyes.— 60

Is wretchedness depriv'd that benefit

To end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,  
When misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,  
And frustrate his proud will.

*Edg.* Give me your arm:

Up:—so.—How is't? Feel you your legs? You  
stand.

*Glo.* Too well, too well.

*Edg.* This is above all strangeness.

Upon the crown o' the cliff, what thing was that  
Which parted from you?

*Glo.* A poor unfortunate beggar.

*Edg.* As I stood here below, methought his  
eyes 69

Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,  
Horns whelk'd<sup>7</sup> and wav'd like the enridged  
sea:

It was some fiend; therefore, thou happy father,  
Think that the clearest<sup>8</sup> gods, who make them  
honours

Of men's impossibilities, have preserv'd thee.

*Glo.* I do remember now: henceforth I'll  
bear

Affliction till it do cry out itself

"Enough, enough," and die. That thing you  
speak of,

I took it for a man; often 't would say

"The fiend, the fiend:" he led me to that place.

*Edg.* Bear free<sup>9</sup> and patient thoughts.—But  
who comes here? 80

<sup>4</sup> At each, each joined to another.

<sup>5</sup> A-height, on high, aloft.

<sup>6</sup> Shrill-gorg'd, shrill-throated.

<sup>7</sup> Whelk'd, protruding.

<sup>8</sup> Clearest, brightest, purest.

<sup>9</sup> Free, sound.

<sup>1</sup> Cock, cockboat.      <sup>2</sup> Unnumber'd, innumerable.

<sup>3</sup> Deficient, defective.

*Enter LEAR, fantastically dressed with wild flowers.*

[The safer<sup>1</sup> sense will ne'er accommodate His master thus.]

*Lear.* No, they cannot touch me for coining; I am the king himself.

*Edg. [Aside]* O thou side-piercing sight!

*Lear.* Nature's above art in that respect.—There's your press-money. That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper:<sup>2</sup> draw me a clothier's yard.<sup>3</sup>—Look, look, a mouse! Peace, peace;—this piece of toasted cheese will do't.—There's my gauntlet; I'll prove it on



*Lear.* Ha! Goneril,—with a white beard!—(Act iv. 6. 98.)

a giant.—Bring up the brown bills.<sup>4</sup>—O, well frown, bird!—i' the clout;<sup>5</sup> i' the clout: hewgh!—Give the word.<sup>6</sup>

*Edg.* Sweet marjoram.

*Lear.* Pass.

*Glo.* I know that voice.

*Lear.* Ha! Goneril,—with a white beard!—They flatter'd me like a dog; and told me I had white hairs in my beard ere the black ones were there.—To say “ay” and “no” to everything that I said!—“Ay” and “no” too

was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once, and the wind to make me chatter; when the thunder would not peace at my bidding; there I found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go to, they are not men o' their words: they told me I was every thing; 't is a lie,—I am not ague-proof.

*Glo.* The trick of that voice I do well remember:  
Is't not the king? 109

*Lear.* Ay, every inch a king:  
When I do stare, see how the subject quakes!  
I pardon that man's life.—What was thy cause?—

Adultery?—  
Thou shalt not die: die for adultery! No;

<sup>1</sup> Safer, sounder, more sober.

<sup>2</sup> Crow-keeper, one who keeps off the crows.

<sup>3</sup> A clothier's yard, an arrow a yard long.

<sup>4</sup> Brown bills, halberds.

<sup>5</sup> Clout, centre of target.

<sup>6</sup> Word, watchword.

The wren goes to't, and the small gilded fly  
Does lecher in my sight.  
[Let copulation thrive; for Gloster's bastard  
son  
Was kinder to his father than my daughters  
Got 'tween the lawful sheets.]  
To't, luxury, pell-mell! for I lack soldiers.—  
[Behold yon simpering dame, 120  
Whose face between her forks presages  
snow,  
That minces virtue, and does shake the  
head  
To hear of pleasure's name,—  
The fitchew nor the soiled horse goes to't  
With a more riotous appetite.  
Down from the waist they are Centaurs,  
Though women all above:  
But to the girdle do the gods inherit,  
Beneath is all the fiends';  
There's hell, there's darkness, there's the  
sulphurous pit, 130  
burning, scalding, stench, consumption;]—fie,  
fie, fie! pah, pah! Give me an ounce of civet,  
good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination:  
there's money for thee.

*Glo.* O, let me kiss that hand!

*Lear.* Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.

*Glo.* O ruin'd piece<sup>1</sup> of nature! This great world  
Shall so wear out to naught.—Dost thou know  
me?

*Lear.* I remember thine eyes well enough.  
Dost thou squiny<sup>2</sup> at me? No, do thy worst,  
blind Cupid; I'll not love.—Read thou this  
challenge; mark but the penning of it.

*Glo.* Were all the letters suns, I could not  
see one.

*Edg.* [Aside] I would not take this from  
report;—it is,

And my heart breaks at it.

*Lear.* Read.

*Glo.* What, with the case<sup>3</sup> of eyes?

*Lear.* O, ho, are you there with me? No  
eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse?  
Your eyes are in a heavy case, your purse in  
a light: yet you see how this world goes. 151

*Glo.* I see it feelingly.

*Lear.* What, art mad? A man may see how  
this world goes with no eyes. Look with thine  
ears: see how yond justice rails upon yond  
simple thief. Hark, in thine ear: change  
places; and, handy-dandy, which is the justice,  
which is the thief?—Thou hast seen a farmer's  
dog bark at a beggar?

*Glo.* Ay, sir. 160

*Lear.* And the creature ran from the cur?  
There thou mightst behold the great image of  
authority: a dog's obey'd in office.—

[Thou rascal beadle, hold thy bloody hand!  
Why dost thou lash that whore? Strip thine  
own back;

Thou hotly lust'st to use her in that kind  
For which thou whipp'st her.] The usurer  
hangs the cozeners.

Through tatter'd clothes small vices do appear;  
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all. Plate sin  
with gold, 169

And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks;  
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw does pierce it.  
None does offend, none,—I say, none; I'll  
able<sup>4</sup> 'em:

Take that of me, my friend, who have the power  
To seal th' accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;  
And, like a scurvy politician, seem  
To see the things thou dost not.—Now, now,  
now, now:

Pull off my boots:—harder, harder:—so.

*Edg.* [Aside] O, matter<sup>5</sup> and impertinency<sup>6</sup>  
mix'd!

Reason in madness!

*Lear.* If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take  
my eyes. 180

I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloster:  
Thou must be patient; we came crying hither:  
Thou know'st, the first time that we smell the air,  
We wawl and cry.—I will preach to thee: mark.

*Glo.* Alack, alack the day!

*Lear.* When we are born, we cry that we  
are come

To this great stage of fools.—[This<sup>7</sup> a good  
block:—

It were a delicate stratagem to shoe  
A troop of horse with felt: I'll put 't in proof;

<sup>1</sup> Piece, masterpiece.

<sup>2</sup> Squiny, squint.

<sup>3</sup> Case, empty socket.

<sup>4</sup> Able, warrant, vouch for.

<sup>5</sup> Matter, meaning, sense.

<sup>6</sup> Impertinency, lack of pertinency. <sup>7</sup> This, this is.

And when I've stol'n upon these sons-in-law,  
Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill! ] 191

*Enter a Gentleman, with Attendants.*

*Gent.* O, here he is: lay hand upon him.—

Sir,

Your most dear daughter—

*Lear.* No rescue? What, a prisoner? I am even

The natural fool of fortune.—Use me well;  
You shall have ransom. Let me have surgeons;  
I am cut to the brains.

*Gent.* You shall have any thing.

*Lear.* No seconds? all myself?

[Why, this would make a man a man of salt,  
To use his eyes for garden water-pots, 200  
Ay, and laying autumn's dust.

*Gent.* Good sir,—

*Lear.* ] I will die bravely, like a smug<sup>1</sup> bridegroom. What!

I will be jovial: come, come; I am a king;

My masters, know you that?

*Gent.* You are a royal one, and we obey you.

[*Lear.* Then there's life in 't. Nay, an you get it, you shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa.] *[Exit; Attendants follow.]*

*Gent.* A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch,

Past speaking of in a king!—Thou hast one daughter, 209

Who redeems nature from the general curse  
Which twain have brought her to.

[*Edg.* Hail, gentle sir.

*Gent.* Sir, speed you: what's your will?

*Edg.* Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward?<sup>2</sup>

*Gent.* Most sure and vulgar:<sup>3</sup> every one hears that,

Which can distinguish sound.

*Edg.* But, by your favour,

How near's the other army?

*Gent.* Near and on speedy foot; the main descry<sup>4</sup>

Stands on the hourly thought.

*Edg.* I thank you, sir: that's all.

*Gent.* Though that the queen on special cause is here, 219

Her army is mov'd on.

*Edg.* I thank you, sir.]

*[Exit Gentleman.]*

*Glo.* You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from me;

Let not my worser spirit tempt me again

To die before you please!

*Edg.* Well pray you, father.

*Glo.* Now, good sir, what are you?

*Edg.* A most poor man, made tame to fortune's blows;

Who, by the art of known and feeling<sup>5</sup> sorrows,  
Am pregnant<sup>6</sup> to good pity. Give me your hand,  
I'll lead you to some biding.<sup>7</sup>

*Glo.* Hearty thanks:  
The bounty and the benison<sup>8</sup> of heaven  
To boot, and boot!

*Enter OSWALD.*

*Osw.* A proclaim'd prize! Most happy!  
That eyeless head of thine was first fram'd  
flesh 231

To raise my fortunes.—Thou old unhappy  
traitor,

Briefly thyself remember:—the sword is out  
That must destroy thee.

*Glo.* Now let thy friendly hand  
Put strength enough to it. [*Edgar interposes.*

*Osw.* Wherefore, bold peasant,  
Dar'st thou support a publish'd traitor?

Hence;

Lest that th' infection of his fortune take  
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

*Edg.* Chill<sup>9</sup> not let go, zir, without vurther  
'casion. 240

*Osw.* Let go, slave, or thou diest!

*Edg.* Good gentleman, go your gait, and let  
poor volk pass. An chud<sup>10</sup> ha' bin zwaggered  
out of my life, 't would not ha' bin zo long as  
't is by a vortnight. Nay, come not near the  
old man; keep out, che vor ye,<sup>11</sup> or ise try  
whether your costard<sup>12</sup> or my ballow<sup>13</sup> be the  
harder: chill be plain with you.

<sup>1</sup> Smug, spruce.

<sup>2</sup> Toward, at hand, imminent.

<sup>3</sup> Vulgar, commonly known.

<sup>4</sup> The main descry, &c., the main body is hourly expected to be seen.

<sup>5</sup> Feeling, heartfelt.

<sup>7</sup> Biding, abode.

<sup>9</sup> Chill, I will.

<sup>11</sup> Che vor ye, I warn ye.

<sup>12</sup> Costard, head.

<sup>6</sup> Pregnant, disposed.

<sup>8</sup> Benison, blessing.

<sup>10</sup> Chud, I should.

<sup>13</sup> Ballow, cudgel.

*Osw.* Out, dunghill!

*Edg.* Chill pick your teeth, zir: come; no matter vor your foins.<sup>1</sup> 251

[*They fight, and Edgar knocks him down.*]

*Osw.* Slave, thou hast slain me:—villain, take my purse:

If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;  
And give the letters which thou find'st about me

To Edmund earl of Gloster; seek him out  
Upon the English party:<sup>2</sup>—O, untimely death!  
[*Dies.*]

*Edg.* I know thee well: a serviceable villain;

As duteous to the vices of thy mistress  
As badness would desire.

*Glo.*

What, is he dead?



*Osw.* Slave, thou hast slain me:—villain, take my purse.—(Act iv. 6. 252.)

*Edg.* Sit you down, father; rest you.— 260  
Let's see these pockets: the letters that he speaks of

May be my friends.—He's dead; I'm only sorry

He had no other deathsmen.<sup>3</sup>—Let us see:—  
Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us not:

To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts;

Their papers, is more lawful.

[*Reads*] "Let our reciprocal vows be remembered. You have many opportunities to cut him off: if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully<sup>4</sup> offer'd. There is nothing done, if he return the conqueror: then am I the prisoner, and his bed my gaol; from the loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labour."

"Your—wife, so I would say—affectionate servant, "GONERIL."

O indistinguish'd space<sup>5</sup> of woman's will!  
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life;  
And the exchange my brother!—[*Here, in the sands,*

<sup>1</sup> *Foins*, thrusts.

<sup>2</sup> *Party*, side.

<sup>3</sup> *Deathsmen*, executioners.

<sup>4</sup> *Fruitfully*, abundantly.

<sup>5</sup> *Indistinguish'd space*, boundless range.

Thou I'll rake<sup>1</sup> up, the post unsanctified 281  
Of murderous lechers: and, in the mature time,  
With this ungracious paper strike the sight  
Of the death-practis'd<sup>2</sup> duke: for him 'tis well  
That of thy death and business I can tell.

*Glo.* The king is mad: how stiff is my vile  
sense,

That I stand up, and have ingenious<sup>3</sup> feeling  
Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract:  
So should my thoughts be sever'd from my  
griefs,

And woes, by wrong imaginations, lose 290  
The knowledge of themselves.

*Edg.* Give me your hand:

[*Drum afar off.*]

Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten  
drum:

Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *A tent in the French camp. Lear  
on a bed asleep, soft music playing; Doctor,  
Gentleman, and others attending.*

*Enter CORDELIA and KENT.*

*Cor.* O thou good Kent, how shall I live and  
work,  
To match thy goodness? My life will be too  
short,

And every measure fail me.

*Kent.* To be acknowledg'd, madam, is o'er-  
paid.

All my reports go with the modest<sup>4</sup> truth;  
Nor more nor clipp'd, but so.

*Cor.* Be better suited:<sup>5</sup>  
These weeds<sup>6</sup> are memories of those worser  
hours:

I prithee, put them off.

*Kent.* Pardon, dear madam;  
Yet to be known shortens my made intent:<sup>7</sup>

My boon I make it, that you know me not  
Till time and I think meet. 11

*Cor.* Then be't so, my good lord.—[*To the  
Doctor*] How does the king?

*Doct.* Madam, sleeps still.

*Cor.* O you kind gods,  
Cure this great breach in his abused nature!  
Th' untun'd and jarring senses, O, wind up  
Of this child-changed father!

*Doct.* So please your majesty  
That we may wake the king? he hath slept  
long.

*Cor.* Be govern'd by your knowledge, and  
proceed 19

I' the sway of your own will. Is he array'd?

*Gent.* Ay, madam; in the heaviness of sleep  
We put fresh garments on him.

*Doct.* Be by, good madam, when we do  
awake him;

I doubt not of his temperance.<sup>8</sup>

*Cor.* Very well.

*Doct.* Please you, draw near.—Louder the  
music there!

*Cor.* O my dear father! Restoration hang  
Thy medicine on my lips; and let this kiss  
Repair those violent harms that my two sisters  
Have in thy reverence made!

*Kent.* Kind and dear princess!

*Cor.* Had you not been their father, these  
white flakes 30

Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face  
To be oppos'd against the warring winds?  
To stand against the deep dread-bolted  
thunder?

In the most terrible and nimble stroke  
Of quick, cross lightning? to watch—poor  
perdu!<sup>9</sup>

With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog,  
Though he had bit me, should have stood that  
night

Against my fire; and wast thou fain, poor father,  
To hovel thee with swine, and rogues forlorn,  
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack! 40  
'T is wonder that thy life and wits at once  
Had not concluded all.<sup>10</sup>—He wakes; speak to  
him.

*Doct.* Madam, do you; 't is fittest.

*Cor.* How does my royal lord? how fares  
your majesty?

*Lear.* You do me wrong to take me out o'  
the grave:—

Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound

<sup>1</sup> *Rake*, cover.

<sup>2</sup> *Death-practis'd*, whose death is plotted.

<sup>3</sup> *Ingenious*, conscious.

<sup>4</sup> *Modest*, moderate.

<sup>5</sup> *Suited*, dressed.

<sup>6</sup> *Weeds*, garments.

<sup>7</sup> *Made intent*, plan formed.

<sup>8</sup> *Temperance*, calmness.

<sup>9</sup> *Perdu*, forlorn one.

<sup>10</sup> *Concluded all*, entirely ended.

Upon a wheel of fire, that<sup>1</sup> mine own tears  
Do scald like molten lead.

*Cor.* Sir, do you know me?

*Lear.* You are a spirit, I know: when did  
you die?

*Cor.* Still, still, far wide! 50

*Doct.* He's scarce awake: let him alone awhile.

*Lear.* Where have I been? Where am I?  
—Fair daylight?—

I'm mightily abus'd.<sup>2</sup>—I should e'en die with  
pity,

To see another thus.—I know not what to say.—

I will not swear these are my hands:—let's  
see;



*Lear.* I pray, weep not:  
If you have poison for me, I will drink it.  
I know you do not love me; for your sisters

Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:  
You have some cause, they have not.  
—(Act iv. 7. 71-75.)

I feel this pin prick. Would I were assur'd  
Of my condition!

*Cor.* O, look upon me, sir,  
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me:—  
No, sir, you must not kneel.

*Lear.* Pray, do not mock me:  
I am a very foolish fond old man, 60  
Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor  
less;

And, to deal plainly,  
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.  
Methinks I should know you, and know this  
man;

Yet I am doubtful: for I'm mainly ignorant  
What place this is; and all the skill I have  
Remembers not these garments; nor I know  
not

Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh  
at me;

For, as I am a man, I think this lady  
To be my child Cordelia.

*Cor.* And so I am, I am.

*Lear.* Be your tears wet? yes, faith. I  
pray, weep not: 71

If you have poison for me, I will drink it.  
I know you do not love me; for your sisters

<sup>1</sup> That, so that.

<sup>2</sup> Abus'd, deceived.  
151

Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:  
You have some cause, they have not.

*Cor.* No cause, no cause.

*Lear.* Am I in France?

*Kent.* In your own kingdom, sir.

*Lear.* Do not abuse me.

*Doct.* Be comforted, good madam: the great  
rage,

You see, is kill'd in him: and yet 't is danger  
To make him even o'er<sup>1</sup> the time he has lost.  
Desire him to go in; trouble him no more   *s1*  
Till further settling.<sup>2</sup>

*Cor.* Will 't please your highness walk?

*Lear.* You must bear with me:

Pray you now, forget and forgive: I'm old  
and foolish.

[*Exeunt all except Kent and Gentleman.*]

*Gent.* Holds it true, sir, that the Duke of  
Cornwall was so slain?

*Kent.* Most certain, sir.

*Gent.* Who is conductor of his people?

*Kent.* As 't is said, the bastard son of Glos-  
ter.

*Gent.* They say Edgar, his banish'd son, is  
with the Earl of Kent in Germany.   *91*

*Kent.* Report is changeable. 'Tis time to  
look about; the powers of the kingdom ap-  
proach apace.

*Gent.* The arbitrement<sup>3</sup> is like to be bloody.  
Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*]

*Kent.* My point and period will be thoroughly<sup>4</sup>  
wrought,  
Or well or ill, as this day's battle's fought.  
[*Exit.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I. *The camp of the British forces, near  
Dover.*

*Enter, with drum and colours, EDMUND, REGAN,  
Officers, Soldiers, and others.*

*Edm.* Know of the duke if his last purpose  
hold,

Or whether since he is advis'd by aught  
To change the course: he's full of alteration  
And self-reproving:—bring his constant plea-  
sure.<sup>5</sup> [*To an Officer, who goes out.*]

[*Reg.* Our sister's man is certainly mis-  
carried.

*Edm.* 'Tis to be doubted,<sup>6</sup> madam.

*Reg.* Now, sweet lord.

You know the goodness I intend upon you:  
Tell me,—but truly,—but then speak the truth,  
Do you not love my sister?

*Edm.* In honour'd love.

*Reg.* But have you never found my brother's  
way   *10*

To the forfended<sup>7</sup> place?

*Edm.* That thought abuses you.

*Reg.* I am doubtful that you have been  
conjunct<sup>8</sup>

And bosom'd with her, as far as we call hers.

*Edm.* No, by mine honour, madam.

*Reg.* I never shall endure her: dear my lord,  
Be not familiar with her.

*Edm.* Fear me not:—

She and the duke her husband!]

*Enter, with drum and colours, ALBANY,  
GONERIL, and Soldiers.*

*Gon.* [*Aside*] I had rather lose the battle  
than that sister

Should loosen him and me.

*Alb.* Our very loving sister, well be-met.—

Sir, this I hear,—the king is come to his  
daughter,   *21*

With others whom the rigour of our state  
Forc'd to cry out. Where I could not be honest,  
I never yet was valiant: for this business,  
It toucheth us, as France invades our land,  
Not bolds<sup>9</sup> the king, with others, whom, I fear,  
Most just and heavy causes make oppose.<sup>10</sup>

*Edm.* Sir, you speak nobly.

*Reg.* Why is this reason'd?<sup>11</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Even o'er, try to account for.

<sup>2</sup> Settling, composure of mind, recovery of reason.

<sup>3</sup> Arbitrement, decision.   <sup>4</sup> Thoroughly, thoroughly.

<sup>5</sup> Constant pleasure, settled resolution.

<sup>6</sup> Doubted, suspected, feared.   <sup>7</sup> Forfended, forbidden.

<sup>8</sup> Conjunct, intimately connected.   <sup>9</sup> Bolds, emboldens.

<sup>10</sup> Make oppose, cause to oppose us.

<sup>11</sup> Reason'd, debated.



*Gon.* Combine together 'gainst the enemy;  
For these domestic and particular broils 30  
Are not the question here.

*Alb.* Let's, then, determine  
With the ancient of war on our proceedings.

*Edm.* I shall attend you presently at your tent.

*Reg.* Sister, you'll go with us?

*Gon.* No.

*Reg.* 'Tis most convenient; pray you, go  
with us.

*Gon.* [*Aside*] O, ho, I know the riddle.—I  
will go.

*As they are going out, enter EDGAR disguised.*

*Edg.* If e'er your grace had speech with  
man so poor,  
Hear me one word.

[*Alb.* I'll overtake you.—Speak.

[*Exeunt all except Albany and Edgar.*

*Edg.*] Before you fight the battle, ope this  
letter. 40

If you have victory, let the trumpet sound  
For him that brought it: wretched though I  
seem,

I can produce a champion that will prove  
What is avouched there. If you miscarry,  
Your business of the world hath so an end,  
And machination ceases. Fortune love you!

*Alb.* Stay till I've read the letter.

*Edg.* I was forbid it.  
When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,  
And I'll appear again. 49

*Alb.* Why, fare thee well: I will o'erlook  
thy paper. [*Exit Edgar.*

*Re-enter EDMUND.*

*Edm.* The enemy's in view; draw up your  
powers.

Here is the guess of their true strength and  
forces

By diligent discovery;<sup>1</sup>—but your haste  
Is now urg'd on you.

*Alb.* We will greet the time. [*Exit.*

*Edm.* To both these sisters have I sworn  
my love;

Each jealous<sup>2</sup> of the other, as the stung  
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?  
Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoy'd,

If both remain alive: to take the widow  
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril;  
And hardly shall I carry out my side,<sup>3</sup> 61  
Her husband being alive. Now, then, we'll use  
His countenance for the battle; which being  
done,

Let her who would be rid of him devise  
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy  
Which he intends to Lear and to Cordelia,—  
The battle done, and they within our power,  
Shall never see his pardon; for my state  
Stands on me to defend, not to debate. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *A field between the two camps.*

*Alarum within. Enter, with drum and colours,*  
LEAR, CORDELIA, and their Forces; and  
*exeunt.*

*Enter EDGAR and GLOSTER.*

*Edg.* Here, father, take the shadow of this  
tree

For your good host; pray that the right may  
thrive:

If ever I return to you again,  
I'll bring you comfort.

*Glo.* Grace go with you, sir!  
[*Exit Edgar.*

*Alarum and retreat within. Re-enter EDGAR.*

*Edg.* Away, old man,—give me thy hand,—  
away!

King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en:  
Give me thy hand; come on.

*Glo.* No further, sir; a man may rot even here.

*Edg.* What, in ill thoughts again? Men  
must endure 9

Their going hence, even as their coming hither:  
Ripeness<sup>4</sup> is all.—come on.

*Glo.* And that's true too. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The British camp, near Dover.*

*Enter, in conquest, with drum and colours, ED-*  
MUND; LEAR and CORDELIA prisoners;  
*Officers, Soldiers, &c.*

*Edm.* Some officers take them away: good  
guard,

<sup>1</sup> *Discovery, reconnoitring.*

<sup>2</sup> *Jealous* = suspicious.

<sup>3</sup> *Carry out my side, win the game.*

<sup>4</sup> *Ripeness, readiness.*

Until their greater pleasures first be known  
That are to censure<sup>1</sup> them.

*Cor.* We are not the first  
Who, with best meaning, have incur'd the  
worst.



*Cor.* We are not the first  
Who, with best meaning, have incur'd the worst.  
—(Act v. 3. 3, 4.)

For thee, oppressed king, am I cast down;  
Myself could else out-frown false fortune's  
frown.—  
Shall we not see these daughters and these  
sisters?

*Lear.* No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to  
prison:

We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage:  
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel  
down, 10

And ask of thee forgiveness: so we'll live,  
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and  
laugh

At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues  
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them  
too,—

Who loses and who wins; who's in, who's  
out;—

And take upon's the mystery of things,  
As if we were God's spies: and we'll wear out,  
In a wall'd prison, packs and sects of great  
ones,

That ebb and flow by the moon.

*Edm.* Take them away.

*Lear.* Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia,  
The gods themselves throw incense. Have I  
caught thee? 21

He that parts us shall bring a brand from  
heaven,

And fire us hence like foxes. Wipe thine eyes;  
The good-years<sup>2</sup> shall devour them, flesh and  
fell,<sup>3</sup>

Ere they shall make us weep; we'll see 'em  
starv'd first.

Come. [*Exeunt Lear and Cordelia, guarded.*]

*Edm.* Come hither, captain; hark.

Take thou this note [*Giving a paper*]; go fol-  
low them to prison:

One step I have advanc'd thee; if thou dost  
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way  
To noble fortunes: know thou this, that men  
Are as the time is: to be tender-minded 31

Does not become a sword:—thy great employ-  
ment

Will not bear question; either say thou'lt do't,  
Or thrive by other means.

*Off.* I'll do't, my lord.

*Edm.* About it; and write happy<sup>4</sup> when thou  
hast done.

Mark,—I say, instantly; and carry it so  
As I have set it down.

*Off.* I cannot draw a cart, nor eat dried oats;  
If't be man's work, I'll do't. [*Exit.*]

<sup>2</sup> Good-years, *goutjere*, *pox*.

<sup>3</sup> Fell, *skin*.

<sup>4</sup> Write happy, count yourself fortunate.

*Flourish.* Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN,  
Officers, and Attendants.

Alb. Sir, you have shown to-day your valiant  
strain,<sup>1</sup> 40

And fortune led you well: you have the cap-  
tives

That were the opposites<sup>2</sup> of this day's strife:  
We do require them of you, so to use them  
As we shall find their merits and our safety  
May equally determine.

Edm. Sir, I thought it fit  
To send the old and miserable king  
To some retention<sup>3</sup> and appointed guard;  
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,  
To pluck the common bosom<sup>4</sup> on his side,  
And turn our impress'd lances<sup>5</sup> in our eyes  
Which do command them. With him I sent  
the queen; 51

My reason all the same; and they are ready  
To-morrow, or at further space, t' appear  
Where you shall hold your session. At this  
time

We sweat and bleed: the friend hath lost his  
friend;

And the best quarrels, in the heat, are curs'd  
By those that feel their sharpness:—  
The question of Cordelia and her father  
Requires a fitter place.

Alb. Sir, by your patience,  
I hold you but a subject of this war, 60  
Not as a brother.

[Reg. That's as we list to grace him.  
Methinks our pleasure might have been de-  
manded,

Ere you had spoke so far. He led our  
powers;

Bore the commission of my place and person;  
The which immediacy<sup>6</sup> may well stand up  
And call itself your brother.

Gon. Not so hot:  
In his own grace he doth exalt himself,  
More than in your addition.<sup>7</sup>

Reg. In my rights

By me invested, he compeers<sup>8</sup> the best.

Alb. That were the most, if he should hus-  
band you. 70

Reg. Jesters do oft prove prophets.

Gon. Holla, holla!

That eye that told you so look'd but a-squint.

Reg. Lady, I am not well; else I should  
answer

From a full-flowing stomach.<sup>9</sup>—General,  
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony;  
Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine:  
Witness the world that I create thee here  
My lord and master.

Gon. Mean you to enjoy him?

Alb. The let-alone lies not in your good  
will.

Edm. Nor in thine, lord.

Alb. Half-blooded fellow, yes.

Reg. [To Edmund] Let the drum strike, and  
prove my title thine. 81

Alb. Stay yet; hear reason. ]—Edmund, I  
arrest thee

On capital treason; and, in thine attain't,  
This gilded serpent [Pointing to Goneril].—

[For your claim, fair sister,

I bar it in the interest of my wife;

'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,

And I, her husband, contradict your bans.

If you will marry, make your loves to me;

My lady is bespoke.

Gon. An interlude!

Alb. ] Thou art arm'd, Gloster:—let the  
trumpet sound: 90

If none appear to prove upon thy person

Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,

There is my pledge [Throwing down a glove];

I'll prove it on thy heart,

Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less

Than I have here proclaim'd thee.

[Reg. Sick, O, sick!

Gon. [Aside] If not, I'll ne'er trust medi-  
cine. ]

Edm. There's my exchange [Throwing down  
a glove]: what in the world he is

That names me traitor, villain-like he lies:

Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,

On him, on you, who not? I will maintain

My truth and honour firmly. 101

<sup>1</sup> *Strain*, race.

<sup>2</sup> *Opposites*, opponents.

<sup>3</sup> *Retention*, custody.

<sup>4</sup> *Bosom*, affection.

<sup>5</sup> *Impress'd lances*, the soldiers we have pressed into  
service.

<sup>6</sup> *Immediacy*, being next in authority to me.

<sup>7</sup> *Addition*, title given him.

<sup>8</sup> *Compeers*, is the peer of.

<sup>9</sup> *Stomach*, anger.

[*Alb.* A herald, ho!

*Edm.* A herald, ho, a herald!

*Alb.* Trust to thy single virtue;<sup>1</sup> for thy soldiers,

All levied in my name, have in my name  
Took their discharge.

*Reg.* My sickness grows upon me.

*Alb.* She is not well; convey her to my tent. ]

[*Exit Regan, led.*

*Enter a Herald.*

Come hither, herald, — Let the trumpet  
sound,—

And read out this.

*Off.* Sound, trumpet! [*A trumpet sounds.*

*Her.* [*Reads*] “If any man of quality or degree  
within the lists of the army will maintain upon Ed-  
mund, supposed Earl of Gloster, that he is a mani-  
fold traitor, let him appear by the third sound of the  
trumpet: he is bold in his defence.”

*Edm.* Sound! [*First trumpet.*

*Her.* Again! [*Second trumpet.*

*Her.* Again! [*Third trumpet.*

[*Trumpet answers within.*

*Enter EDGAR, armed, and preceded by a  
trumpet.*

*Alb.* Ask him his purposes, why he appears  
Upon this call o’ the trumpet.

*Her.* What<sup>2</sup> are you?  
Your name, your quality? and why you answer  
This present summons?

*Edg.* Know, my name is lost;  
By treason’s tooth bare-gnawn and canker-bit:  
Yet am I noble as the adversary 123  
I come to cope.

*Alb.* Which is that adversary?

*Edg.* What’s he that speaks for Edmund  
earl of Gloster?

*Edm.* Himself:—what say’st thou to him?

*Edg.* Draw thy sword,  
That, if my speech offend a noble heart,  
Thy arm may do thee justice: here is mine.  
Behold, it is the privilege of mine honours,  
My oath, and my profession: I protest,— 130  
Maugre<sup>3</sup> thy strength, youth, place, and emi-  
nence,

Despite thy victor sword and fire-new fortune,  
Thy valour and thy heart,—thou art a traitor;  
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father;  
Conspirant<sup>4</sup> ’gainst this high illustrious prince;  
And, from th’ extremest upward of thy head  
To the descent and dust below thy foot,  
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou “no,”  
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits, are  
bent

To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak, 140  
Thou liest.

*Edm.* In wisdom I should ask thy name;  
But, since thy outside looks so fair and war-  
like,

And that thy tongue some say<sup>5</sup> of breeding  
breathes,

What safe and nicely<sup>6</sup> I might well delay  
By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn:  
Back do I toss these treasons to thy head;  
With the hell-hated<sup>7</sup> lie o’erwhelm thy heart;  
Which,—for they yet glance by, and scarcely  
bruise,—

This sword of mine shall give them instant  
way,

Where they shall rest for ever.—Trumpets,  
speak! 150

[*Alarums. They fight. Edmund falls.*

[*Alb.* Save him, save him!

*Gon.* This is practice,<sup>8</sup> Gloster:  
By the law of arms thou wast not bound to  
answer

An unknown opposite;<sup>9</sup> thou art not van-  
quish’d,

But cozen’d and beguill’d.

*Alb.* Shut your mouth, dame,  
Or with this paper shall I stop it:—Hold, sir;  
Thou worse than any name, read thine own  
evil:—

No tearing, lady; I perceive you know it.

[*Gives the letter to Edmund.*

*Gon.* Say, if I do,—the laws are mine, not  
thine: 158

Who can arraign me for’t? [*Exit.*

*Alb.* Most monstrous! oh!—

Know’st thou this paper?

*Edm.* Ask me not what I know.

<sup>4</sup> Conspirant, plotter, conspirer.

<sup>5</sup> Say, assay, proof.

<sup>6</sup> Nicely, punctiliously.

<sup>7</sup> Hell-hated, hated like hell.

<sup>8</sup> Practice, plotting.

<sup>9</sup> Opposite, opponent.

<sup>1</sup> Virtue, valour.

<sup>2</sup> What, who.

<sup>3</sup> Maugre, in spite of.

*Alb.* Go after her: she's desperate; govern<sup>1</sup> her. [*To an Officer, who goes out.*]

*Edm.* What you have charg'd me with, that have I done;

And more, much more; the time will bring it out:

'Tis past, and so am I.—But what art thou That hast this fortune on me? If thou'rt noble, I do forgive thee.

*Edg.* Let's exchange charity. I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund; If more, the more thou hast wrong'd me. My name is Edgar, and thy father's son. The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices Make instruments to plague us: 171

[*The dark and vicious place where thee he got<sup>2</sup> Cost him his eyes.*]

*Edm.* Thou hast spoken right, 'tis true; The wheel is come full circle; I am here.

[*Alb.* Methought thy very gait did prophesy A royal nobleness:—I must embrace thee: Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I Did hate thee or thy father!]

*Edg.* Worthy prince, I know't.

*Alb.* Where have you hid yourself? How have you known the miseries of your father? 180

*Edg.* By nursing them, my lord.—List a brief tale;— And when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst!

The bloody proclamation to escape, That follow'd me so near,—O, our lives' sweetness!

That we the pain of death would hourly die Rather than die at once!—taught me to shift Into a madman's rags; t' assume a semblance That very dogs disdain'd: and in this habit Met I my father with his bleeding rings,<sup>3</sup>

Their precious stones new lost; became his guide, 190

Led him, begg'd for him, sav'd him from despair;

Never—O fault!—reveal'd myself unto him, Until some half-hour past, when I was arm'd, Not sure, though hoping, of this good success, I ask'd his blessing, and from first to last

Told him my pilgrimage: but his flaw'd<sup>4</sup> heart, Alack, too weak the conflict to support, 'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief, Burst smilingly.

*Edm.* This speech of yours hath mov'd me, And shall perchance do good: but speak you on; You look as<sup>5</sup> you had something more to say.

*Alb.* If there be more, more woeful, hold it in; For I am almost ready to dissolve, 203 Hearing of this.

*Edg.* This would have seem'd a period To such as love not sorrow; but another, To amplify too much, would make much more, And top extremity.

Whilst I was big<sup>6</sup> in clamour, came there a man,

Who, having seen me in my worst estate, Shunn'd my abhorr'd society; but then, finding Who 't was that so endur'd, with his strong arms 211

He fasten'd on my neck, and bellow'd out As he'd burst heaven; threw him on my father; Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him That ever ear receiv'd: which in recounting His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life Began to crack: twice then the trumpets sounded,

And there I left him tranç'd.<sup>7</sup>

*Alb.* But who was this?

*Edg.* Kent, sir, the banish'd Kent; who in disguise

Follow'd his enemy king, and did him service Improper for a slave. 221

*Enter a Gentleman hastily with a bloody knife.*

*Gent.* Help, help, O, help!

*Edg.* What kind of help?

*Alb.* Speak, man.

*Edg.* What means that bloody knife?

*Gent.* 'Tis hot, it smokes; It came even from the heart of—O, she's dead!

*Alb.* Who dead? speak, man.

*Gent.* Your lady, sir, your lady: and her sister By her is poisoned; she hath confess'd it.

*Edm.* I was contracted to them both: all three

Now marry in an instant.

<sup>1</sup> Govern, restrain.    <sup>2</sup> Got, begot.    <sup>3</sup> Rings, sockets.

<sup>4</sup> Flaw'd, broken.

<sup>5</sup> As, as if.

<sup>6</sup> Big, loud.

<sup>7</sup> Tranç'd, in a faint.

*Edg.*

Here comes Kent.

*Alb.* Produce their bodies, be they alive or dead:—

230

This judgment of the heavens, that makes us tremble,

Touches us not with pity. [*Exit Gentleman.*]*Enter KENT.*

O, is this he?

The time will not allow the compliment  
Which very manners urges.*Kent.*

I am come



*Lear.* A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!  
I might have sav'd her; now she's gone for ever!—(Act v. 3. 269, 270.)

To bid my king and master aye good night:  
Is he not here?*Alb.* Great thing of us forgot!—Speak, Edmund, where's the king? and where's  
Cordelia?—[*The bodies of Goneril and Regan are  
brought in.*]

See'st thou this object, Kent?

*Kent.* Alack, why thus?*Edm.* Yet Edmund was lov'd:The one the other poison'd for my sake, 240  
And after slew herself.*Alb.* Even so.—Cover their faces.*Edm.* I pant for life:—some good I mean  
to do,Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send—  
Be brief in it—to the castle; for my writ  
Is on the life of Lear and on Cordelia:—

[Nay, send in time.]

*Alb.*

[Run, run, O, run!

*Edg.* To who, my lord?—Who has the  
office? send

Thy token of reprieve. 249

*Edm.* Well thought on: take my sword;  
Give it the captain.*Alb.*

Haste thee, for thy life.

[*Exit Edgar.*]*Edm.* He hath commission from thy wife  
and meTo hang Cordelia in the prison, and  
To lay the blame upon her own despair,  
That she fordid<sup>1</sup> herself.*Alb.* The gods defend her!—Bear him hence  
awhile. [*Edmund is borne off.*]<sup>1</sup> *Fordid*, destroyed.

*Re-enter LEAR, with CORDELIA dead in his arms;  
EDGAR, Captain, and others following.*

*Lear.* Howl, howl, howl, howl!—O, you are men of stones:

Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so  
That heaven's vault should crack.—She's  
gone for ever!—

I know when one is dead, and when one  
lives; 260

She's dead as earth.—Lend me a looking-glass;  
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,  
Why, then she lives.

*Kent.* Is this the promis'd end?<sup>1</sup>

*Edg.* Or image of that horror?

*Alb.* Fall, and cease!

*Lear.* This feather stirs; she lives! if it be so,  
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows  
That ever I have felt.

*Kent.* O my good master! [*Kneeling.*]

*Lear.* Prithce, away.

*Edg.* 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.

*Lear.* A plague upon you, murderers, traitors  
all!

I might have sav'd her; now she's gone for  
ever!— 270

Cordelia, Cordelia! stay a little. Ha!

What is't thou say'st?—Her voice was ever  
soft,

Gentle, and low,—an excellent thing in wo-  
man.—

I kill'd the slave that was a-hanging thee.

*Cap.* 'T is true, my lords, he did.

*Lear.* Did I not, fellow?

I have seen the day, with my good biting fal-  
chion

I would have made them skip: I am old now,  
And these same crosses spoil me.—Who are  
you?

Mine eyes are not o' the best:—I'll tell you  
straight.

*Kent.* If fortune brag of two she lov'd and  
hated, 280

One of them we behold.

*Lear.* This is a dull sight. Are you not Kent?

*Kent.* The same,

Your servant Kent.—Where is your servant  
Caius?

*Lear.* He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;  
He'll strike, and quickly too:—he's dead and  
rotten.

*Kent.* No, my good lord; I am the very  
man,—

*Lear.* I'll see that straight.

*Kent.* That, from your first of difference<sup>2</sup>  
and decay,

Have follow'd your sad steps.

*Lear.* You're welcome hither.

*Kent.* Nor no man else:—all's cheerless,  
dark, and deadly.— 290

Your eldest daughters have fordone<sup>3</sup> them-  
selves,

And desperately<sup>4</sup> are dead.

*Lear.* Ay, so I think.

*Alb.* He knows not what he says; and vain  
it is

That we present us to him.

*Edg.* Very bootless.

[*Enter a Captain.*]

*Cap.* Edmund is dead, my lord. ]

*Alb.* [That's but a trifle here.—

You lords and noble friends, know our intent.

What comfort to this great decay may come

Shall be applied: for us, we will resign,

During the life of this old majesty,

To him our absolute power:—[*To Edgar and*

*Kent*] you, to your rights; 300

With boot, and such addition as your honours

Have more than merited.—All friends shall  
taste

The wages of their virtue, and all foes

The cup of their deservings. ]—O, see, see!

*Lear.* And my poor fool is hang'd! No, no  
no life!

Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,  
And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no  
more,

Never, never, never, never, never!—

Pray you, undo this button. Thank you, sir.—

Do you see this? Look on her,—look,—her  
lips,— 310

Look there, look there!— [*Dies.*]

*Edg.* He faints!—My lord, my lord!—

*Kent.* Break, heart; I prithee, break!

<sup>1</sup> *End*, end of the world.

<sup>2</sup> *Difference*, turn of fortune.

<sup>3</sup> *Fordone*, destroyed.

<sup>4</sup> *Desperately*, in despair.

*Edg.*

Look up, my lord.

*Kent.* Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass!

he hates him

313

That would upon the rack of this tough world  
Stretch him out longer.

*Edg.*

He is gone indeed.

*Kent.* The wonder is, he hath endur'd so  
long:

He but usurp'd his life.

*Alb.* Bear them from hence.—Our present  
business

Is general woe.—[*To Kent and Edgar*] Friends  
of my soul, you twain

319

Rule in this realm, and the gor'd state sustain.

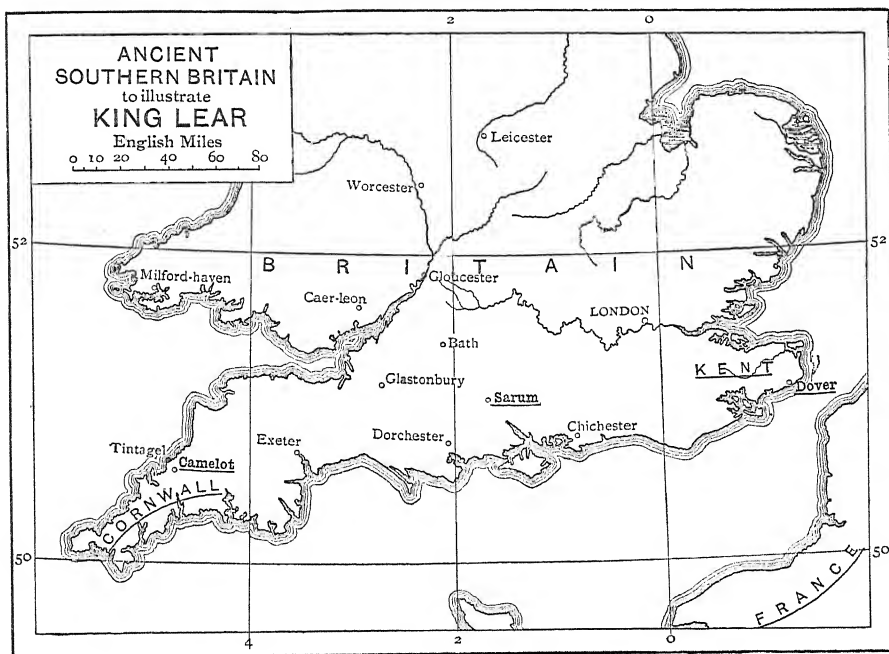
*Kent.* I have a journey, sir, shortly to go;  
My master calls me,—I must not say no.

*Alb.* The weight of this sad time we must  
obey;

Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.  
The oldest hath borne most: we that are young  
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.

[*Exeunt, with a dead march*]





## NOTES TO KING LEAR.

### ACT I. SCENE 1.

1.—It will be best, I think, to group together some of the smaller points of divergence between the Quartos and the Folios which occur in the course of this scene. The more important questions of reading are discussed in separate notes.

Line 35, Qq. have *my Lords*. Line 69, the Folio omits *speak*. Line 84, the Folios have *conferr'd*, the Quartos *confirmed*. Line 112, Qq. read *mistresse*, the first Folio *miseries*, the other Folios *mysteries*. Line 120, *to my bosom*, omitted in Qq. Line 164, *Dear sir, forbear*, not in the Quartos. Line 167, the Quartos read *doom*, the Folios *gift*. Line 183, for *sith* Q. 1 has *since*, Q. 2 omits the *thus*. Line 184, for *freedom*, the Folio reading, the Quartos give *friendship*. Line 242, the Quartos read *respects*; probably the change to *regards* was made in the Folio in consequence of the recurrence of *respects* in line 251. Line 251, the Folio has *respect and fortunes*. Line 279, for *duty* the Quartos give *duties*, assigning the speech to Goneril and the next to Regan. Line 284, the Folios read *with shame derides*.

2. Enter KENT, GLOSTER, &c.—F. 1 spells the latter name *Gloucester* here, but in many places it has *Gloster*

or *Glouster*. In Q. 1 the name is regularly *Gloster*, as in the majority of more recent editions.

3. Line 2: ALBANY.—Holinshed (Chron. i. fol. 396, ed. 1577) explains the origin of the name thus: "The third and last part of the Island he (Brutus) allotted unto Albanecte hys youngest sonne. . . . This later parcel at the first, toke the name of Albanactus, who called it Albania." This district, as the chronicler goes on to state, included all the territory north of the Humber.

4. Line 5: for EQUALITIES are so weigh'd.—That is, equal conditions. I have followed Qq.; the Folio has *qualities*.

5. Line 6: *that CURIOSITY in neither can make choice*, &c.—The meaning of *curiosity* here is doubtful. Warburton makes it "exactest scrutiny," which, on the whole, is as probable as any sense that has been suggested. Steevens explains it as "scrupulousness or captiousness." The only other instance of the word in Shakespeare (outside the present play—see i. 2. 4, and i. 4. 75) is in Timon of Athens, iv. 3. 303, where it evidently means nicety or fastidiousness. The general sense of the passage is clear enough: the values are so nearly alike that careful scrutiny cannot discriminate between them.

6. Line 12: *I cannot CONCEIVE you.*—That is, *understand you*. The quibble in Gloucester's reply needs no explanation.

7. Line 20: *some year elder.*—Compare i. 2. 5, where Edmund makes it "some twelve or fourteen moonshines."

8. Line 21: *came SOMETHING saucily into the world.*—F. 3 and F. 4 have *somewhat*, which some modern editors adopt, though *something* in this adverbial sense is common in Shakespeare. See Abbott, A Shakespearian Grammar, p. 51, and compare, as he does, II. Henry IV. i. 2. 212: "a white head and *something* a round belly."

9. Line 33: *He hath been out nine years.*—His absence for nine years abroad sufficiently explains his not knowing a man so prominent in Lear's court as Kent was; and for the same reason Kent appears not to know him.

10. Line 34: *Attend the Lords of France and BURGUNDY, Gloucester.*—Walker (Versification, p. 240) says that the French *Bourgogne* would satisfy the measure; but Shakespeare takes great liberties with proper names in his verse. See on this point Abbott's Shakespearian Grammar, p. 352.

11. Line 37: *Meantime we shall express our darker purpose.*—"We have already made known in some measure our desire of parting the kingdom; we will now discover what has not been told before, the reasons by which we shall regulate the partition" (Johnson).

12. Line 54: *Where nature doth with merit challenge.*—"That is, where the claim of nature is superadded to that of merit; or where a superior degree of natural filial affection is joined to the claim of other merits" (Steevens). Qq. have the simpler reading, *where merit most doth challenge it*. *Challenge* in the sense of "claim as due" (Schmidt) is not rare in Shakespeare. See Othello, i. 3. 188; ii. 1. 213; Romeo and Juliet, iii. 5. 216; &c. We have another instance in iv. 7. 31 of the present play.

13. Line 54: GONERIL.—Moberly (Rugby ed. of Lear) derives this name from *Gwenar*, the British form of *Vener* (Venus); and REGAN he believes to be of the same origin as *Rience*, a name in the Holy Grail, *reian* meaning in Cornish "to give bounteously."

#### 14. Line 56:

*Sir,*

*I love you more than words can wield the matter.*

This is printed as one line in all the early edd., but modern editors have made various attempts to improve the measure. Johnson, Dyce (2nd ed.), Grant White, and Furness adopt the above form. Collier's MS. Corrector strikes out *Sir*. Pope gave *I love you sir*, &c.

15. Line 62: *Beyond all manner of so much I love you.*—The simplest explanation is that which makes *so much* refer to the preceding comparisons. Johnson paraphrases thus: "Beyond all assignable quantity: I love you beyond limits and cannot say it is *so much*, for how much soever I should name, it would yet be more."

16. Line 63: *What shall Cordelia SPEAK?*—The reading of Ff. The Qq. have *do*, which implies that *Love*, and *be silent* is infinitive, not imperative. The majority of the editors have adopted *do*; but Rowe, Knight, Collier,

Delius, Furness, and Rolfe have *speak*, which is also approved by Schmidt.

17. Line 65: *with CHAMPAIGNS rich'd.*—The later Ff. have *Champions*, a spelling found also in Deuteronomy xi. 30 in the ed. of 1611. In Twelfth Night, ii. 5. 174, the Ff. have *champion*, and other old examples of this spelling have been pointed out; [for example, Tamburlaine, part I. ii. 2. 39, 40:

A hundred horsemen of my company

Scouting abroad upon these *champion* plains.

—Bullen's Marlowe, i. p. 32.

And The Pilgrim, v. 1:

In all the *champion* country, and the villages.

—Dyce's Beaumont and Fletcher, vol. viii. p. 83.

Compare, too, Middleton's A Trick to Catch the Old One, iv. 4: "There's goodly parks and *champion grounds* for you" (Bullen's ed. vol. ii. p. 324). The same phrase occurs in A Mad World, My Masters, ii. 2 (Bullen, iii. p. 277).—A. W. V.]

18. Line 71: *that SELF metal.*—Compare iv. 3. 36 below: "*self* mate and mate." *Self*=selfsame occurs very often in Shakespeare.

19. Line 72: *And prize me at her worth.*—That is, reckon my affection equal to hers. Theobald put a comma after *worth*, explaining thus: "And *so may you* prize me at her worth, *as* in my true heart I find *that* she names," &c. Mason (Comments, p. 338) wished to read "prize *you* at her worth."

20. Line 73: *names my very deed of love.*—Describes my love as indeed it is, as it really is.

21. Line 76: *Which the most precious square of sense professes.*—This line is probably corrupt, but no satisfactory emendation has been proposed. The Ff. and Qq. agree in the puzzling *square of sense*, but the latter have *possesses* for *professes*. Warburton thought that *square of sense* referred to "the four nobler senses, sight, hearing, taste, and smell." Johnson says: "Perhaps *square* means only *compass, comprehension*." Moberly makes it "the choicest estimate of sense;" and Wright (Clarendon Press ed.) "The most delicately sensitive part of my nature." But wherefore *square* to express any of these meanings? The critics see the general sense, which is obvious enough, and try to express it in the way that will best square with *square*; but no one succeeds, I think, in making the connection really natural. Rolfe says: "If Shakespeare wrote the word, it must have one of these meanings—rule, estimate, compass, or range;" but he suspects corruption. Collier's Corrector has *sphere of sense*; and Singer reads *spacious sphere*. Grant White at first (Shakes. Scholar, p. 423) favoured *spacious square*, but in his edition of the dramatist he falls back on the old text, which, though "very obscure," may not be corrupt, and "seems to mean the entire domain of sensation." Furness, who reads *professes*, ends his review of the many comments on the passage thus: "Whatever meaning or no-meaning we may attach to *square of sense*, it seems clear to me that Regan refers to the joys which that square *professes* to bestow." As Schmidt says, "to object to a word because it occurs twice within two lines, appears to be, in the interpretation of Shakespeare, a custom

as ill-grounded as it is widespread, but from which, at all events, the poet himself was free." [On the other hand *professes* may conceivably have ousted *possesses* through the compositor's eye having caught the end of the last line but one.—A. W. V.]

22. Line 80: *More Ponderous than my tongue*.—The Qq. have *More richer*, which is preferred by the majority of editors. Grant White suggests *More precious*. Schmidt says: "Light was the usual term applied to a wanton, frivolous, and fickle love; 'light o' love' was a proverbial expression. But the opposite of this, *heavy*, could not be here employed, because that means uniformly, in a moral sense, melancholy, sad; nor is *weighty* any better; therefore Shakespeare chose *ponderous*."

23. Line 85: *Although the LAST, NOT LEAST*.—So the first Quarto. The Folio has: "our last and least." The *locus classicus*, so to speak, on *last, not least* is a note by Malone in the Life of Shakespeare which he included in the prolegomena to the Variorum Edition, vol. ii. pp. 276, 277. *Last, not least*, he says, "seems to have been a common formula in that age; and is always applied to a person very highly valued by the speaker." Malone gives numerous passages in which the phrase occurs, including the present line, and Julius Cæsar, iii. 1. 189:

Though *last, not least* in love, yours, good Trebonius.

Grant White supports the Folio reading in sentences of exquisite verbal felicity: "A happy change (*i.e.* from the Quarto reading to that of the Folio) [was] made from the commonplace of 'last, not least' to an allusion to the personal traits and family position of Cordelia. The impression produced by all the passages in which she appears or is referred to is, that she was her father's little pet, while her sisters were big, bold, brazen beauties." And so on. The critic, by the way, cherished the *idée fixe* that the Cambridge editors plagiarized from him; this, however, in passing. Furness remarks: "if *last, not least* was a hackneyed phrase in Shakespeare's time, it is all the more reason why it should not be used here;" though why it is used in Julius Cæsar he does not explain. It seems to me that the critics who condemn the Quarto reading on the ground that it was an Elizabethan commonplace unconsciously adduce the real argument in its favour. Shakespeare has used the phrase once—in the Julius Cæsar passage: *prima facie*, therefore, there is no reason why he should not have employed it again. Moreover, to take a proverbial saying and twist it round to mean something quite different while the *sound* is much the same, that surely is like misquoting a familiar line, or reversing a well-worn maxim; nothing is gained by the artifice; the effect produced is one of simple incongruity; the reader thinks for the moment that the poet has made a slip. I hold therefore that the Quarto is right.—A. W. V.

24. Line 86: *The vines of France and milk of Burgundy*.—Moberly observes: "In ascribing vines to France, and not to Burgundy, Shakespeare may have thought of the pastoral countries of Southern Belgium as forming part of Burgundy (as they did till the death of Charles the Bold, 1477), otherwise we should not understand the distinction; as in the French Burgundy wine-growing was of very old standing; the arms of Dijon and Beaune have

a vine upon them, and a great insurrection of vine-dressers took place there in 1630.—Michelet, *Hist. de France*, ii. 303."

25. Line 87: *Strive to be INTEREST'D*.—The Folios have *interest*, perhaps, as Schmidt says, a contracted form of *interested*. (See Abbott's Shakespearian Grammar, pp. 242–245.) Most editors, however, read *interest'd*, which may be illustrated by several passages, *e.g.* Ben Jonson's Sejanus, iii. 1:

the dear republic,  
Our sacred laws, and just authority  
Are *interest'd* therein;

—Gifford's Ben Jonson, vol. iii. p. 71.

and Massinger's Duke of Milan, i. 1:

The wars so long continued . . .  
Have *interest'd* in either's cause the most  
Of the Italian princes.

—Gifford's Massinger, vol. i. pp. 241, 242, with note.

—A. W. V.

26. Line 94: *I love your MAJESTY*.—Walker (Versif. 174) and Abbott (Grammar, § 468) agree in making *majesty* a dissyllable here; but it would be better, perhaps, to say that the middle syllable is rapidly and lightly pronounced, as in *enemy*, *general*, and so many other words that are metrically equivalent to a dissyllable. Poets generally do not take this liberty except where the half-suppressed syllable is merely an unaccented vowel; but Shakespeare does it not unfrequently where the vowel, as here, is followed by a consonant in the same syllable.

27. Line 96: *How, how, Cordelia!*—The Qq. have *Goe to, goe to or go too, go too*; and Capell, who follows them, inserts *me after mend* to fill out the measure.

28. Line 99: *Return those duties back AS are right fit*.—Furness explains *as* as the relative (see Abbott's Grammar, § 280), which seems better than Abbott's own explanation of the expression as an ellipsis (Grammar, § 384). Keightley reads "*as is right fit*," and Moberly thinks that *are* is equivalent to *is* (changed by "attraction"). Whatever the true explanation be, compare Julius Cæsar, i. 2. 33, 34:

I have not from your eyes *that* gentleness  
And show of love *as* I was wont to have.

29. Line 106: *To love my father all*.—Omitted in Ff.

30. Line 112: THE MYSTERIES OF HECATE.—*Hecate* is a dissyllable in Shakespeare except in I. Henry VI. iii. 2. 64, which, as Wright remarks, is "a significant fact as regards Shakespeare's share in that play."

31. Line 113: *the OPERATION of the orbs*.—The influence of the stars, on which Edmund comments at length in the next scene. The later Ff. have *operations*, and are followed by Capell, Jennens, Steevens, and a few other editors.

32. Line 118: *The barbarous Scythian*.—Compare Titus Andronicus, i. 1. 131: "Was ever *Scythia* half so barbarous?" Wright quotes Purchas, Pilgrimage (ed. 1614, p. 396): "These customs were generally to the Scythians in Europe and Asia (for which cause *Scytharum facinora patrare*, grew into a proverbe of immane crueltye, and their Land was iustly called Barbarous): others were more speciall and peculiar to particular Nations Scythian."

33. Line 124: *Come not between the DRAGON and his wrath.*—Moberly says: "A natural trope for Lear to use, as, like Arthur, he would wear a helmet,

On which for crest the golden *dragon* clung  
For Britain!"

34. Line 125: *thought to SET MY REST, &c.*—See Romeo and Juliet, note 186; and Henry V. note 88.

35. Line 126: *Hence, and avoid my sight!*—These words are probably addressed to Cordelia, as Rowe, Jennens, Malone, Wright, Furness, and Rolfe explain them, not to Kent, as Heath, Delius, and others argue. Rolfe remarks: "The only reason given for the latter view is that Cordelia does not go out, as, it is said, she would be likely to do upon such a command; but neither does Kent obey the order, and Cordelia would perhaps be no more likely to leave at the first impatient word of her father. Before she has fairly time to go, the order is given to call in France to take her if he will."

36. Line 128: *who stirs?*—Delius interprets this as a threat to terrify into silence any possible interference on the part of those present. Moberly says: "The courtiers seem unwilling to obey a command so reckless." Rolfe cites with approval Furness's suggestion: "May it not be that the circle of courtiers are so horror-struck at Lear's outburst of fury, and at Cordelia's sudden and impending doom, that they stand motionless and forget to move?" No better exegesis could be given.

37. Line 133: *the large effects.*—The grand insignia or attributes that accompany royalty.

38. Line 139: *execution OF THE REST.*—As Rolfe says, this is "antithetical to *The name, &c.*, and includes all powers and attributes not thus reserved." Heath conjectures *execution, interest*; and Jennens suggests *all the rest*. Pope omits the words, and Capell has *and the rest*.

39. Lines 146, 147:  
*though the FORK invade  
The region of my heart.*

Wright cites Ascham, Toxophilus (ed. Arber, p. 135), where two kinds of arrow-heads are described: "The one he calleth *δρεμης*, deserybynge it thus, hauyng two poyntes or barbes, looking backwarde to the stele and the fethers, which surely we call in Englishe a brode arrowe head or a swalowe tayle. The other he calleth *πρωγης*, hauyng .ii. poyntes stretchyng forwarde, and this Englysh men do call a forkehead." See *As You Like It*, note 35.

40. Line 148: *What wouldst thou do, old man?*—"This is spoken on seeing his master put his hand to his sword" (Capell).

41. Line 151: *When majesty FALLS to folly.* RESERVE thy STATE.—The reading of the Ff. The Qq. have: "When majesty stoops to folly. Reverse thy doome." The majority of editors follow the Qq., but Knight, Delius, Singer, Schmidt, Furness, and Rolfe are on the other side. Furness defends the Ff. thus: "Kent is such a noble fellow that we who know Cordelia's truthfulness and honesty, and have heard her words spoken aside, cannot but think that he is here pleading her cause. But I am afraid we are too hasty. Kent is pleading, not for Cordelia, but for

Lear himself; he has not as yet made the slightest allusion to Cordelia. When Lear denounces her, Kent, who sees that Lear is crushing the only chance of future happiness, starts forward with 'Good my liege;' but before he can utter another word Lear interrupts him, and interprets his exclamation as an intercession for Cordelia; and we fall into the same error, so that when Kent speaks again we keep up the same illusion, whereas all that he now says breathes devotion to the king, and to no one else. The folly to which majesty falls is not the casting off of a daughter,—that is no more foolish in a king than in a subject,—but it is the surrendering of revenue, of sway, and of the crown itself,—this is hideous rashness, this is power bowing to flattery. Hence, Kent entreats Lear 'to reserve his state.' And to show still more conclusively that Lear, and not Cordelia, is chiefly in his thoughts, in his very next speech he says that the motive for which he now risks his life is the safety of the king. Furthermore, when Lear has been turned out of doors and his daughters have usurped all his powers, Gloucester (iii. 4. 168, 169) says,

ah, that good Kent!

He said it would be thus,

which cannot well refer to any other passage than the present. Moreover, had Kent been so devoted to Cordelia as to suffer banishment for her sake, would he not have followed her to France rather than followed as a servant his great patron whom he had thought on in his prayers? It need scarcely be added that 'Reserve thy state' means 'retain thy royal dignity and power.'

42. Line 153: *answer my life my judgment, &c.*—"That is, let my life be answerable for my judgment, or I will stake my life on my opinion" (Johnson).

43. Lines 160, 161:

*See better, Lear; and let me still remain  
The true blank of thine eye.*

"The white or exact mark at which the arrow is shot. 'See better,' says Kent, 'and keep me always in your view'" (Johnson).

44. Line 171: *That thou hast sought.*—The Qq. have *since*, which Schmidt regards as "less in the tone of suppressed passion which characterizes the speech, and leading, grammatically, less directly than *that* to the main point: *take thy reward.*"

45. Line 172: *with STRAIN'D pride.*—For the use of *strain'd*, compare II. Henry IV. i. 1. 161:

This *strained* passion doth you wrong, my lord.

The Qq. have *straid*, which Johnson explained as "exorbitant, passing due bounds."

46. Line 175: *Our potency made good, take thy reward.*—To prove that our power is equal to our threat, take the due of thy deserts. Heath would read, "*nor* potency make good." Q. 2, followed by Pope and Warburton, has *make for made*.

47. Line 177: *from DISEASES of the world.*—A clear instance of *dis-ease* as opposed to *ease*. Compare I. Henry VI. ii. 5. 44:

And, in that *ease*, I'll tell thee my *disease*.

The Ff. have *disasters*, which is adopted by Capell. Knight, Delius, Dyce (1st ed.), and White. For the verb *disease*, see *Macbeth*, note 252.

48. Line 190: *He'll shape his old COURSE in a country new.*—He will spend his old age in a new country. This appears to be the simple and obvious meaning; but some have supposed that *course* should be *corse*, and so good a critic as Wright thinks "there is evidently a play upon" these two words. [*For shape his course* Steevens aptly compares Peele, *The Battle of Alcazar*, ii. 4:

Saint George for England! and Ireland now adieu,  
For here Tom Stukely *shapes his course* anew.

—Greene and Peele, *Dyce's ed.*, p. 43r.

—A. W. V.]

49. Line 193: *We first ADDRESS TOWARDS you.*—Rolfé compares Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 92, 93:

*Toward that shade I might behold address  
The king and his companions.*

50. Line 201: *that LITTLE-SEEMING substance.*—The hyphen is not in the early eds., and some modern critics would omit it, making *seeming* mean "beautiful" (Johnson), "specious" (Steevens), &c. Moberly thinks that *little-seeming* means "seeming so slight and shallow;" but I prefer to regard it as an allusion to Cordelia's height.

51. Line 203: *may filly LIKE your grace.*—Compare ii. 2. 96 below:

*His countenance likes me not.*

52. Line 209: *Election MAKES NOT UP on such conditions.*—That is, does not make up its mind, as we say, or "comes to no decision" (Schmidt).

53. Line 217: *your BEST object.*—The Ff. omit *best*, which Collier's Corrector changes to *best*. Schmidt defends the Ff., comparing cases in which *object* is used without an adjective; as in *Venus and Adonis*, 255:

*The time is spent, her object will away.*

54. Line 230: *It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness.*—So Qq; the Folios giving *murther* for *murder*, and though the reading is unsatisfactory I hardly think we are justified in adopting Collier's sweeping change—*nor other foulness*. Hudson suggests that Cordelia purposely uses *murder* "out of place, as a glance at the hyperbolical absurdity of denouncing her as 'a wretch whom Nature is ashamed to acknowledge.'" Rolfé, commenting on this, says: "By 'out of place' we presume he refers to its being used in the speech, not to its strange position between *blot* and *foulness*, which, to our thinking, settles the question beyond a doubt. We can conceive of Cordelia's using the word in the way that Hudson suggests (indeed, it seems to us the best explanation of her using it—if she did use it—that has been offered), but not of her putting it so preposterously 'out of place' in the speech. One has only to read the line, giving *murder* the sarcastic tone which this explanation requires, in order to see how awkwardly it comes in at that point."

55. Line 233: *But even for want of that for which I'm richer.*—Wright remarks: "The construction is imperfect, though the sense is clear. We should have expected 'even the want,' as Hammer reads, but Shakespeare was probably guided by what he had written in the line preceding, and mentally supplied 'I am deprived.' There is an obscurity about *for which*. It would naturally mean 'for having which,' but here it must signify 'for wanting which.'"

56. Line 262: *this UNPRIZ'D precious maid.*—*Unprized* may="prizeless;" but, as Rolfé remarks, "the other sense gives us an antithesis (unprized by others, but precious to me) instead of a mere repetition of epithets."

57. Line 263: *though UNKIND.*—The word clearly means *unnatural*, as in iii. 4. 73: "his *unkind* daughters."

58. Line 264: *Thou lovest HERE, a better WHERE to find.*—"Here and where have the power of nouns: Thou lovest this residence to find a better residence in another place" (Johnson).

59. Line 271: *YE jewels of our father.*—All the early eds. have *The jewels*, which Walker (*Critical Exam.* iii. 276) defends, though somewhat lamely. As Halliwell remarks, *Ye* and *The* were constantly written alike in MSS. and therefore liable to be confounded by the printer.

60. Line 275: *your PROFESSED bosoms.*—For *bosoms* in the sense of *love*, compare v. 3. 49 below. There is no necessity for reading *professing*, as Pope does, or explaining *professed* as "which had made professions" (Wright).

61. Line 282: *And well are worth the want that you have wanted.*—"And well deserve the want that you have brought upon yourself" (Rolfé and Schmidt), *want* being a "cognate accusative;" or "well deserve the want of that affection in which you yourself have been wanting" (Wright). The emendations that have been proposed are numerous, but not worth recording.

62. Line 292: *the observation we have made of it hath NOT been little.*—The Ff. omit *not*, and are followed by Rowe, Knight, Delius (first ed.), and Schmidt, who explains *little* as "little in comparison with what we may expect in the future, to judge from Lear's treatment of Cordelia."

63. Line 300: *long-engrafted condition.*—Well explained by Malone as "qualities of mind confirmed by long habit."

64. Lines 308-310: *if our father carry authority with such dispositions as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.*—If he goes on in this manner, taking back his authority the moment his will is crossed, we shall only be the worse off for his surrender of his kingdom to us.

65. Line 312: *We must do something, and I THE HEAT.*—A version of the proverb, "Strike while the iron is hot." Compare II. Henry IV. ii. 4. 323-325: "My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat."—A. W. V.

#### ACT I. SCENE 2.

66. Line 1: *Thou, nature, art my goddess.*—Warburton says: "Shakespeare makes this bastard an atheist;" but Steevens aptly replies: "Edmund speaks of *nature* in opposition to *custom*, and not to the existence of a God." Moreover, the speech ends with an invocation to the gods.

67. Line 3: *Stand in the PLAGUE of custom.*—Be exposed to the plague, or vexation, of custom (Capell). Warburton reads *plage*, "that is, the place, the country, the boundary of custom;" and Staunton favours this inter-

pretation of *plague*, which he thinks may be the Latin *plaga*. Wright suggests that "Shakespeare had in his mind a passage in the Prayer Book Version of Psalm xxxviii. 17: 'And I truly am set in the *plague*;' where *plague* . . . evidently follows the Latin of Jerome's translation: 'Quia ego ad plagam paratus sum.'"

68. Line 4: *The CURIOSITY of nations to deprive me.*—Pope reads *nicety*; and Theobald, Warburton, Hamner, Johnson, Capell, and Jennens, *curtesie* or *courtesy*. Walker (Versification, 201) believes that *curiosity* was pronounced *curious'ty*. Compare Abbott's Grammar, §456.

69. Line 18: *fine word*,—*legitimate!*—Omitted in the Qq.

70. Line 21: *Shall TOP the legitimate.*—Capell's emendation for the *tooth* of the Qq. and *to th'* or *to th'* of the Ff. Hamner gave *toe th'*, as meaning "to come up to." Compare Coriolanus, ii. 1. 23: "*topping* all others in boasting;" and Macbeth, iv. 3. 57: "In evils to *top* Macbeth."

71. Line 24: *subscrib'd his power!*—Compare Sonnet cvii. 10-12:

My love looks fresh, and Death to me *subscribes*,  
Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rhyme,  
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes.

The Ff. have *Prescrib'd*, which is adopted by Rowe, Knight, and Schmidt.

72. Line 25: *Confin'd to EXHIBITION!*—See Two Gentlemen of Verona, note 33; and Othello, note 57.

73. Line 26: *Upon the GAD!*—Johnson took *gad* to be the gad-fly, but Ritson explained correctly that it is the iron used as a *goad*. In Titus Andronicus, iv. 1. 102, 103, it is the *stylus* used by the ancients in writing:

I will go get a leaf of brass,  
And with a *gad* of steel will write these words.

74. Line 47: *as an ESSAY or TASTE of my virtue.*—The meaning obviously is "as a trial or test of my virtue;" but there has been a difference of opinion as to the metaphor. Johnson was inclined to read "essay or test" (Collier, in his third ed. has *test*), as being "both metallurgical terms;" but it is quite certain, as Stevens thought, that they are "terms from royal tables," and refer to the practice of *tasting the assay*, or *say*—a regular formality at the beginning of a meal at court. Nares says: "To *give the say* was for the royal taster to declare the goodness of the wine or dishes." Compare Richard II. v. 5. 99-104, and see the quotation from Holinshed in note 326. See also v. 3. 143 of the present play, where we have the same figure; as also King John, note 308, and Sonnet cxiv. 12, 13. Of course *essay* and *assay* are etymologically the same word, of which *say* in this special sense is a contraction. For *taste*=test, compare Hamlet, ii. 2. 452: "a *taste* of your quality."

75. Line 48: "*This POLICY and reverence of age.*"—*Policy* is not limited by *of age*, but is to be taken absolutely. Schmidt defines it as "the frame of civil government in a state;" Rolfe as "the established order of things," which seems to be its meaning. The phrase may, however, be explained as a hendiadys for "the policy of holding in reverence."

76. Line 65: *the casement of my CLOSET.*—For this sense of *closet*, compare Matthew vi. 6. In iii. 8. 10 of this play the meaning is probably the same, though Schmidt gives it the more familiar modern sense, which of course fits the context as well.

77. Lines 103-105:

Edm. *Nor is not, sure.*

Glo. *To his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him.—Heaven and earth!*

All this is wanting in the Ff., and Schmidt believes that it was an interpolation of the theatre for sensational effect. He regards it as inconsistent with the character of Gloucester, who shows no paternal affection for Edgar until after he has driven him away.

78. Line 108: *I would UNSTATE myself.*—Compare Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 13. 29, 30:

Yes, like enough, high-battled Cæsar will  
*Unstate* his happiness.

79. Line 112: *These late eclipses, &c.*—For other references to the superstition of the time concerning eclipses, see Hamlet, i. 1. 120; Othello, v. 2. 99; and Sonnet cvii. 6. Moberly remarks: "As to the current belief in astrology, we may remember that, at the time when this play was written, Dr. Dee, the celebrated adept, was grieving for his lost patroness, Queen Elizabeth; that the profligate court of James I. was in 1613 frightened by the appearance of a comet into a temporary fit of gravity; and that even Charles I. sent £500 as a fee to William Lilly for consulting the stars as to his flight from Hampton Court in 1647." Rolfe notes that Milton has several allusions to the ominous nature of eclipses; as in the grand image in Paradise Lost, i. 594-599:

as when the sun new-risen  
Looks through the horizontal misty air,  
Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon,  
In dim *eclipse*, disastrous twilight sheds  
On half the nations, and with fear of change  
Perplexes monarchs.

From Sonnet xiv. we may infer that Shakespeare was not a believer in astrology, though he uses it for dramatic and poetic purposes, as writers of our own day still do. Edgar and Cassius (Julius Cæsar, i. 2. 140) probably express his personal opinion on the subject.

80. Lines 113-115: *though the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourg'd by the sequent effects.*—In *sequent effects* Gloucester begs the question, confounding the *post hoc* and *propter hoc*. Aside from this, the statement is a truism; whatever we may say of the philosophy of these natural events, their consequences (or what are supposed to be their consequences) are none the less felt by us. Moberly remarks: "This curious view is repeated, with remarkable force of language, by Sir T. Browne, even in the less credulous times (Buckle, i. 336) when he wrote his Treatise on Vulgar Errors: 'That two suns or moons should appear, is not worth the wonder. But that the same should fall out at the point of some decisive action, that these two should make but one line in the book of fate, and stand together in the great Ephemerides of God, besides the philosophical assignment of the cause, it may admit a Christian apprehension in the signality' (i. 2). We learn also from

Bishop Burnet that Lord Shaftesbury believed in astrology, and thought that the souls of men live in the stars."

81. Lines 118-124: *This villain of mine . . . disquietly to our graves.*—This passage is not in the Qq. As Delius remarks, *disquietly* is used causatively: *disquieting us*. In *bias of nature* we have one of Shakespeare's frequent allusions to the game of bowls. Compare Richard II. iii. 4. 5; Henry V. ii. 2. 188; Taming of the Shrew, iv. 5. 25; Hamlet, ii. 1. 65; Coriolanus, iii. 1. 60, &c.

82. Line 132: *villains BY necessity.*—The Folio has *on*. Schmidt asserts that "Shakespeare has an unmistakable preference for *on* or *upon* to express that which gives the motive or impulse to anything;" but Rolfe shows by many quotations that the examples Schmidt gives "can be readily balanced by others in which other prepositions are used."

83. Line 133: *and TREACHERS.*—The Qq. have *trecherers*. Mr. Aldis Wright compares The Captain, v. 4:

Where art thou *treacher*?

—Beaumont and Fletcher, Dyce's ed. vol. iii. p. 318.

and The Bloody Brother, iii. 1:

Play not two parts,

*Treacher* and coward both. —Ibid. vol. x. p. 414.

*Treachour*, I may note, is quite common in Spenser; cf. the following lines:

No knight, but *treachour* full of false despight;

—Faerie Queene, bk. i. c. iv. st. xii. l. 4.

Where may that *treachour* then . . . be found?

—Bk. ii. c. i. st. xii. l. 6.

The whiles to me the *treachour* did remove

His craftie engin. —Bk. ii. c. iv. st. xxvii. l. 3.

Spenser also employs the form *treachetour*; see Globe edition of his works, pp. 31, 81, 99, 136.—A. W. V.]

84. Line 134: *spherical PREDOMINANCE.*—The word (so the adjective *predominant*, for which see All's Well, i. 1. 211), like *disasters* and *influence*, was an astrological technicality; see Troilus and Cressida, note 140. For *influence*, compare Job xxxviii. 31.

85. Line 146: *like the catastrophe of the old comedy.*—"That is, just as the circumstance which decides the catastrophe of a play intervenes on the very nick of time, when the action is wound up to its crisis, and the audience are impatiently expecting it" (Heath). Scholars, of course, will recollect Horace's *deus ex machina* (Ars Poetica, 191, 192).

86. Line 149: *fa, sol, la, mi.*—Specialists are apt to read into Shakespeare a world of matter, derived from their pet science or profession. Dr. Burney (quoted by Wright in the Clarendon Press ed.) says: "Shakespeare shows by the context that he was well acquainted with the property of these syllables in solmization, which imply a series of sounds so unnatural that ancient musicians prohibited their use. The monkish writers on music say: *mi contra fa est diabolus*: the interval *fa mi*, including a *tritonus*, or sharp 4th, consisting of three tones without the intervention of a semitone, expressed in the modern scale by the letters F G A B, would form a musical phrase extremely disagreeable to the ear. Edmund, speaking of eclipses as portents and prodigies, compares the disloca-

tion of events, the times being out of joint, to the unnatural and offensive sounds, *fa, sol, la, mi.*" Wright adds: "For this note, Mr. Chappell assures me, there is not the slightest foundation. Edmund is merely singing to himself in order not to seem to observe Edgar's approach." And to this Furness adds: "Just as Mistress Quickly sings 'And down, down, adown-a' in the Merry Wives (i. 4. 44) when Doctor Caius is approaching." [I expect *sol, fa, &c.* were used in any combination; compare Campaspe, iv. 3: "But what doth Alexander in the meane season; but use for tantara—*sol, fa, la*—for his hard couch, downe beds?" (Fairholt's Lilly, vol. i. p. 134). —A. W. V.]

87. Lines 157-166: *as of unnaturalness. . . . Come, come.*—All this is wanting in the Ff. As evidence that the passage is spurious, Schmidt notes that it contains no less than six words not used elsewhere by Shakespeare: *unnaturalness, menace* (noun), *malediction, dissipation, cohort*, and *astronomical*. Rolfe says: "He might have added that *sectary* occurs only in Henry VIII. v. 3. 70, a part of the play probably not written by Shakespeare."

88. Line 178: *with the mischief of your person.*—That is, mischief to your person. Hammer and Capell unnecessarily change *with* to *without*, and Johnson suggested *but with*.

89. Lines 181-187: *That's my fear. . . . Arm'd, brother!*—The Qq. add *brother* to *That's my fear*, but omit the rest of this, and also the *Brother* at the beginning of the next speech.

90. Line 182: *a continent forbearance.*—"A forbearing restraint upon yourself" (Clarke).

## ACT I. SCENE 3.

91. Line 14: *If he DISTASTE it.*—The Qq. have *dislike*, which is adopted by Capell, Steevens, the Globe editors, and Moberly. Rolfe compares Troilus and Cressida, ii. 2. 66:

Although my will *distaste* what it elected

92. Lines 16-20: *Not to be over-ru'l'd . . . they're seen abus'd.*—These lines are omitted in the Ff., and are printed as prose in the Qq. As Schmidt remarks, the fact that they can be arranged metrically is evidence of their authenticity.

93. Line 20: *With checks as flatteries, when they're seen abus'd.*—The line may be corrupt, but no emendation that has been proposed is, on the whole, satisfactory. Schmidt's "With checks when flatteries are seen abus'd" is the most plausible. If the line is what Shakespeare wrote, we must accept Tyrwhit's interpretation: "With checks, as well as flatteries, when they (that is, flatteries) are seen to be abused."

94. Lines 24, 25:

*I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,  
That I may speak.*

This is not in the Ff.; but, although the verse is not very smooth, it fills out the regular lines, and is probably from Shakespeare's pen. Moberly thinks "the vixenish tone of Goneril" affects the measure of line 23 at least,

## ACT I. SCENE 4.

95. Line 2: *That can my speech DEFUSE*.—That is, disorder it, and so disguise it, as he had disguised his dress. Here (as in Henry V. v. 2. 61 and Richard III. i. 2. 78) the Folio has *defuse*, and there can be no possible reason for changing to *diffuse*. For *defuse* see Henry V. note 270, and Richard III. note 81. In the latter the present passage will be found with the wrong reading—*diffuse*. Rowe—and he was followed by Pope and Johnson—read *disuse*.

96. Line 18: *to eat no fish*.—That is, to be a Protestant. Warburton remarks that to eat fish on account of religious scruples was in Queen Elizabeth's time the mark of a Papist and an enemy to the government. He quotes Marston, Dutch Courtezan, i. 2: "I trust I am none of the wicked that eat fish a Fridays;" and Fletcher, Woman-Hater, iv. 2: "He should not have eaten under my roof for twenty pounds; and surely I did not like him when he called for fish" (Dyce's Beaumont and Fletcher, vol. i. p. 74). Capell thinks the meaning is simply that Kent is a jolly fellow and no lover of such meagre diet as fish.

97. Line 48: Enter OSWALD.—Furness quotes Davies (Dramatic Miscellany, ii. 176): "He generally enters the stage in a careless, disengaged manner, humming a tune, as if on purpose to give umbrage to the king by his neglect of him."

98. Line 50: *Call the CLOTPOLL back*.—We find *clotpoll* in its original sense of *head* in Cymbeline, iv. 2. 184:

I have sent Cloten's *clotpoll* down the stream.

99. Line 75: *mine own jealous CURIOSITY*.—"A punctilious jealousy, resulting from a scrupulous watchfulness of his own dignity" (Steevens). Compare note 5 above.

100. Line 80: *the fool hath much pined away*.—Clarke remarks that this speech "serves to excite a tender interest in the fool before he enters," and "to depict Cordelia's power of attaching and endearing those around her."

101. Line 92: *Do you BANDY looks with me?*—"A metaphor from tennis," as Steevens notes. Compare Romeo and Juliet, ii. 5. 14, where it is carried out in detail, and Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 29.

102. Line 104: Enter FOOL.—Mr. C. A. Brown (Shakespeare's Autobiographical Poems, 1838, p. 292) remarks: "Now, our joy, though last, not least, my dearest of all Fools, Lear's Fool! Ah, what a noble heart, a gentle and a loving one, lies beneath that parti-coloured jerkin! . . . Look at him! It may be your eyes see him not as mine do, but he appears to me of a light delicate frame, every feature expressive of sensibility even to pain, with eyes lustrously intelligent, a mouth blandly beautiful, and withal a hectic flush upon his cheek. Oh that I were a painter! Oh that I could describe him as I knew him in my boyhood, when the Fool made me shed tears, while Lear did but terrify me! . . . When the Fool enters, throwing his coxcomb at Kent, and instantly follows it up with allusions to the miserable rashness of Lear, we ought to understand him from that moment to the last. Throughout this scene his wit, however varied, still aims at the same point, and in spite of threats, and regardless

how his words may be construed by Goneril's creatures, with the eagerness of a filial love he prompts the old king to 'resume the shape which he had cast off.' 'This is not altogether fool, my lord.' But, alas! it is too late; and when driven from the scene by Goneril, he turns upon her with an indignation that knows no fear of the 'halter' for himself:

A fox when one has caught her,  
And such a daughter,  
Should sure to the slaughter,  
If my cap would buy a halter.

That such a character should be distorted by players, printers, and commentators! Observe every word he speaks; his meaning, one would imagine, could not be misinterpreted; and when at length, finding his covert reproaches can avail nothing, he changes his discourse to simple mirth, in order to distract the sorrows of his master. When Lear is in the storm, who is with him? None—not even Kent—"None but the Fool; who labours to outjest his heart-struck injuries." The tremendous agony of Lear's mind would be too painful, and even deficient in pathos, without this poor faithful servant at his side. It is he that touches our hearts with pity, while Lear fills the imagination to aching." Furness, after quoting this and Charles Cowden-Clarke's comments on the Fool, in which he describes him as "a youth, not a grown man," says: "After these long and good notes by my betters I wish merely to record humbly but firmly my conviction that the Fool, one of Shakespeare's most wonderful characters, is not a boy, but a man—one of the shrewdest, tenderest of men, whom long life had made shrewd, and whom afflictions had made tender; his wisdom is too deep for any boy, and could be found only in a man, removed by not more than a score of years from the king's own age; he had been Lear's companion from the days of Lear's early manhood." Grant White and Rolfe also believe the Fool to be a man rather than a boy.

103. Line 109: *take my COXCOME*.—Minsheu (Guide, 1617, s.v. *cockes-combe*) says: "Englishmen use to call vaine and proud braggers and men of meane discretion *Coxcombes*. Because naturall Idiots and Fooles haue, and still doe accustometh themselves to weare in their Cappes, cock's feathers, or a hat with a necke and head of a cocke on the top and a bell thereon, &c., and thinke themselves finely fitted and proudly attired therewith, so we compare a presumptuous bragging fellow, and wanting all true Iudgement and discretion, to such an Idiotie foole, and call him also Coxecombe."

104. Line 110: *Why, fool?*—The Qq. read thus, giving the speech to Kent. F. 1 and F. 2 read *Why my Boy?* and assign it to Lear. White says: "Lear had taken no one's part that's out of favour, but Kent had."

105. Line 117: *How now, NUNCLE!*—"A familiar contraction of *mine uncle* . . . the customary appellation of the licensed fool to his superiors" (Nares). Compare *Ned* (mine Ed), *Nell* (mine Ellen), and similar nicknames. *Yedward* (I. Henry IV. i. 2. 149) is of course for my *Edward*.

106. Line 123: *Take heed, sirrah,—the whip*.—Whipping was often the punishment of fools when they happened



to offend their masters. See *As You Like It*, i. 2. 91: "you'll be *whipp'd* for taxation [satire] one of these days." Compare also line 197 of this scene: "An you lie, sirrah, we'll have you *whipp'd*," and the Fool's reply.

107. Line 125: *Lady, the brach*.—Compare I. Henry IV. iii. 1. 240, 241: "I had rather hear *Lady, my brach*, howl in Irish." *Lady* seems to have been a common name (or epithet, perhaps) of female hounds.

108. Line 136: *Learn more than thou TROWEST*.—Warburton and others explain *trowest* as "believe, think, or conceive;" but Capell is right in making it here equivalent to *know*. In line 234 of this scene the Qq. have *trou* instead of the *know* of the Ff. Rolfe compares *As You Like It*, iii. 2. 139: *Trou* you who hath done this?" and Taming of the Shrew, i. 2. 164, 165:

*Trow* you

Whither I am going?

109. Line 136: *Set less than thou throwest*.—Stake less than thou throwest *for*; or, perhaps, as Schmidt makes it, "than thou hast won by thy last throw."

110. Lines 154–169: *That lord that counsell'd thee . . . they'll be snatching*.—All this is omitted in the Ff.—"perhaps for political reasons, as the lines seemed to censure the monopolies" (Johnson). [As a rule it is not very wise to attempt to read political and contemporary allusions into the text of Shakespeare; Warburton's rhapsody on *Midsummer Night's Dream*, ii. 1. 150–154, is a lasting warning against such proceedings. I expect, however, that Johnson is right here in his suggestion. The monopolies had long been a burning question: their history was as follows; I give the admirable summary in Feilden's *Short Constitutional History*, pp. 186, 187: "Monopolies . . . arose from the prerogative of the crown to regulate all matters of trade. Privileges, and exclusive rights of trade, were granted to merchants as early as the reign of William I. in return for money. The system was much abused under Elizabeth, who granted her favourites monopolies for dealing exclusively in different articles. . . . In 1571 a question was asked in Parliament about the abuse, but the proposer was summoned before the council, and the subject dropped until 1597, when an address on the subject was presented to the Queen, who promised to recall the illegal monopolies. The abuse, however, continued; and in 1601, a bill against them was introduced by Lawrence Hyde, and so strongly supported that the Queen had to yield. Monopolies however, continued, and were freely sold by James I.; in 1621, Sir Giles Mompesson was impeached for abusing his monopoly of gold and silver thread by manufacturing it of a baser metal. In 1624, monopolies were abolished by Parliament." Note that the first Folio appeared in what must have been the most critical year in the long struggle, viz. 1623. Many people, I imagine, who heard the lines which the Folio omits could have thought of this standing grievance; and to not a few "lords and great men" would have suggested this same Sir Giles Mompesson above alluded to. Critics are agreed that he was the prototype of Massinger's Sir Giles Overreach in *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*; and in *The Bondman*, ii. 3, there is a pretty clear reference to him (see Cunningham's *Massinger*, p. 172). This famous monopolist

long continued to be regarded as the type of evil and avarice in high places; compare two curious references in the works of Thomas Randolph: Aristippus, p. 16, in Hazlitt's ed.; and *Hey for Honesty*, p. 456.—A. W. V.]

111. Line 157: *Do thou for him stand*.—The defective measure has been eked out by various emendations: *Or do* (Hammer), *And do* (White), *Do thou there* (Cambridge editors), &c.

112. Line 168: *and LADIES too*.—The reading of Q. 1, for which Q. 2 has *and ladies too*, which Collier adopted and defended in his 1st and 2nd eds. Dyce in his 1st ed. followed Collier, and then ridiculed him for the reading.

113. Line 179: *If I speak like myself in this, let him be whipp'd that first finds it so*.—Eccles (in his ed. of 1792) paraphrases the passage thus: "If I speak on this occasion like myself—that is, like a fool, foolishly—let not me be whipped, but him who first finds it to be as I have said—that is, the king himself, who was likely to be soonest sensible of the truth and justness of the sarcasm, and who, he insinuates, deserved whipping for the silly part he had acted."

114. Line 181: *Fools had ne'er less grace in a year*.—"There never was a time when fools were less in favour; and the reason is that they were never so little wanted, for wise men now supply their place" (Johnson). For *grace* the Qq. have *wit*, which is preferred by Wright and Moberly.

115. Line 182: *For wise men are grown foppish*.—For the rhyme with *apish*, compare that of *Tom and am* in ii. 3. 20, 21. See also Ellis, *English Pronunciation*, iii. 953, where similar rhymes are cited and commented upon.

116. Lines 191–194: *Then they for sudden joy did weep, &c.*—Steevens compares Heywood, *Rape of Lucrece*, 1608:

When Tanquin first in court began,  
And was approved king,  
Some men for sudden joy gan weep,  
But I for sorrow sing.

—Heywood's *Select Plays*, Mermaid ed. p. 346.

117. Line 206: Enter GONERIL.—Coleridge (*Shakspeare Lectures*, Bohn's ed. 1884, p. 338) remarks: "The monster Goneril prepares what is necessary, while the character of Albany renders a still more maddening grievance possible—namely, Regan and Cornwall in perfect sympathy of monstrosity. Not a sentiment, not an image, which can give pleasure on its own account is admitted. Whenever these creatures are introduced, and they are brought forward as little as possible, pure horror reigns throughout. In this scene, and in all the early speeches of Lear, the one general sentiment of filial ingratitude prevails as the mainspring of the feelings;—in this early stage the outward object causing the pressure on the mind, which is not yet sufficiently familiarized with the anguish for the imagination to work upon it."

118. Line 207: *what makes that frontlet on?*—What causes that frown like a frontlet on your brow? A *frontlet* was a band of cloth worn at night on the forehead to keep it smooth (Malone). Steevens quotes *The Four P's*, where the Pardoner has asked why women are so long dressing

in the morning, and the pedler replies, with a play on the word *let*=hindrance:

Forsooth, women have many lettes,  
And they be masked in many nettes;  
As *frontlettes*, *fyllettes*, *parlettes*, and *bracelettes*;  
And then theyr bonettes, and theyr poyntettes.  
By these lettes and nettes, the lette is suche,  
That spede is small, when haste is much;

—Dodsley, vol. i. p. 350, Hazlitt's ed.

and Zepheria, 1594 (canzon 27):

But now my sunne it fits thou take thy set,  
And vayle thy face with frownes as with a *frontlet*.

—Arber's English Garner, vol. v. p. 79.

Malone adds from Lilly's *Euphuës* (ed. Arber, p. 285): "she was solitary walking, with hir *frowning cloth*, as sick lately of the solens" (that is, sullens); and Clarke cites Chapman, *Hero and Leander*:

E'en like the *forehead cloth* that in the *night*,  
Or when they sorrow, *ladies us'd to wear*.

—Bullen's Marlowe, i. p. 102.

[See, too, I Henry IV. note 67, and add the following example from Lilly's *Mydas*, i. 2: "The purtenances (*i.e.* of a lady's head!) it is impossible to reckon them up, much lesse to tell the nature of them. Hoods, *frontlets*, tires, caules, &c."—Fairholt's Lilly, vol. ii. p. 13.—A. W. V.]

119. Line 211: *now thou art an O without a figure*.—Shakespeare uses the *O* either for zero or for anything round. Thus we find it applied to small-pox marks (*Love's Labour's Lost*, v. 2. 46), to the stars (*Mid. Night's Dream*, iii. 2. 188), to the Globe Theatre (*Henry V.* prol. 13), and to the earth (*Antony and Cleopatra*, v. 2. 81). The present is the only reference to its arithmetical use.

120. Line 219: *SHEALED peascod*.—*Shealed* is the old spelling of *shelled*, which is substituted by Capell, Grant White, and some other editors.

121. Line 221: *But other of your insolent retinue*.—*Retinue* is used to be accented on the second syllable, though we could give it the usual accent by a slightly different scansion. It is the only instance of the word in verse in Shakespeare. Milton makes it *retinue* in the only two instances in which he uses it (*Paradise Lost*, v. 355, and *Paradise Regained*, ii. 419). Tennyson gives it the same accent; as in *Guinevere*:

Of his and her *retinue* moving they;

Aylmer's Field:

The dark *retinue* reverencing death;

and The Princess, iii. 179:

Went forth in long *retinue* following up.

122. Lines 228-233: *which if you should, the fault, &c.*—Moberly remarks: "The rest of the sentence labours under a plethora of relatives. The meaning, however, is simple: "If you instigate your men to riot I will check it, even though it offends you; as that offence, which would otherwise be a shame, would be proved by the necessity to be a discreet proceeding."

123. Line 236: *That it's had IT head bit off by IT young*.—For *it's* the Qq. have it. Most editors change the possessive *it* to *its*, but this is to take an unwarrantable liberty with Shakespeare's English. There are sixteen examples of this *it* in F. 1, and there is another in Q. 1 and Q. 2 of *Lear* in iv. 2. 32:

That nature which contains *it* origin.

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In the only instance in which *its* is now found in the Authorized Version of the Bible (*Leviticus* xxv. 5) the edition of 1611 has "*it* owne accord." In six of the examples in F. 1 (as Rolfe notes) the form occurs in this combination of *it own*.

124. Line 237: *So, out went the candle, and we were left darkling*.—Knight remarks that Shakespeare found the almost identical image applied to the story of *Lear* as told by Spenser, *Faërie Queene*, ii. 10. 30:

But true it is that, when the oyle is spent,  
The light goes out, and weeke [wick] is throwne away:  
So when he had resign'd his regiment,  
His daughter gan despise his drouping day,  
And wearie wax of his continual stay.

—Globe ed. p. 134.

Perhaps, as Farmer suggested, the Fool's remark is a snatch of some well-known ballad. For *darkling*, see *Midsummer Night's Dream*, note 140.

125. Line 245: *Whoop, Jug! I love thee*.—Probably a quotation from some old song. As to *jug*; Skeat says, "*Jug* and *Judge* were usual as pet female names, equivalent to *Jenny* or *Joan*. . . . But they can hardly represent *Joanna*; I suppose they stand for *Judith*, once a common name." Whatever its derivation, the meaning of *jug* is quite clear; it signifies a mistress; and sometimes, less offensively, a friend. Compare the following instances from Dodsley's *Old Plays*:-

King Cambyses, by Thomas Preston:

dost thou think I am a sixpenny *jug*!

—Hazlitt's Dodsley, iv. p. 183.

A Merry Knack to Know a Knave (1594):

"There comes a soldier counterfeit and with him was his *jug*,"

—Ibid. vol. vi. p. 511.

Grim the Collier of Croydon:

the collier chooseth well;

For beauty *jug* doth bear away the bell.

—Ibid. vol. viii. p. 409.

and William Rowley's *A Woman Never Vexed*, i. 1:

Bring him away, *jug*.

—Ibid. vol. xii. p. 115.

In the two last quotations the word obviously bears its more complimentary sense.—A. W. V.

126. Line 248: *his NOTION WEAKNES*.—The Qq. have *notion*, *weaknes*. In the only other instances of *notion* in Shakespeare (*Coriolanus*, v. 6. 107; and *Macbeth*, iii. 1. 38) it means *mind*, as here.

127. Line 249: *Ha! waking? 'tis not so*.—The Qq. read "Sleeping or waking; ha! sure 'tis not so;" and they print the whole speech as prose.

128. Lines 252-255: *I would learn that . . . an obedient father*.—These two speeches are not in the Ff.

129. Line 261: *you should be wise*.—The reading of Q. 2. The other early editions omit *you*; and Steevens would strike out *you should*.

130. Line 263: *so debosh'd*.—This old spelling of *debauched* is the one regularly used in the Ff. in the four instances in which Shakespeare employs the word. Here the Qq. have *deboyst*.

131. Lines 265, 266:

EPICURISM and LUST

Make it more like a TAVERN or a BROTHEL.

"An instance of what Corson calls a *respective construction*. The first word refers to the third, and the second to the fourth" (Furness).

132. Line 270: A LITTLE to *disquantify your train*.—Pope reads of *fifty*, &c., on the ground that Lear shortly afterwards specifies this as the number to be cut off, and yet Goneril had not stated it; but, as Furness suggests, this was probably a simple oversight on Shakespeare's part.

133. Line 283: *Than the SEA-MONSTER!*—The comparison is probably a general one; but there has been much dispute whether the hippopotamus or the whale is meant. One critic has suggested that the reference may be to the *sea-monster* mentioned in The Merchant of Venice, iii. 2. 57.

134. Line 284: *Detested KITE!*—*Kite* was a conventional term of abuse; cf. Henry V. ii. 1. 80, 81:

Fetch forth the lazar *kite* of Cressid's kind,  
Doll Tearsheet.

135. Line 290: *like an ENGINE*.—Alluding to the rack. Wright notes that Chaucer has *engined for racked* in the Nonne Prestes Tale, 15066.

136. Line 296: *Of what hath mov'd you*.—Not found in the Qq.

137. Line 305: a THWART DISNATUR'D *torment*.—The word is not used elsewhere as an adjective by Shakespeare; but Milton has it twice as such. See Paradise Lost, viii. 132; and x. 1075. *Disnatur'd* is used by Daniel in Hymen's Triumph (ii. 4. p. 291, ed. 1623): "I am not so *disnatur'd* a man." [Compare also Field's A Woman is A Weathercock, ii. 1:

This sour *thwart* beginning may portend good.

—Nero and other Plays in Mermaid ed. p. 370.

—A. W. V.]

138. Line 307: *With CADENT tears*.—So the Folio. The Quartos have *accent* or *accient*.

139. Line 308: *her mother's pains and benefits*.—Her maternal pains and loving attentions to her child.

140. Lines 310, 311:

*How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is  
To have a thankless child!*

Malone cites Psalm cxi. 3: "They have *sharpened* their tongues like a *serpent*: adders' poison is under their lips." Moberly observes: "We should have to go to the book of Deuteronomy to find a parallel for the concentrated force of this curse. Can it be Lear who so sternly and simply stabs to the very inward heart of woman's blessedness, leaving his wicked daughter blasted and scathed for ever by his withering words?"

141. Lines 326, 327:

*Ha! is it come to this?*

*Let it be so:—I have another daughter.*

The Ff. omit *is it come to this?* and the Qq. omit *Let it be so*, reading also *yet have I left a daughter*.

142. Line 332: *thou shalt, I warrant thee*.—Omitted in the Ff.

143. Lines 343, 344:

*If my cap would buy a HALTER:  
So the fool follows AFTER.*

Ellis (p. 963) says that these rhymes with *daughter* are remarkable. *Daughter* and *after* (apparently pronounced *arter*) are also rhymed in Taming of the Shrew, i. 1. 244, 245, and Winter's Tale, iv. 1. 27, 28. In the former instance, as here, the rhyme may be meant to be ridiculous.

144. Lines 356, 357:

HOW NOW, OSWALD!

WHAT, have you writ that letter?

The Qq. have:

Gon. What Oswald, ho.  
Oswald. Heere madam.  
Gon. What, &c.

145. Line 360: *my PARTICULAR fear*.—Capell refers this, and rightly in all probability, to "the business threatened by Lear." Delius makes it mean "the particulars of my fear." Schmidt defines *particular* as "personal, individual," comparing v. 1. 30 of this play.

146. Line 362: *As may COMPACT it more*.—"Unite one circumstance with another so as to make a consistent account" (Johnson). *More* may be a dissyllable here.

147. Line 364: *This milky gentleness and course of yours*.—"This milky gentleness of your course" (Schmidt); or, quite as naturally, this milky gentleness and this consequent behaviour of yours.

148. Line 369: *Striving to better, oft we mar what's well*.—Malone quotes Sonnet ciii. 9, 10:

Were it not sinful then, *striving to mend*,  
To mar the subject that before was *well!*

#### ACT I. SCENE 5.

149. Line 1: *Go you before to GLOSTER*.—Capell refers the name to the *city* of Gloucester, as *there* in line 5 suggests. Tyrwhitt remarks: "Shakespeare chose to make Gloucester the residence of the Duke of Cornwall and Regan, in order to give a probability to their setting out late from thence on a visit to the Earl of Gloster, whose castle our poet conceived to be in the neighbourhood of that city."

150. Line 8: *If a man's BRAINS were in's heels, were't not, &c*.—Pope changed *brains* to *brain* on account of the singular pronoun. Rolfe remarks: "Shakespeare makes *brains* plural, except in All's Well, iii. 2. 16: 'the brains of my Cupid's knocked out,' where the intervening singular may perhaps account for the irregularity. As *brain* and *brains* were used indiscriminately (except, as Schmidt notes, in such phrases as 'to beat out the brains'), it is not strange that the pronoun referring to the words should be used somewhat loosely, at least in vulgar parlance."

151. Line 11: *thy wit shall ne'er go slipshod*.—"For you show you have no wit in undertaking your present journey" (Singer).

152. Line 25: *I did her wrong*.—John Weiss (Wit, Humor, and Shakespeare, p. 281) remarks: "The beautiful soul of Cordelia, that is little talked of by herself, and is but stingily set forth by circumstance, engrosses our feeling

in scenes from whose threshold her filial piety is banished. We know what Lear is so pathetically remembering; the sisters tell us in their cruellest moments; it mingles with the midnight storm a sigh of the daughterhood that was repulsed. In the pining of the Fool we detect it. Through every wail or gust of this awful symphony of madness, ingratitude, and irony, we feel a woman's breath."

153. Line 38: *the seven stars*.—The Pleiades. "Furness thinks that the reference may be to the seven stars of the Great Bear; but that group was commonly known as 'Charles' Wain.' Cf. I. Henry IV. ii. 1. 2: 'Charles' wain is over the new chimney.' The Pleiades have been familiar as household words from the earliest times, and 'the seven stars' has always been the popular English name for them" (Rolfe).

154. Line 43: *To tak't again perforce!*—"He is meditating on his resumption of royalty" (Johnson). Steevens says (but wrongly, I think): "Rather he is meditating on his daughter's having in so violent a manner deprived him of those privileges which before she had agreed to grant him."

155. Line 50: *O, let me not be mad!*—Dr. Bucknill remarks (p. 183): "This self-consciousness of gathering madness is common in various forms of the disease. . . . A most remarkable instance of this was presented in the case of a patient, whose passionate, but generous, temper became morbidly exaggerated after a blow upon the head. His constantly expressed fear was that of impending madness; and when the calamity he so much dreaded had actually arrived, and he raved incessantly and incoherently, one frequently heard the very words of Lear proceeding from his lips: 'Oh, let me not be mad!'"

156. Lines 55. 56:

*She that's a maid now, and laughs at my departure,  
Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter.*

These gross lines have been justly suspected of being an interpolation of some actor who "spoke more than was set down for him." As more than one critic has noted, they are palpably dragged in; and it is not Shakespeare's way to introduce anything of the sort unless it is naturally linked to the context.

## ACT II. SCENE 1.

157.—Line 9. For *ear-kissing* the Quartos have *ear-bussing*. Lines 11–13, omitted in two Quartos. Line 20, the line is made nonsense of in Qq., which read, *Which must aske brevifness and future helpe*. Line 47, *revenging* appears in the form *revengioe* in the Quartos; in the next line the Folio has *all the thunder*. Line 78, for *spurs* the Folios have *spirits*. Line 80, *I never got him*, omitted in the Folios. Line 91, *How dost, my lord?* so the First Folio; the others have *how does my lord?* Line 129, the Quartos give the singular *businessse*, which might quite well scan as a trisyllable.

158. Line 28: *Upon his party*.—On his side. Delius (quoted by Furness) says: "In order to confuse his brother and urge him to flight, Edmund asks him first whether he has not spoken against Cornwall, and then, reversing

the question, whether he has not said something on the side of Cornwall against Albany."

159. Lines 36, 37:

*I've seen drunkards  
Do more than this in sport.*

Steevens quotes Marston, Dutch Courtesan [iv. 1]: "Nay, looke you; for my owne part, if I have not as religiously vovd my hart to you,—been drunk to your health, swallowd flap-dragons, eate glasses, drunke urine, stabd arms, and don all the offices of protested gallantrie for your sake" (Halliwell's ed. ii. p. 163). Halliwell cites Cooke, Greene's Tu Quoque: "I will fight with him that dares say you are not fair: stab him that will not pledge your health, and with a dagger pierce a vein, to drink a full health to you."

160. Line 44: *Fled this way, sir*.—"A wrong way should be pointed to" (Capell). Many editors put a period after *sir*, but all the early editors have the comma.

161. Line 52: *in fell MOTION*.—"An attack in fencing, opposed to guard or parrying" (Schmidt). Compare Hamlet, iv. 7. 101–103 (see also 158):

*the scrimers of their nation,  
He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,  
If you oppos'd them.*

Furness quotes Vincentio Saviolo, *His practice*, 1595 (see As You Like It, note 180): "hold your dagger firm, marking (as it were) with one eye the *motion* of your aduersarie" (sig. \*\*\*. p. 1, line 4).

162. Line 54: *LANC'D mine arm*.—The Qq. have *lancht* or *launcht*, and the Ff. *lanch'd*. *Lance* and *launch* are often used indiscriminately. Wright quotes Hollyband (French Dict. 1593): "*Poindre*, to prick, to stick, to *lanch*."

163. Line 55: *But WHEN he saw my best alarum'd spirits*.—The Ff. have *And when*, &c. Staunton conjectures *But whe'r* (whether), which Furness adopts; but Rolfe suggests that there may be a change of construction in *Or whether* (see Abbott's Grammar, §415), or an ellipsis: "Or whether (it was that he was) gasted," &c.

164. Line 57: *Or whether GASTED by the noise I made*.—For *gasted*, see Othello, note 241.

165. Line 61: *My worthy ARCH and patron*.—Steevens quotes Heywood, "If you Know not Me," &c. (p. 48, ed. Shak. Soc.): "Poole, that *arch*, for truth and honesty." Wright refers to the present use of the word by Odd-fellows and Masons.

166. Line 67: *And found him FIGHT to do it*.—"Fixed, settled." Compare Troilus and Cressida, v. 10. 23, 24:

*You vile abominable tents,  
Thus proudly fight upon our Phrygian plains.*  
*Straight-pight* (=erect) occurs in Cymbeline, v. 5. 164. Wright, Moberly, and others say that *pight* is the participle of *pitch*. It is clearly a participle, but probably from the verb *pight* (related to *pitch*), of which Nares cites an example from Warner, Albions England: 'his tent did Asser *pight*.' The same form was used for the past tense; as in a poem of the time of Elizabeth (we quote it from memory):

*He who earth's foundations pight,  
Pight at first, and still sustains.*

Cf. also Spenser, *Faërie Queene*, i. 2. 42:

Then brought she me into this desert waste,  
And by my wretched lovers side me *fight*! (Rolfé).

167. Line 70: *would the REPOSAL*.—The Qq. have *could the reposeure*. *Reposal* is analogous to *disposal*, as *reposure* to *exposure*. Wright says here: "The words *virtue*, or *worth* are in loose construction with the rest of the sentence; 'the reposeure of any trust, (or the belief in any) virtue or worth, in thee.'"

168. Line 78: *very PREGNANT and potential spurs*.—"Ready." Wright says that it is used in this sense 'without any reference to its literal meaning'; and Furness appears to think that this is not a natural figurative use of the word. He considers that Nares came nearer the truth in saying that the ruling sense of the word is that of 'being full or productive of something.' We think that 'ready,' or *about to appear* (in action, as truth, &c., according to the connection) likewise expresses the metaphorical sense of the word; and this will explain some instances of it in Shakespeare which, as Furness admits, do not come clearly under Nares's definition. See, for example, *Winter's Tale*, v. 2. 34. . . . Certain other instances, we admit, are better explained by the other interpretation; while some, like the present, may, in our opinion, be explained equally well by either" (Rolfé).

169. Line 79: *STRONG and fasten'd villain!*—The reading of the Qq., and to be preferred to the *strange* of the Ff. For the bad sense of the word Wright compares *Richard II.* v. 3. 59:

O heinous, *strong*, and bold conspiracy!

and *Timon of Athens*, iv. 3. 45: "*strong* thief." Rolfé remarks that here the word seems in perfect keeping with the *fasten'd* (confirmed, hardened) which follows.

170. Lines 83, 84:

*his picture*

*I will send far and near, &c.*

Lord Campbell remarks: "One would suppose that photography, by which this mode of catching criminals is now practised, had been invented in the time of *Lear*." Furness adds that photography has merely been called to our aid in continuing a practice common in the time of Shakespeare; and he cites the old play of *Nobody and Somebody*, 1606 (privately reprinted by Alexander Smith, Glasgow, 1877):

Let him be straight imprinted to the life:  
His *picture* shall be set on euery stall,  
And proclamation made, that he that takes him,  
Shall haue a hundred pounds of *Somebody*.

171. Line 87: *To make thee CAPABLE*.—Lord Campbell says: "In forensic discussions respecting legitimacy, the question is put, whether the individual whose *status* is to be determined is 'capable,' i.e. capable of inheriting; but it is only a lawyer who would express the idea of legitimizing a natural son by simply saying,

I'll work the means  
To make him *capable*."

172. Line 99: *he was of that CONSORT*.—Omitted in the Qq. For *consort* in the sense of *company*, compare *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, iv. 1. 64: "wilt thou be of our *consort*?" With this meaning the word is accented on

the last syllable; when it means a company of musicians (as in the same play, iii. 2. 84, Folio), on the first.

173. Line 102: *th' expense and waste of his*.—The reading of F. 1. Q. 1 has *the wast and spoyle of his*; Q. 2, *these—and waste of this his*. Furness suggests that the dash indicates the haste and carelessness with which the Quarto was printed. It was inserted either by the stenographer because he misheard the word and afterwards failed to supply it, or by the compositor because he could not make out the copy.

174. Line 121: *THREADING dark-ey'd night*.—The Qq. have *threatning*, and Theobald wished to read *treading*; but compare *Coriolanus*, iii. 1. 124: "They would not *thread* the gates." Wright refers, for the figure, to *King John*, v. 4. 11.

175. Line 126: *from our home*.—Away from our home. Compare *Macbeth*, iii. 4. 35, 36:

to feed were best at *home*;  
From thence the sauce to meat is ceremony.

## ACT II. SCENE 2.

176. Line 1: *Good DAWNING to thee*.—The Qq. have *even* (even), and Pope and Theobald *evening*. The other references to time in the scene indicate that it was before daybreak, with the moon still shining, as Malone rightly explains. The use of *dawning* may suggest that it is very early, when the dawn is just appearing.

177. Line 9. *in LIPSBURY pinfold*.—No other reference to *Lipsbury* has been discovered, and the word has been changed to *Leadbury*, *Finsbury*, &c. Nares suggests that it is a coined name, possibly referring to the "teeth, as being the pinfold within the *lips*." Wright favours this interpretation, adding that "similar names of places which may or may not have any local existence occur in proverbial phrases, such for instance as 'Needham's Shore,' 'Weeping Cross.'" For *pinfold*, compare *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, i. 1. 114: "You mistake; I mean the pound,—a *pinfold*." Rolfé cites *Milton*, *Comus*, 7:

Confin'd and pester'd in this *pinfold* here.

178. Line 16: *three-suited*.—Delius thinks this is equivalent to *foppish*, and cites iii. 4. 141 below: "who hath *three suits* to his back." Steevens, who regards it as in keeping with *beggary*, quotes Ben Jonson, *Silent Woman*, iv. 2: "thou wert a pitiful poor fellow . . . and hadst nothing but three suits of apparel." (Routledge's ed. p. 227). Wright remarks: "If the terms of agreement between master and servant in Shakespeare's time were known, they would probably throw light upon the phrase. It is probable that three suits of clothes a year were part of a servant's allowance. In *The Silent Woman*, iii. 1, Mrs. Otter, scolding her husband whom she treats as a dependant, says, Who gives you your maintenance, I pray you? Who allows you your horse-meat and man's-meat, your three suits of apparel a year? your four pair of stockings, one silk, three worsted?" (Routledge's ed. p. 217).

*Hundred-pound* was also a "term of reproach," as Steevens notes, comparing *Middleton's Phoenix*, iv. 3: "How's this? am I used like a *hundred-pound* gentleman?"

179 Line 17: *worsted-stocking*.—In Shakespeare's day the better class of people wore silk stockings, and regarded worsted ones as cheap and poor. Steevens quotes Tailor, The Hog Hath Lost His Pearl, i. 1: "Good parts, without habiliments of gallantry, are no more set by in these times than a good leg in a woollen stockings;" and The Captain, iii. 3: "serving-men . . . with woollen stockings." Malone adds from Middleton, Phoenix, iv. 2: "Metreza Auriola keeps her love with half the cost that I am at; her friend can go afoot, like a good husband, walk in *worsted stockings*, and inquire for the sixpenny ordinary." [I may note that I have observed two passages which rather make the other way. Stubbes, describing the extravagant costume affected by the contemporary gallant, says: "Then haue they *nether-stocks* to these gay hosen, not of cloth (though neuer so fine) for that is thought to base, but of *Jarnsey worsted*, silk, thred, and such like" (Anatomy of Abuses, New Shakespeare Society Reprint, p. 57); so again, page 56. Compare also the following:

These *worsted* stockes of bravest die,  
And silken garters fring'd with gold.

—Stephen Gosson, Pleasant Quippes for Vpstart  
Newfangled Gentlewomen, Hazlitt, 1866, p. 258.

Fashion, presumably, had changed.—A. W. V.]

180. Line 18: *action-taking*.—"A fellow who, if you beat him, would bring an action for the assault, instead of resenting it like a man of courage" (Mason).

181. Line 20: *one-trunk-inheriting*.—"With all his worldly belongings in a single trunk" (Wright). *Inheriting* may be equivalent to *possessing* (as in iv. 6. 128), but Steevens and others give it the ordinary meaning here. Johnson took *trunk* to mean *trunk-hose*.

182. Line 35: *sop o' the moonshine*.—This probably alludes to the dish called *eggs in moonshine*, for which Nares quotes a receipt from an ancient cook-book. [It is also, I think, just possible that the reference is to the custom of soaking toast or sweet-cakes in wine; see Troilus and Cressida, note 53. For an allusion to these delicacies, cf. Mother Bombe, i. 3: "And you, pretty minx, that must be fed with love upon *sops*, I'll take an order to cram you with sorrowes" (Fairholt's Lilly, vol. ii. p. 86).—A. W. V.]

183. Line 35: *draw, you CULLIONLY barber-monger*.—For a note on *cullion* see Henry V. note 153. The word is not uncommon; cf. Edward II. i. 4. 408, 409:

he jets it in the Court,  
With base outlandish *cullions* at his heels.

—Bullen's Marlowe, ii. p. 148.

So again, in The Jests of George Peele: "Hath the knave no more wit than at this time to go, knowing I have no horse here, and would he base *cullion* go afoot" (Dyce's Greene and Peele, p. 610); and in The Guardian, ii. 3:

Long live Severine,  
And perish all such *cullions* as repine  
At his new monarchy;

—Cunningham's Massinger, p. 469.

and The Black Book: "the true counterfeits of a dying *cullion*" (Bullen's Middleton, viii. p. 33).—A. W. V.

184. Line 38: *Vanity the puppet's part*.—Alluding to the old moralities, in which Vanity, Iniquity, &c., figured

as characters. Compare Ben Jonson, The Devil is an Ass, i. 1:

*Satan*. What Vice?

What kind wouldst thou have it of?

*Pug*. Why, any: Fraud,

Or Covetousness, or *Lady Vanity*,

Or old Iniquity.

—Routledge's ed. p. 344.

185. Line 40: *I'll so CARBONADO your shanks*.—Compare Winter's Tale, iv. 4. 268: "to eat adders' heads and toads *carbonadoed*." For the noun, see I. Henry IV. v. 3. 61, and Coriolanus, iv. 5. 199.

186. Line 44: *you NEAT slave*.—"Mere slave, very slave" (Johnson). Staunton believes there is a play on *neat* as applied to cattle, and compares Winter's Tale, i. 2. 123; but, as Wright says, this "would have no special point as addressed to Oswald." Rolfe remarks: "It is perhaps an objection to Johnson's explanation that Shakespeare nowhere else has *neat*=pure, unmixed. On the other hand, he seems to use it contemptuously=spruce, finical, in I. Henry IV. i. 3. 33: 'Came there a certain lord, *neat*, and trimly dress'd,' &c."

187. Line 47: *What's the matter?*—The Ff. add *Part*; but this is probably a stage-direction accidentally transferred to the text, as Dyce considers it.

188. Line 48: *With you, GOODMAN boy*.—*Goodman* was regularly used as a term of contempt; cf. Twelfth Night, iv. 2. 141:

Adieu, *goodman* devil;

a passage most needlessly emended in various ways. So again, Romeo and Juliet, i. 5. 79: "What! *goodman* boy!"—A. W. V.]

189. Line 60: *a tailor made thee*.—Compare Cymbeline, iv. 2. 81–83:

No, nor thy *tailor*, rascal,  
Who is thy grandfather; he made those clothes,  
Which, as it seems, make thee.

190. Line 65: *TWO HOURS o' the trade*.—The reading of the Qq. The Ff. have *two years*, which Schmidt reckons a brief apprenticeship for a sculptor or painter. The editors, with the exception of Rowe, Capell, and Schmidt, follow the Qq.

191. Line 69: *Thou whoreson ZED! thou unnecessary letter!*—Farmer quotes Mulcaster: "Z is much harder among us, and seldom seen:—S is become its Lieutenant-general. It is lightlie expressed in English, saving in foren enfranchisements." Baret, in his Alvearie, 1580, omits the letter.

192. Line 70: *I will tread this UNBOLTED villain into mortar*.—Tollet says: "*Unbolted mortar* is mortar made of unsifted lime, and to break the lumps it is necessary to tread it by men in wooden shoes." We find *bolted* in the sense of "refined" in Henry V. ii. 2. 137, and Coriolanus, iii. 1. 322.

193. Line 80: *the holy cords*.—Warburton remarks: "By those *holy cords* Shakespeare means the natural union between parents and children. The metaphor is taken from the cords of the sanctuary."

194. Line 81: *too INTRINSE 't loose*.—Theobald substitutes *intrinsicate*, which Shakespeare uses in Antony and Cleopatra, v. 2. 307, 308:

With thy sharp teeth this knot *intrinsic*  
Of life at once untie.

Malone notes that the word was new at this time, and quotes the preface to Marston's *Scourge of Villanie*, 1598 (vol. iii. p. 245, ed. Halliwell): "new-minted epithets (as reall, *intrinsecate*, Delphicke)." *Intrinsc* is probably the poet's own contraction of *intrinsecate*.

195. Line 83: BEING oil to FIRE.—The Qq. have *Bring oil to stir*. Rowe, Schmidt, Furness, and Rolfe retain the *Being*, but all others adopt *Bring*.

196. Line 84: RENEGE, *affirm*, and turn their HALCYON beaks.—*Reneg* (spelled *Reneag* in the Qq.) is from the Late Latin *renego*, whence also the Spanish *renegado*. It is used again in Antony and Cleopatra, i. 1. 8: "*reneges* all temper." Nares quotes Du Bartas, *The Battail of Yury* (p. 351, ed. 1633):

All Europe nigh (all sorts of rights *reneg'd*)  
Against the Truth and Thee, un-holy Leagu'd.

F. 1 misprints *Revenge* here.

For the allusion to the *halcyon*, or kingfisher, Steevens quotes Thomas Lupton's *Notable Things*, B. x.: "A lytle byrde called the Kings Fysher, being hanged vp in the ayre by the neck, his nebbe or byll wyll be alwayes dyrect or strayght against ye winde;" and Marlowe, *Jew of Malta*, i. 1:

But now how stands the wind?  
Into what corner peers my *halcyon's* bill?

—Bullen's Marlowe, vol. ii. p. 12.

Sir Thomas Browne discusses the superstition in his *Vulgar Errors*, iii. 10, remarking: "the eldest custom of hanging up these birds was founded upon a tradition that they would renew their feathers every year as though they were alive." According to Charlotte Smith's *Natural History of Birds* (quoted by Dyce), the belief in a connection between the *halcyon* and the wind still lingered among the common people of England in 1807; and Dyer, *Folklore of Shakespeare*, p. 123, says that "one may still see this bird hung up in cottages, a remnant, no doubt, of this old superstition."

197. Line 87: your EPILEPTIC visage.—Your face "distorted by grinning" (Dyce).

198. Line 88: SMILE you my speeches, as I were a fool?—That is, do you smile at them? All the early editions have *Smoile* or *Smoyle* except F. 4, which the modern editors follow without exception.

199. Line 90: I'd DRIVE YE *cackling* home to CAMELOT.—The Qq. have *send you* and *Camulet*. "Camelot, famed in the Arthurian legends, was Cadbury in Somersetshire, according to Selden; and near it, Hanmer says, 'there are many large moors, upon which great numbers of geese are bred.' Staunton supposes that the reference was to the custom among Arthur's knights of sending their conquered foes to Camelot to do homage to the king. Dyce thinks that there may be a double allusion, to the geese of Somersetshire and to the vanquished knights" (Rolfe).

200. Line 95: What is his fault?—The reading of the Ff., that of the Qq. being *What's his offence*?

201. Lines 103, 104:

and constrains the garb  
Quite from his nature.

"Forces his *outside*, or his *appearance*, to something totally different from his natural disposition" (Johnson). Staunton takes *his* to be = *its*; in which case the meaning is: "distorts the style of straightforward speaking quite from its nature, which is sincerity; whereas he makes it a cloak for craft" (Clarke).

202. Line 109: *silly-ducking* observants.—The hyphen in *silly-ducking* is in the Ff. For the contemptuous use of *ducking* (bowing) compare Richard III. i. 3. 49, and Timon of Athens, iv. 3. 18. Schmidt defines *observants* as "obsequious attendants."

203. Line 110: That stretch their duties nicely.—That is, perform them with the most fastidious nicety or precision. For *nicely*, compare v. 3. 144 of this play.

204. Lines 119, 120: though I should win your displeasure to entreat me to 't.—"Though I should win you, displeased as you now are, to like me so well as to entreat me to be a knave" (Johnson).

205. Line 125: When he, COMPACT, &c.—The Qq. have *conjunct* (conjunct). There is little choice between the readings, which mean the same. We find *conjunct* in v. 1. 12, and *compact* (in this sense of "in concert with") in Measure for Measure, v. 1. 242: "*Compact* with her that's gone."

206. Line 141: There shall he sit till noon.—"Very artfully is this speech thrown in. Not only does it serve to paint the vindictive disposition of Regan, it also serves to regulate dramatic time by making the subsequent scene where Lear arrives before Gloucester's castle and finds his faithful messenger in the stocks appear sufficiently advanced in the morning to allow of that same scene closing with the actual approach of 'night,' without disturbing the sense of probability. Shakespeare makes a whole day pass before our eyes during a single scene and dialogue, yet all seems consistent and natural in the course of progression" (Clarke).

207. Lines 148–152: *It's fault is much*, . . . *Are punish'd with*.—All this is wanting in the Ff. For the words that follow, the King must take it ill, they have The King his Master needs must take it ill.

208. Line 157: For following her affairs.—Put in his legs.—Omitted in the Ff.

209. Line 167: APPROVE the common SAW.—Prove the truth of the common saying; namely, "Out of God's blessing into the warm sun." Capell (notes, vol. iii. p. 40) quotes Heywood's Dialogue on Proverbs (book ii. chap. 5):

In your rennyng from him to me, ye runne  
Out of gods blessing into the warme sunne.

Malone cites Howell's English Proverbs, 1660: "He goes out of God's blessing to the warm sun, viz. from good to worse." Various explanations of the proverb have been given, but probably it was first applied to persons turned out of doors.

210. Lines 172, 173:

Nothing almost sees miracles  
But misery.

"The wretched are almost the only persons who can be said to see miracles." Delius says: "That Cordelia should have thought of him, or that her letter should have reached him, seems to him such a miracle as only those in misery experience."

211. Lines 175-177:

*and shall find time  
From this enormous state, seeking to give  
Losses their remedies.*

"And who (that is, Cordelia) will find opportunity in this abnormal state of affairs to set things right again. The style is disjointed, partly because he is soliloquizing, partly because he can hardly keep his eyes open for weariness. Here he gives way to his drowsiness, bids his eyes take advantage of their heaviness not to see how poor a resting-place he has, and, with a good-night prayer for better fortune, falls asleep. *Enormous* (which has the same etymology as *abnormal*, except that *norma* is compounded with *e* instead of *ab*) is rightly explained by Johnson as 'unwonted, out of rule, out of the ordinary course of things'" (Rolfe).

Jennens was the first to suggest that Kent reads fragments of Cordelia's letter (*and shall find time . . . their remedies*), and he has been followed by Steevens and others; but, as Malone notes, Kent cannot read the letter, but wishes for the rising of the sun that he *may* read it. Mason connects *and shall find* with *I know*; and Mr. J. Crosby (as quoted by Rolfe) paraphrases that part of the passage thus: "From this anomalous state of mind, I shall gain time to communicate and co-operate with Cordelia in her endeavour to restore the kingdom to its former condition; *to give losses their remedies*, that is, to reinstate Lear on the throne, Cordelia in his favour, and myself in his confidence, and in my own rights and titles."

For *o'er-watch'd* (worn out with watching), compare Julius Caesar, iv. 3. 241:

Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art *o'er-watch'd*.

## ACT II. SCENE 3.

212. Line 8: *in contempt of man*.—"Wishing to degrade a man" (Moberly).

213. Line 10: *elf all my hair in knots*.—Compare Romeo and Juliet, i. 4. 90:

And bakes the *elf-locks* in foul sluttish hairs;

whereby there hangs many a tale of popular superstition.

214. Line 14: *Of BEDLAM BEGGARS*.—Steevens quotes from Dekker's *Belman of London*, of which three editions appeared in 1608, the same year in which Lear was first printed, the following description of "an Abraham man": "He swears he hath been in Bedlam, and will talke frantickely of purpose: you see pinnes stuck in sundry places of his naked flesh, especially in his armes, which paine he gladly puts himselfe to, only to make you believe he is out of his wits. He calls himself by the name of *Poore Tom*, and comming near any body cries out, *Poore Tom is a-cold*. Of these Abraham-men, some be exceeding merry, and doe nothing but sing songs fashioned out of their own braines: some will dance, others will doe nothing but either laugh or weepe: others are dogged, and so sullen both in loke and speech, that spying but a

small company in a house, they boldly and bluntly enter, compelling the servants through feare to give them what they demand." [Hunter, again, has an interesting extract from Aubrey's *Natural History of Wiltshire*: "Till the breaking out of the Civil Wars, Tom o' Bedlams did travel about the country. They had been once distracted men that had been put into Bedlam, where recovering to some sobreness they were licentiated to go begging. They had on their left arms an armilla of tin, about four inches long; they could not get it off. They wore about their necks a great horn of an ox in a string or bawdrick, which when they came to a house for alms they did wind; and they did put the drink given them into this horn, whereto they did put a stopple. Since the wars I do not remember to have seen any of them" (Illustrations of Shakespeare, vol. ii. p. 271). Later on (iii. 6. 79), we have a reference to the horn which Edgar carried: "Poor Tom, thy horn is dry," the meaning obviously being, that no one has put any liquor into it. For a diverting collection of old scraps of information on the subject of these Tom o' Bedlams, the judicious reader should turn to Disraeli's *Curiosities of Literature*, vol. ii. pp. 311-317, Chandos ed. There is also a good note in Dyce's Beaumont and Fletcher, vol. ix. p. 22; and another in Hazlitt's Dodsley, vol. iii. pp. 170, 171, *apropos* of the fact that a character in Gammer Gurton's Needle is called Diccon, "the *Bedlam*."—A. W. V.]

215. Line 15: *STRIKE in their numb'd and mortified bare arms*, &c.—Walker (Crit. Exam. ii. 36) suggests *stick*, which Furness adopts; but *strike in* is simply *strike into*, or drive into.

216. Line 20: *Poor TURLYGOD!*—Warburton would read *Turlypin*, the name given to a fraternity of gypsies or beggars. According to Douce, the name was corrupted into *Turlygod*, though Nares doubts whether the two names are connected.

217. Line 21: *Edgar I NOTHING am*.—That is, I am in no wise Edgar (having become a Bedlam beggar).

## ACT II. SCENE 4.

218.—Line 1, for *home* the Quartos reads *hence*. Line 7, in the Quartos we have *crewell* or *crewill*. Line 9, in the Quartos *by the heeles*. Line 79, some editors follow the fourth Folio in reading *That, sir, which*; but *sir* occurs elsewhere in Shakespeare as an ordinary noun; e.g. Othello, ii. 1. 176. Line 97, the Quartos give: *what fiery quality*. Line 191, in the Quartos the speech is assigned to Goneril; for *stock'd* they read *strucke* or *struck*. Line 226, *boil*: spelt, says Aldis Wright, *byle* or *bile* in the early editions, and in the Authorized Version. Line 274, the line is redundant; of the various suggestions Pope's seems to me the best, viz. *that patience which I need*. Line 304, for *ruffle*, Qq. have *russel*.

219. Line 7: *he wears CRUEL garters*.—Collier suggested that we should read *crewell*, in order to make the pun more obvious. Halliwell remarks: "This word was obvious to the punster, and is unmercifully used by the older dramatists. A pun similar to that in the text is in one of L'Estrange's anecdotes: 'A greate zelote for the



Cause would not allow the Parliament's army to be *beaten* in a certain fight, but confest he did belevee they might be *worsted*. To which linsy-wolsye expression, a merry cavalcere reply'd, Take heede of that, for worsted is a cruell peece of stuffe."

220. Line 11: *wooden nether-stocks*.—For *nether-stocks* (short stockings), compare I. Henry IV. ii. 4. 131: "I'll sew *nether stocks*."

221. Lines 19, 20:

Lear. *No, no, they would not.*

Kent. *Yes, they have.*

These two speeches are wanting in the Ff.

222. Line 35: *summon'd up their MEINY*.—The word is common in Chaucer and other early writers; also in Spenser. Compare *Faërie Queene*, iii. 9. 11:

That this faire *many* were compeld at last  
To fly for succour to a little shed;

and iii. 12. 23: "That all his *many* it affraide did make," &c. Wright quotes Cotgrave, Fr. Dict.: "Mesnie: f. A *meynie*, familie, household, household companie, or seruants."

223. Lines 54, 55: *as many dolours . . . as thou canst TELL in a year*.—"Count, or recount; according to the sense in which *dolours* is understood" (Wright).

224. Line 56: *O, how this MOTHER swells up toward my heart*.—*Mother* is synonymous with the following *Hysterica passio*, or hysteria. Kitson quotes Harsnet, Declaration of Popish Impostures (p. 25). "Ma: Maynie had a spice of the *Hysterica passio*, as it seems from his youth, hee himselfe termes it the *Moother* (as you may see in his confession)." Master Richard Mahy, who was persuaded by the priests that he was possessed of the devil, deposes as follows, p. 263: "The disease I spake of, was a spice of the *Mother*, where-with I had beene troubled (as is before mentioned) before my going into Fraunce: whether I doe rightly terme it the *Mother* or no, I know not."

225. Line 68: *We'll set thee to school to an ANT, &c.*—"If, says the Fool, you had been schooled by the ant, you would have known that the king's train, like that sagacious animal, prefer the summer of prosperity to the colder season of adversity, from which no profit can be derived (Malone).

226. Line 90: *Mere FETCHES*.—*Fetches*=pretexts, devices; cf. Hamlet, ii. 1. 33. For instances outside Shakespeare we may note the interlude of the Disobedient Child:

O, I have such *fetches*, such toys in this head,

Such crafty defices; —Hazlitt's Dodsley, ii. p. 309.

and Antonio and Mellida, ii. 1:

And I do fear a *fetch*;

—Bullen's Marston, i. p. 127.

and again, the anonymous play (printed 1658) of The Old Couple, v.:

Another *fetch*! this may be worth the hearing.

—Dodsley, xii. p. 79.

—A. W. V.

227. Line 103: *commands her service*.—The Ff. read *com-mands, tends, service*, which Rowe adopted with the omission of the commas (1st ed.), afterwards restoring the

first comma. Schmidt reads *commands, 'tends service*, which he defends at considerable length, but inconclusively.

228. Line 120: *Till it cry sleep to death*.—The meaning seems obvious enough—"till its clamour murders sleep," as Wright paraphrases it; but Steevens explains it "till it cries out, 'Let them awake no more.'" Johnson put *sleep to death* in italics, as if it were the cry of the drum; and Mason changed the phrase to *death to sleep*.

229. Line 123: *as the COCKNEY did to the eels*.—Here *cockney* may be equivalent to *cook*, as Tyrwhitt and others have explained it; or a *cockney cook* (or a London cook), as others make it. The only other instance of the word in Shakespeare is in Twelfth Night, iv. 1. 15. See note 230 of that play.

230. Line 124: *she KNAPP'D 'em o the cozcombs with a stick*.—The Ff. have *knapt*, and the Qq. *rapt*, which some have preferred, assuming that *knapp* means only to "snap or break asunder," as in the Merchant of Venice, iii. 1. 10 [a use which Mr. Aldis Wright well illustrates by the Prayer-book Version of Psalm xli. 9: "he *knappeth* the spear in sunder." For *knapp*=strike cf. the following couplet from the old Interlude, Theristes:

And plucketh off her hose,  
She *knappeth* me in the nose.

—Dodsley's Old Plays, Hazlitt's ed. i. p. 428.

In the same play we have the substantive *knapp*=a blow: "whose knee caught a *knapp*" (ibid. p. 422).—A. W. V.]

231. Line 134: *SEPULCHRING an adultress*.—"Compare Lucrece, 805: 'May likewise be *sepulchred* in thy shade;' and Two Gentlemen of Verona, iv. 2. 118: 'Or at the least, in hers *sepulchre* thine.' In both passages the accent is on the penult, as here. The noun has the modern accent in Shakespeare except in Richard II: i. 3. 196. Milton makes the same distinction. Compare the verb in the Epitaph on Shakes. 15: 'And, so *sepulchred*, in such pomp dost lie'; and the noun in Samson Agonistes, 102: 'My self my *sepulchre*, a moving grave;' and Comus, 471: 'Oft seen in charnel vaults and *sepulchres*.' (Rolfe).

232. Lines 141, 142:

*You less know how to value her desert  
Than she to scant her duty.*

We must interpret according to the sense, as classical commentators say, rather than the literal meaning of the words, and the general purport of what Regan replies is simple enough: "The fault lies with you, not with my sister; you are more likely to undervalue her services than she is to come short in paying them." For *scant*, see Othello, iv. 3. 92:

*Or scant* our former having in despite.

—A. W. V.

233. Line 148: *O, sir, you are old, &c.*—Coleridge remarks here: "Nothing is so heart-cutting as a cold, unexpected defence or palliation of a cruelly passionately complained of, or so expressive of thorough hard-heartedness. And feel the excessive horror of Regan's 'O, sir, you are old!'—and then her drawing from that universal object of reverence and indulgence the very reason for her frightful conclusion—"Say you have wrong'd her." All Lear's

faults increase our pity for him. We refuse to know them otherwise than as means of his sufferings and aggravations of his daughters' ingratitude."

234. Line 155: *mark how this becomes* THE HOUSE.—No change is really called for, but Theobald reads *the use*, and Jenuens *me now*. Collier's Corrector has *the mouth*, which is plausible and favoured by Furness, though he retains the old text.

235. Line 159: *these are unsightly tricks*.—This probably refer to Lear's kneeling, though Knight and others do not believe that he kneels. According to Davies (Dram. Miscell. ii. 190, quoted by Furness), "Garrick threw himself on both knees, with his hands clasped, and in a supplicating tone repeated this touching, though ironical, petition."

236. Line 165: *her young bones*.—Jourdain (Trans. Philological Soc. 1860-61, p. 141) explains this as referring to "infants just born, which fairies then had power over, but not afterwards;" but Mr. J. Addis, jr (Notes and Queries, 1867, 3rd series, vol. xi. p. 251), suggests that it means "unborn infant;" and Wright, Furness, and Rolfe endorse this explanation, which is pretty clearly the correct one. Compare the old play of King Lear (printed by Furness in his Appendix):

Alas, not I: poore soule, she breeds yong bones,  
And that is it makes her so tutchy sure.

237. Line 166: *You TAKING airs*.—For *taking* (bewitching, malignant) compare iii. 4. 61 of this play; and see note on Hamlet, i. 1. 163.

238. Line 170: *To FALL and biast her pride!*—Malone takes *fall* to be used causatively, as it often is in Shakespeare; but Wright, Furness, and Rolfe believe it to be intransitive. This, as Wright says, is more in keeping with *dravon* and *blast*. Compare Tempest, ii. 2. 1-3:

All the infections that the sun sucks up  
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper *fall*, and make him  
By inch-meal a disease!

and Measure for Measure, v. 1. 121-123:

Shall we thus permit  
A blasting and a scandalous breath to *fall*  
On him so near us?

For *blast her pride* the Ff. have only the word *blister*.

239. Line 174: *Thy TENDER-HEFTED nature*.—The puzzling compound is explained in a general way by the *tender*; but the *hefted* has never been satisfactorily defined. The Qq. have *tender hested*, which is equally perplexing, though it has been taken to mean "governed by gentle dispositions." Steevens paraphrased *tender-hefted* by "whose bosom is agitated with tender passions." *Heft* is used as synonymous with *haft*, or handle; but it is not found in Shakespeare, and to attempt to connect it with this compound is arbitrary and absurd. *Tender-hearted* has been proposed as an emendation, but, with *nature* following, it is impossibly weak. The corruption, if it be corruption, is apparently hopeless.

240. Line 175: *to scant my SIZES*.—That is, my allowances. Wright remarks: "The words *sizar* and *sizing* are still well known in Cambridge; the former originally de-

noting a poor student, so called from the *sizes* or allowances made to him by the college to which he belonged."

[For instances of the verb compare The Returne from Pernassus, iv. 2: "one that *sizeth* the Deuil's butteries" (Arber's Reprint, p. 55); and again (at page 66), "I use to *siz* my musicke." Now to *size* bears chiefly one sense at Cambridge, viz. to order at one's own expense extra things which are not provided at the dinner in the College Hall. The Returne from Pernassus, by the way, was an essentially Cambridge play, and it, appropriately enough, furnishes two other instances of this curious and interesting word. In act iv. scene 2 we have:

Which that one ey'd *subsizer* of the skie,  
*Doit Phœbus* empties by calidity;

—Arber's ed. p. 51.

and again, there is the strange expression *size que*: "you are at Cambridge still with *size que*" (iv. 3), which Macray in his edition of the Parnassus trilogy explains (p. 139) to mean: "farthing allowances of food and drink."

Arber, I may observe, has got this last reference all wrong; he prints *with sic[k]e kne[e]*, p. 59.

For another reference cf. Eachard, Contempt of the Clergy, 1670: "They took therefore, heretofore, a very good method to prevent *sizars* overheating their brains" (Arber's English Garner, vol. vii. p. 257). Eachard draws a dismal picture of the *Sizar's* life, which was "not a happy one." *Size*, according to Skeat, is short for *assize*, an allowance of provisions; *assize* itself coming from the O. F. *assize*=a tax, impost.—A. W. V.]

241. Line 219: *to be slave and SUMPTER*.—Probably *Sumpter* here=packhorse; cf. The Noble Gentleman, v. 1:

You should have had a *sumpter*.

—Beaumont and Fletcher, x. p. 124.

It also signified a burden; as in The Woman's Prize, iii. 2:

What are we married for? to carry *sumpters*!

—Beaumont and Fletcher, vii. p. 160.

Professor Skeat, I should note, takes *sumpter* in the present passage to mean pack-horse-driver, which, he says, was the original sense of the word. Derivation: O. F. *sommetier*.—A. W. V.

242. Line 260: *When others are more wicked*.—Some editors join this to what follows, putting a period at the end of the preceding line. The early editions have no point there, and a comma after *wicked*. The pointing in the text is Theobald's, and is generally adopted.

243. Line 273: *But, for true need*.—Moberly remarks: "To imagine how Shakespeare would have ended this sentence, one must be a Shakespeare. The poor king stops short in his definition: it is too plain that his true need is patience."

244. Line 295: *For his particular*.—As to him personally, compare Coriolanus, iv. 7. 12-14:

Yet I wish, sir,—

I mean for your *particular*,—you had not  
Join'd in commission with him;

and Troilus and Cressida, ii. 2. 8-10:

Though no man lesser fears the Greeks than I  
As far as toucheth my *particular*,  
Yet, dread Priam, &c.

## ACT III. SCENE 1.

245.—Line 4, the Quartos reads *element*, i.e. the sky. Lines 7-15, omitted in the Folios. Lines 22-29, wanting in the Quartos. Line 23, some editors read *throne*. Line 24, Johnson proposed *speculators*; Collier's MS. Corrector had *spectators*. Lines 30-42, omitted in the Folios. Line 32, Q. 2, has *secret fee*; Q. 3, *secret sea*; *feet* is quite satisfactory.

246. Line 6: *Or swell the curled waters 'bove the main*.—That is, above the mainland. Elsewhere Shakespeare uses *main* for the sea. Steevens quotes Bacon, "Considerations touching a War with Spain" (Spedding's ed. vii. 490): "In the year that followed, of 1589, we gave the Spaniards no rest, but turned challengers, and invaded the main of Spain;" where the context shows that he is speaking of landing an army on the Spanish coast.

247. Line 12: *wherein the CUB-DRAWN bear would couch*.—We may remember As You Like It, iv. 3. 115:

A lioness, with *udders* all drawn dry;

and line 127:

Food to the *suck'd* and *hungry* lioness.

The dugs of the animal are sucked dry by her young, and she is left starving.—A. W. V.

248. Line 43: *I will talk further with you*.—This implies a courteous postponement or dismissal of a request; hence Kent's reply (Delius).

## ACT III. SCENE 2.

249. Line 2: *You cataracts and HURRICANOES*.—For the meaning of *hurricanes* compare Troilus and Cressida, v. 2. 171, 172:

the dreadful *spout*,  
Which shipmen do the *hurricano* call

Nares quotes Drayton, Mooncalf, 108:

And downe the shower impetuously doth fall,  
Like that which men the *Hurricano* call

Wright notes that in Raleigh's Guiana it is called *hurlecan* and *hurlecano*.

250. Lines 4, 5:

*You sulphurous and thought-executing FIRES,*  
*VAUNT-COURIERS of oak-cleaving THUNDERBOLTS.*

Compare The Tempest, i. 2. 201, 202:

Jove's *lightnings*, the *precursors*  
O' the dreadful *thunder-claps*.

For the rare word *vaunt-courier* Hunter refers us to Harsnet, edit. 1605, p. 12: "the harbinger, the host, the steward, the *vaunt-courier*, the sacrist, and the pander" to the priests (Illustrations of Shakespeare, vol. ii. p. 270). Cotgrave has. "Avant-coureur: m. A forerunner, Avant curror." To these instances I can add one from Bullen's Old Plays; it occurs in Sir Gyles Goosecappe, i. 4: "I have a *vaunt-carrying* desire shall make them digest it most healthfully" (vol. iii. p. 21). For the form *vaunt* where we should write *van*, cf. Troilus and Cressida, Prologue 27:

Leaps o'er the *vaunt* and firstlings of those broils.

So Marston writes in his Pygmalion:

Hath not my goddess, in the *vaunt* guard place?—

—Bullen's Marston, iii. p. 261.

and Spenser has *vauncing* = advancing:

*vauncing* forth from all the other band

Of knights, address his maiden headed shield,

—Faerie Queene, bk. iv. c. iv. st. xvii. 3, 4, Globe ed. p. 249.

—A. W. V.

251. Line 7: *STRIKE flat the thick rotundity of the world*.—The Qq. have *smite*. As Delius notes, *rotundity* suggests "the roundness of gestation," as the context indicates.

252. Line 8: *all germens SPILL at once*.—*Spill* is used in its strict sense; that is, destroy; see Skeat s.v. Compare the old morality of Every Man:

My condition is man's soul to kill,

If I save one, a thousand I do *spill*.

—Doddsley, Hazlitt's ed. vol. i. p. 119.

So in Ralph Roister Doister, iii. 5:

Why did ye not promise that ye would not him *spill*?

—Arber's Reprint, p. 56.

—A. W. V.

253. Line 10: *court holy-water*.—"Ray (p. 84), among his proverbial phrases, mentions *court holy-water* to mean *fair words*. The French have the same phrase: *Eau bénite de cour*" (Steevens). Cotgrave, cited by Malone, has "*Eau beniste de Cour*. Court holy water; complements, faire words, flattering speeches," &c. [The following is from Florio, 1598: "*Faggiolata, Fagiolata*, a flim-flam tale, as women tell when they shale peason, which hath neither head nor foote, nor rime nor reason; a flap with a foxe-taile: *court holie water*, a tittle-tattle, or such." As to the original French phrase, Littre says (s.v. *bénit*): "*eau bénite* de cour, de vaines protestations de service;" and again (s.v. *eau*): "*Eau bénite* de cour, expression proverbiale pour exprimer les vaines protestations d'amitié ou de protection. Donneur d'*eau bénite*, faiseur de promesses en l'air."—A. W. V.]

254. Lines 29, 30:

*The head and he shall LOUSE*;  
So BEGGARS MARRY many.

Thiselton Dyer treats this as a reference to the proverb: "A beggar marries a wife and lice;" a saying which partially appears in another form: "A beggar payeth a benefit with a louse" (Folk-lore of Shakespeare, p. 417). —A. W. V.

255. Lines 31-34:

*The man that makes his toe*  
*What he his heart should make*  
*Shall of a corn cry woe,*  
*And turn his sleep to wake.*

Furness paraphrases thus: "A man who prefers or cherishes a mean member in place of a vital one shall suffer enduring pain where others would suffer merely a twinge. Lear had preferred Regan and Goneril to Cordelia."

256. Line 35: *for there was never yet fair woman*, &c.—"This is the Fool's way of diverting attention after he has said something a little too pointed; the idea of a very pretty woman making faces in a looking-glass raises a smile" (Furness).

257. Line 50: *this dreadful* POTHER.—The Folios read *pudder*, for which Steevens supplied a parallel from Beaumont and Fletcher's *Scornful Lady*, ii. 2: "Some fellows would have cried now . . . and kept a *pudder*." It seems best to adopt the ordinary form *pother*, which one of the Quartos comes very near in reading *powther*. Some Quartos have *thundring*.—A. W. V.

258. Line 60: *More SINN'D against than SINNING*.—This is a curiously close parallel to Œdipus' words in the Œdipus Coloneus: "these deeds of mine are deeds of *suffering* more than of *doing*."—A. W. V.

259. Line 64: *More harder than the stones*.—The Qq. have *More hard then is the stone* (where *then* is equivalent to *than*), and are followed by some editors.

260. Lines 67-73: *My wits begin to turn*. . . *That's sorry yet for thee*.—Dr. Bucknill (p. 195) remarks: "The import of this must be weighed with iv. 6. 100-104, when Lear is incoherent and full of delusion. Insanity arising from mental and moral causes often continues in a certain state of imperfect development; . . . a state of exaggerated and perverted emotion, accompanied by violent and irregular conduct, but unconnected with intellectual aberration; until some physical shock is incurred,—bodily illness, or accident, or exposure to physical suffering; and then the imperfect type of mental disease is converted into perfect lunacy, characterized by more or less profound affection of the intellect, by delusion or incoherence. This is evidently the case in Lear, and although we have never seen the point referred to by any writer, and have again and again read the play without perceiving it, we cannot doubt from these passages, and especially from the second, in which the poor madman's imperfect memory refers to his suffering in the storm, that Shakespeare contemplated this exposure and physical suffering as the cause of the first crisis in the malady. Our wonder at his profound knowledge of mental disease increases, the more carefully we study his works; here and elsewhere he displays with prolific carelessness a knowledge of principles, half of which would make the reputation of a modern psychologist."

261. Lines 74-77: *He that has and a little tiny wit*, &c.—Compare Twelfth Night, v. 1. 398, fol. Furness suggests that this may be the same song, changed by the Fool to suit the occasion. The music of the song in Twelfth Night is given by Chappell, Popular Music, p. 225. The redundant *and* is common in ballads.

262. Lines 79-95: *This is a brave night to cool a courtezan*.—*I'll speak a prophecy*, &c.—All this is wanting in the Qq., and it is probably an interpolation of the actors, as Clarke and others have suggested. The prophecy is an imitation of one formerly ascribed to Chaucer, but none of his:

Whan prestis faylin in her sawes,  
And turnin Goddis lawes  
Ageynis ryt;  
Than schall the lond of Albion  
Turnin to confusion, &c.

*Merlin* is mentioned in I. Henry IV. iii. 1. 150: "the dreamer *Merlin* and his prophecies." [He was taken as the type of seers and prophets; so, to give a single in-

stance, Greene writes in the Address prefixed to *Perimedes the Blacke-smith*, 1588: "Mad and scoffing poets, that haue prophetically spirits as bred of *Merlins* race" (Dyce's Greene & Peel, p. 35). We need scarcely note that the Birth of Merlin was the subject of one of the pseudo-Shakespearean plays, for which see the convenient Tauchnitz edition.—A. W. V.]

## ACT III. SCENE 3.

263. Line 5: *PERPETUAL displeasure*.—The Qq. have *their displeasure*, and some editors read *their perpetual displeasure*.

264. Line 12: *my CLOSET*.—See note 76.

265. Line 20: *There IS STRANGE THINGS toward*.—The Qq. have *There is some strange thing toward*, which some editors adopt.

## ACT III. SCENE 4.

266.—Lines 17, 18: *In such . . . endure*, wanting in the Quartos. Lines 26, 27, not in Qq. Line 29, for *storm* the Quartos have *night*. Line 49, the Qq. read, *Hast thou given all to thy two daughters?* Line 83, *keep thy word justly*, so Pope; Qq. have *words justly*, and Ff. *words justice*. Line 114, for *come, unbutton here*, the Folio reading, some Quartos give *come on*, and others *Come on be true*. Line 117, *a wild field*; both Ff. and Qq. have *wild*, and there can be no reason for changing to *wide* as do some editors. Line 141, *who hath three suits*; the Quartos give *Who hath had*.

267. Line 48: *go to thy cold bed, and warm thee*.—Compare The Taming of the Shrew, Induction 10, where the words are quoted, with the prefatory oath "by Jeronimy;" for an elaborate account of which see note 3 to that play.—A. W. V.

268. Line 54: *laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his paw*.—To tempt him to suicide. Malone cites Harsnet's Declaration: "The exam: further saith, that one *Alexander* an Apothecarie, hauing brought with him from London to *Denham* on a time a new halter, and two blades of kniues, did leaue the same, vpon the gallerie floare in her Maisters house."

269. Line 56: *Bless thy FIVE WITS!*—"The wits," says Johnson, "seem to have been reckoned five, by analogy to the five senses, or the inlets of ideas;" and Dyce, Glossary to Shakespeare, p. 507, quotes from Malone: "From Stephen Hayes's poem called *Graunde Amoure*, ch. xxiv. edition 1554, it appears that the *five wits* were 'common wit, imagination, fantasy, estimation, (*i.e.* judgment) and memory.' *Wit* in our author's time was the general term for the intellectual power." As a matter of fact the *five wits* are often equivalent to the five senses. This is clear from two passages which Hunter gives in his Illustrations, vol. ii. p. 271. He says: "*Five wits* were undoubtedly the five senses. Thus in Lark's *Book of Wisdom*, 'And this knowledge descendeth and cometh of the *five corporal senses and wits* of the persons, as the eyes, understanding, and hearing of the ears, smell of the nose, taste of the mouth,' and more plainly in King Henry the Eighth's Primer, 1546, 'My *five wits* have I fondly mis-

used and spent, in hearing, seeing, smelling, tasting and also feeling, which thou hast given me to use unto thy honour and glory, and also to the edification and profit of my neighbours." For similar references cf. Twelfth Night, iv. 2. 92 (note 258 to that play); Much Ado, i. 1. 66 (note 15); and Sonnet cxli. 9.—A. W. V.

270. Line 75: *Should have thus little mercy on their flesh*.—Delius refers this to the sticking of pins into the mortified bare arms, Clarke to the exposure of poor Tom's body to the storm. In Edwin Booth's Prompt-Book (quoted by Furness) there is a stage-direction: "Draws a thorn, or wooden spike, from Edgar's arm, and tries to thrust it into his own;" and after line 73: "Edgar seizes Lear's hand and takes away the thorn."

271. Line 77: *Those PELICAN daughters*.—Wright quotes Batman vpon Bartholome (ed. 1582), fol. 186 b: "The Pellican louseth too much her children. For when the children bee haught, and begin to waxe hoare, they smite the father and the mother in the face, wherefore the mother smiteth them againe and slaieth them. And the thirde daye the mother smiteth her selfe in her side that the bloud runneth out, and sheddeth that hot bloud vpon the bodies of her children. And by virtue of the bloud the birdes that were before dead, quicken againe." [Compare also Richard II. ii. 1. 126, and Hamlet, iv. 5. 146, where the first Folio has the most curious misprint—*politician for pelican*. I find the same reference in William Rowley's Woman Never Vexed:

I'll feed my father; though, like the pelican  
I peck mine own breast for him.

—Dodsley's Old Plays, Hazlitt's ed. vol. xii. p. 174;

also twice in Middleton's Solomon Paraphrased:

You like to *pelicans* have fed your death. —Ch. xvi.;

and chap. xix.:

Why did you suck your *pelican* to death,  
Which fed you too, too well with his own breath.

—Middleton's Works, Bullen's ed. vol. viii. p. 263, and p. 293.

—A. W. V.]

272. Line 78: *Pillicock sat on Pillicock-hill*.—Collier cites Ritson's Gammer Gurton's Garland:

*Pillicock, Pillicock* sat on a hill;  
If he's not gone, he sits there still.

*Pillicock* was often used as a term of endearment. Dyce quotes Florio: "*Pinchino*, a prime-cocke, a pillicocke, a darlin, a beloued lad."

273. Line 83: *swear not*; COMMIT NOT.—Compare Othello, iv. 2. 72, 73:

What committed!  
Committed!—O thou public commoner!

So Field's A Woman is a Weathercock, i. 2:

Why, should they not admit you, my lord, you  
Cannot commit with 'em my lord.

—Nero and other plays (including Field's two Comedies)  
in Mermaid Series, p. 350.

—A. W. V.

274. Line 88: *curl'd my hair*.—Malone quotes Harsnet (p. 54): "Ma: Maynie the Actor, comes mute vpon the stage, with his hands by his side, and his *haire curl'd* vp. Loe heere (cries Weston the Interpreter) comes vp the spirit of pride." Curling the hair seems to have been

the mark of a swaggerer, for in the same book (p. 139) we are told that the devil was said to appear "sometimes like a Rufian, with *curl'd haire*." Wright cites Timon of Athens, iv. 3. 160: "make *curl'd-pate ruffians* bald." See, too, Othello, note 34.

275. Line 88: *wore gloves in my cap*.—"As the favour of a mistress" (Theobald). [Compare Richard II. v. 3. 17, 18:

And from the common'st creature pluck a *glove*,  
And wear it as a favour;

and Troilus and Cressida, note 299. Outside Shakespeare we may note, The Woman in the Moone, ii. 1:

And he that first presents me with his head,  
Shall wear *my glove* in favour of the deed.

—Lilly's Works, Fairholt's ed. vol. ii. p. 167;

and Campaspe, iv. 3: "O Philip, wert thou alive to see this alteration, thy men turned to women, thy souldiers to lovers, *gloves worn in velvet caps*, in stead of plumes in graven helmets" (Lilly, vol. i. p. 135). So Dekker in his Satiromastix:

Thou shalt wear her *glove* in thy worshipful hat.

—A. W. V.]

276. Line 94: *light of ear*.—"Credulous of evil, ready to receive malicious reports" (Johnson).

277. Lines 94–96: *hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey*.—Wright says: "Mr. Skeat has pointed out to me that in the Ancrens Riwele, p. 198, the seven deadly sins are typified by seven wild animals; the lion being the type of pride, the serpent of envy, the unicorn of wrath, the bear of sloth, the fox of covetousness, the swine of greediness, and the scorpion of lust."

278. Line 102: HA, NO, NONNY.—The text is a combination of the Quarto and Folio readings; in the former the line runs: *hay no on ny*; in the latter, *sayes swum mun, nonny*.

For the burden *hay, no nonny*, compare Ophelia's song in Hamlet, iv. 5. 165, and see Much Ado, note 150; and As You Like It, note 174. Compare, too, the following from Deuteromelia (1609), by Thomas Ravenscroft:

For where shall now this wedding be?  
For and *hey-nommy-no* in an old ivy-tree.  
And where now shall we bake our bread?  
For and *hey-nommy-no* in an old horse head.

—Bullen's Lyrics (1837), p. 118.

So, again, a song in the same editor's More Lyrics of the Elizabethan Age (1888), pp. 45, 46:

*Hey nonny no!*  
Men are fools that wish to die!  
Is't not fine to dance and sing  
When the bells of death do ring?  
Is't not fine to swim in wine,  
And turn upon the toe  
And sing *hey nonny no*,  
When the winds blow and the seas flow?

*Hey nonny no!*

This song was probably written by an Elizabethan composer named Nathaniel Giles, once chorister of Magdalen College, Oxford.—A. W. V.

279. Line 103: *Dolphin my boy, boy, sessa! let him trot by*.—Stevens quotes, as heard from an old gentleman, the following:

Dolphin my boy, my boy,  
Cease, let him trot by;  
It seemeth not that such a foe  
From me or you would fly.

Farmer cites Jonson, Bartholomew Fair, v. 3: "he shall be *Dolphin my boy*." Sessa is Malone's emendation for the *Sessey* or *Sesey* of the Ff. The Qq. have *cease* or *caese*. Johnson believes that *sessa* is the French *cessez*, equivalent to "be quiet, have done."

280. Line 113: *Off, off, you lendings!*—Moberly says: "The latent madness against which Lear has been struggling bursts into violence at sight of the strange and awful object which Edgar has made of himself, and he longs to reduce himself, like him, to a state of absolute and unmitigated nature."

281. Line 118: *here comes a walking fire*.—This refers to Gloster with his torch; but, as Furness remarks, it is somewhat premature to mark his entrance here (as the Qq. and the Cambridge editors do), for he is still in the distance.

282. Line 120: *This is the foul fiend FLIBBERTIGIBBET*.—This, like the other names of the demons mentioned by Edgar (Modo, Mahu, &c.), is from Harsnet, who says (p. 49): "Frateretto, Fleberdigibet, Hoberdidance, Tocobatto, were four devils of the round, or Morrice, whom Sara in her fits, tuned together, in measure and sweet cadence." Cotgrave (French Dict.) gives it as one of the definitions of *Coquette*: "a fisking, or fliperous minx, a cocket or tating housewife; a titifill, a *flebergebit*."

283. Line 121: *walks AT first cock*.—The Qq. reads *walks till the first cock*. *Walk* is often equivalent to *go away* (Schmidt); as in Measure for Measure, iv. 5. 12; Othello, iv. 3. 4; &c. See also iv. 7. 83 of this play. [For the old superstition that spirits and supernatural beings had to retire at cockcrow, cf. Hamlet, i. 1. 149-161, and The Tempest, i. 2. 326-328. On the other hand, the sound of the curfew bell was the regular signal for them to begin their walks abroad; cf. Measure for Measure, iv. 2. 76-78:

*Duke*. The best and wholsom'st *spirits of the night*  
Envelop you, good provost! Who call'd here of late?  
*Prov.* None, since the *curfew* rung.

So The Tempest, v. 1. 38-40. In Romeo and Juliet, iv. 4. 4, *curfew-bell* appears to mean the matins-bell; see note 181 to that play.—A. W. V.]

284. Line 122: *he gives the WEBB and the PIN*.—Compare the Winter's Tale, i. 2. 290, 291:

*all eyes*  
*Blind with the pin and web.*

Florio (Ital. Dict.) has: "Cataralta . . . a dimnesse of sight occasioned by humores hardened in the eies called a cataract or a *pin and web*;" and Dyer quotes from Markham's Cheap and Good Husbandry, bk. i. chap. 37: "But for the wart, pearle, *pin or web*, which are evils grown in or upon the eye, to take them off, take the juyce of the herb betin and wash the eye therewith, it will weare the spots away" (Folklore of Shakespeare, p. 253). The disease is referred to by Marston in his Mountebank's Masque; see Bullen's ed. vol. iii. p. 423.—A. W. V.

285. Line 125: SAINT WITHOLD *footed* thrice the OLD.—The Ff. have *Swithold*, and the Qq. *swithold*. The emen-

dation is Theobald's, and is generally accepted by the editors. For the *old* or *olde* of the early editions, Theobald and most of his successors read *wold*, which is merely another form of the same word. Warburton quotes Fletcher, Monsieur Thomas, iv. 6:

St. George, St. George, our Ladies Knight,  
He walks by day, so does he by night,  
And when he had her found,  
He her beat, and her bound.  
Untill to him her troth he plight,  
She would not stir from him that night.

This is also to be found, with slight changes, in Scot's Discoverie of Witchcraft, book iv. chap. xi.

286. Line 129: *aroint thee!*—Away with thee! For *aroint*, see Macbeth, note 20.

287. Line 137: *for SALLETS*.—We have the same form in Hamlet, ii. 2. 462. Compare, too, Fletcher in the dedicatory lines to Sir Robert Townshend, prefixed to The Faithful Shepherdess:

Only for to please the pallet,  
Leave great meat and choose a *sallet*.

—Beaumont and Fletcher, in Mermaid Series, ii. p. 330.

Cotgrave has: "Salade . . . a *Sallet* of hearbes."—A. W. V.

288. Lines 144, 145:

*But mice and rats, and such small deer,*  
*Have been Tom's food for seven long year.*

Capell quotes the old romance of Sir Bevis of Hamptoun;

Rattes and myce and suche smal dere  
Was his meate that seven yere.

*Deer* was sometimes used in the general sense of game. Malone quotes Barclay, Eclogues, 1570:

Everie sorte of dere  
Shrunk under shadowes abating all their chere.

289. Line 146: *Peace, SMULKIN!*—See note 282 above. The Qq. have *smulbug*.

290. Line 148: *The prince of darkness*.—Reed quotes from Suckling's Goblins, ii. 1:

The prince of darkness is a gentleman,  
Mahu, Mahu is his name;

suggesting that it may be part of the original ballad from which Edgar sings snatches. Aldis Wright, however, is probably right in regarding Suckling's catch as simply a quotation from Lear; for Suckling, we may note, knew his Shakespeare well. Thus in a single scene in this play, The Goblins, viz. scene 1, act iii. he refers to Shakespeare by name, gives a palpable variation on Falstaff's "men in buckram," and quotes Othello, iii. 3. 349, 350. See Hazlitt's edition, vol. ii. pp. 30, 33, and 49.—A. W. V.

291. Line 167: *His wits begin to unsettle*.—Steevens quotes a note by Horace Walpole, in the postscript to his Mysterious Mother, where he observes that when "Belvidera talks of 'Lutes, laurels, seas of milk, and ships of amber,' she is not mad, but light-headed. When madness has taken possession of a person, such character ceases to be fit for the stage, or, at least, should appear there but for a short time; it being the business of the theatre to exhibit passions, not distempers. The finest picture ever drawn, of a head discomposed by misfortune, is that of

King Lear. His thoughts dwell on the ingratitude of his daughters, and every sentence that falls from his wildness excites reflection and pity. Had frenzy entirely seized him, our compassion would abate: we would conclude that he no longer felt unhappiness. Shakespeare wrote as a philosopher, Otway as a poet." [Belvidera is the heroine of Otway's *Venice Preserved*.—A. W. V.]

292. Line 176: *I do beseech your grace*.—"Here Gloucester attempts to lead Lear towards the shelter he has provided in the farm-house adjoining the castle; but the king will not hear of quitting his 'philosopher.' Gloucester then induces the Bedlam-fellow to go into the hovel, that he may be out of Lear's sight; but Lear proposes to follow him thither, saying 'Let's in all.' Kent endeavours to draw Lear away, but, finding him resolved to 'keep still with' his 'philosopher,' begs Gloucester to humour the king, and 'let him take the fellow' with him. Gloucester accedes, and bids Kent himself take the fellow with them in the direction they desire to go; and this is done. We point out these details, because, if it be not specially observed, the distinction between the 'hovel' and the 'farm-house' would hardly be understood. The mention of 'cushions' and a 'joint-stool' in scene 6, shows it to be some place of better accommodation than the 'hovel,' and probably some cottage or farm-house belonging to one of Gloucester's tenants" (Clarke).

293. Line 187: *Child Roland to the dark tower came*.—The ballad quoted has not been found, though other allusions to it have been pointed out, and fragments of it are given by Jamieson in his *Illustrations of Northern Antiquities* (p. 397), and by Child in *English and Scottish Ballads* (i. 245). It is scarcely necessary to say that "Child Roland to the Dark Tower Came" has supplied Browning with the title and subject of a poem.

## ACT III. SCENE 5.

294. Line 8: *a provoking merit*.—"A merit he felt in himself which irritated him against a father that had none" (Mason); "a consciousness of his own worth which urged him on" (Wright).

295. Line 13: *that this treason were not*.—The Qq. have *that his treason were* (omitting *not*).

296. Line 21: *COMFORTING the king*.—*Comforting* is almost a technical word. Aldis Wright quotes from Lord Campbell: "The indictment against an accessory after the fact for treason charges that the accessory *comforted* the principal traitor after the knowledge of the treason." Wright continues: "In this technical sense the word retains its old meaning of strengthening and supporting."—A. W. V.

## ACT III. SCENE 6.

297. Line 7: *FRATERETTO calls ma*.—See note 282 above.

298. Line 8: *Pray, INNOCENT, and beware the foul fiend*.—Steevens says: "He is here addressing the Fool. Compare All's Well, iv. 3. 213: 'a dumb *innocent*, that could not say him nay.'"

299. Lines 18-59: *The foul fiend bites my back . . . hast thou let her scape?*—All this is wanting in the Ff.

300. Line 19: *He's mad, &c.*—This, according to Thiselt Dyer, was a proverbial saying (Folklore of Shakespeare, p. 427); he also gives (p. 441) another maxim—"trust not a horse's heel," and Warburton proposed to substitute *heels* in the present passage. I cannot doubt, however, that *health* is the right reading; see *Taming of the Shrew*, note 54.—A. W. V.

301. Line 27: *Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me*.—Wright quotes Chappell, *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, p. 505, note: "The allusion is to an English ballad by William Birch, entitled 'A Song betwene the Quenes Majestie and Englande,' a copy of which is in the library of the Society of Antiquaries. England commences the dialogue, inviting Queen Elizabeth in the following words:

Come over the bourn, Bessy, come over the bourn, Bessy,  
Swete Bessy, come over to me.

The date of Birch's song is 1558, and it is printed in full in the *Harleian Miscellany*, x. 260. Halliwell gives the music of the song from a MS. of the 16th century in the British Museum."

302. Line 33: *Croak not, black angel; I have no food for thee*.—Malone quotes Harsnet (p. 195): "One time shee remembereth, that shee having the said *croaking* in her belly, they said it was the *devil* that was about the bed, that spake with the voice of a toad.

303. Line 43: *Sleepest or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?*—Steevens quotes The Interlude of the Four Elements: "*Sleepyst thou, wakyst thou, Geoffrey Coke?*" (Hazlitt's *Dodsley*, i. p. 49).

304. Line 45: *thy MINIKIN mouth*.—Aldis Wright quotes from Cotgrave: "Mignonnet: A prettie, or young minion; a *minikin*." Florio uses the word to translate Ital. *mignone*; Skeat compares Dutch *minnekeyn*, a cupid. The French *mignon* is cognate with Middle High German *minne*=love. How, by the way, did *minikin* come to mean a violin? or is that *minikin* a different word? It occurs frequently; cf. the following instances: Glapthorne's *The Lady Mother*, ii. 1: "thou dost tickle *minikin*"=play the fiddle (Bullen's *Old Plays*, vol. ii. p. 131); Nabbes' *Tottenham Court*, ii. 4: "my guts will shrink all to *minikins*, which I will bequeath the poor fiddlers" (Bullen's ed. of Nabbes, i. p. 127). Compare, again, the same editor's *Marston*, vol. i. p. 51, and vol. ii. p. 401, *minikin-tickler*.—A. W. V.

305. Line 54: *Cry you mercy, &c.*—This was a proverbial saying, given by Ray in his *Proverbs*; see Thiselt Dyer, *Folklore*, p. 423. Steevens quotes from *Mother Bombie*, iii. 4:

*I crye you mercy*, I took you for a joynt stoole.  
—Fairholt's *Lilly*, ii. p. 122.

Shakespeare had previously used the joke in the *Taming of the Shrew*, ii. 1. 199.—A. W. V.

306. Line 72: *brach* or *LYM*.—The Qq. have *him* or *Him*, and the Ff. *Hym*; corrected by Hamner. The word meant a lime-hound, or one led in a *lime* or leash. Ritson quotes Harrington, *Orlando Furioso*, xli. 30:

His cosin had a *Lyme* hound argent bright,  
His *Lyme* laid on his back, he couching down.

[See Hunter's Illustrations, vol. ii. p. 272, and cf. The Bashful Lover, i. 1:

I have seen him  
Smell out her footing like a *time*-hound.

—Cunningham's Massinger, p. 509.

—A. W. V.]

307. Line 79: *thy HORN is dry*.—See note 214.

308. Line 85: *you will say they are PERSIAN*.—The Qq. add *attire*. Moberly says: "A Persian embassy had been sent to England early in James I.'s reign, and a tombstone still remains in the churchyard of St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate Street, erected to the memory of the secretary of this embassy, with the following inscription: 'If any Persian come here, let him read this and pray for his soul. The Lord receive his soul; for here lieth Maghmote (Mohammed) Shaughsware, who was born in the town Noroy in Persia.' The joke on outlandish dress arises probably from the presence of these Persians in London."

309. Line 89: *Make no noise, make no noise*, &c.—Bucknill (p. 207) remarks: "Lear is comparatively tranquil in conduct and language during the whole period of Edgar's mad companionship. It is only after the Fool has disappeared, and Edgar has left to be the guide of his blind father, that the king becomes absolutely wild and incoherent. The singular and undoubted fact is, that few things tranquillize the insane more than the companionship of the insane. It is a fact not easily explicable, but it is one of which, either by the intuition of genius, or by the information of experience, Shakespeare appears to be aware."

310. Line 92: *And I'll go to bed at noon*.—Omitted in the Qq. Clarke says: "This speech is greatly significant, though apparently so trivial. It seems but a playful rejoinder to his poor old royal master's witless words of exhaustion, but it is, in fact, a dismissal of himself from the scene of the tragedy and from his own short day of life. The dramatist indeed has added one slight passing touch of tender mention (Kent's saying, 'Come, help to bear thy master; thou must not stay behind') ere he withdraws him from the drama altogether; but he seems by this last speech to let us know that the gentle-hearted fellow who 'much pined away' at Cordelia's going into France, and who has since been subjected to still severer fret at his dear master's miseries, has sunk beneath the accumulated burden, and has gone to his eternal rest even in the very noon of his existence."

Grant White (Atlantic Monthly, July 1880) remarks: "About the middle of the play the Fool suddenly disappears, making in reply to Lear's remark, 'We'll go to supper in the morning,' the fitting rejoinder, 'And I'll go to bed at noon.' Why does he not return? Clearly for this reason: he remains with Lear during his insanity, to answer in antiphonic commentary the mad king's lofty ravings with his simple wit and homespun wisdom: but after that time, when Lear sinks from frenzy into forlorn imbecility, the Fool's utterances would have jarred upon our ears. The situation becomes too grandly pathetic to admit the presence of a jester, who, unless he is professional, is nothing. Even Shakespeare could not make sport with the great primal elements of woe. And so the poor Fool sought the little corner where he slept, turned

his face to the wall, and went to bed in the noon of his life for the last time—*functus officio*."

311. Line 102: *take up, take up*.—Q. 1 has *Take vp the King*, and Q. 2 *Take vp to keepe*.

312. Lines 104–108: *Oppress'd nature sleeps . . . Come, come, away*.—Omitted in the Ff.

313. Lines 109–122: *When we our betters see . . . Lurk, lurk*.—"This speech is not in the Ff., and the Cambridge editors consider that 'internal evidence is conclusive against the supposition' that Shakespeare wrote it; but, as Delius remarks, it is difficult to comprehend how a spurious passage could get into the Quartos. The publisher would not be likely to attempt to amplify and improve the MS. of the play as then performed, especially when he was in such haste to bring it out. It must be confessed, however, that the style is not like that of the rest of the play; but this difference is to be noted in other of the poet's rhymed passages. The expression 'He childed as I father'd' is thoroughly Shakespearian" (Rolfe).

314. Lines 118–120: *Mark the high noises; . . . and reconciles thee*.—Johnson paraphrases the passage thus: "Attend to the great events that are approaching, and make thyself known when that *false opinion* now prevailing against thee shall, in consequence of *just proof* of thy integrity, revoke its erroneous sentence and recall thee to honour and reconciliation."

#### ACT III. SCENE 7.

315. Line 3: *the VILLAIN Gloster*.—The Ff. have *traitor*, which is accepted by the majority of the editors.

316. Line 18: *the lord's dependants*.—Some editors have *lords dependants* (dependant lords), but the reference is evidently to Gloster's dependants. There were *knight*s dependent on the king, but no *lords*.

317. Line 29: *Bind fast his CORKY arms*.—Percy quotes Harsnet, p. 23: "It would (I feare me) pose all the cunning Exorcists, that are this day to be found, to teach an old *corkie* woman to writhe, tumble, curuet, & fetch her Morice gamboles, as Martha Brossier did."

318. Line 43: *Be SIMPLE-ANSWER'D*.—The Qq. have *simple answerer*, which Wright and Moberly adopt.

319. Line 60: *would have BUOY'D up*.—Q. 1 has *bod* and Q. 2 *luid*. Warburton suggested *boil'd*, as did Collier's Corrector. *Buoy'd up* must mean "lifted itself up," though Schmidt takes *fires* to be the object of the verb.

320. Line 61: *And quench'd the STELLED fires*.—*Stelled* is usually explained to mean *starry*, as if it came from the Latin *stellatus*, and probably this is the right explanation. It may, however, be worth while to suggest that here, as in Lucrece 1444, and Sonnet xxiv. 1, *stelled* is the past participle of *to stell*=to figure, or paint. The stars are hung as pictures in the sky. For the rhetorical description we may compare Othello, ii. 1. 14, 15, and The Winter's Tale, iii. 3. 85–90.—A. W. V.

321. Line 63: *that STERN time*.—The Qq. have *dearn* (which occurs in Pericles, iii. Prol. 15), and Capell and Singer follow them.



322. Line 65: *All cruels else subscrib'd*.—The Folios read *subscribe*. The passage is rather puzzling. Myself I think that *cruels*=cruelties, and that *subscrib'd* is equivalent to *forgiven, overlooked*, or some such kindred word. In i. 2. 24 *subscribed*=surrendered; in Troilus and Cressida, iv. 5. 105, the word means to yield. Now from this sense of yielding, surrendering, comes the idea of waiving or not pressing a point, which, to my mind, just suits the context here. The wolves are to be let in: their savageness and cruelty are to be overlooked. They might be kept out on the score of their "cruels;" but the charge is not to be pressed; the "cruels" are to be passed over. Various other explanations have been offered; e.g. Moberly says: "All harshness otherwise natural being forborne, or yielded from the necessity of the time;" and Schmidt, following the Folio and taking *cruels*=cruel creatures, paraphrases: "Everything which is at other times cruel shows feeling or regard; you alone have not done so."—A. W. V.

323. Line 77: *What do you mean?*—Furness suggests that this is spoken by Cornwall.

324. Line 78: *My VILLAIN!*—The word is here used in its original sense of *serf*.—Moberly says: "As a *villain* could hold no property but by his master's sufferance, had no legal rights as against his lord, and was (perhaps) incapable of bearing witness against freemen, that one should raise his sword against his master would be unheard-of presumption, for which any punishment would be admissible. The lord's making war against his superior lord would entail no such consequences."

325. Lines 99-107: *I'll never care . . . heaven help him!*—All this wanting in the Ff.

326. Line 101: *The old course of death*.—That is, the ordinary course, a natural death. Wordsworth (Shakespeare and the Bible, 2nd ed. p. 72) compares Numbers xvi. 29: "die the common death of all men."

327. Line 106: *some FLAX and WHITES OF EGGS*.—A common cure, as Gifford shows. At one time it was supposed that Ben Jonson had parodied this passage in his play, The Case is Altered, ii. 4: "Go, get a *white of an egg* and a *little flax*, and close the breach of the head." Ben Jonson's piece was written in 1599.—A. W. V.

## ACT IV. SCENE 1.

328. Line 2: *To be worst*.—Both Qq. and Ff. join these words to what precedes, and Tyrwhitt thought *worst* should be *worse*. Pope made the correction in the text.

329. Line 6-9: *Welcome, then . . . who comes here?*—The Qq. omit all this except *who comes here?*

330. Line 22: *Our means secure us*.—A much-disputed passage; but Schmidt's explanation may be accepted: "The advantages we enjoy make us secure or careless." For the use of *secure*, compare Timon of Athens, ii. 2. 134, 135:

Canst thou the conscience lack,

To think I shall lack friends? *Secure* thy heart.

Wright explains thus: "Things we think meanly of, our mean or moderate condition, are our security." He says he knows no instance of the verb *secure* in the sense

of "to render careless." Rolfe, quoting this, says: "We know of no instance of *means*=mean things, or 'moderate condition.'" Knight says: "The means, such as we possess, are our securities, and, further, our mere defects prove advantages." Various emendations have been proposed, but they are not worth recording.

331. Lines 61-66: *five fiends . . . bless thee, master*.—Omitted in the Ff.

332. Line 71: *That SLAVES your ordinance*.—"Who, instead of paying the deference and submission due to your ordinance, treats it as his *slave*, by making it subservient to his views of pleasure or interest" (Heath). For *slaves* the Qq. have *stands*, and Collier's Corrector suggests *braves*.

333. Lines 73, 74: *So distribution, &c.*—Compare Comus, 768-774:

If every just man that now pines with want  
Had but a moderate and besecming share  
Of that which lowly-pamper'd Luxury  
Now heaps upon some few with vast excess,  
Nature's full blessings would be well dispens'd  
In unsuperfluous even proportion,  
And she no whit encumber'd with her store.

—A. W. V.

334. Lines 76, 77:

*There is a cliff, whose high and bending head  
Looks fearfully in the confined deep, &c.*

Moberly says: "It is remarkable that Gloucester goes to Dover, not, as Regan laughingly says, that he may now do his worst in treason, but simply that he may throw himself from the cliff in utter despair. The fact is, that this interpolated part of the plot is one of the many instances of Shakespeare's homage to Sir Philip Sidney; to pay which he does not hesitate to make a certain sacrifice of probability. In the Arcadia (p. 160) we have 'a prince of Paphlagonia, who, being ill-treated by his son, goes to the top of a high rock to cast himself down.' But how slight is the hint in the romance compared with the magnificent use which Shakespeare makes of it!" The *cliff* is generally assumed to be that which is now known as *Shakespeare's Cliff*, just outside Dover to the south-west, pierced by the tunnel of the South-Eastern Railway.

## ACT IV. SCENE 2.

335.—Line 12, the Quartos mostly read *curre* instead of *terror*; some, however, have *terror*. Aldis Wright suggests that the true reading is *curreish terror*. Line 17, for *arms* the Folios have *names*. Line 28, the Quartos vary between: *My foote vsurpes my head; My foote vsurpes my body; and A foole vsurpes my bed*. Lines 31-50, omitted in Ff. Lines 53-59, not in the Folios. Line 58, the Quartos have *sits* and *cries*. Lines 62-68, wanting in the Folios. Line 79, the Folios and most of the Quartos have *justices*.

336. Line 22: *Decline your head*.—To receive the kiss. Delius thinks that it is to have a chain put about his neck.

337. Line 28: *My fool usurps my body*.—A contemptuous reference to her husband, and the reading of the Ff.

338. Line 39: *I have been worth the whistle*.—Steevens

quotes Heywood's Proverbs: "A poore dogge that is not woorth the whistlyng."

339. Line 32: *contemns IT origin*.—Compare i. 4. 236, and see note. Heath paraphrases the passage thus: "That nature which is arrived to such a pitch of unnatural degeneracy as to *contemn its origin* cannot from thenceforth be restrained within any certain bounds whatever, but is prepared to break out into the most monstrous excesses every way, as occasion or temptation may offer."

340. Line 35: *her MATERIAL sap*.—Theobald reads *material*, and Schmidt says: "From Shakespeare's use of *material* elsewhere, in the sense of *full of matter*, and hence of *importance*, it is not easy to explain it here." Rolfe replies: "But here it is = 'full of matter,' in a sense in which Shakespeare often uses *matter* (= substance, materials)."

341. Line 36: *to deadly use*.—The use suited to a dead thing, that is, burning. Warburton sees an allusion to the use made of withered branches by witches in their charms.

342. Line 54: *Fools do those VILLAINS pity*, &c.—There has been much dispute whether this refers to Gloucester or Lear, as some believe, or to Albany himself. Furness is apparently right in saying: "She cannot refer to Gloucester, because Albany is ignorant of what had been done to him, and she herself had left Gloucester's castle before the blinding was accomplished; and it is difficult to believe that she refers to Lear."

343. Line 57: *thy state begins to threat*.—Q. 1 reads "thy state begins thereat," and Q. 2 "thy slaier begins threats." The emendation was made by Jennens.

344. Line 62: *SELF-COVER'D thing*.—The meaning of *self-cover'd* has been much discussed. I am inclined to agree with Rolfe, who says: "If this be what Shakespeare wrote, it seems to us that it must mean 'whose genuine self is covered or concealed.' The only question is whether she 'has hid the woman under the fiend,' as Johnson, Malone, Clarke, and Wright understand it, or the fiend under the woman, as Delius and Furness make it. Either can be made to suit the context; but we prefer the former. The meaning then is: Thou perverted creature, who hast lost thy proper self (either thy womanly self, or thy self as it has seemed to me, the ideal of my affection) and hast become a fiend, do not thus make a monster of thyself. Were it becoming in me to yield to the angry impulse, I could tear thee limb from limb; but fiend though thou art, thy woman's shape doth shield thee. Furness has well put the other interpretation, which differs from this only in part: 'Is it over-refinement to suppose that this revelation to Albany of his wife's fiendlike character transforms, in his eyes, even her person? She is changed, her true self has been covered; now that she stands revealed, her whole outward shape is be-monstered. No woman, least of all Goneril, could remain unmoved under such scathing words from her husband. Goneril's "feature" is quivering and her face distorted with passion. Then it is that Albany tells her not to let her evil self, hitherto covered and concealed, betray itself in all its hideousness in her outward shape.'"

Many emendations have been suggested, as *false-cover'd*, *self-govern'd*, *self-colour'd*, *self-cover'd*, &c.; but no one of them is really more plausible than the old text.

345. Line 68: *Marry, your manhood NOW!*—Aldis Wright reads *mew*=restrain, keep in. "*Mew*," he says, "followed by a dash is the reading of the corrected copies of the earliest Quarto. The others have *now*." *Mew* is certainly tempting.

346. Lines 73-75:

*A servant that he bred, thrill'd with remorse,  
Oppos'd against the act, bending his sword  
To his great master.*

Schmidt makes *oppos'd* the participle "used adjectively;" but Rolfe seems to be right in taking it to be the past tense ("made opposition, opposed himself"). This is paralleled by Winter's Tale, v. 1. 44-46:

'T is your counsel  
My lord should to the heavens be contrary,  
Oppose against their wills.

347. Line 83: *One way I like this well*.—Mason says: "Goneril's plan was to poison her sister,—to marry Edmund,—to murder Albany,—and to get possession of the whole kingdom. As the death of Cornwall facilitated the last part of her scheme, she was pleased at it; but disliked it, as it put it in the power of her sister to marry Edmund."

## ACT IV. SCENE 3.

348.—This entire scene is wanting in the Ff. Johnson believed it was omitted in order to shorten the play.

349. Line 20: *SUNSHINE and RAIN at once*.—Compare All's Well That Ends Well, v. 3. 33, 34:

For thou mayst see a *sunshine* and a *hail*  
In me at once.

—A. W. V.

350. Lines 20, 21:

*her smiles and tears  
Were like a better way.*

This has been the subject of much controversy. Taking it as it stands, a *better way* is apparently one better than either *patience* or *sorrow* could afford separately, each striving to express her best. Schmidt points thus: *Were like, a better way*, paraphrasing the words by "resembled sunshine and rain, but in a more beautiful manner." Warburton proposed a *wetter May*, Tollet a *better May*, Theobald a *better day*, &c.

351. Line 33: *And, CLAMOUR MOISTEN'D, then away she started*.—The Qq. have *And clamour moisten'd her*. The emendation is Walker's (Crit. Exam. i. 157). He makes *clamour* equivalent to *wailing*. The passage is doubtless corrupt, and no emendation that has been proposed is quite satisfactory. Capell reads *And clamour moistened*; that is, allayed with tears her grief ready to burst out into clamour. Moberly explains it "shed tears upon her cry of sorrow." Theobald reads *And, clamour-motion'd, then*. Johnson says: "The sense is good of the old reading, 'Clamour moisten'd her,' that is, her outcries were accompanied with tears."

352. Line 44: *A sovereign shame so ELBOWS him*.—Wright explains this, "stands at his elbow and reminds

him of the past;" Moberly, "seems to buffet him." Furness calls this scene "perhaps the most corrupt throughout Shakespeare's plays," and this is probably one of the corrupt lines in it.

## ACT IV. SCENE 4.

353. Line 3: *rank* FUMITORY.—Hammer's correction of the *femiter* and *Feniter* of the old editions.—Compare Henry V. v. 2. 45:

The darnel, hemlock and rank *fumitory*.

354. Line 4: *With* BURDOCKS, *hemlock*, *nettles*, CUCKOO-FLOWERS.—For *burdocks* (Hammer's suggestion) the Qq. have *hordocks*, and the Ff. *Hardokes* or *Harlocks*. Farmer reads *harlocks*. The *cuckoo-flowers* are the *cuckoo-buds* of Love's Labour's Lost, v. 2. 906. See note 225 of that play.

355. Lines 11-15: *There is means, madam . . . the eye of anguish*.—Dr. Kellog (Shakespeare's Delineations of Insanity, p. 26) remarks: "The reply of the Physician is significant, and worthy of careful attention, as embracing a brief summary of almost the only true principles recognized by modern science, and now carried out by the most eminent physicians in the treatment of the insane. We find here no allusion to the scourgings, the charms, the invocation of saints, &c., employed by the most eminent physicians of the time of Shakespeare; neither have we any allusion to the rotary chairs, the vomitings, the purgings by hellebore, the showerings, the bleedings, scalp-shavings, and blisterings, which, even down to our own times, have been inflicted upon these unfortunates by 'science falsely so called,' and which stand recorded as imperishable monuments of medical folly; but in place of all this, Shakespeare, speaking through the mouth of the Physician, gives us the principle, simple, truthful, and universally applicable."

356. Line 26: *My mourning and* IMPORTANT *tears*.—For *important*, in the sense of *unfortunate*, compare Much Ado, ii. 1. 73-75: "if the prince be too *important*, tell him there is measure in every thing." The Folios read *importun'd*.

## ACT IV. SCENE 5.

357. Line 4: *spake not with your* LORD.—The Qq. have *Lady*, which, as Malone suggests, may have been due to the ambiguous abbreviation *L*. in the MS.

358. Line 22: *Madam, I had rather*.—Johnson says: "I know not well why Shakespeare gives to Oswald, who is a mere factor of wickedness, so much fidelity. He now refuses the letter; and afterwards, when he is dying, thinks only how it may be safely delivered." Verplanck, the American editor (1847), as quoted by Rolfe, remarks: "Shakespeare has here incidentally painted, without the formality of a regular moral lesson, one of the very strange and very common self-contradictions of our enigmatical nature. Zealous, honourable, even self-sacrificing fidelity,—sometimes to a chief or leader, sometimes to a party, a faction, or a gang,—appears to be so little dependent on any principle of virtuous duty, that it is often found strongest amongst those who have thrown off the common restraints of morality. It would seem that man's obligations to his God or his kind are rejected or

forgotten, the most abandoned mind still craves something for the exercise of its natural social sympathies, and as it loses sight of nobler and truer duties becomes, like the Steward, more and more 'duteous to the vices' of its self-chosen masters."

359. Line 25: *She gave strange* ELLIADS.—The Qq. have *aliads*, and the Ff. *Eliads* or *Iliads*. Compare Merry Wives, i. 3. 64-66: "Page's wife, who even now gave me good eyes too, examin'd my parts with most judicious *ealliards*." Wright quotes Cotgrave: "*Oeillade*: An amorous looke, affectionate winke, wanton aspect, lustfull iert, or passionate cast, of the eye; a Sheepes eye."

360. Line 29: *take this* NOTE.—"Not a letter, but a remark" (Johnson). Delius thinks a letter is meant, and also in line 33 below. Grey says it could not be a letter, because only Goneril's is found in his pockets when they are rifled after his death. See iv. 6. 267.

361. Line 40: *What* PARTY *I do follow*.—The Qq. have *lady*, which Pope adopts.

## ACT IV. SCENE 6.

362.—Line 2, Qq. have *climb it up*. Line 21, Ff. and Q. 1 read the singular *pebble*. Line 71, for *enruidged* the Folios give *enraged*. Line 83, the Folios have *crying* instead of *coining*. Line 92, the Quartos have *in the ayre*. Lines 169-174, all from *Plate sin to accuser's lips* is missing in the Quartos. Line 196, *surgeons*, so the Folios; the Quartos vary between *a chirurgion* and *a chirurgeon*. Line 201, omitted in Ff. Line 246, for *ise* Qq. have *ile* and Ff. *ice*. Line 247, *ballow*, a north county word, is the Folio reading; Qq. give *bat*. Line 278, Q. 1 reads *indistinguisht*, the other Quartos *undistinguisht*; the Folios have *indinguish'd* and *indistinguish'd*. Line 289, for *sever'd* the Quartos have *fenced*.

363.—The materials of the scene are from Sidney's Arcadia, as Johnson pointed out. See Introduction, p. 88.

364. Line 15: *Hangs one that gathers* SAMPIRE.—The spelling of the early editions, commonly changed to *samphire*, which is less consistent with its derivation from the French "*l'herbe de Saint-Pierre*." Malone remarks that the reference is to "a trade or common occupation" of the time, sampire being much used as a pickle. It was often obtained from Dover Cliff. Compare Drayton, Polyolbion, xviii.:

Rob *Dover's* neighbouring cleaves of *samphire*, to excite  
His dull and sickly taste, and stir up appetite;

[and Gerard's Herbal, p. 428: "Rocke *Sampier* groweth on the rocky cliffs at *Douen*"]—quoted by Mr. Aldis Wright. We may remember that *samphire* was long one of the articles cried in the London streets; cf. A Chaste Maid in Cheapside, i. 1: "What had us wives been good for? to make salads, or else *cried up and down* for *samphire*" (Bullen's Middleton, vol. v. p. 5).

Again, at the end of Heywood's Rape of Lucrece we have a rollicking song on The Cries of Rome, i.e. London, in which one stanzas runs:

I ha' *rocksamplier*, *rocksamplier*!

Thus goes the cries in Rome's fair town;

First they go up street, and then they go down;

—Heywood, Select Plays in Mermaid ed. p. 425.

and Mr. Tuer in his smaller work on London Cries refers to a broadside in the British Museum, "undated and of foreign workmanship but attributable to the time of Charles II.," in which a list of London calls is given, the list including *Camphires*. The form *camphire*, by the way, is used by Fletcher in the Faithful Shepherdess, v. 5:

Censers filled with frankincense and myrrh,  
Together with cold *camphire*.

—Beaumont and Fletcher, *Mennaid* ed. ii. 404.

A. W. V.]

365. Line 19: *her COCK*.—*Cock*=a cockboat; not found elsewhere in Shakespeare. Wedgwood says: "The *Pin* has *kokka*, the prow of a vessel, perhaps the part which cocks or sticks up, and hence the name may have passed to the entire vessel." Skeat, however, connects with *concha*=a shell, and Welsh *cwch*=a boat; cf. *cox-swain*=cock-swain. The word was evidently in common use. Parish in his Sussex Dialect gives an interesting list of sea-terms from the Brighton Costumal, 1580: "a book of certain customs relating to fishing, which received Royal confirmation at that date;" and amongst the terms is this word *cock*, on which he remarks: "Small boats, from two to six tons burden, used in the herring fishing. Their period of fishing was called *cockfare*."—A. W. V.

366. Line 53: *Ten masts AT EACH make not the altitude*.—Many emendations have been proposed; as *at least*, *attacht*, *at length*, *at eke*, *astretch*, *at reach*, &c. The editors generally retain the old reading, with the sense "fastened together."

367. Line 81: *The SAFER sense*.—Warburton proposed *sober*, and Johnson *saner*. Wright quotes Othello, ii. 3. 205.

368. Line 86: *There's your press-money*.—Lear's insane thoughts run upon warlike matters.

369. Line 100: *To say "ay" and "no" to every thing that I said!*—Clarke says: "Lear first exclaims indignantly: 'To say 'ay' and 'no' to everything I said!' recollecting the facility with which his courtiers veered about in their answers to suit his varying moods, just as Osric does to Hamlet; and then he goes on to say that this kind of 'ay' and 'no' too is no good divinity. In proof that 'ay' and 'no' was used by Shakespeare with some degree of latitude, as a phrase signifying alternate reply, and not merely in strictness 'yes and no,' compare As You Like It, iii. 2. 231-240, where, if the questions Rosalind asks be examined, it will be perceived that neither 'ay' nor 'no' will do as answers to any of them, except to 'Did he ask for me?'"

370. Line 140: *Dost thou SQUINY at me?*—Malone quotes Armin, Nest of Ninnies (p. 6, ed. Shakes. Soc.): "The World, queasie stomackt, . . . squinies at this, and looks as one scorning." Wright says the word is still used in Suffolk; and Furness adds that it is also used in America. Rolfe says: "We have heard a New England mother say to a boy, 'Don't squiny up your eyes.'"

[Apparently the word survives in Saxon. Parish in his Sussex Dialect gives: "*Squinney*: To squint; to pry about. According to Skeat there is a Suffolk form, *squink*."—A. W. V.]

371. Lines 157, 158: *and, HANDY-DANDY, which is the jus-*

*tice, which is the thief?*—*Handy-dandy* is a children's game, in which, by a sort of sleight of hand, a thing is passed quickly from one hand to the other. Douce quotes an old MS., A free discourse, &c.: "They . . . play with your majestie as men play with little children at *handye dandye*, which hand will you have, when they are disposed to keep any thing from them."

372. Line 178: *O, matter and IMPERTINENCY mix'd!*—Douce says that *impertinency* "was not used in the sense of *rude* or *unmanly* till the middle of the 17th century, nor in that of *saucy* until a considerable time afterwards."

373. Line 187: *To this great STAGE of fools*.—It is curious to note how fond Shakespeare was of this comparison of the world to a theatre; cf. the famous passage in As You Like It, ii. 7. 139-142, with the note thereon. We have the same idea in Sonnet xv. 1-3:

When I consider everything that grows

Holds in perfection but a little moment,

That this huge stage presenteth nought but shows.

—A. W. V.

374. Line 187: *This! a good block*.—This is a good block. The reading was suggested by Singer, and is adopted by Dyce, Wright, Furness, and Rolfe. *Block* is that on which a hat is shaped, and hence means *fashion*. "The editors generally adopt Capell's explanation here: that when Lear says he will *preach*, he takes off his hat, on which his eye happens to fall a moment after, starting another train of ideas. But, as Collier remarks, Lear probably had no hat on his head, but only his fantastic crown of weeds. Furness says that in Edwin Booth's Prompt Book, there is the stage direction, 'Lear takes Curan's hat,' which is certainly better than to suppose that he took his own" (Rolfe).

375. Lines 188, 189:

*It were a delicate stratagem to shoe  
A troop of horse with felt.*

Malone says: "This 'delicate stratagem' had actually been put in practice fifty years before Shakespeare was born, as we learn from Lord Herbert's Life of Henry the Eighth, p. 41: 'the ladye Margaret, . . . caused there a juste to be held in an extraordinary manner; the place being a fore-room raised high from the ground by many steps, and paved with black square stones like marble; while the horses, to prevent sliding, were shod with felt or flocks (the Latin words are *feltro sive tamento*): after which the ladies danced all night.'"

376. Line 197: *I am cut to the brains*.—Clarke says: "This, one of the most powerfully, yet briefly expressed, utterances of mingled bodily pain and consciousness of mental infirmity ever penned, is not the only subtle indication in this scene that Lear not merely feels himself to be insane, but also feels acute physical suffering. 'I am not ague-proof' tells how severely shaken his poor old frame has been by exposure throughout that tempestuous night; 'pull off my boots; harder, harder,' gives evidence of a sensation of pressure and impeded circulation in the feet, so closely connected with injury to the brain; and 'I am cut to the brains' conveys the impression of wounded writhing within the head, that touches us with deepest sympathy. Yet, at the same time, there

are the gay irrationality and the incoherency that mark this stage of mania."

377. Line 225: *made TAME to fortune's blows*.—The Qq. have *made lame by*; and Malone compares Sonnet xxxvii. 3: "*made lame by fortune's dearest spite*."

378. Line 240: *CHILL not let go*.—In Grose's Provincial Glossary, *chell* is said to be used for *I shall* in Somerset and Devon, and *cham* for *I am* in Somerset. In Whetstone's Promos and Cassandra we find *cham*, *chy*, *chaue*, *chul* (Wright). [*Chill*, of course = *I will*; cf. the following couplet from a song in Bullen's Elizabethan Lyrics (1887), p. 132:

Yet since their eyes make heart so sore,  
Hey ho! *chil* love no more.

Peele uses *chould* = *I would* in Sir Clyomon and Sir Clamides; and *chave* = *I have*:

*Chave* but one daughter, but *chould* not vor vorty pence she were zo  
sped. —Dyce's Greene and Peele, p. 516.

One of the *dramatis personæ*, indeed, in that rarest of pieces is A Shepherd Corin, and these contracted, provincial forms occur quite frequently in his speeches; see, for instance, page 515, where *cham*, *chave*, *chill* are found in three consecutive lines. Again, in the pseudo-Shakespearean play, The London Prodigal, there is "a Devonshire clothier," Oliver, whose speeches are full of dialectical eccentricities, such curious forms as we have noted above being repeated over and over again in the scenes where he is introduced.—A. W. V.]

379. Line 249: *Out, dunghill!*—Compare King John, iv. 3. 87:

*Out, dunghill!* dar'st thou brave a nobleman?

380. Line 254: the *LETTERS which thou find'st about me*.—Meaning a single letter, as in i. 5. 1 of this play. "Malone says it is used like the Latin *epistolæ*, but he probably meant *litteræ*, as *epistolæ* is a quasi-singular only in post-classical writers" (Rolfe).

381. Line 256: the *ENGLISH party*.—The Qq. have *British*. The change, no doubt, was due to the union of the English and Scotch crowns in James I., through which, in course of time, *British* partially ousted *English*.

382. Line 260: *Sit you down*, FATHER.—Often used in addressing an old man, without reference to relationship. See note 136 of Merchant of Venice.

383. Line 264: *LEAVE, gentle WAX*.—Compare Twelfth Night, ii. 5. 102: "*By your leave, wax*;" and Cymbeline, iii. 2. 35, "*Good wax, thy leave*."—A. W. V.]

384. Line 278: O INDISTINGUISH'D SPACE of woman's will!—"O, unmarked, boundless range of woman's will!" (White); *indistinguish'd* is for *indistinguishable*. Theobald agreed that the fickleness of a woman is the point emphasized; what, however, really excites the wonder of Edgar is "the enormous wickedness of the plot which Goneril's letter revealed" (Wright).

#### ACT IV. SCENE 7.

385.—Line 16, for *jarring*, the Quartos have *hawrying*. Line 20, after this line Ff. have the stage-direction *Enter Lear in a chaire carried by servants*. Line 21, Qq. give this speech to Doct. Q. 1 assigns the next speech to Gent.,

Q. 2 to Kent. Ff. unite the two speeches, giving them to Gent. Lines 24, 25, *Very well*. . . . *Louder the music there!* not in the Folios. Line 32, for *oppo'd* Qq. read *expos'd*. Lines 33–36, *To stand*. . . . *thin helm*, not in the Folios. Line 36, for *enemy's* Qq. read *intirious*, whence Capell conjectured *injurer's*. Line 40, *In short*, &c., some editors would read *in dirt*. Line 59, Ff. omit *No, sir*. Line 61, *not an hour more nor less*, not in the Quartos. Lines 79, 80, *and yet*. . . . *has lost*, omitted in the Folios; Qq. have *cured for kill'd* in line 79. Lines 85–98, *Holds it*. . . . *battle's fought*, not in Ff.

386. Line 7: *These weeds are MEMORIES*.—*Memory* = memorial, as in As You Like It, ii. 3. 3, 4:

O you memory  
Of old Sir Roland.

So perhaps Sonnet lxxvii. 6:

Of mouthed graves will give thee memory.

—A. W. V.

387. Line 17: *this CHILD-CHANGED father*.—"Changed to a child," as Steevens, Schmidt, and Abbott (Grammar, § 430) explain it; or, perhaps, "changed by the conduct of his children," as Malone and Halliwell interpret.

388. Lines 24, 25:

Cor.

*Very well.*

Doct. *Please you draw near*.—*Louder the music there!*

Dr. Bucknill says (p. 222): "This seems a bold experiment, and one not unfringed with danger. The idea that the insane mind is beneficially influenced by music is, indeed, an ancient and general one; but that the medicated sleep of insanity should be interrupted by it, and that the first object presented to the consciousness should be the very person most likely to excite profound emotion, appear to be expedients little calculated to promote that tranquility of the mental functions which is, undoubtedly, the safest state to induce, after the excitement of mania. A suspicion of this may have crossed Shakespeare's mind, for he represents Lear in imminent danger of passing into a new form of delusion."

389. Line 35: *poor PERDU!*—Shakespeare was probably thinking of the expression *enfant perdu*, of which Littré gives the following account, sub voce *enfant*: "*Enfants perdus*, soldats qui marchent, pour quelque entreprise extraordinaire, à la tête d'un corps de troupes commandé pour les soutenir; ainsi nommés parce que leur service est particulièrement périlleux. Cette locution provient peut-être de *los infantes* expression espagnole, d'où est né le mot *infanterie*." Littré quotes a good (and very early) instance of the use of the expression from La Syrgie de maistre Lanfranc de Millan. Lanfranc, we may note, was born "vers le milieu du xiii<sup>e</sup> siècle." *Perdu* in the above sense found its way into English and occurs not unfrequently. So in The Loyal Subject, i. 1, we find:

*Puts*. How stand you with him?

*Theod.* A *perdu*, captain.

—Baumont and Fletcher, Dyce's ed. vol. vi. p. 9.

Compare, again, The Little French Lawyer, ii. 3:

I am set here like a *perdu*

To watch.

In the Woman's Prize, i. 4—"I'll stand *perdu* upon 'em"—the sense is different, there *perdu* = in ambush; see Dyce's

Beaumont and Fletcher, vol. vii. p. 124. Cotgrave has: "Enfans *perdus*. *Perdus*; or the forlorn hope, of a camp;" and two instances from later seventeenth-century literature may be given: Cartwright's play, *The Ordinary* (1651), ii. 1:

as for *perdus*  
Some choice sous'd fish . . .  
Shows how they lie i' the field;

—Hazlitt's Dodsley, vol. xii. p. 235.

and Suckling's Goblins, iii. 1: "Come, call in our *perdus*."

—Hazlitt's ed. vol. ii. p. 33.

—A. W. V.

390. Line 41: 'Tis *WONDER* that thy life, &c.—*Wonder* = wonderful. The former, says Skeat, "is short for *wonderly*, adj. = A. S. *Wonderlic*, wonderful, the *ly* being dropped because it seemed like an adverbial ending." *Wonder* as an adjective is quite common in Chaucer; cf. the following instances: Prioress End-Link, 1881, 1882:

When seyð was at this miracle, every man  
As sobre was, that *wonder* was to se:

The Squieres Tale, 247, 248:

that swich a *wonder* thing  
Of craft of ringes herde they neuer non.

—Prioress Tale, &c., Skeat's ed. in Clarendon Press  
Series, pp. 17 and 111.

For *wonder* as an adverb, cf. the old Interlude, *The World and The Child*:

*Wonder* wide shall wax my fame.

—Dodsley, Hazlitt's ed. vol. i. p. 250.

—A. W. V.

391. Lines 60-75: *I am a very foolish fond old man . . . they have not*.—Dr. Ray (*American Journal of Insanity*, April, 1847) says: "A more faithful picture of the mind, at the moment when it is emerging from the darkness of disease into the clear atmosphere of health restored, was never executed than this of Lear's recovery. Generally, recovery from acute mania is gradual, one delusion after another giving way, until, after a series of struggles, which may occupy weeks or months, between the convictions of reason and the suggestions of disease, the patient comes out a sound, rational man. In a small proportion of cases, however, this change takes place very rapidly. Within the space of a few hours or a day he recognizes his true condition, abandons his delusions, and contemplates all his relations in an entirely different light."

#### ACT V. SCENE 1.

392.—Lines 11-13, *That thought . . . call hers, not in Ff.* Lines 18, 19, not in Ff. Lines 23-28, *Where I . . . speak nobly*, not in Ff. Line 30, for and particular broils Qq. have the strange reading *dore* (or *doore*, or *door*) *particulars*. Line 33, omitted in the Folios.

393. Lines 25-27: *It toucheth us, as France invades our land . . . causes make oppose*.—Wright explains the passage thus: "Albany is marching against the French as invaders of his country, not as the supporters of Lear. France is the subject of *bolds* as well as of *invades*, and not *it*, the business, as Steevens explains it."

394. Line 32: *With the ANCIENT OF WAR*.—"Such as are grown old in the practice of the military art" (Eccles). Walker and Schmidt conjecture "ancient *men* of war."

Moberly thinks that an officer is meant, "the adjutant general, as we should say."

395. Line 37: *I know the riddle*.—"I understand your game; you want to keep watch of me" (Rolfe).

396. Line 61: *carry out my SIDE*.—Aldis Wright shows that *side* had a technical sense at cards; he quotes *The Unnatural Combat*, ii. 1:

And if now,  
At this downright *game*, I may but hold your *cards*,  
I'll not pull down the *side*.

—Cunningham's Massinger, p. 41.

—A. W. V.

397. Lines 68, 69:

for my state  
*Stands on me to defend, not to debate.*

For it concerns me to defend my state, not to waste time in deliberation.

#### ACT V. SCENE 2.

398. Line 1: *the shadow of this TREE*.—The Qq. have *bush*.

399. Line 11: *Ripeness is all*.—Steevens compares Hamlet, v. 2. 232-234: "If it be now, 't is not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the *readiness* is all."

#### ACT V. SCENE 3.

400. Line 2, for *first* Qq. have *best*. Lines 38, 39, *I can not . . . I'll do't*; not in the Folios. Line 47, and *appointed guard*, omitted in Ff. Lines 54-59, *At this time . . . fitter place*, not in Ff. Line 70, *That were, &c.*, Qq. assign the speech to Goneril. Line 81, for *thine*, Qq. have *good*; they give the line to Edmund. Line 83, *in thine attain*, so the Quartos; the Folios have *in thy arrest*. Line 98, for *prove* Ff. read *make*, that is, the proof. Line 98, the Quartos have *poison*. Line 102, *a herald, ho, a herald!* not in the Folios. Line 109, *Sound, trumpet!* not in Ff. Line 111, for *within the lists* Qq. have *in the hoast*. Line 135, Qq. read *Conspicuate*. Line 187, *below thy foot*, Qq. have *beneath thy feet*. Line 170, for *vices* Qq. read *Vertues*; in the next line they have *scourge* instead of *plague*. Lines 204-221, all this is wanting in the Folios.

401. Line 17: *As if we were GOD'S SPIES*.—"As if we were angels commissioned to survey and report the lives of men, and consequently endowed with the power of prying into the original motives of action and the mysteries of conduct" (Johnson).

402. Lines 20-25: *Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia . . . we'll see 'em starv'd first*.—Dr. Bucknill says (p. 230): "This is not mania, but neither is it sound mind. It is the emotional excitability often seen in extreme age, as it is depicted in the early scenes of the drama, and it is precisely true to the probabilities of the mind's history, that this should be the phase of infirmity displaying itself at this moment. Any other dramatist than Shakespeare would have represented the poor old king quite restored to the balance and control of his faculties. The complete efficiency of filial love would have been made to triumph over the laws of mental function. But Shakespeare has represented the exact degree of improvement which was

probable under the circumstances, namely, restoration from the intellectual mania which resulted from the combined influence of physical and moral shock, with persistence of the emotional excitement and disturbance which is the incurable and unalterable result of passion exaggerated by long habitude and by the malign influence of extreme age."

403. Line 23: *And fire us hence like foxes*.—"An allusion to the practice of forcing foxes out of their holes by fire" (Heath). There is no reference to Samson's foxes, as Upton supposed. Steevens quotes Harrington's translation of Ariosto (book xxviii. st. 17):

Ev'n as a *Foxe*, whom *smoke and fire* doth fright,  
So as he dare not in the ground remaine,  
Bolts out, and through both *smoke and fires* he fleeth  
Into the *Tariers* mouth, and there he dieth.

404. Line 24: *The GOOD-YEARS shall devour them*.—See Much Ado, note 67. Here, at any rate, the reference is to the disease known as the *Morbus Gallicus*; probably we have the same allusion in Troilus and Cressida, v. 1. 18.—A. W. V.

405. Line 76: *the walls are thine*.—It is a question whether this is to be taken literally (referring to Regan's castle) or figuratively ("I surrender at discretion"). Warburton explains it in the latter way, Wright in the former. Theobald conjectured *they all are thine*, and Lettson *Yea, all is thine*.

406. Line 79: *The let-alone lies not in your good will*.—"Whether he shall not or shall, depends not on your choice" (Johnson).

407. Line 110: "*If any man of quality or degree*," &c.—For the formalities of the combat, compare Richard II. i. 3.

408. Line 129: *Behold, it is the PRIVILEGE OF MINE HONOURS*.—The reading of Pope. The Qq. have *the privilege of my tongue*, and the Ff. *my privilege, The privilege of mine honours*.

409. Line 142: *In wisdom I should ask thy name*.—Because he could decline the combat if his opponent was not of equal rank with himself.

410. Line 144: *some SAY of breeding*.—See note 74.

411. Lines 145, 146:

*What safe and nicely I might well delay  
By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn.*

The delay which by the law of knighthood and the punctilios of chivalry I might make, I scorn to make. *Safe and nicely* is probably one of the cases in which the adverbial ending does double duty—*safely and nicely*. Compare Julius Caesar, ii. i. 224: "*look fresh and merrily*." *Safe*, however, is occasionally an adverb in Shakespeare.

412. Line 151: *Save him, save him!*—Theobald gave this speech to Goneril, and Walker approves the change. Johnson says: "Albany desires that Edmund's life may be spared at present, only to obtain his confession, and to convict him openly by his own letter."

413. Line 159: *Most monstrous!* OH!—The Qq. omit *oh!* but, as Furness says, it is the groan that breaks from Albany at the revelation of his wife's abandoned effron-

tery, and is as needful to the character as it is to the rhythm.

414. Line 160: *Ask me not what I know*.—The Qq. give this speech to Goneril. Knight refers to line 157 as proving that the Ff. are right. After saying, "I perceive you know it," Albany would not ask Goneril if she knew the paper.

415. Line 174: *The wheel is come full circle*.—Compare ii. 2. 180:

Fortune, good night: smile once more; turn thy *wheel*.

Wright quotes Twelfth Night, v. 1. 385.

416. Line 185: *That we the pain of death would hourly die*.—The Qq. have *That with the pain*, &c. Jennens, following them, changed *would to we'd*.

417. Lines 205–207:

*but another,  
To amplify too much, would make much more,  
And top extremity.*

Rolfe remarks: "Malone takes this in opposition to *such as love not sorrow*, as if it were 'but another, less sensitive, would make,' &c. But, as Wright remarks, Steevens is right in referring it to what Edgar has yet to tell as the climax of his story. He understands *but* in the usual adversative sense. It seems better to take it as qualifying *another*, as if he said 'one more such circumstance only, by amplifying what is already too much, would add to it and so exceed what seemed to be the limit of sorrow.'"

418. Line 216: *the STRINGS OF LIFE*.—That is, the heart-strings. Compare Richard III. iv. 4. 364, 365:

*K. Rich.* Harp not on that string, madam; that is past.  
*Q. Eliz.* Harp on it still shall I till heart-strings break.

—A. W. V.

419. Line 231: *The JUDGMENT of the heavens*.—The Qq. have *Justice*. Tyrwhitt says here: "If Shakespeare had studied Aristotle all his life, he would not perhaps have been able to mark with more precision the distinct operations of *terror and pity*."

420. Lines 250, 251:

*take my sword;*

*Give it the captain.*

Q. 1 inserts *the Captain* after *sword*; and Jennens reads thus:

Take my sword,  
The captain—give it the captain.

421. Line 264: *Fall, and cease!*—"Fall, heavens, and let all things cease!" (Capell). Delius makes *fall and cease* nouns in apposition with *horror*; and this is approved by Moberly and Schmidt. It may be the right interpretation.

422. Line 265: *This feather stirs; she lives!*—Compare II. Henry IV. iv. 5. 31–34:

By his gates of breath  
There lies a downy *feather* which *stirs* not;  
Did he *aspire*, that light and weightless down  
Perforce must move.

423. Lines 272, 273:

*Her voice was ever soft,  
Gentle, and low,—an excellent thing in woman.*

Moberly's comment is a happy one: "This wonderfully

quiet touch seems to complete the perfection of Cordelia's character, evidently the poet's best loved creation, his type of the ideal Englishwoman. Her voice was the outward signature of her graciously tempered nature. Burke's description of his wife is a master's variation on Shakespeare's theme: "Her eyes have a mild light, but they awe you when she pleases; they command, like a good man out of office, not by authority, but by virtue. Her smiles are inexpressible. Her voice is a soft, low music, not formed to rule in public assemblies, but to charm those who can distinguish a company from a crowd. It has this advantage, you must be close to her to hear it."

## 424. Lines 276, 277:

*I have seen the day, with my good biting falchion  
I would have made them skip.*

Compare Merry Wives of Windsor, ii. 1. 235-237: "I have seen the time, with my long sword I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats." See, too, Othello, v. 2. 261-264, for a precisely similar touch.—A. W. V.

425. Line 281: *One of them WE behold*.—So Qq. and Ff. Jennens changed *we* to *you*; some editors read *ye*.

426. Line 282: *This is a dull SIGHT*.—Jennens and Collier's Corrector have *light*, which Grant White also adopts.

427. Line 284: *He's a good fellow*.—"Lear's mind is again off its balance" (Wright). Theobald, not seeing this, chang'd *He's* to '*Twas*, and *He'll* in the next line to *He'd*.

428. Line 290: *Nor no man else*.—There seems to be no satisfactory explanation of this except Capell's "Welcome, alas! here's no welcome for me or any one." It is natural at first to connect the words with Kent's last speech; but it would be false, as the Fool had also followed Lear from the first.

429. Line 297: *this great decay*.—Referring, probably, to "the collective misfortunes which this scene reveals;" (Delius, followed by Furness and Rolfe). Capell and Steevens think it refers to Lear—"this piece of decayed royalty, this ruined majesty."

430. Line 304: *O, see, see!*—These words are occasioned by seeing Lear again embrace the body of Cordelia (Capell).

431. Line 305: *And my poor FOOL is hang'd!*—As Steevens was the first to point out, the *fool* is Cordelia, not the Fool who went to bed at noon. *Poor fool* is found elsewhere as a term of pity or endearment. See Two Gentlemen of Verona, iv. 4. 98; Twelfth Night, v. i. 377;

III. Henry VI. ii. 5. 36; Winter's Tale, ii. 1. 118; As You Like It, ii. 1. 22; &c. The editors, with the exception of Knight and one or two others, agree in this interpretation here. Furness, at the end of three pages of notes on the subject, says: "Very reluctantly I have come to the conviction that this refers to Cordelia." Rolfe adds: "We sympathize fully with his regret that it cannot be referred to Lear's 'poor fool and knave' (iii. 2. 72), but to our mind the context settles the question beyond a doubt. There is no room for a divided sorrow here; Lear's thoughts can never wander more from his dead daughter."

432. Line 309: *Pray you, undo this button. Thank you, sir*.—The Quarterly Review for April, 1833 (p. 177), remarks: "Scarcely have the spectators of this august anguish had time to mark and express to each other their conviction of the extinction of his mind, when some physical alteration, made dreadfully visible, urges Albany to cry out, 'O, see, see!' The intense excitement which Lear had undergone, and which lent for a time a supposititious life to his enfeebled frame, gives place to the exhaustion of despair. But even here, where any other mind would have confined itself to the single passion of parental despair, Shakespeare contrives to indicate by a gesture the very train of internal physical changes which are causing death. The blood gathering about the heart can no longer be propelled by its enfeebled impulse, Lear, too weak to relieve the impediments of his dress, which he imagines cause the sense of suffocation, asks a bystander to 'undo this button.'"

433. Line 314: *this TOUGH world*.—It has been asserted that some copies of Q. 2 have *rough* (as Q. 3 has); but, as Furness has satisfied himself, the supposed *r* is a broken *t*. Pope and sundry others read *rough*. Dyce said in his Remarks (p. 232): "Read, by all means, as Pope did, *rough*; but when he came to edit the play he adhered to the old text."

434. Lines 323-326: *The weight of this sad time . . . nor live so long*.—The Ff. (with Rowe, Delius, Schmidt, and Furness) give this speech to Edgar, though Schmidt thinks that the last two lines may be Albany's. Jennens called these last two lines "silly and false." Dyce says that the last line is "certainly obscure." Moberly remarks: "Age and fullness of sorrows have been the same thing to the unhappy Lear; his life has been prolonged into times so dark in their misery and so fierce in their unparalleled ingratitude and reckless passion, that even if we live as long as he has (which will hardly be), our existence will never light on days as evil as those which he has seen."



WORDS PECULIAR TO KING LEAR.

WORDS OCCURRING ONLY IN KING LEAR.

NOTE.—The addition of sub., adj., verb, adv. in brackets immediately after a word indicates that the word is used as a substantive, adjective, verb, or adverb only in the passage or passages cited.

The compound words marked with an asterisk (\*) are printed as two separate words in F. 1.

	Act	Sc.	Line		Act	Sc.	Line		Act	Sc.	Line		Act	Sc.	Line				
Able (verb)....	iv.	6	172	Cataracts.....	iii.	2	2	Dowerless.....	{	i.	1	259	Halloo (interj.)	iii.	4	79			
*A-cold.....	iii.	4	60,	Chatter <sup>5</sup> .....	iv.	6	104	Dragon <sup>13</sup> .....	{	i.	2	143	Handy-dandy..	iv.	6	157			
			85, 152	Che <sup>6</sup> .....	iv.	6	246	Dread-bolted..	iv.	7	33	Head-lugged..	iv.	2	42				
Action-taking..	ii.	2	18	Cheerless.....	v.	3	290	Ear-kissing....	ii.	1	9	Heart-struck..	iii.	1	17				
Adulterers....	i.	2	137	Child <sup>7</sup> .....	iii.	4	187	*Easy-borrowed	ii.	4	188	Hedge-sparrow	i.	4	235				
Affectionate...	iv.	6	276	Child-changed.	iv.	7	17	Elbows (verb)..	iv.	3	44	Hell-black....	iii.	7	60				
Ague-proof....	iv.	6	108	Childed.....	iii.	6	117	*Eldest-born..	i.	1	55	Hell-hated....	v.	3	147				
*A-height.....	iv.	6	58	Chill <sup>8</sup> .....	iv.	6	239,	Elf (verb).....	ii.	3	10	Hewgh.....	iv.	6	93				
Aidant.....	iv.	4	17				248, 250	*Empty-hearted	i.	1	155	High-engendered	iii.	2	23				
All-licensed....	i.	4	220	Chud <sup>9</sup> .....	iv.	6	243	Enguard.....	i.	4	349	High-grown....	iv.	4	7				
All-shaking....	iii.	2	6	Cock <sup>10</sup> .....	iii.	2	3	Enormous.....	ii.	2	176	High-judging..	ii.	4	231				
Angler.....	iii.	6	8	Cock <sup>11</sup> .....	iv.	6	19	Enraged.....	iv.	6	71	*Honest-hearted	i.	4	20				
Antipathy.....	ii.	2	93	Cohorts.....	i.	2	102	Epicurism.....	i.	4	265	Honoured <sup>18</sup> ...	v.	1	9				
Arch <sup>1</sup> .....	ii.	1	61	Compeers (verb)	v.	3	69	Epileptic.....	ii.	2	87	Horseyway.....	iv.	1	58				
*A-squint.....	v.	3	72	Conductor....	iv.	7	88	Essay <sup>14</sup> .....	ii.	2	47	Hot-blooded <sup>19</sup> .	ii.	4	215				
Astronomical..	i.	2	165	Conjunct.....	v.	1	12	*Ever-gentle..	iv.	6	221	Houseless.....	iii.	4	26, 30				
Auricular....	i.	2	99	Conspirant....	v.	3	135				Hovel (verb)...	iv.	7	39					
Avert.....	i.	1	214	Corky.....	iii.	7	29					iii.	2	61,					
				Cow-dung.....	iii.	4	137	Faithed.....	ii.	1	72	Hovel (sub.)...		71, 78					
Ballow.....	iv.	6	247	Cowish.....	iv.	2	12	Fastened <sup>15</sup> ...	ii.	1	79		iii.	4	179				
Barber-monger	ii.	2	36	Cruels (sub.)..	iii.	7	65	Felicitate....	i.	1	77	*Hundred-pound	ii.	2	17				
Bare-gnawn....	v.	3	122	Cub-drawn....	iii.	1	12	Felt (sub.)....	iv.	6	189	Hurtless.....	iv.	6	170				
Bastardizing..	i.	2	144	*Cuckoo-flowers	iv.	4	4	Fen-sucked...	ii.	4	169								
Beggar-man....	iv.	1	31	Cullionly.....	ii.	2	36	Festinate.....	iii.	7	12	Immediacy....	v.	3	65				
Belly-pinched..	iii.	1	13					Finical.....	ii.	2	19	Impertinency..	iv.	6	178				
Bemadding.....	iii.	1	38	*Dark-eyed....	ii.	1	121	Flakes.....	iv.	7	30	Improper.....	v.	3	221				
Bemet.....	v.	1	20	Death-practised	iv.	6	284	Fleshment....	ii.	2	130	*In-a-door....	i.	4	138				
Be-monster....	iv.	2	63	Deer <sup>12</sup> .....	iii.	4	144	Flickering....	ii.	2	114	Indisposed....	ii.	4	112				
Bench (vb. int.)	iii.	6	40	Depositories..	ii.	4	254	Foins (sub.)...	iv.	6	251	Indistinguish'd	iv.	6	278				
Besort (verb)...	i.	4	272	Depraved (adj.)	ii.	4	139	Foppish.....	i.	4	182	Interested....	i.	1	87				
Bethought (adj.)	ii.	3	6	Derides.....	i.	1	284	Fops (sub.)....	i.	2	14	Intrinsc.....	ii.	2	81				
Bitch <sup>2</sup> .....	ii.	2	24	Derogate (adj.)	i.	4	302	Fore-vouched..	i.	1	223	Jakes.....	ii.	2	71				
Black (adv.)...	i.	4	162	Desecry (sub.)..	iv.	6	217	*Four-inched..	iii.	4	58	Justification..	i.	2	46				
Blanket (verb).	ii.	3	10	Detector.....	iii.	5	14	Frontlet.....	i.	4	208								
Bluntness.....	ii.	2	102	Disbranch.....	iv.	2	34	*Full-flowing..	v.	3	74	Lameness <sup>20</sup> ...	ii.	4	166				
Boarish.....	iii.	7	58	Discernings (sub.)	i.	4	248	Fum.....	iii.	4	188	Leak (sub.)....	iii.	6	28				
Bobtail.....	iii.	6	73	Discommend...	ii.	2	116	Fumitory <sup>16</sup> ...	iv.	4	3	Lecher (verb)..	iv.	6	115				
Bolds (verb)...	v.	1	26	Dislocate.....	iv.	2	65	Fur (sub.)....	iii.	1	14	*Let-alone....	v.	3	79				
Bo-peep.....	i.	4	193	Disnated.....	i.	4	305	Furnishings...	iii.	1	29	Lethargied....	i.	4	249				
Bordered.....	iv.	2	33	Disquantity...	i.	4	270	*Furrow-weeds	iv.	4	3	Loathly (adv.)	ii.	1	51				
Bosomed.....	v.	1	13	Disquietly....	i.	2	124	Gad <sup>17</sup> (sub.)...	i.	2	20	*Long-engrafted	i.	1	301				
Bourn <sup>3</sup> .....	iii.	6	27	Dissipation...	i.	2	162	Gallow.....	iii.	2	44	Looped.....	iii.	4	31				
Brazen-faced..	ii.	2	30	Ditch-dog.....	iii.	4	138	Gasted.....	ii.	1	57	Loosen.....	v.	1	19				
Buoy (sub.)...	iv.	6	19	Dizzy (adj.)...	iv.	6	12	Glass-gazing..	ii.	2	19	Louse (verb) ..	iii.	2	29				
Buoyed.....	iii.	7	60	Do de.....	{iii.	4	59	Godson.....	ii.	1	93	Lust-dieted....	iv.	1	70				
Burdocks.....	iv.	4	4		{iii.	6	77	Grime (verb) ..	ii.	3	9	Lym.....	iii.	6	72				
Buzz (sub.)...	i.	4	348	Dog-hearted...	iv.	3	47	Guessingly....	iii.	7	47								
				Dowered.....	i.	1	207				Half-blooded..	v.	3	80	Machination..	{	i.	2	123
Cadent.....	i.	4	307												v.	1	46		
Canker-bit....	v.	3	122												iii.	1	6		
Carbuncle <sup>4</sup> ...	ii.	4	227																

5 = to make a noise with the

13 = the constellation; else-

- 1 = master.  
2 = applied to a human being.  
3 = a brook; used several times  
= boundary, limit.  
4 = a gangrenous ulcer.

- 5 = to make a noise with the teeth. 6 = I.  
7 = a young knight.  
8 = I will. 9 = I would.  
10 = weathercock.  
11 = cockboat.  
12 = any animal; frequently used in its ordinary sense.

- 13 = the constellation; elsewhere used in its other sense.  
14 Sonn. ex. 8.  
15 = confirmed, hardened.  
16 Occurs also in Henry V. v. 2. 45.  
17 = spur (of the moment); used literally in Titus And. iv. 1. 103.

- 18 = virtuous; used elsewhere in other senses.  
19 = rash; = amorous, Merry Wives, v. 5. 2.  
20 Sonn. lxxxix. 3.  
21 = the earth; used elsewhere in other senses.

# WORDS PECULIAR TO KING LEAR.

	Act	Sc.	Line		Act	Sc.	Line		Act	Sc.	Line		Act	Sc.	Line
Maledictions . . .	i.	2	160	Perdu . . . . .	iv.	7	35	Self-covered . . .	iv.	2	62	Terrible <sup>23</sup> . . . . .	i.	2	32
Malt . . . . .	iii.	2	82	Perpendicularly	iv.	6	54	Self-reproving <sup>17</sup>	v.	1	4	Theban . . . . .	iii.	4	162
Marble-hearted . .	i.	4	281	Perpetual (adv.)	i.	1	68	Self-subdued . . .	ii.	2	129	Thought-executing	iii.	2	4
Material <sup>1</sup> . . . . .	iv.	2	35	Persecutions . . .	ii.	3	12	Serpent-like . . .	ii.	4	163	Three-suited . . .	ii.	2	16
Meiny . . . . .	ii.	4	35	Pew . . . . .	iii.	4	55	Sharp-toothed . .	ii.	4	137	Thunder-bearer	ii.	4	230
Menaces (sub.) . .	i.	2	160	Pilferings . . . . .	ii.	2	151	Shealed . . . . .	i.	4	219	Thwart (adj.) . .	i.	4	305
Midway (adj.) . .	iv.	6	13	Pillicock . . . . .	iii.	4	78	She-foxes . . . . .	iii.	6	24	Tithing (sub.) . .	iii.	4	140
Minikin . . . . .	iii.	6	45	*Plague-sore . . .	ii.	4	227	Shrill-gorged . . .	iv.	6	58	Toad-spotted . . .	v.	3	138
Misconstruction	ii.	2	124	Player <sup>9</sup> . . . . .	i.	4	96	Side-piercing . . .	iv.	6	35	Tranced . . . . .	v.	3	218
Mist (verb) . . . .	v.	3	242	Plight <sup>10</sup> (sub.) . .	i.	1	103	*Simple-answered	iii.	7	43	Treachers . . . . .	i.	2	136
Moistened <sup>2</sup> . . . .	iv.	3	33	Plighted <sup>11</sup> . . . . .	i.	1	283	Simular <sup>18</sup> (sub.)	iii.	2	54	Trilled . . . . .	iv.	3	13
Monopoly . . . . .	i.	4	167	Ponder . . . . .	iii.	4	24	Sizes <sup>19</sup> . . . . .	ii.	4	178	*Trundle-tail . .	iii.	6	73
Monthly (adj.) . .	i.	1	134	Precipitating . . .	iv.	6	50	Slaves (verb) . . .	iv.	1	71	Turlygod . . . . .	ii.	3	20
Moonshines <sup>3</sup> . . .	i.	2	5	Press-money . . . .	iv.	6	87	Slenderly . . . . .	i.	1	297	Unaccommodated	iii.	4	112
Mopping (verb) . .	iv.	1	64	Propinquity . . . .	i.	1	116	Slipshod . . . . .	i.	5	12	Unbolted . . . . .	ii.	2	71
Mortar . . . . .	ii.	2	71	Questrists . . . . .	iii.	7	17	Smile (verb tr.)	ii.	2	38	Unfed . . . . .	iii.	4	30
Mother <sup>4</sup> . . . . .	ii.	4	56	Raggedness . . . . .	iii.	4	31	Smilets . . . . .	iv.	3	21	Unfee'd . . . . .	i.	4	142
Mun . . . . .	iii.	4	103	Rain-water . . . . .	iii.	2	11	Soiled <sup>20</sup> . . . . .	iv.	6	124	Unfitness . . . . .	i.	4	356
*New-adopted . . .	i.	1	206	Rebel-like . . . . .	iv.	3	16	Sojourn (sub.) . . .	i.	1	48	Unmerciful . . . .	iii.	7	33
Night-mare . . . .	iii.	4	126	Reciprocal . . . . .	iv.	6	267	Sophisticated . . .	iii.	4	111	Unnaturalness . .	i.	2	157
Nine-fold . . . . .	iii.	4	126	Remediate . . . . .	iv.	4	17	Sprigs . . . . .	ii.	3	16	Unpossessing . . .	ii.	1	69
Numbed <sup>5</sup> . . . . .	ii.	3	15	Reposal . . . . .	ii.	1	70	Squints . . . . .	iii.	4	122	Unprized . . . . .	i.	1	262
Nursery <sup>6</sup> . . . . .	i.	1	126	Reproveable . . . .	iii.	5	9	Squiny . . . . .	iv.	6	140	Unpublished . . .	iv.	4	16
O7 . . . . .	i.	4	212	Restoration . . . .	iv.	7	26	Squire-like . . . . .	ii.	4	217	Unquietly . . . . .	iii.	1	2
Oak-cleaving . . .	iii.	2	5	Reverbs . . . . .	i.	1	156	Star-blasting . . .	iii.	4	61	Unremovable . . .	ii.	4	94
Observants . . . .	ii.	2	109	Riched . . . . .	i.	1	65	Stelled <sup>21</sup> . . . . .	iii.	7	61	Unrightly . . . . .	ii.	4	159
O'erskip . . . . .	iii.	6	113	Rivalled . . . . .	i.	1	194	Sterility . . . . .	i.	4	300	Unspoke . . . . .	i.	1	239
Offensive <sup>8</sup> . . . .	iv.	2	11	Robed . . . . .	iii.	6	38	Stocking <sup>22</sup> . . . .	{ ii.	2	139	Untented . . . . .	i.	4	322
Old (sub.) . . . . .	iii.	4	125	Roguish . . . . .	iii.	7	104		{ ii.	4	191	Unwhipped . . . .	iii.	2	53
Oldness . . . . .	i.	2	51	Rotundity . . . . .	iii.	2	7	Stock-punished	iii.	4	141	Upward (sub.) . .	v.	3	136
One-trunk-inheriting	ii.	2	20	Roughness . . . . .	ii.	2	103	Stone-cutter . . . .	ii.	2	63	Vary (sub.) . . . .	ii.	2	85
Operative . . . . .	iv.	4	14	*Round-wombed	i.	1	14	Strangered . . . . .	i.	1	207	Vaunt-couriers	iii.	2	5
Opposeless . . . . .	iv.	6	38	Rubbed <sup>12</sup> . . . . .	ii.	2	161	Sub-contracted . .	v.	3	86	Vermin . . . . .	iii.	4	164
Out-frown . . . . .	v.	3	6	Rumble . . . . .	iii.	2	14	Subscription . . . .	iii.	2	18	Wagtail . . . . .	ii.	2	73
Out-jest . . . . .	iii.	1	16	Sa (exclam.) . . . .	iv.	6	207	Summoners . . . . .	iii.	2	59	Wall-newt . . . . .	iii.	4	135
Outlawed . . . . .	iii.	4	172	Sampire . . . . .	iv.	6	15	Sumpter . . . . .	ii.	4	219	Water-newt . . . .	iii.	4	136
Out-paramoured	iii.	4	95	Sapient . . . . .	iii.	6	24	Superflux . . . . .	iii.	4	35	Water-pots . . . .	iv.	6	200
Out-scorn . . . . .	iii.	1	10	Saucily <sup>13</sup> . . . . .	{ i.	1	22	Superserviceable	ii.	2	19	Waved <sup>24</sup> . . . . .	iv.	6	71
Out-wall . . . . .	iii.	1	45		{ ii.	4	41	Suspend . . . . .	{ i.	2	87	Wawl . . . . .	iv.	6	184
Pantingly . . . . .	iv.	3	28	Savour (verb tr.)	iv.	2	39	Suum . . . . .	{ i.	4	298	Waywardness . . .	i.	1	302
Parel . . . . .	iv.	1	51	Say <sup>14</sup> (sub.) . . . .	v.	3	143		{ iii.	4	103	Weakens (verb int.)	i.	4	248
Paternal . . . . .	i.	1	115	Scattered <sup>15</sup> . . . .	iii.	1	31	Tardiness . . . . .	i.	1	238	Whelked . . . . .	iv.	6	71
Pendulous . . . . .	iii.	4	69	Sectary <sup>16</sup> . . . . .	i.	2	164	Tender-hefted . . .	ii.	4	174	Whirlpool . . . . .	iii.	4	53
								*Tender-minded	v.	3	31				

1 = nourishing.  
2 Lucree, 1227.  
3 = months; used several times = moonlight.  
4 = hysteric passion.  
5 Venus and Adonis, 892.  
6 = tender care; four times used in other senses.  
7 = the arithmetical cipher.  
8 = displeasing, disagreeable.

9 (in a game); = idler, Othello, ii. 1. 113; frequently used = an actor.  
10 = troth; frequently used = state, condition.  
11 = folded, secret.  
12 = hindered, crossed.  
13 Lucree, 1348.  
14 = assay, proof.  
15 = divided, unsettled.  
16 = a disciple.

17 Printed as one word in F. 1.  
18 = simulator; used as an adj. in Cymbeline, v. 5. 200.  
19 = allowances; frequently used elsewhere in other senses.  
20 = high-fed.  
21 = starry, fixed; Lucree, 1444; Sonn. xxiv. 1.  
22 Putting in the stocks.

23 = affrighted; frequently used elsewhere in its ordinary sense.  
24 = indented.  
25 = full of holes.

# PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ANTIOCHUS, King of Antioch.  
 PERICLES, Prince of Tyre.  
 HELICANUS, } two lords of Tyre.  
 ESCANES, }  
 SIMONIDES, king of Pentapolis.  
 CLEON, governor of Tarsus.  
 LYSIMACHUS, governor of Mytilene.  
 CERIMON, a lord of Ephesus.  
 THALIARD, a lord of Antioch.  
 PHILEMON, servant to Cerimon.  
 LEONINE, servant to Dionyza.  
 Marshal.

A Pander.  
 BOULT, his servant.  
 Three Fishermen.  
 Two Sailors.

A Princess, daughter to Antiochus.  
 DIONYZA, wife to Cleon.  
 THAISA, daughter to Simonides.  
 MARINA, daughter to Pericles and  
 Thaisa.  
 LYCORIDA, nurse to Marina.  
 A Bawd.

Lords, Ladies, Virgins, Knights, Gentlemen, Squires, Citizens, Sailors,  
 Pirates, Messengers, Servants, and other Attendants.

DIANA.

GOWER, as Chorus.

SCENE—Dispersedly about the borders of the eastern Mediterranean.

HISTORIC PERIOD: Early part of the second century, B.C.

TIME OF ACTION, as given by Mr. Daniel.<sup>1</sup>

A period of from 15 to 16 years, of which 14 days are represented on the stage: the chief intervals are accounted for in the choruses.

Day 1: Act I. Scene 1.—Interval.  
 Day 2: Act I. Scenes 2 and 3.—Interval.  
 Day 3: Act I. Scene 4.—Interval. 2d Chorus.  
 Day 4: Act II. Scene 1.  
 Day 5: Act II. Scenes 2 to 4.  
 Day 6: Act II. Scene 5.—Interval. 3d Chorus.  
 Day 7: Act III. Scene 1.  
 Day 8: Act III. Scene 2.—Interval.  
 Day 9: Act III. Scenes 3 and 4.—Interval, 14 years.  
 4th Chorus.

Day 10: Act IV. Scene 1.—Interval.  
 Day 11: Act IV. Scenes 2 and 3.—Interval. 5th  
 Chorus (Act IV. Sc. 4).  
 Day 12: Act IV. Scenes 5 and 6.—Interval. 6th  
 Chorus.  
 Day 13: Act V. Scene 1.—Interval. 7th Chorus  
 (Act V. Sc. 2).  
 Day 14: Act V. Scene 3.

<sup>1</sup> In the Qq. no "Acts and Scenes" are marked: but the Gower choruses distinctly divide the drama into *seven* acts. The division into five acts in F. 3 is quite arbitrary. Malone improved on it; but keeping to five acts he was compelled to cram the 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th chorus-divisions into his acts iv. and v., and in so doing

has marked the 5th and 7th *choruses* as *scenes*, which they are not; and of course, therefore, cannot be so reckoned when the number of days of the *action* represented on the stage is the object in view. Malone's division, however, has been followed by all subsequent editors, and, for convenience of reference to the standard editions, and in accordance with our plan, has necessarily been adopted here also.

# PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

## INTRODUCTION.

### LITERARY HISTORY.

Two quarto editions (Q. 1, Q. 2) of this play were published in the year 1609, both having the following title-page: "THE LATE, | And much admired Play, | Called | Pericles, Prince | of Tyre | With the true Relation of the whole Historie, | adventures, and fortunes of the said Prince: | As also, | The no lesse strange, and worthy accidents, | in the Birth and Life, of his Daughter | *MARIANA*. | As it hath been diuers and sundry times acted by | his Maiesties Seruants, at the Globe on | the Banck-side. | By William Shakespeare. | Imprinted at London for *Henry Gosson*, and are | to be sold at the signe of the Sunne in | Pater-noster row, &c."

It was formerly supposed that Q. 1 and Q. 2 belonged to one and the same edition, and that the numerous differences between the copies were due to corrections made during the printing; but careful examination shows that, as the Cambridge editors have pointed out, there were two separate editions, Q. 2 being printed from Q. 1. See, for instance, iii. 1. 4-6, where Q. 1 reads:

♂ still

Thy deafning dreadfull thunders, gently quench  
Thy nimble sulphurous flashes.

Q. 2 prints *O*, and *sulpherous*, and for *gently* it reads *dayly*. So, again, in iii. 3. 18, 19, the text in Q. 1 stands thus:

your Grace,

That fed my Countrie with your Corne; for which,  
The peoples prayers still fall vpon you;

while Q. 2 substitutes *dayly* for *still*. Other varieties are given in the course of the notes, showing the superiority of the text of Q. 1.

A third edition (Q. 3), "Printed at London by *S. S.*," appeared in 1611, and in 1619 another (Q. 4), "Printed for *T. P[avier]*," of piratical renown; the signatures of this last

show it to have been a continuation of the same volume which contained *The Whole Contention* betweene the two Houses, *Lancaster* and *Yorke* (see II. *Henry VI.*, Introduction, p. 176). In this Quarto there are a number of conjectural emendations.

On August 4, 1626, *Pavier's* widow assigned to *Edward Brewster* and *Robert Birde* "Master *Paviers* right in Shakespeares plaies or any of them" (*Stationers' Registers*, *Arber's Reprint*, iv. 164, 165); the next edition, in 1630, was "Printed by *I. N[orton]* for *R. B[irde]* and are to be sould | at his shop in *Cheapside*, at the signe of the | *Bible*." This edition (Q. 5) is very incorrect.

Another edition (Q. 6) was printed in 1635 from Q. 4, "at *London* by *Thomas Cotes*." *Bird* had assigned "*Persiles*" and other Shakespearian plays to *Richard Cotes* on November 8, 1630.

In 1664, *Pericles* was reprinted in the third Folio; it is there paged separately from what precedes, and also from the six additional plays that follow it. Earlier editions of these six plays bear Shakespeare's name, or initials, on their title-pages, but they are almost universally regarded as spurious.

The exclusion of *Pericles* from the first Folio at once casts a doubt on its genuineness. *Pope* rejected it from his edition, and was followed by subsequent editors until *Malone*. It is, however, spoken of as Shakespeare's by two or three writers of the time. In 1646 *S. Sheppard* wrote, in *The Times* displayed in *Six Sestyads* (quoted in *Centurie of Prayse*, 2nd ed. p. 261):

with *Sophocles* we may

Compare great *Shakespear*; *Aristophanes*

Never like him his *Fancy* could display;

Witness the *Prince of Tyre*, his *Pericles*.

*J. Tatham*, in commendatory lines prefixed to *Brome's Jovial Crew*, 1652 (*Centurie, ut supra*,

p. 295), mentions that a faction of that time would say:

Shakespeare, the Plebeian Driller, was  
Founder'd in's *Pericles*, and must not pass.

And Dryden, in his Prologue to Davenant's *Circe*, 1675, says:

*Shakespear's* own Muse her *Pericles* first bore,  
The Prince of *Tyre* was elder than the *Moore*:  
'Tis miracle to see a first good play  
All Hawthorns do not bloom on *Christmas-day*.

That Shakespeare had a share in the composition is now generally acknowledged. The text is by far the most corrupt of all his plays; it was put together, most likely, from short-hand notes made surreptitiously during a performance, and abounds in blunders and omissions. But in the latter part we can plainly discern Shakespeare's hand. Some critics, to account for the general weakness of construction in the play, have assumed, as Dryden did, that it was an early work; but Hallam rightly pointed out that the language is that of Shakespeare's later manner. The play should be divided, as by Sidney Walker and Mr. Fleay,<sup>1</sup> into three portions: the last three acts, excluding Gower's speeches and the prose scenes (iv. 2, 5, 6), are to be assigned to Shakespeare; the prose scenes in act iv., together with Gower's two speeches immediately preceding and following scenes 5 and 6, all in style and contents quite disconnected from the rest of the play, were probably written by William Rowley; while the remaining speeches of Gower in their stiffness and obscurity agree closely with the contents of acts i. and ii. Nearly all the rhyming lines in the play (outside of Gower's speeches) occur in these two acts, which Mr. Fleay and Mr. R. Boyle, following a suggestion of Delius, attribute to George Wilkins. This writer is connected with our play in another way; a tale, based upon its incidents, was published by him in 1608, with the title: "THE | Painfull Adventures | of *Pericles* Prince of | Tyre. | *Being* | The true History of the Play of *Pericles*, as it was | lately presented by the worthy and an- | cient Poet *John Gower*. | AT

<sup>1</sup> See New Shakspeare Society's Transactions, 1874, p. 200, &c.

LONDON | Printed by T. P. for Nat: Butter."<sup>2</sup> Wilkins was author of a play, *The Miseries of Enforced Marriage*, produced at the Globe, and published in 1607; and joint author, with John Day and William Rowley, of another play, *The Travels of the Three English Brothers*, published in the same year, but performed by the Queen's players at the Curtain. In both these plays we can see the same use of borrowed figures, harsh ellipses and inversions, and even false rhymes, as in the former part of *Pericles*. The *Travels* also introduces the artifice of a Chorus, whose speeches, occasionally interspersed with dumb-shows, connect the scenes together and explain the story, just like Gower's speeches in the present play. We conclude, as Mr. Fleay does, that Shakespeare left his work unfinished, and that it was put into the hands of others to complete for the stage. Rowley and Wilkins had just been collaborating with Day to fit up a rambling sort of play out of a book of adventure; they now in the same fashion added scenes and shows to what Shakespeare had written.

The date of the play is fixed as not later than 1608 by the appearance in that year of Wilkins's novel. On May 20th of the same year "The booke of *Pericles* prince of Tyre" was entered on the Stationers' Registers by Edward Blount, afterwards one of the publishers of the first Folio. We have seen that the play was ultimately published elsewhere, and in an unauthorized version. I cannot agree with Mr. Fleay (Introduction to *Shakespearean Study*, p. 28) that in *The Puritan*, which was acted in 1606, the scene of Thaisa's restoration (iii. 2) is "palpably imitated." Certainly the internal evidence would lead us to put the composition of Shakespeare's part of the play in or about 1608; after *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Coriolanus*, and *Timon*, and before *Cymbeline* and *The Tempest*. To account for the supposed allusion in *The Puritan* Mr. Fleay now assumes (*Chronicle History*, pp. 156, 243, 245) that Wilkins wrote a play of *Pericles* in 1606, in which Shakespeare's version of the Marina story was afterwards substituted—

<sup>2</sup> The references in the notes to this novel of Wilkins's are to the Reprint, edited by Professor Tycho Mommsen, Oldenburg, 1857.

## INTRODUCTION.

probably without the consent of either Wilkins or Shakespeare. It is true, as Mr. Fleay observes, that Shakespeare's part of the play is not closely reproduced in Wilkins's novel; but I do not think this justifies his theory. Much of the novel is simply borrowed from Lawrence Twine's story (on which the play was partly founded), and its version even of Wilkins's own share of the play is not exact; but several fragments of Shakespeare's part are embedded in it.

The story of Apollonius, King of Tyre, on which the plot is founded, is supposed to have been written in Greek before the fifth century A.D.; the earliest extant version is a Latin one, probably made soon after that date. It is edited by A. Riese in Teubner's series (1871). During the middle ages the story was translated into several languages, and a version of it found its way into the *Gesta Romanorum*. It appears in English verse in the eighth book of the *Confessio Amantis* of John Gower, who professes to have taken it from that version of the story which, in the twelfth century, Godfrey of Viterbo inserted in his *Pantheon* or chronicle. A translation of the Latin story was made by Lawrence Twine, under the title (afterwards copied by Wilkins) of *The Patterne of Paynfull Adventures*; this was entered on the Stationers' Registers in 1576 (Arber, *ut supra*, ii. 301), but the earliest known edition of it is supposed to have been published about 1595. It was reissued in 1607. The play of *Pericles* is mainly based on Gower, but Twine's story appears to have been occasionally used.

### STAGE HISTORY.

That *Pericles* was seen on the stage of the Globe Theatre in 1608, when it was given by the King's company of players, is conceded by commentators who agree on few other points concerning the play. It was received with favour, evidences of its success being found in contemporary dramas. In "*Pimlyco* or *Runne Red-Cap*. Tis a mad world at Hogsdon," 1609, the anonymous author writes:

Amazde I stood, to see a Crowd  
Of *Civill Throats* stretchd out so lowd;  
(As at a *New-play*) all the Roomes  
Did swarm with *Gentiles* mix'd with *Groomes*

So that I truly thought all These  
Came to see *Shore* or *Pericles*;

and in Robert Tailor's "*The Hogge hath lost his Pearle*" the last two lines of the prologue are:

And if it prove so happy as to please,  
Weele say 't is fortunate like *Pericles*.

Ben Jonson's well-known allusion to  
some mouldy tale  
Like *Pericles*,

bears direct if grudging testimony to its popularity. It seems, however, to have caused some opposition, unless the lines in Owen Feltham's answer to Ben Jonson in his *Lusoria* or *Occasional Pieces*, added to the eighth edition of his *Resolves*, 1661,

do displease  
As deep as *Pericles*,

must be taken as referring to Jonson's own petulant show of discontent.

Dryden, it is known, would assign an earlier date to *Pericles*, speaking of it as the first in date of the poet's works; but Dryden's evidence on such matters is of slight value.

Sir Gerrard Herbert, writing on the 24th of May (O.S.) 1619, relates that "the play of *Pirrocles*, Prince of Tyre" was played the previous week before the marquis Tremouille and other French Lords at Whitehall in the king's great chamber. (See *Fresh Allusions to Shakspeare*, ed. for New Shakspeare Society, pp. 83, 84).

A revival of *Pericles* is recorded in 1631, under which date the office-book of Sir Henry Herbert, the Master of the Revels, notes: "Received of Mr. Benfelde, in the name of the kings company, for a gratuity for ther liberty gaind unto them of playinge, upon the cessation of the plague, this 10 of June, 1631—3*l*. 10*s*. 0*d*.—This was taken upon *Pericles* at the Globe."

Allusions to the value of *Pericles* are frequent in subsequent literature; but the play escaped the manglers of Restoration days only to encounter a neglect almost unprecedented in the case of any other work in which the hand of Shakespeare can be indubitably traced. It was one of the plays revived at

the Cock Pit in Drury Lane by the company formed by Rhodes the bookseller, sometime, it is supposed, wardrobe-keeper to the company of comedians of King Charles the First in Blackfriars, and was probably played, in 1659, previous to the Restoration. Of Betterton, then but twenty-two years old, who played Pericles, Downes says he "was highly Applauded for his Acting in all these Plays, but especially, For the Loyal Subject; The Mad Lover; *Pericles*; The Bondman; *Defflores* in the Chauling; his Voice being then as Audibly strong, full and Articulate, as in the Prime of his Acting" (Roscius Anglicanus, p. 18).

Women had then not made a regular appearance on the stage, and it is probable that Marina was played by Kynaston, of whom Downes records that he played many women's parts, and "being then very Young made a Compleat Female Stage Beauty, performing his Parts so well, especially Arthiope and Aglaura, being Parts, greatly moving Compassion and Pity; that it has since been Disputable among the Judicious, whether any Woman that succeeded him so Sensibly touch'd the Audience as he" (Ibid. p. 19). Plausible as is this view, it is, however, conjectural. Something stronger than mere conjecture justifies the assignment to Mosely and Floid of two of the characters taking part in the opening of act iv. sc. 5, Downes, after giving the list of six players who commonly acted women's parts, having a note to the effect that Mosely and Floid commonly acted parts of the description introduced in this scene (Roscius Anglicanus, pp. 18, 19). From this time forward until near two centuries later, when it was included in the famous series of revivals under the Phelps and Greenwood management at Sadler's Wells, Pericles was practically banished from the stage. In the index to the stupendous chronicle of Genest the name only appears with a reference to another play.

Doubts as to the part that Shakespeare had in its composition began at an early period. Johnston and Steevens omit it from their edition of Shakespeare. Malone gives it only in a supplement, and Dyce even includes it with The Two Noble Kinsmen in a concluding volume. It is futile, however, to suppose that

doubts as to authorship had any more to do with its banishment from the stage than had squeamishness with regard to the scenes exhibited. Strange, indeed, would have been any dubiety as to the teaching of Pericles on the part of a public that tolerated Limberham and hailed the Relapse with rapture.

On 1st August, 1738, at Covent Garden, was given Marina, a three-act adaptation of Pericles, the responsibility for which falls upon George Lillo. More justification than could be pleaded by Dryden or D'Avenant for meddling with Shakespeare's work could be put forward by Lillo, whose treatment was the most trenchant that has often been adopted in a similar case. Cutting off the first three acts, he confines the action to the sorrows of Marina. His vindication of this course is furnished in the opening lines of a long prologue the homage to Shakespeare in which is at least as sincere as that of Dryden, Settle, or Tate.

Hard is the task, in this discerning age,  
To find new subjects that will bear the stage;  
And bold our bards, their low harsh strains to bring  
Where Avon's swan has long been heard to sing;  
Blest parent of our scene! whose matchless wit,  
Tho' yearly reap'd, is our best harvest yet.  
Well may that genius every heart command,  
Who drew all Nature with her own strong hand;  
As various, as harmonious, fair and great,  
With the same vigour and immortal heat;  
As thro' each element and form she shines:  
We view heav'n's hand-maid in her Shakespeare's  
lines.

Though some mean scenes, injurious to his fame,  
Have long usurp'd the honour of his name;  
To glean and clear from chaff his least remains,  
Is just to him, and richly worth our pains.  
We dare not charge the whole unequal play  
Of Pericles on him; yet let us say,  
As gold though mix'd with baser matter shines  
So do his bright inimitable lines.

Throughout those rude wild scenes distinguish'd  
stand

And shew he touch'd them with no sparing hand.

—Lillo's Works, ii. 61, ed. 1775.

Portions of this apology or explanation may be allowed to pass. Apart from the sufficiently apparent fact that most of the early scenes were by an inferior hand, it is difficult to interest the public in an action extending



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over a long space of time and embracing many sets of characters. Five more lines from the same preface show the treatment adopted:—

With humour mix'd in your fore-fathers way,  
We've to a single tale reduc'd our play.  
Charming Marina's wrongs begin the scene;  
Pericles finding her with his lost queen,  
Concludes the pleasing task.

Lillo's alterations are necessarily not confined to omissions. In order to render the whole consecutive and intelligible, he is compelled to make considerable additions to the text. Some of these are fairly in keeping with the later portion of Pericles. The extreme grossness of certain scenes is modified, but some silly matter is introduced. On the impropriety of calling a Greek character Mother Coupler Genest comments. He passes over, however, the corresponding absurdity of making a character outside the shrine of Diana swear by Old Nick. It may, of course, be granted that the poet who peopled the Athenian glades with Bottom the Weaver, Flute the Bellows-mender, and their associates, and showed us in Illyria characters such as Sir Andrew Aguecheek and Sir Toby Belch, would not have hesitated at the anachronisms of which Lillo is guilty, but different days had then been reached. The cast, then, of Marina is as follows:—

Pericles (King of Tyre)=Stephens.

Bolt (a pandar)=Pinkethman.

Lysimachus (governor of Ephesus)=Hallam.

Leonine (a young lord of Tharsus)=Stevens.

Escanes (chief attendant on Pericles)=Shelton.

Valdes (captain of a crew of pirates)=Bowman.

Marina (daughter to Pericles and Thaisa)=Mrs.

Vincent.

Philoten (Queen of Tharsus)=Mrs. Hamilton.

Thaisa (Queen of Tyre)=Mrs. Marshall.

Mother Coupler (a bawd)=Mr. W. Hallam.

Gentlemen, two Priestesses, Ladies, Officers, Guards,  
Pirates, and Attendants.

Most of these characters explain themselves. Cleon and Helicanus are among those who are heard of, not seen, and Philoten answers in part to Dionyza, whose daughter she is. The mother is dead, and the daughter is jealous of the beauty of Marina, which deprives

Philoten, now, by the death of her parents, Queen of Tarsus, of the admiration of the suitors who throng her court. By the promise of her hand she bribes Leonine, a young lord, to the murder of Marina, in the attempt at which he is, as in the original, foiled by the arrival of the pirates. After the departure of Pericles, who believes in the tale he is told, Philoten refuses to fulfil her promise to Leonine, whose death by poison she brings about. Before he expires, however, Leonine has strength to stab the queen and reveal her misdeeds to certain of the court. Gower the Poet, whose authorship of a version of the story caused his introduction into the earlier play, disappears from the later. Much of his narration is interpreted in action, as well as words, and the Dumb Show (act iv. sc. 3) is turned into dialogue. Considerable change is made in the third act, the conclusion being brought before the public in the Temple of Diana. Among adaptations of Shakespeare Marina is entitled to a fairly respectable place. It is, however, overpraised by Genest. No scene so strong as that in which Dionyza reveals to Creon her supposed murder of Marina (act iv. sc. 3) is retained, but the play is touching on perusal, and would probably prove fairly effective in representation. It was acted but three times. For this the lateness of the season and the weakness of the cast may perhaps be held responsible. Mrs. Marshall is not to be confounded with her distinguished predecessor, nor Mrs. Hamilton with her celebrated successor. Mrs. Vincent was an actress of no great merit. W. Hallam, who played Mother Coupler, was seldom seen on the English stage. He was a Whitechapel victualler, who was gazetted a bankrupt in 1745, and subsequently (1752) went to America, where he was, according to Dunlap, "the father of the American stage." This position is disputed by Mr. George O. Seilhamer, the most trustworthy historian of the American theatre, who prefers to call him "the first 'backer' of an American theatrical enterprise" (*History of the American Theatre before the Revolution*. Philadelphia, 1888, p. 19).

The only representation of Pericles, concern-

## PERICLES.

ing which full information is supplied, is now reached. On the 14th of October, 1854, in the eleventh season of his management, Phelps produced Pericles. Of the many Shakespearian performances which he had given during his tenure of Sadler's Wells, this inspired most interest. It was mounted with what was then considered luxury, and obtained a conspicuous, and, as it has been called, a "crowning success." As the only existing cast of Pericles at any fully recognized London theatre, the entire list of performers is given, with the exception of the attendants and so forth, whose names serve no purpose but to swell the bill. As is unavoidable in a play, the action of which covers so wide a space, the characters are classified in acts and scenes:

### ACT I. *The Palace of Antiochus.*

Antiochus (King of Antioch)=Mr. T. C. Harris.  
Thaliard=Mr. William Belford.  
Pericles (Prince of Tyre)=Mr. Phelps.  
The Daughter of Antiochus=Miss Parker.

#### *Tyre—Interior of the Palace.*

Helicanus and Escanes (two lords of Tyre)=Mr. Barrett and Mr. Parslo.  
First Lord=Mr. Evans; Second Lord=Mr. Lacy;  
Third Lord=Mr. Mason.

#### *Tharsus.*

Cleon (Governor of Tharsus)=Mr. Henry Marston.  
Dionyza (Wife to Cleon)=Miss Atkinson.

### ACT II. *Pentapolis—The Sea-shore.*

First Fisherman=Mr. Josephs; Second Fisherman=  
Mr. Lewis Ball; Third Fisherman=Mr. Charles.

#### *Corridor in the Palace of Simonides.*

Simonides (King of Pentapolis)=Mr. Lunt.  
First Lord=Mr. Franks. First Knight=Mr. Thompson.  
Thaisa (Daughter to Simonides)=Miss Cooper.

#### *A Hall of State.*

### ACT III. *A Ship at Sea.*

First Sailor=Mr. Stanley; Second Sailor=Mr. Weston.  
Lychorida=Mrs. Henry Marston.

#### *Ephesus—A Room in Cerimon's House.*

Cerimon=Mr. J. W. Ray. Philemon=Mr. C. Mortimer.  
First Gentleman of Ephesus=Mr. Perfitt.  
Second Gentleman of Ephesus=Mr. White.

### ACT IV. *Tharsus—An open place near the Sea-shore.*

Leonine=Mr. Meagreson.  
First Pirate=Mr. Robson; Second Pirate=Mr. Willis; Third Pirate=Mr. Gibson.  
Marina (Daughter to Pericles and Thaisa)=Miss Edith Heraud.

#### *Mitylene.*

Boult=Mr. Hoskin.  
Lysimachus (Governor of Mitylene)=Mr. F. Robinson.  
An old woman of Mitylene=Mr. Charles Fenton.

### ACT V. *On board Pericles' Ship, off Mitylene.*

Diana (in a Vision)=Miss T. Bassano.  
First Tyrian Sailor=Mr Morley; Second Tyrian Sailor=Mr. Smythson.

#### *The Temple of Diana at Ephesus.*

The representation was received with a "hurricane of applause." Professor Henry Morley has preserved in his *Journal of a London Playgoer*, 1866, the record of his impressions which first saw the light in the *Examiner*. Following Dryden, he speaks of the play as "that Eastern romance upon which Shakespeare first tried his power as a dramatist, and which he may have re-adapted to the stage even while yet a youth at Stratford." After giving a description of the story, in which he is on less debatable ground than he has previously occupied, he comes to the one important alteration which was made by Phelps, the entire omission of Gower. This, though "a loss to the play in an artistic sense," he is disposed to approve, regarding as an extremely hazardous experiment the "frequent introduction of a story-telling gentleman in a long coat and long curls;" and he condones the introduction by Phelps in certain scenes of passages of his own writing which the omission of Gower necessitated. The compression into one of the two scenes at Mitylene, in which Marina's innocence is exposed to the contaminating advances of the "old woman of Mitylene" as by a pardonable euphemism the Bawd is called, won his admiration, the result of the treatment being that "although the plot of the drama was not compromised by a false delicacy, there remained not a syllable at which true delicacy could have conceived offence. The calling of

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Boult and his mistress was covered in the pure language of Marina with so hearty a contempt that the scene was really one in which the purest minds might be those which would take the most especial pleasure" (*Journal of a London Playgoer*, p. 96). No less favourable is the opinion of Douglas Jerrold, who says, "The greatest theatrical purist need not be afraid to visit that foul room at Mitylene, since it has been whitewashed and purified by the pen of Mr. Phelps. As for the grace and grandeur with which the whole play has been made visible to the eye, we recommend all who love to see their poetical dreams realized to pay Sadler's Wells a visit, with the full certainty of deriving from it a pleasure pure and classical, such as their quickened imagination could possibly have formed no conception of" (*Lloyd's Weekly London News*, quoted in *Robertson and Phelps' Life of Phelps*, p. 143).

In the *Times*, John Oxenford, a sounder and subtler critic than either, or indeed than any English theatrical critic of the latter half of the century, is less eulogistic. On the marvels of the spectacle, on the admirable equipment of Diana, and on the "moving panorama of excellently painted coast scenery," by aid of which Pericles is, in the imagination of the spectator, conducted to Ephesus, he bestows warm praise. The play itself, however, he pronounces "a work utterly without developed character and utterly without dramatic unity," the latter a self-evident proposition. Faint "indications of characters afterwards brought into strong relief" may be found. "Dionyza may be considered a feeble germ of Lady Macbeth; Marina may suggest a thought of Imogen; the reappearance of Thaisa may recall to mind the reappearance of Hermione. . . . To call it (Pericles) an indifferent drama would be a mistake, as well as an injustice; it is, really, not a drama at all" (*The Times*, quoted in *Robertson and Phelps' Life of Phelps*, p. 145).

Characters such as Pericles presents offer in Oxenford's opinion few opportunities for acting, and the "personages in general," he holds, "do little else than walk on and walk off the stage without betraying or exciting an

emotion." One touch of acting, however, on the part of Mr. Phelps as Pericles, he considers too admirable to be passed over. "This is the manner in which he portrays the feelings of the father while gradually recognizing his daughter, in the fifth act. Grief has rendered him almost incapable of hope, and, unwilling to believe the unaccustomed approach of joy, he looks at his child with fixed eye and haggard cheek, gasping with anxiety, till doubt at last gives way to certainty, and he falls weeping on the neck of Marina. This scene was the only opportunity for acting throughout the piece, and Mr. Phelps availed himself of it most felicitously" (*Ibid.*). Of Miss Edith Heraud, whose short theatrical career began on that occasion, he says that she sustained the part in an artless manner, . . . though it has lost much of its significance by the necessary omission of the bestialities in the fourth act.

Jerrold credits Miss Heraud with great simplicity and sweetness, and with grace and dignity that carried off the most dangerous scene in the play. Phelps, he says, acted with wonderful strength and feeling. Professor Morley's sentence coincides with that of Oxenford, and he selects for warmest approval the scene of the recognition of Marina. He also praises the Thaisa of Miss Cooper. One at least of the other actors concerned, Henry Marston, was a capable elocutionist of the Kemble school, and more than one of them won recognition in the presentation of tragedy. The reception of Pericles was regarded as a success of curiosity. No subsequent management has cared to risk a second experiment, and the stage history of Pericles ends, as it practically begins, with the solitary and eminently creditable venture of Phelps.—J. K.

## CRITICAL REMARKS.

Only a part of the play of Pericles is the work of Shakespeare's hand; and that part consists of fragments of a play which, we may strongly suspect, was never completed by its author. Pericles served, as *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* had done previously, as material from which to draw characters and incidents for service in later plays. Instances of

this will be found in the notes. The development of the characters in this play is only partially shown; and no help to the understanding of them is to be gained from the additions which were made to Shakespeare's works by others.

What strikes us in Pericles' disposition is his inability to bear up against misfortune. Lycorida's news that his wife is dead overcomes him completely; when she calls on him to be manly, take comfort, and have patience, he is unable to respond. He is a fatalist, with a conviction that fortune has a grudge against him. When he rouses himself to bless his child, it is almost with a foreboding of ill; and he cuts short Dionyza's proffered sympathy with the words (iii. 3. 9-12):

We cannot but obey  
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar  
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end  
Must be as 't is.

He attempts, however, to propitiate Diana in favour of his child by the vow to go unshorn. But he fears to see his child again, and she is left in charge of strangers, far from her father's kingdom, while he, the old story says, departed into the uttermost parts of Egypt. It is not clear whether this long absence was merely in fulfilment of the vow; but it seems almost as if Pericles avoided the sight of his daughter for fear of the sad memories which the remembrance of her birth would bring back. If he sought in solitude and travel to attain forgetfulness, he failed miserably.

Marina, on the other hand, learns in her isolation the power of endurance which her father lacks. Her only intimate friend has been the nurse Lycorida; she cannot have had any deep friendship with Dionyza's daughter. Calmness is her chief characteristic, while in her appeals to Leonine she shows not only youthful innocence, but readiness of wit. She had grieved for the loss of her nurse; but after escaping Dionyza's treachery, her spirits

rise, and she is able to overcome difficulties and dangers to which a more craven spirit might have succumbed. The old story tells how the governor of Mitylene saw the beautiful maiden offered for sale in the public market, and sought to buy her, but was outbid by the Pander. In some such circumstances, perhaps, Marina had been "gazed on like a comet;" but Shakespeare has left us no description of how she and Lysimachus met. We only hear of her repute for "her sweet harmony, and other chosen attractions," which had so wrought upon Lysimachus that he vainly sought to know whether his hopes that she might be of noble birth were indeed well founded. The two main personages of the play are brought together before us in the fifth act; and Pericles at last finds that in power of endurance of grief he has been surpassed by a girl. The scene is "an anticipation of that in which Cymbeline recovers his sons and daughter, but the scene in Pericles is filled with a rarer, keener passion of joy."

Dionyza is described for us by Cleon (iv. 3. 46-48):

Thou'rt like the harpy,  
Which, to betray, dost, with thine angel's face,  
Seize with thine eagle's talons.

Calculating treachery is veiled by her behind a beautiful mask in the same way as by the wife of Cymbeline. Her husband is a cipher, whom she rules as absolutely as she does the servant Leonine.

The physician Cerimon has been described as the kind of man that Bacon would have desired for a friend. He is the first of the learned men of Shakespeare with something sympathetic about him; and if there is any lesson in the play, it is from him that we must learn it. He has unselfishly devoted himself to the pursuit, not of learning alone, but of the good of mankind, two objects which are only perfectly attained when we have recognized their dependence one upon the other.



*Per.* See where she comes, apparell'd like the spring.—(Act i. l. 12.)

## PERICLES.

### ACT I.

#### PROLOGUE.

*Antioch.* Before the palace. Heads are seen  
impaled above the gates.

*Enter GOWER.*

*Gow.* To sing a song that old<sup>1</sup> was sung,  
From ashes ancient Gower is come;  
Assuming man's infirmities,  
To glad your ear and please your eyes.  
It hath been sung at festivals,  
On ember-eves and holy-ales;  
And lords and ladies in their lives  
Have read it for restoratives:<sup>2</sup>  
The purchase<sup>3</sup> is to make men glorious;  
*Et bonum quo antiquius, eo melius.*<sup>4</sup>  
If you, born in these latter times,  
When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,  
And that<sup>5</sup> to hear an old man sing  
May to your wishes pleasure bring,

I life would wish, and that I might  
Waste it for you, like taper-light.

[ This Antioch,<sup>6</sup> then; Antiochus the Great  
Built up this city for his chiefest seat;  
The fairest in all Syria,—  
I tell you what mine authors say: 20  
This king unto him took a fere,<sup>7</sup>  
Who died and left a female heir,  
So buxom, blithe, and full of face,  
As heaven had lent her all his grace;  
With whom the father liking took,  
And her to incest did provoke:—  
Bad child; worse father! to entice his own  
To evil should<sup>8</sup> be done by none:  
But custom<sup>9</sup> what they did begin 30  
Was with long use account<sup>10</sup> no sin.  
The beauty of this sinful dame  
Made many princes thither frame,<sup>11</sup>  
To seek her as a bed-fellow,

<sup>1</sup> Old, of old, long ago.

<sup>2</sup> Restoratives, recreation (literally, strengthening medicines). <sup>3</sup> Purchase, gain, advantage.

<sup>4</sup> "And the older a good thing is, the better it is."

<sup>5</sup> And that, and if it be that.

<sup>6</sup> This Antioch, i.e. this (that you see) is Antioch.

<sup>7</sup> Fere, mate, wife.

<sup>8</sup> Should, i.e. such as should.

<sup>9</sup> Custom, i.e. by custom or habit.

<sup>10</sup> Account, reckoned.

<sup>11</sup> Frame, i.e. shape (or direct) their course.

In marriage-pleasures play-fellow: 34  
Which to prevent he made a law,—  
To keep her still, and men in awe,—  
That whoso ask'd her for his wife,  
His riddle told not,<sup>1</sup> lost his life:  
So for her many a wight did die,  
As yon grim looks do testify. 40  
[Pointing to the impaled heads.  
What now ensues, to the judgment of your eye  
I give, my cause who best can justify.] [Exit.

SCENE I. *The same. A room in the palace.*

Enter ANTIOCHUS, PERICLES, and Attendants.

Ant. Young prince of Tyre, you have at  
large receiv'd<sup>2</sup>

The danger of the task you undertake.

Per. I have, Antiochus; and, with a soul  
Emboldened with the glory of her praise,  
Think death no hazard in this enterprise.

Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a  
bride,

[For the embracements even of Jove himself;  
At whose conception, till Lucina reign'd,  
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,  
The senate-house of planets all did sit, 10  
To knit in her their best perfections.<sup>3</sup>]

*Music. Enter the PRINCESS, attended.*

[Per. [Aside] See where she comes, ap-  
parell'd like the spring,  
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king  
Of every virtue gives<sup>4</sup> renown to men!  
Her face the book of praises, where is read  
Nothing but curious<sup>5</sup> pleasures, as<sup>6</sup> from thence  
Sorrow were ever ras'd, and testy wrath  
Could never be her mild companion.<sup>7</sup>  
You gods that made me man, and sway in love,  
That have inflam'd desire<sup>8</sup> in my breast 20  
To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree,  
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,  
As I am son and servant to your will,  
To compass such a boundless happiness!]

<sup>1</sup> Told not, not having been expounded.

<sup>2</sup> You have at large receiv'd, you have been fully made acquainted with.

<sup>3</sup> Perfections, pronounced as a quadrisyllable.

<sup>4</sup> Gives, i.e. that gives.

<sup>5</sup> Curious, exquisite.

<sup>6</sup> As, as if.

<sup>7</sup> Her mild companion, i.e. the companion of her mildness.

<sup>8</sup> Desire, pronounced as a trisyllable.

Ant. Prince Pericles,—

Per. That would be son to great Antiochus.

Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,  
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;  
For death-like dragons here affright thee hard.<sup>9</sup>  
Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view  
Her countless glory, which desert must gain;  
And which, without desert, because thine eye  
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must die.  
Yon sometimes<sup>10</sup> famous princes, like thyself,  
Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,  
Tell thee, with speechless tongues and sem-  
blance pale,

That, without covering, save yon field of stars,  
Here they stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;  
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist  
For going on<sup>11</sup> death's net, whom none resist.

Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hath  
taught 41

My frail mortality to know itself,

And by those fearful objects to prepare

This body, like to them, to what I must;<sup>12</sup>

For death remember'd should be like a mirror,  
Who<sup>13</sup> tells us life's but breath, to trust it  
error.

I'll make my will, then; and, as sick men do,  
Who know the world, see heaven, but, feeling  
woe,

Gripe not at earthly joys, as erst they did;

So I bequeath a happy peace to you 50

And all good men, as every prince should do;  
My riches to the earth, from whence they  
came;—

[To the Princess] But my unspotted fire of  
love to you.

Thus ready for the way of life or death,

I wait the sharpest blow.

Ant. Scorning advice: [giving Pericles a  
paper] read the conclusion, then:

Which read<sup>14</sup> and not expounded, 't is decreed,  
As these before thee, thou thyself shalt bleed.

Princess. Of all say'd yet,<sup>15</sup> mayst thou prove  
prosperous!

Of all say'd yet, I wish thee happiness! 60

<sup>9</sup> Hard, strongly, greatly.

<sup>10</sup> Sometimes, formerly.

<sup>11</sup> For going on, lest you should fall into.

<sup>12</sup> To what I must, the state to which I must come.

<sup>13</sup> Who, i.e. death who.

<sup>14</sup> Which read, i.e. which having been read.

<sup>15</sup> All say'd yet, all who have hitherto made the trial.

*Per.* Like a bold champion, I assume the  
lists, 61  
Nor ask advice of any other thought  
But faithfulness and courage.

[*Reads the riddle.*

"I am no viper, yet I feed  
On mother's flesh which did me breed.  
I sought a husband, in which labour  
I found that kindness in a father:  
He's father, son, and husband mild;  
I mother, wife, and yet his child.  
How they may be, and yet in two, 70  
As you will live, resolve it you." 1

Sharp physic is the last:<sup>2</sup> but, O you powers  
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's  
acts,

Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,  
If this be true, which makes me pale to read  
it?—

[*To the Princess*] Fair glass of light, I lov'd  
you, and could still,

Were not this glorious casket stor'd with ill:  
But, I must tell you, now my thoughts revolt;  
For he's no man on whom perfections wait  
That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate.

[*You're a fair viol, and your sense the strings;  
Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music,  
Would draw heaven down, and all the gods, to  
hearken;* 83

But being play'd upon before your time,  
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime.

Good sooth,<sup>3</sup> I care not for you.]

*Ant.* Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy  
life,

For that's an article within our law,  
As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expir'd:  
Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

*Per.* Great king, 91  
Few love to hear the sins they love to act;  
'T would braid<sup>4</sup> yourself too near for me to tell  
it.

Who has a book of all that monarchs do,  
He's more secure to keep it shut than shown:  
For vice repeated<sup>5</sup> 's like the wandering wind,  
Blows<sup>6</sup> dust in others' eyes, to spread itself;  
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,

The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear  
To stop the air would hurt them.<sup>7</sup> The blind  
mole casts 100

Copp'd hills towards heaven, to tell the earth  
is throng'd<sup>8</sup>

By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth  
die for't.

Kings are earth's gods; in vice their law's  
their will;

And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill?  
It is enough you know; and it is fit,

What being more known grows worse, to  
smother it.

All love the womb that their first being bred,  
Then give my tongue like leave to love my  
head.

*Ant.* [*Aside*] Heaven, that I had thy head!  
he has found the meaning:

But I will gloze<sup>9</sup> with him.—Young Prince of  
Tyre, 110

Though by the tenour of our strict edict,  
Your exposition misinterpreting,<sup>10</sup>

We might proceed to cancel of your days;

Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree

As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise:

Forty days longer we do respite you;

If by which time our secret be undone,<sup>11</sup>

This mercy shows we'll joy in such a son:

And until then your entertain shall be 119

As doth befit our honour and your worth.

[*Exeunt all except Pericles.*

*Per.* How courtesy would seem to cover sin,  
When what is done is like an hypocrite,  
The which is good in nothing but in sight!<sup>12</sup>

[*If it be true that I interpret false,*

Then were it certain you were not so bad

As with foul incest to abuse your soul;

Where now you're both a father and a son

By your uncomely claspings with your child,—  
Which pleasure fits an husband, not a father;

And she an eater of her mother's flesh 130

By the defiling of her parent's bed;

And both like serpents are, who though they  
feed

<sup>7</sup> To stop the air would hurt them, how to stop (for the future) the gust that would hurt them.

<sup>8</sup> To tell the earth is throng'd, to tell how the earth is burdened. <sup>9</sup> Gloze, use deceit.

<sup>10</sup> Misinterpreting, i.e. being an incorrect interpretation.

<sup>11</sup> Our secret be undone, i.e. our problem be solved (by you).

<sup>12</sup> Sight, i.e. outward appearance.

<sup>1</sup> Resolve it you, do you solve the problem.

<sup>2</sup> The last, i.e. the final condition.

<sup>3</sup> Good sooth, in truth.

<sup>4</sup> Braid, reproach.

<sup>5</sup> Repeated, recounted, talked about.

<sup>6</sup> Blows, that blows.

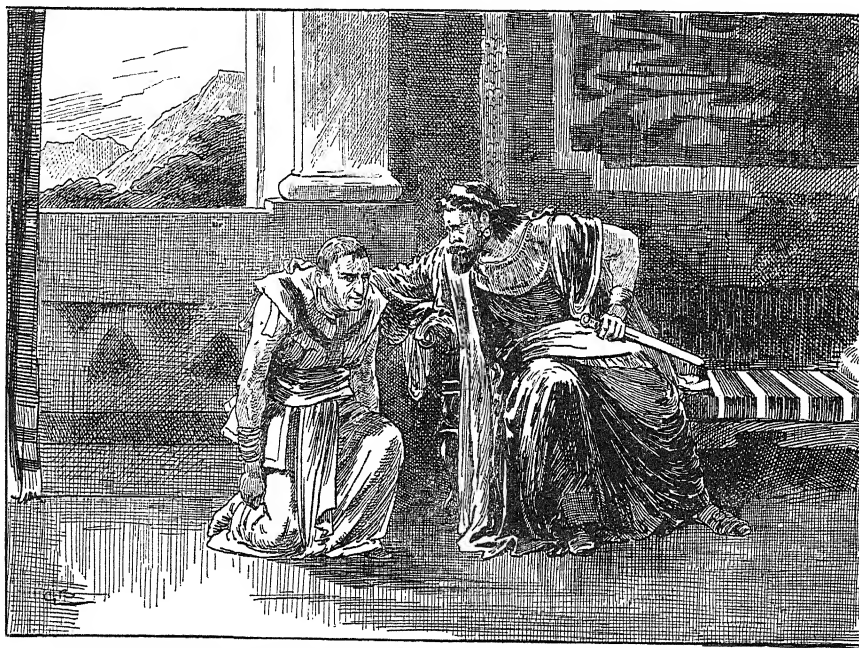
On sweetest flowers,<sup>1</sup> yet they poison breed. ]  
 Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men  
 Blush<sup>2</sup> not in actions blacker than the night,  
 Will shun no course to keep them from the  
 light.

[ One sin, I know, another doth provoke ;  
 Murder's as near to lust as flame to smoke :  
 Poison and treason are the hands of sin, 139

Ay, and the targets,<sup>3</sup> to put off the shame :  
 Then, lest my life be crop'd to keep you clear,  
 By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear. ]  
*[Exit.]*

*Re-enter* ANTIOCHUS.

*Ant.* He hath found the meaning, for which  
 we mean to have his head.



*Ant.* [*To Thaliard*] As thou wilt live, fly after; and,  
 like an arrow  
 Shot from a well-experienc'd archer, hits

The mark his eye doth level at, so thou:  
 Never return  
 Unless thou say "Prince Pericles is dead."—(Act i. 1. 163-167.)

[He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,  
 Nor tell the world Antiochus doth sin  
 In such a loathed manner ;  
 And therefore instantly this prince must die;  
 For by his fall my honour must keep high.—]  
 Who attends us there?

*Enter* THALIARD.

*Thal.* Doth your highness call? 150

*Ant.* Thaliard,

You are of our chamber, and our mind par-  
 takes<sup>4</sup> 152

Her private actions to your secrecy :  
 And for your faithfulness we will advance you.  
 Thaliard, behold, here's poison, and here's gold;  
 We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must  
 kill him :

It fits thee not to ask the reason why,  
 Because we bid it. Say, is it done?

*Thal.* My lord, 't is done.

*Ant.* Enough. 160

<sup>1</sup> *Flowers*, pronounced as a dissyllable.

<sup>2</sup> *Blush*, who blush.

<sup>3</sup> *Targets*, shields.

<sup>4</sup> *Partakes*, imparts.



*Enter a Messenger.*

Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.

*Mess.* My lord, Prince Pericles is fled. [*Exit.*

*Ant.* [*To Thaliard*] As thou wilt live, fly after; and, like an arrow

Shot from a well-experienc'd archer, hits

The mark his eye doth level<sup>1</sup> at, so thou:

[*Never return*

Unless thou say "Prince Pericles is dead."

*Thal.* My lord,

If I can get him within my pistol's length,<sup>2</sup>

I'll make him sure enough: so, farewell to your highness.

*Ant.* Thaliard,] adieu! [*Exit Thaliard.*] Till

Pericles be dead 170

My heart can lend no succour to my head. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Tyre. A room in the palace.*

*Enter PERICLES.*

. *Per.* [*To those without*] Let none disturb us.

Why should this change of thoughts,  
The sad companion, dull-ey'd melancholy,  
Be my so-us'd a guest<sup>3</sup> as not an hour,  
In the day's glorious walk, or peaceful night,—  
The tomb where grief should sleep,—can  
breed me quiet?

Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine  
eyes shun them,

And danger, which I fear'd, 's at Antioch,  
Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here:  
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,  
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me. 10  
Then it is thus: the passions of the mind,  
That have their first conception by mis-dread,<sup>4</sup>  
Have after-nourishment and life by care;  
And what was first but fear what might be  
done,

Grows elder now, and cares<sup>5</sup> it be not done.

And so with me:—the great Antiochus—  
'Gainst whom I am too little to contend,  
Since he's so great can<sup>6</sup> make his will his act—  
Will think me speaking, though I swear to  
silence;

<sup>1</sup> Level, aim.

<sup>2</sup> Length, i.e. range, reach.

<sup>3</sup> My so-us'd a guest, so constant a companion of mine.

<sup>4</sup> Mis-dread, mistrust, apprehension.

<sup>5</sup> Cares, takes heed, makes provision.

<sup>6</sup> So great can, so great that he can.

Nor boots it me<sup>7</sup> to say I honour him, 20  
If he suspect I may dishonour him:

And what may make him blush in being known,  
He'll stop the course by which it might be  
known;

With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land,  
And with th' ostent of war<sup>8</sup> will look so huge,  
Amazement<sup>9</sup> shall drive courage from the state;  
Our men be vanquish'd ere they do resist,  
And subjects punish'd that ne'er thought  
offence:

[ Which care of them, not pity of myself,—  
Who am no more but as the tops of trees, 30  
Which fence the roots they grow by, and  
defend them,—

Makes both my body pine, and soul to languish,  
And punish that before that he would punish. ]

*Enter HELICANUS and other Lords.*

*First Lord.* Joy and all comfort in your  
sacred breast!

*Sec. Lord.* And keep your mind, till you  
return to us,  
Peaceful and comfortable!

*Hel.* Peace, peace, and give experience  
tongue.

They do abuse the king that flatter him:  
For flattery is the bellows blows<sup>10</sup> up sin;  
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,  
To which that blast gives heat and stronger  
glowing; 41

Whereas reproof, obedient, and in order,  
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.  
When Signior Sooth<sup>11</sup> here does proclaim a  
peace,

He flatters you, makes war upon your life.  
Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please;  
I cannot be much lower than my knees.

*Per.* All leave us else; but let your cares  
o'erlook

What shipping and what lading's<sup>12</sup> in our  
haven,

And then return to us. [*Exeunt Lords.*]

Helicanus, thou 50  
Hast moved us: what seest thou in our looks?

<sup>7</sup> Boots it me, is it any use to me.

<sup>8</sup> Th' ostent of war, i.e. the mere display of his armament.

<sup>9</sup> Amazement, consternation.

<sup>10</sup> Blows, that blows.

<sup>11</sup> Sooth, flattery.

<sup>12</sup> Lading, cargoes.

*Hel.* An angry brow, dread lord. 52

*Per.* If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,

How durst thy tongue move anger<sup>1</sup> to our face?

*Hel.* How dares the plants look up to heaven, from whence

They have their nourishment?

*Per.* Thou know'st I've power To take thy life from thee.

*Hel.* [*Kneeling*] I've ground the axe myself; Do you but strike the blow.

*Per.* Rise, prithee, rise. Sit down: thou art no flatterer: 60

I thank thee for't; and heaven forbid That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid!

Fit counsellor and servant for a prince, Who by thy wisdom mak'st a prince thy servant,

What wouldst thou have me do?

*Hel.* To bear with patience Such griefs as you yourself do lay upon yourself.

[*Per.* Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus,

That minister'st a potion unto me

That thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself.

Attend me,<sup>2</sup> then: I went to Antioch, 70

Where, as thou know'st, against the face of death,

I sought the purchase<sup>3</sup> of a glorious beauty, From whence an issue I might propagate

Are<sup>4</sup> arms to princes, and bring joys to subjects.

Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder; The rest—hark in thine ear—as black as incest:

Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father

Seem'd not to strike, but smooth:<sup>5</sup> but thou know'st this,

'Tis time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss.

Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled, 80

Under the covering of a careful night,

Who seem'd my good protector; and, being here,

Bethought me what was past, what might succeed. 83

I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears Decrease not, but grow faster than their years: And should he doubt<sup>6</sup> it,—as no doubt he doth,—

That I should open to the listening air How many worthy princes' bloods were shed. To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope,<sup>7</sup>— To lop that doubt, he'll fill this land with arms, And make pretence of wrong that I have done him; 91

When all, for mine, if I may call offence, Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence: Which love to all,—of which thyself art one, Who now reprovest me for it,—

*Hel.* Alas, sir!

*Per.* Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my cheeks,

Musings into my mind, with thousand doubts How I might stop this tempest, ere it came; And finding little comfort to relieve them, I thought it princely charity to grieve them.

*Hel.* Well, my lord, since you've given me leave to speak, ] 101

Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear, And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant, Who either by public war or private treason Will take away your life.

Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while, Till that his rage and anger be forgot, Or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life. Your rule direct to<sup>8</sup> any; if to me, 109 Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.

*Per.* I do not doubt thy faith; But should he wrong my liberties in my absence?

*Hel.* We'll mingle our bloods together in the earth,

From whence we had our being and our birth.

*Per.* Tyre, I now look from thee, then, and to Tarsus

Intend<sup>9</sup> my travel,—where I'll hear from thee;

And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.

The care I had and have of subjects' good

On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it. 119

<sup>1</sup> Move anger, i.e. cause anger to come.

<sup>2</sup> Attend me, listen to me. <sup>3</sup> Purchase, acquisition.

<sup>4</sup> Are, such as are. <sup>5</sup> Smooth, flatter.

<sup>6</sup> Doubt, fear, suspect.

<sup>7</sup> Unlaid ope, undeclared.

<sup>8</sup> Direct to, devolve on.

<sup>9</sup> Intend, direct.

I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath:  
Who shuns not to break one will sure crack  
both: 121

But in our orbs<sup>1</sup> we'll live so round and safe,  
That time of both this truth shall ne'er con-  
vince,<sup>2</sup>

Thou show'dst a subject's shine,<sup>3</sup> I a true  
prince. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *Tyre. An ante-chamber in the palace.*

*Enter THALIARD.*

*Thal.* So, this is Tyre, and this the court.  
Here must I kill King Pericles; and if I do  
it not, I am sure to be hang'd at home: 't is  
dangerous.—Well, I perceive he was a wise  
fellow and had good discretion, that, being



*Hel.* [Kneeling] I've ground the axe myself;  
Do you but strike the blow.—(Act i. 2. 58, 59.)

bid to ask what he would of the king, desired  
he might know none of his secrets: now do I  
see he had some reason for't; for if a king  
bid a man be a villain, he's bound by the in-  
denture<sup>4</sup> of his oath to be one.—Hush! here  
comes the lords of Tyre. [Goes aside.]

*Enter HELICANUS, ESCANES, and other Lords.*

*Hel.* You shall not need, my fellow peers  
of Tyre, 11

<sup>1</sup> Orbs, spheres.

<sup>2</sup> Time of both this truth shall ne'er convince, time shall  
never overthrow this truth about both of us.

<sup>3</sup> Shine, lustre.

<sup>4</sup> Indenture, covenant.

Further to question me of your king's depar-  
ture: 12

His seal'd commission, left in trust with me,  
Doth speak sufficiently he's gone to travel.

*Thal.* [Aside] How! the king gone!

*Hel.* If further yet you will be satisfied,  
Why, as it were unlicens'd of your loves,  
He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.  
Being at Antioch,—

*Thal.* [Aside] What from Antioch?

*Hel.* Royal Antiochus—on what cause I  
know not— 20

Took some displeasure at him,—at least he  
judg'd so;

And doubting<sup>1</sup> lest that he had err'd or sinn'd,  
To show his sorrow, he'd correct himself;  
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,     24  
With whom each minute threatens life or  
death.

*Thal.* [*Aside*] Well, I perceive  
I shall not be hang'd now, although I would;  
But since he's gone, this the king's ears must  
please,—

He scap'd the land, to perish at the seas.  
I'll present myself. [*Comes forward.*]—Peace  
to the lords of Tyre!     30

*Hel.* Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is wel-  
come.

*Thal.* From him I come  
With message unto princely Pericles;  
But, since my landing, I have understood  
Your lord has betook himself to unknown  
travels;

My message must return from whence it came.

*Hel.* We have no reason to desire<sup>2</sup> it,  
Commended to our master, not to us     38

Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,—  
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Tarsus. An open place.*

*Enter* CLEON, DIONYZA, and *Attendants.*

*Cle.* My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,  
And, by relating tales of others' griefs,  
See if 't will teach us to forget our own?

*Dio.* That were to blow at fire in hope to  
quench it;

For who digs hills because they do aspire  
Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.  
O my distressed lord, ev'n such our griefs are;  
Here they're but felt, and seen with mischief's  
eyes,

But like to groves, being topp'd,<sup>3</sup> they higher  
rise.

*Cle.* O Dionyza,     10  
Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants  
it,

Or can conceal his hunger till he famish?  
Grief makes our tongues and sorrows to sound  
deep

<sup>1</sup> *Doubting*, fearing.

<sup>2</sup> *Desire*, i.e. ask; pronounced as a trisyllable.

<sup>3</sup> *Topp'd*, lopped.

Our woes into the air; our eyes to weep,  
Till tongues fetch breath that may proclaim  
them louder;

That, if heav'n<sup>4</sup> slumber while their creatures  
want,

They may awake their helps to comfort them.  
I'll, then, discourse<sup>5</sup> our woes, felt several  
years,

And, wanting breath to speak, help me with  
tears.

*Dio.* I'll do my best, sir.     20

*Cle.* This Tarsus, o'er which I have the  
government,

A city on whom Plenty held full hand,  
For Riches strew'd herself even in the streets;  
Whose towers bore heads so high they kiss'd  
the clouds,

And strangers ne'er beheld but wonder'd at;<sup>6</sup>  
Whose men and dames so jett'd<sup>7</sup> and adorn'd,  
Like one another's glass to trim them by:<sup>8</sup>

Their tables were stor'd full, to glad the sight,  
And not so much to feed on as delight;<sup>9</sup>     29

All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,  
The name of help<sup>10</sup> grew odious to repeat.—

*Dio.* O, 'tis too true.

*Cle.* But see what heaven can do! By this  
our change,

Those mouths who but of late, earth, sea, and  
air,

Were all too little to content and please,  
Although they gave their creatures in abun-  
dance,

As houses are defil'd for want of use,  
They are now starv'd for want of exercise:

Those palates, who, not yet two summers  
younger,     39

Must have inventions to delight the taste,  
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it:

[Those mothers who, to nouse up<sup>11</sup> their babes,  
Thought nought too curious,<sup>12</sup> are ready now  
To eat those little darlings whom they lov'd.]

So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and wife  
Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life:

<sup>4</sup> *Heav'n*, i.e. the gods.

<sup>5</sup> *Discourse*, relate.

<sup>6</sup> *And strangers ne'er beheld but wonder'd at*, i.e. and which strangers ne'er beheld but with wonder.

<sup>7</sup> *Jett'd*, strutted.

<sup>8</sup> *Glass to trim them by*, pattern after which to dress themselves.

<sup>9</sup> *As delight*, as to delight.

<sup>10</sup> *Help*, i.e. charity.

<sup>11</sup> *Nouse up*, cherish, rear.

<sup>12</sup> *Curious*, delicate.

Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;  
Here many sink, yet those which see them  
fall

Have scarce strength left to give them burial.  
Is not this true? 50

*Dio.* Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness  
it.

*Cle.* O, let those cities that of Plenty's cup  
And her prosperities so largely taste,  
With their superfluous riots, hear these  
tears!

The misery of Tarsus may be theirs.

*Enter a Lord.*

*Lord.* Where's the lord governor?

*Cle.* Here.

Speak out thy sorrows which thou bring'st in  
haste,

For comfort is too far for us t' expect.

*Lord.* We have descried, upon our neighbour-  
ing shore, 60

A portly sail<sup>1</sup> of ships make hitherward.

*Cle.* I thought as much.

One sorrow never comes but brings an heir,  
That may succeed as his inheritor;  
And so in ours: some neighbouring nation,<sup>2</sup>  
Taking advantage of our misery,  
Hath stuff'd these hollow vessels with their  
power, 7

To beat us down, the which are down already;  
And make a conquest of unhappy me,  
Where as<sup>3</sup> no glory's got to overcome. 70

*Lord.* That's the least fear; for, by the  
semblance<sup>4</sup>

Of their white flags display'd, they bring us  
peace,

And come to us as favourers,<sup>5</sup> not as foes.

*Cle.* Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd to  
repeat;<sup>6</sup>

Who makes the fairest show means most  
deceit.

But bring they what they will and what they  
can,

What need we fear?

The ground's the lowest,<sup>7</sup> and we're half-way  
there.

Go tell their general we attend him here,  
To know for what he comes, and whence he  
comes, 80

And what he craves.

*Lord.* I go, my lord. [*Erit.*

*Cle.* Welcome is peace, if he on peace consist;<sup>8</sup>  
If wars, we are unable to resist.

*Enter PERICLES, with Attendants; some people  
of Tarsus follow.*

*Per.* Lord governor, for so we hear you are,  
Let not our ships and number of our men  
Be, like a beacon fir'd, t' amaze<sup>9</sup> your eyes.  
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,  
And seen the desolation of your streets:  
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears, 90  
But to relieve them of their heavy load;  
And these our ships, you happily<sup>10</sup> may think  
Are like the Trojan horse was<sup>11</sup> stuff'd within  
With bloody veins, expecting overthrow,  
Are stor'd with corn to make your needy bread,  
And give them life whom hunger starv'd half  
dead.

*All.* [*Kneeling*] The gods of Greece protect  
you!

And we'll pray for you.

*Per.* Rise, I pray you, rise:  
We do not look for reverence, but for love,  
And harbourage for ourselves, our ships, and  
men. 100

*Cle.* The which when any shall not gratify,  
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,  
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,  
The curse of heaven and men succeed their  
evils!

Till when,—the which I hope shall ne'er be  
seen,—

Your grace is welcome to our town and us.

*Per.* Which welcome we'll accept; feast here  
awhile,

Until our stars that frown lend us a smile.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>1</sup> A portly sail, imposing fleet.

<sup>2</sup> Nation, pronounced as a trisyllable.

<sup>3</sup> Where as, where.

<sup>4</sup> Semblance, pronounced as a trisyllable.

<sup>5</sup> Favourers, succourers, relievers.

<sup>6</sup> Him's untutor'd to repeat, him that has not been  
taught the lesson.

<sup>7</sup> The ground's the lowest, i.e. the grave is the worst  
depth (of misfortune).

<sup>8</sup> If he on peace consist, if he be set on (or disposed for)  
peace.

<sup>9</sup> Amaze, perturb.

<sup>10</sup> You happily, which you perchance.

<sup>11</sup> Was, which was.

## ACT II.

*The same.**Enter GOWER.*

*Gow.* [Here have you seen a mighty king  
His child, I-wis,<sup>1</sup> to incest bring;  
A better prince, and bénign lord,  
That will prove awful<sup>2</sup> both in deed and word:  
Be quiet, then, as men should be,  
Till he hath pass'd necessity.<sup>3</sup>  
I'll show you those in troubles reign,  
Losing a mite, a mountain gain.  
The good in conversation<sup>4</sup>—  
To whom I give my benison— 10  
Is still at Tarsus, where each man  
Thinks all is writ he speken can;  
And, to remember what he does,  
Build his statue to make him glorious:  
But tidings to the contrary  
Are brought your eyes; what need speak I?]

DUMB-SHOW.

*Enter, from one side, PERICLES, talking with  
CLEON; their Trains with them. Enter,  
from the other side, a Gentleman, with a  
letter to PERICLES; who shows the letter to  
CLEON; then gives the Messenger a reward,  
and knights him. Exeunt severally PERI-  
CLES and CLEON, with their Trains.*

Good Helicane, that stay'd at home,  
Not to eat honey like a drone  
From others' labours;—for though he strive  
To killen bad, keep good alive, 20  
And to fulfil his prince' desire,—  
Sends word of all that haps in Tyre:  
How Thaliard came full bent with sin  
And hid intent to murder him;  
And that in Tarsus was not best  
Longer for him to make his rest.  
He, doing so,<sup>5</sup> put forth to seas,  
Where when men bin,<sup>6</sup> there's seldom ease;  
For now the wind begins to blow;  
Thunder above, and deeps below, 30

Make such unquiet, that the ship 31  
Should<sup>7</sup> house him safe is wreck'd and split;  
And he, good prince, having all lost,  
By waves from coast to coast is tost:  
All perishen of man, of pelf,  
Ne aught escapen but himself;  
Till fortune, tir'd with doing bad,  
Threw him ashore, to give him glad:  
And here he comes. What shall be next,  
Pardon old Gower,—this longs<sup>8</sup> the text.  
[Exit.

SCENE I. *Pentapolis. The sea-shore.*PERICLES, *wet.*

*Per.* Yet cease your ire, you angry stars of  
heaven!  
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly  
man  
Is but a substance that must yield to you;  
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you.  
Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,  
Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me  
breath<sup>9</sup>  
Nothing to think on but ensuing death.  
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers  
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes;  
And having thrown him from your watery  
grave, 10  
Here to have death in peace is all he'll crave.

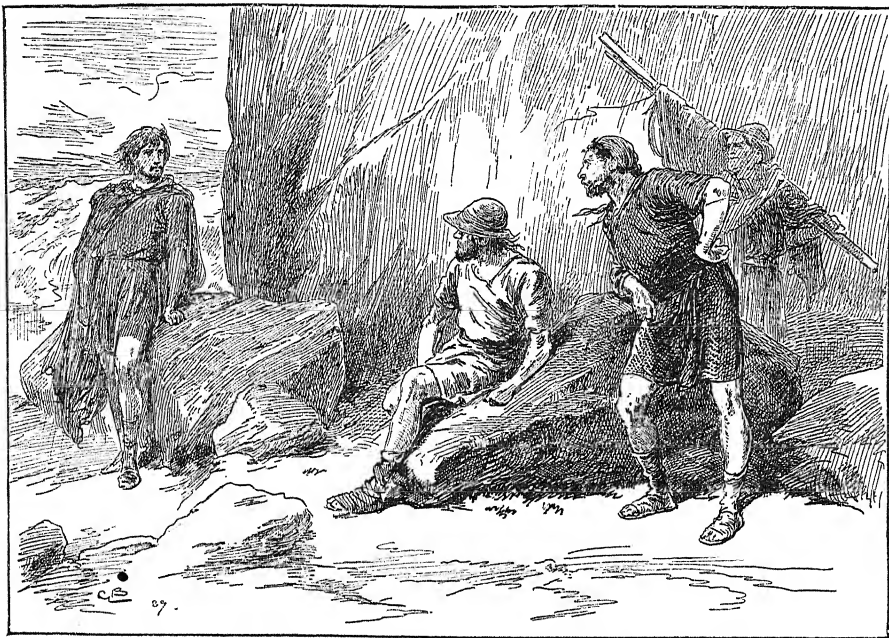
*Enter three Fishermen.**First Fish.* What, ho, Pilch!*Sec. Fish.* Ha, come and bring away the nets!*First Fish.* What, Patch-breech, I say!*Third Fish.* What say you, master?*First Fish.* Look how thou stirr'st now!  
come away, or I'll fetch thee with a wanion.<sup>10</sup>*Third Fish.* Faith, master, I am thinking  
of the poor men that were cast away before us  
even now. 20*First Fish.* Alas, poor souls, it grieved my  
heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to<sup>1</sup> *I-wis*, in truth.<sup>2</sup> *Awful*, law-abiding, conscientious.<sup>3</sup> *Necessity*, misfortune, distress.<sup>4</sup> *Conversation*, conduct; pronounced as five syllables.<sup>5</sup> *Doing so*, i.e. acting accordingly (?). <sup>6</sup> *Bin*, are.<sup>7</sup> *Should*, which should.<sup>8</sup> *This longs*, this (that follows) belongs to.<sup>9</sup> *Breath*, i.e. life.<sup>10</sup> *With a wanion*, i.e. "bad luck to you!"

us to help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves. 24

*Third Fish.* Nay, master, said not I as much when I saw the porpus, how he bounc'd and tumbled? they say they're half-fish, half-flesh: a plague on them, they ne'er come but I look

to be wash'd. Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea. 30

*First Fish.* Why, as men do a-land,<sup>1</sup>—the great ones eat up the little ones: I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale; a' plays and tumbles, driving the poor



*Sec. Fish.* What a drunken knave was the sea, to cast thee in our way!—(Act ii. 1. 61, 62.)

fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful: such whales have I heard on o' the land, who never leave gaping till they've swallow'd the whole parish, church, steeple, bells, and all.

*Per.* [*Aside*] A pretty moral. 39

*Third Fish.* But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry

*Sec. Fish.* Why, man?

*Third Fish.* Because he should have swallow'd me too: and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But if the good King Simonides were of my mind,—

*Per.* [*Aside*] Simonides! 49

*Third Fish.* He would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

*Per.* [*Aside*] How from the finny subjects of the sea

These fishers tell th' infirmities of men; And from their watery empire recollect<sup>2</sup> All that may men approve, or men detect!—Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

*Sec. Fish.* Honest! good fellow, what's that? If it be a day fits you,<sup>3</sup> search out of the calendar, and nobody look after it.

*Per.* May see the sea hath cast upon your coast— 60

<sup>1</sup> A-land, by land.

<sup>2</sup> Recollect, i. e. select.

<sup>3</sup> Fits you, distracts you, makes you mad.

*Sec. Fish.* What a drunken knave was the sea, to cast<sup>1</sup> thee in our way! 62

*Per.* A man whom both the waters and the wind,

In that vast tennis-court have made the ball  
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him;  
He asks of you, that never us'd to beg.

*First Fish.* No, friend, cannot you beg?  
Here's them in our country of Greece gets more  
with begging than we can do with working.

*Sec. Fish.* Canst thou catch any fishes, then?

*Per.* I never practis'd it. 71

*Sec. Fish.* Nay, then thou wilt starve, sure;  
for here's nothing to be got now-a-days, unless  
thou canst fish for't.

*Per.* What I have been I have forgot to know;  
But what I am, want teaches me to think on:  
A man throng'd up<sup>2</sup> with cold: my veins are  
chill, 77

And have no more of life than may suffice  
To give my tongue that heat to ask your help;  
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,  
For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

*First Fish.* Die, quoth-a? Now gods forbid!  
I have a gown here; come, put it on; keep  
thee warm. Now, afore me,<sup>3</sup> a handsome fel-  
low! Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll  
have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting-days,  
and more'er puddings and flap-jacks;<sup>4</sup> and  
thou shalt be welcome.

*Per.* I thank you, sir.

*Sec. Fish.* Hark you, my friend,—you said  
you could not beg. 90

*Per.* I did but crave.

*Sec. Fish.* But crave! Then I'll turn craver  
too, and so I shall scape whipping.

*Per.* Why, are all your beggars whipp'd, then?

*Sec. Fish.* O, not all, my friend, not all; for  
if all your beggars were whipp'd, I would wish  
no better office than to be beadle.—But, mas-  
ter, I'll go draw up the net.

[Exit with Third Fisherman.

*Per.* [Aside] How well this honest mirth  
becomes their labour!

*First Fish.* Hark you, sir,—do you know  
where ye are? 101

*Per.* Not well.

102

*First Fish.* Why, I'll tell you: this is called  
Pentapolis, and our king the good Simonides.

*Per.* The good Simonides, do you call him?

*First Fish.* Ay, sir; and he deserves so to  
be call'd for his peaceable reign and good  
government.

*Per.* He is a happy king, since he gains  
from his subjects the name of good by his  
government. How far is his court distant  
from this shore? 111

*First Fish.* Marry, sir, half a day's journey:  
and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and  
to-morrow is her birth-day; and there are  
princes and knights come from all parts of the  
world to just<sup>5</sup> and tourney for her love.

*Per.* Were my fortunes equal to my desires,  
I could wish to make one there.

*First Fish.* O, sir, things must be as they  
may; and what a man cannot get, he may law-  
fully deal for his wife's soul. 121

*Re-enter Second and Third Fishermen,  
drawing up a net.*

*Sec. Fish.* Help, master, help! here's a fish  
hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in  
the law; 't will hardly come out. Ha! bots  
on't,<sup>6</sup> 't is come at last, and 't is turn'd to a  
rusty armour.

*Per.* An armour, friends! I pray you, let  
me see it.—

Thanks, fortune, yet, that, after all thy crosses,  
Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself;  
And though it was mine own, part of my heri-  
tage, 129

Which my dead father did bequeath to me,  
With this strict charge, even as he left his life,  
"Keep it, my Pericles; it hath been a shield  
'Twixt me and death;"—and pointed to this  
brace;—

"For that it sav'd me, keep it; in like neces-  
sity—

The which the gods protect thee from!—'t  
may defend thee."

It kept where I kept, I so dearly lov'd it;  
Till the rough seas, that spare not any man,  
Took it in rage, though calm'd have given't  
again;

<sup>1</sup> Cast, cast up, vomit.

<sup>2</sup> Throng'd up, oppressed, numbed.

<sup>3</sup> Afore me, "on my word!"

<sup>4</sup> Flap-jacks, pancakes.

<sup>5</sup> Just, tilt.

<sup>6</sup> Bots on't, a plague on it!



I thank thee for 't; my shipwreck now 's no ill,  
Since I have here my father's gift in 's will.

*First Fish.* What mean you, sir? 141

*Per.* To beg of you, kind friends, this coat  
of worth,

For it was sometime target to a king;  
I know it by this mark. He lov'd me dearly,  
And for his sake I wish the having of it;  
And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's  
court,

Where with it I may appear a gentleman;  
And if that ever my low fortunes better,<sup>1</sup>  
I'll pay your bounties; till then rest your debtor.

*First Fish.* Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?

*Per.* I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

*First Fish.* Why, d'ye take it, and the gods  
give thee good on 't!

*Sec. Fish.* Ay, but hark you, my friend;  
't was we that made up this garment through  
the rough seams of the waters: there are cer-  
tain condolences, certain vails.<sup>2</sup> I hope, sir,  
if you thrive, you'll remember from whence  
you had it.

*Per.* Believe 't, I will.

By your furtherance I am cloth'd in steel;  
And, spite of all the rapture<sup>3</sup> of the sea, 161  
This jewel holds his building<sup>4</sup> on my arm:—  
Unto the value<sup>5</sup> I will mount myself  
Upon a courser, whose delightful steps  
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.—  
Only, my friends, I yet am unprovided  
Of a pair of bases.

*Sec. Fish.* We'll sure provide thee: thou  
shalt have my best gown to make thee a pair:  
and I'll bring thee to the court myself. 170

*Per.* Then honour be but a goal to my will,  
This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. The entrance to the lists;  
with the royal pavilion overlooking them.*

*A flourish.* Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords,  
and Attendants.

*Sim.* Are the knights ready to begin the  
triumph?<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Better, mend.

<sup>2</sup> Vails, perquisites.

<sup>3</sup> Rapture, violence, seizure.

<sup>4</sup> Holds his building, keeps its place.

<sup>5</sup> Unto the value, i.e. to as high a value (as the jewel will  
fetch).

<sup>6</sup> Triumph, tournament.

*First Lord.* They are, my liege;  
And stay your coming to present themselves.

*Sim.* Return them,<sup>7</sup> we are ready; and our  
daughter,

In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,  
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom nature gat  
For men to see, and seeing wonder at.

[*Exit a Lord.*]

*Thai.* It pleaseth you, my royal father, to  
express

My commendations great, whose merit's less.

*Sim.* It's fit it should be so; for princes are  
A model, which heaven makes like to itself:

As jewels lose their glory if neglected, 12

So princes their renown if not respected.

'T is now your honour, daughter, to explain  
The labour of each knight in his device.

*Thai.* Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll  
perform.

*Enter a Knight; he passes over, and his Squire  
presents his shield to the Princess.*

*Sim.* Who is the first that doth prefer him-  
self?

*Thai.* A knight of Sparta, my renowned  
father;

And the device he bears upon his shield  
Is a black Æthiop reaching at the sun; 20  
The word,<sup>8</sup> *Lux tua vita mihi.*<sup>9</sup>

*Sim.* He loves you well that holds his life  
of you.

[*The Second Knight passes over.*]

Who is the second that presents himself?

*Thai.* A prince of Macedon, my royal father;  
And the device he bears upon his shield

Is an arm'd knight that's conquer'd by a lady;  
The motto thus, in Spanish, *Mas por dulzura  
que por fuerza.*<sup>10</sup>

[*The Third Knight passes over.*]

*Sim.* And what's the third?

*Thai.* The third of Antioch;  
And his device, a wreath of chivalry;

The word, *Me pompe provexit apex.*<sup>11</sup> 30

[*The Fourth Knight passes over.*]

*Sim.* What is the fourth?

<sup>7</sup> Return them, take them word.

<sup>8</sup> Word, motto.

<sup>9</sup> "Thy light is life to me."

<sup>10</sup> "More by gentleness than by force."

<sup>11</sup> "The crown of the triumph drew me on."

*Thai.* A burning torch that's turned upside down; 32

The word, *Quod me alit, me extinguit*.<sup>1</sup>

*Sim.* Which shows that beauty hath his<sup>2</sup>  
power and will,

Which can as well inflame as it can kill.

[*The Fifth Knight passes over.*]

*Thai.* The fifth, an hand environed with  
clouds,  
Holding out gold that's by the touchstone  
tried;

The motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides*.<sup>3</sup>

[*The Sixth Knight (Pericles) passes over.*]

*Sim.* And what's

The sixth and last, the which the knight him-  
self 40

With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd?

*Thai.* He seems to be a stranger; but his  
present<sup>4</sup> is

A wither'd branch, that's only green at  
top;

The motto, *In hac spe vivo*.<sup>5</sup>

*Sim.* A pretty moral;

From the dejected state wherein he is,  
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may  
flourish.

*First Lord.* He had need mean better than  
his outward show

Can any way speak in his just commend;<sup>6</sup>

For, by his rusty outside, he appears 50  
T' have practis'd more the whipstock than the  
lance.

*Sec. Lord.* He well may be a stranger, for  
he comes

To an honour'd triumph strangely furnished.

*Third Lord.* And on set purpose let his armour  
rust

Until this day, to scour it in the dust.

*Sim.* Opinion's but a fool, that makes us  
scan<sup>7</sup>

The outward habit by<sup>8</sup> the inward man.

But stay, the knights are coming:

We will withdraw into the gallery. [*Exeunt.*  
[*Great shouts within, "The mean knight!"*]

<sup>1</sup> "That which nourishes me, quenches me."

<sup>2</sup> *His*, its. <sup>3</sup> "So faith is to be tested."

<sup>4</sup> *His present*, that which he presents.

<sup>5</sup> "In this hope I live."

<sup>6</sup> *In his just commend*, in just commendation of him.

<sup>7</sup> *Scan*, study. <sup>8</sup> *By*, concerning.

SCENE III. *The same. A hall of state; a banquet  
prepared.*

SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, Ladies, and Attendants.  
*Enter the Marshal, conducting  
Pericles and the other knights, armed.*

*Sim.* Knights,

To say you're welcome were superfluous.

To place upon the volume of your deeds,

As in a title-page, your worth in arms,

Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,

Since every worth in show commends itself.

Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast:

You are princes and my guests.

*Thai.* [*To Pericles*] But you, my knight and  
guest;

To whom this wreath of victory I give, 10  
And crown you king of this day's happiness.

*Per.* 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than my  
merit.

*Sim.* Call it by what you will, the day is yours;  
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.

In framing an artist, art hath thus decreed,

To make some good, but others to exceed;

And you're her labour'd scholar.<sup>9</sup>—Come, queen  
o' the feast,

For, daughter, so you are, here take your place:—  
Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.

*Knights.* We're honour'd much by good  
Simonides. 20

*Sim.* Your presence glads our days: honour  
we love;

For who hates honour hates the gods above.

*Marshal.* Sir, yonder is your place.

*Per.* Some other is more fit.

*First Knight.* Contend not, sir; for we are  
gentlemen

That neither in our hearts nor outward eyes

Envy the great nor do the low despise.

*Per.* You are right courteous knights.

*Sim.* Sit, sir, sit.—

[*Aside*] By Jove, I wonder, that is king of  
thoughts,

These cates resist me,<sup>10</sup> he not thought upon.<sup>11</sup>

<sup>9</sup> *Her labour'd scholar*, the scholar over whose training she took special pains.

<sup>10</sup> *These cates resist me*, these delicacies are distasteful to me.

<sup>11</sup> *He not thought upon*, if he be not in my thoughts.

*Thai.* [*Aside*] By Juno, that is queen of marriage,<sup>1</sup> 30

All viands that I eat do seem unsavoury,  
Wishing him my meat.—Sure he's a gallant gentleman.

*Sim.* He's but a country gentleman;  
Has done no more than other knights have done;  
Has broken a staff or so; so let it pass.

*Thai.* To me he seems like diamond to glass.

*Per.* Yon king's to me like to my father's picture,

Which tells me in that glory once he was;  
Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,  
And he the sun, for them to reverence; 40  
None that beheld him, but, like lesser lights,  
Did veil<sup>2</sup> their crowns to his supremacy:  
Where<sup>3</sup> now his son's like glow-worm in the night,

The which hath fire in darkness, none in light:  
Whereby I see that Time's the king of men,  
For he's their parent, and he is their grave,  
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.

*Sim.* What, are you merry, knights?

*First Knight.* Who can be other in this royal presence?

*Sim.* Here, with a cup that's stor'd unto the brim,— 50

As you do love, fill to your mistress's<sup>4</sup> lips,—  
We drink this health to you.

*Knights.* We thank your grace.

*Sim.* Yet pause awhile:

Yon knight doth sit too melancholy,  
As if the entertainment in our court  
Had not a show might countervail<sup>5</sup> his worth.  
Note it not you, Thaisa?

*Thai.* What is't to me, my father?

*Sim.* O, attend, my daughter: princes, in this,  
Should live like gods above, who freely give  
To every one that comes to honour them: 60  
And princes not doing so are like to gnats,  
Which make a sound, but kill'd are wonder'd at.  
Therefore, to make his entertain<sup>6</sup> more sweet,  
Here, say we drink this standing-bowl of wine  
to him.

<sup>1</sup> Marriage, pronounced as a trisyllable.

<sup>2</sup> Veil, lower.

<sup>3</sup> Where, while, whereas.

<sup>4</sup> Mistress', mistresses'.

<sup>5</sup> A show might countervail, an aspect such as would equal.

<sup>6</sup> Entertain, entertainment.

*Thai.* Alas, my father, it befits not me  
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold:  
He may my proffer take for an offence,  
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

*Sim.* How! 70

Do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.

*Thai.* [*Aside*] Now, by the gods, he could  
not please me better.

*Sim.* And furthermore tell him, we desire  
to know of him,

Of whence he is, his name and parentage.

*Thai.* The king my father, sir, has drunk to you.

*Per.* I thank him.

*Thai.* Wishing it so much blood unto your life.

*Per.* I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.

*Thai.* And further he desires to know of you,  
Of whence you are, your name and parentage.

*Per.* A gentleman of Tyre,—my name,  
Pericles; 81

My education been in arts and arms;  
Who, looking for adventures in the world,—  
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,  
And, after shipwreck, driven upon this shore.

*Thai.* He thanks your grace; names himself Pericles,

A gentleman of Tyre,  
Who only by misfortune of the seas  
Bereft of ships and men, cast on this shore.

*Sim.* Now, by the gods, I pity his misfortune, 90

And will awake him from his melancholy.—  
Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,  
And waste the time, which looks for other revels.

Even in your armours, as you are address'd,<sup>7</sup>  
Will very well become a soldier's dance.

[I will not have excuse, with saying this  
Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads,  
Since they love men in arms as well as beds.]

[*Music.* The Knights and Ladies dance; Pericles remains seated.

So, this was well ask'd, 't was so well perform'd.—

[*To Pericles*] Come, sir; 100  
Here is a lady that wants breathing<sup>8</sup> too:

<sup>7</sup> As you are address'd, i.e. just as you are.

<sup>8</sup> Breathing, i.e. exercising (with a dance).

And I have heard, you knights of Tyre 102  
Are excellent in making ladies trip;  
And that their measures are as excellent.

*Per.* In those that practise them they are,  
my lord.

*Sim.* O, that's as much as you would be  
denied

Of your fair courtesies.]

[*Dance renewed, Pericles and Thaisa  
leading.*

Unclasp, unclasp:

Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well,  
[*To Pericles*] But you the best.—Pages and  
lights, to conduct

These knights unto their several lodgings!—

[*To Pericles*] Yours, sir, 110

We have giv'n order to be next our own.

*Per.* I am at your grace's pleasure.

*Sim.* Princes, it is too late to talk of love;  
And that's the mark I know you level<sup>1</sup> at:  
Therefore each one betake him to his rest;  
To-morrow all for speeding do their best.<sup>2</sup>

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Tyre. A room in the Governor's  
house.*

*Enter HELICANUS and ESCANES.*

[*Hel.* No, Escanes; know this of me,—  
Antiochus from incest liv'd not free:  
For which, the most high gods not minding  
longer  
To withhold the vengeance that they had in  
store,  
Due to this heinous capital offence,  
Even in the height and pride of all his glory,  
When he was seated in a chariot  
Of an inestimable value, and his daughter  
with him,  
A fire from heaven came, and shrivell'd up  
Their bodies, even to loathing; for they so  
stunk, 10  
That all those eyes ador'd<sup>3</sup> them ere their fall  
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.  
*Esca.* 'T was very strange.

<sup>1</sup> Level, aim.

<sup>2</sup> All for speeding do their best, let all do their best to  
achieve success.

<sup>3</sup> Those eyes ador'd, i.e. those eyes which adored, those  
whose eyes adored.

*Hel.* And yet but justice; for though  
This king were great, his greatness was no  
guard 14  
To bar heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward.  
*Esca.* 'T is very true.]

*Enter several Lords.*

[*First Lord.* See, not a man in private con-  
ference

Or council has respect with him but he.

*Sec. Lord.* It shall no longer grieve<sup>4</sup> without  
reproof.

*Third Lord.* And curs'd be he that will not  
second it. 20

*First Lord.* Follow me, then.—Lord Heli-  
cane, a word.

*Hel.* With me? and welcome:—happy day,  
my lords.]

*First Lord.* Know that our griefs are risen  
to the top,

And now at length they overflow their banks.

*Hel.* Your griefs! for what? wrong not the  
prince you love.

*First Lord.* Wrong not yourself, then, noble  
Helicane;

But if the prince do live, let us salute him,  
Or know what ground's made happy by his  
breath.

If in the world he live, we'll seek him out;  
If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there;  
And be resolv'd<sup>5</sup> he lives to govern us, 31  
Or dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral,  
And leaves us to our free election.

*Sec. Lord.* Whose death's indeed the strong-  
est in our censure:<sup>6</sup>

And, knowing this kingdom, if without a  
head,—

Like goodly buildings left without a roof,—  
Will soon to ruin fall, your noble self,  
That best know how to rule and how to reign,  
We thus submit unto,—our sovereign.

*All.* Live, noble Helicane! 40

*Hel.* For honour's cause, forbear your suf-  
frages:

If that you love Prince Pericles, forbear.

Take I<sup>7</sup> your wish, I leap into the seas,

<sup>4</sup> Grieve, be grievous (to us).

<sup>5</sup> Resolv'd, assured, satisfied.

<sup>6</sup> Strongest in our censure, most certain in our judgment.

<sup>7</sup> Take I, if I should take.

Where's hourly trouble for a minute's ease.  
 A twelvemonth longer, let me entreat you  
 To forbear<sup>1</sup> the absence of your king;  
 If in which time expir'd, he not return,  
 I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.  
 But if I cannot win you to this love, 40  
 Go search like nobles, like noble subjects,  
 And in your search spend your adventurous  
 worth;

Whom if you find, and win unto return,  
 You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

*First Lord.* To wisdom he's a fool that will  
 not yield;

And since Lord Helicane enjoineth us,  
 We with our travels will endeavour it.

*Hel.* Then you love us, we you, and we'll  
 clasp hands:

When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands.  
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. *Pentapolis. A room in the palace.*

SIMONIDES, reading a letter. Enter to him  
 three Knights.

*First Knight.* Good morrow to the good  
 Simonides.

*Sim.* Knights, from my daughter this I let  
 you know,

That for this twelvemonth she'll not undertake  
 A married life.

Her reason to herself is only known,  
 Which yet from her by no means can I get.

*Sec. Knight.* May we not get access to her,  
 my lord?

*Sim.* Faith, by no means: she hath so  
 strictly tied her

To her chamber, that it is impossible.

One twelve moons<sup>2</sup> more she'll wear Diana's  
 livery; 10

This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,  
 And on her virgin honour will not break it.

*Third Knight.* Loth to bid farewell, we take  
 our leaves. [Exeunt Knights.]

*Sim.* So,

They're well dispatch'd; now to my daughter's  
 letter:

She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger  
 knight,

Or never more to view nor day nor light.

'Tis well, mistress; your choice agrees with  
 mine;

I like that well:—nay, how absolute she's in't,  
 Not minding whether I dislike or no! 20

Well, I do commend her choice;



*Per.* Even in his throat—unless it be the king—  
 That calls me traitor, I return the lie.—(Act ii. 5. 56, 57.)

And will no longer have it be delay'd.—  
 Soft! here he comes: I must dissemble it.

Enter PERICLES.

*Per.* All fortune to the good Simonides!

*Sim.* To you as much, sir! I'm beholding  
 to you

For your sweet music this last night: I do  
 Protest my ears were never better fed  
 With such delightful pleasing harmony.

*Per.* It is your grace's pleasure to commend;  
 Not my desert.

*Sim.* Sir, you are music's master.

<sup>1</sup> Forbear, i.e. endure (?).

<sup>2</sup> Twelve moons, twelvemonth.

*Per.* The worst of all her scholars, my good lord. 31

*Sim.* Let me ask you one thing :

What do you think of my daughter, sir?

*Per.* A most virtuous princess.

*Sim.* And she is fair too, is she not?

*Per.* As a fair day in summer,—wondrous fair.

*Sim.* Sir, my daughter thinks very well of you;

Ay, so well, that you must be her master,  
And she will be your scholar: therefore look to it.

*Per.* I am unworthy for her schoolmaster.

*Sim.* She thinks not so; peruse this writing else.<sup>1</sup> 41

*Per.* [*Aside*] What's here?

A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre!

'Tis the king's subtilty to have my life.—

O, seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,

A stranger and distressed gentleman,

That never aim'd so high to love your daughter,  
But bent all offices to honour her.

*Sim.* Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter,  
And thou art a villain!

*Per.* By the gods, I have not:  
Never did thought of mine levy<sup>2</sup> offence; 51  
Nor never did my actions yet commence  
A deed might gain<sup>3</sup> her love or your displeasure.

*Sim.* Traitor, thou liest.

*Per.* Traitor!

*Sim.* Ay, traitor.

*Per.* Even in his throat—unless it be the king—

That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

*Sim.* [*Aside*] Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage.

*Per.* My actions are as noble as my thoughts,  
That never relish'd<sup>4</sup> of a base descent. 60  
I came unto your court for honour's cause,

And not to be a rebel to your state; 62  
And he that otherwise accounts of me,  
This sword shall prove he's honour's enemy.

*Sim.* No?

Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

*Enter* THAISIA.

*Per.* Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,  
Resolve<sup>5</sup> your angry father, if my tongue  
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe 70  
To any syllable that made love to you.

*Thai.* Why, sir, say if you had,  
Who takes offence at that would make<sup>6</sup> me glad?

*Sim.* Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?—  
[*Aside*] I am glad on't with all my heart.—  
I'll tame you; I'll bring you in subjection.

Will you, not having my consent,  
Bestow your love and your affections  
Upon a stranger?—[*aside*] who, for aught I know,

May be—nor can I think the contrary—  
As great in blood as I myself.— 80

Therefore hear you, mistress; either frame  
Your will to mine,—and you, sir, hear you,  
Either be rul'd by me, or I will make you—  
Man and wife:—

Nay, come, your hands and lips must seal it too;

And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy;—

And for a further grief,—God give you joy!—  
What, are you both pleas'd?

*Thai.* Yes,—if you love me, sir.

*Per.* Even as my life my blood that fosters it.

[*Sim.* What, are you both agreed? 90]

*Both.* Yes, if't please your majesty.

*Sim.* It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you wed;

And then with what haste you can get you to bed. ] [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>1</sup> Else, i.e. to the contrary.

<sup>2</sup> Levy, i.e. imagine, contemplate.

<sup>3</sup> A deed might gain, a deed which might gain.

<sup>4</sup> Relish'd, gave indication.

<sup>5</sup> Resolve, acquaint.

<sup>6</sup> That would make, i.e. that which would make.

## ACT III.

*The same.**Enter GOWER.*

*Gow.* [Now sleep yslaked hath<sup>1</sup> the rout;  
No din but snores the house about,  
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast<sup>2</sup>  
Of this most pompous marriage-feast.  
The cat, with eyne of burning coal,  
Now crouches fore the mouse's hole;  
And crickets sing at th' oven's mouth,  
Aye the blither for their drouth.  
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,  
Where, by the loss of maidenhead, 10  
A babe is moulded.—Be attent,  
And time, that is so briefly spent,  
With your fine fancies quaintly eche:<sup>3</sup>  
What's dumb in show I'll plain with speech.]

DUMB-SHOW.

*Enter, from one side, PERICLES and SIMONIDES with Attendants; a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives PERICLES a letter: he shows it to SIMONIDES; the Lords kneel to PERICLES. Then enter THAISA with child, and LYCORIDA. SIMONIDES shows his daughter the letter; she rejoices: she and PERICLES take leave of her father, and depart with LYCORIDA and their Attendants. Then exeunt SIMONIDES and the rest.*

By many a dern<sup>4</sup> and painful perch  
Of Pericles the careful search,  
By the four opposing coigns  
Which the world together joins,  
Is made with all due diligence  
That horse and sail and high expense 20  
Can stead the quest.<sup>5</sup> At last from Tyre—  
Fame answering the most strange inquire<sup>6</sup>—  
To the court of King Simonides  
Are letters brought, the tenour these:<sup>7</sup>—  
Antiochus and his daughter dead;  
The men of Tyrus on the head

<sup>1</sup> *Yslaked hath*, hath quieted (literally, "hath abated").<sup>2</sup> *Breast*, chest.<sup>3</sup> *Quaintly eche*, cleverly lengthen out.<sup>4</sup> *Dern*, dreary.<sup>5</sup> *Stead the quest*, aid the search.<sup>6</sup> *Most strange inquire*, most particular inquiry.<sup>7</sup> *The tenour these*, the contents being as follows.

Of Helicanus would set on  
The crown of Tyre, but he will none:  
The mutiny he there hastes t' appease;  
Says to 'em, if King Pericles 30  
Come not home in twice six moons,  
He, obedient to their dooms,  
Will take the crown. The sum of this,  
Brought hither to Pentapolis,  
Yraved the regions round,  
And every one with claps can sound,<sup>8</sup>  
"Our heir-apparent is a king!  
Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?"  
Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre: 39  
His queen with child makes her desire—  
Which who shall cross?—along to go:—  
Omit we all their dole and woe:—  
Lycorida, her nurse, she takes,  
And so to sea. Their vessel shakes  
On Neptune's billow; half the flood  
Hath their keel cut: but fortune's mood  
Varies again; the grizzled<sup>9</sup> north  
Disgorges such a tempest forth,  
That, as a duck for life that dives,  
So up and down the poor ship drives: 50  
The lady shrieks, and, well-a-near!<sup>10</sup>  
Does fall in travail with her fear:  
And what ensues in this fell storm  
Shall for itself itself perform.  
I nill<sup>11</sup> relate, action<sup>12</sup> may  
Conveniently the rest convey;  
Which might not what by me is told.  
In your imagination hold  
This stage the ship, upon whose deck  
The sea-tost Pericles appears to speak. 60

[*Exit.*]SCENE I. *At sea.**PERICLES discovered, on shipboard.*

*Per.* Thou god of this great vast, rebuke  
these surges,  
Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou,  
that hast

<sup>8</sup> *Can sound*, began to cry out.<sup>9</sup> *Grizzled*, grim.<sup>10</sup> *Well-a-near*, alas!<sup>11</sup> *Nill*, will not.<sup>12</sup> *Action*, pronounced as a trisyllable.

Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,  
 Having recall'd them from the deep! O, still  
 Thy deaf'ning, dreadful thunders; gently  
 quench  
 Thy nimble, sulphurous flashes! — O, how,  
 Lycorida,  
 How does my queen?—Thou stormest venom-  
 ously;  
 Wilt thou spit all thyself? — The seaman's  
 whistle  
 Is as a whisper in the ears of death,  
 Unheard.—Lycorida!—Lucina, O 10  
 Divinest patroness, and midwife gentle  
 To those that cry by night, convey thy deity  
 Aboard our dancing boat; makes swift the pangs  
 Of my queen's travail.

*Enter LYCORIDA with an Infant.*

Now, Lycorida!

*Lyc.* Here is a thing too young for such a  
 place,  
 Who, if it had conceit,<sup>1</sup> would die, as I  
 Am like to do: take in your arms this piece  
 Of your dead queen.

*Per.* How, how, Lycorida!

*Lyc.* Patience, good sir; do not assist the  
 storm.

Here's all that is left living of your queen,—  
 A little daughter: for the sake of it, 21  
 Be manly, and take comfort.

*Per.* O you gods!  
 Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,  
 And snatch them straight away? We here  
 below

Recall not what we give, and therein may  
 Vie honour with you.<sup>2</sup>

*Lyc.* Patience,<sup>3</sup> good sir,  
 Even for this charge.

*Per.* Now, mild may be thy life!  
 For a more blustering birth had never babe:  
 Quiet and gentle thy conditions!<sup>4</sup>  
 For thou 'rt the rudeliest welcome to this world  
 That e'er was prince's child. Happy what  
 follows! 31

Thou hast as chiding a nativity  
 As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,

To herald thee from the womb: even at the  
 first  
 Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit, 34  
 With all thou canst find here.—Now, the good  
 gods  
 Throw their best eyes upon't!

*Enter two Sailors.*

*First Sail.* What courage, sir? God save you!

*Per.* Courage enough: I do not fear the flaw;<sup>5</sup>  
 'T hath done to me the worst. Yet, for the love  
 Of this poor infant, this fresh-new seafarer,  
 I would it would be quiet. 42

*First Sail.* Slack the bolins there!—Thou  
 wilt not, wilt thou? Blow, and split thyself.

*Sec. Sail.* But sea-room,<sup>6</sup> and the brine and  
 cloudy billow kiss the moon, I care not.

*First Sail.* Sir, your queen must overboard:  
 the sea works high, the wind is loud, and will  
 not lie till the ship be clear'd of the dead.

*Per.* That's your superstition. 50

*First Sail.* Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it  
 hath been still observed; and we are strong in  
 custom. Therefore briefly yield her; for she  
 must overboard straight.

*Per.* As you think meet.—Most wretched  
 queen!

*Lyc.* Here she lies, sir.

*Per.* A terrible childbed hast thou had, my  
 dear;

No light, no fire: th' unfriendly elements  
 Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time 59  
 To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight  
 Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze;  
 Where, for a monument upon thy bones,  
 And aye-remaining lamps, the belching whale  
 And humming water must o'erwhelm thy  
 corpse,

Lying with simple shells.—O Lycorida,  
 Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,  
 My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander  
 Bring me the satin coffer: lay the babe  
 Upon the pillow: hie thee, whiles I say 69  
 A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.

[*Exit Lycorida.*]

*Sec. Sail.* Sir, we have a chest beneath the  
 hatches, caulk'd and bitum'd ready.

<sup>1</sup> Conceit, understanding.

<sup>2</sup> Vie honour with you, contend with you in honour.

<sup>3</sup> Patience, pronounced as a trisyllable.

<sup>4</sup> Conditions, disposition (pronounced as a quadrisyllable).

<sup>5</sup> Flaw, blast.

<sup>6</sup> But sea-room, only let there be sea-room.



*Per.* I thank thee.—Mariner, say what coast is this?

*Sec. Sail.* We are near Tarsus.

*Per.* Thither, gentle mariner, Alter thy course for Tyre. When canst thou reach it?

*Sec. Sail.* By break of day, if the wind cease.

*Per.* O, make for Tarsus!—

There will I visit Cleon, for the babe 79  
Cannot hold out to Tyrus: there I'll leave it  
At careful nursing.—Go thy ways, good mariner:

I'll bring the body presently. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Ephesus. A room in Cerimon's house.*

*CERIMON, a Servant, and some poor people.*

*Cer.* Philemon, ho!

*Enter PHILEMON.*

*Phil.* Doth my lord call?

*Cer.* Get fire and meat for these poor men:  
'T has been a turbulent and stormy night.

*Serv.* I've been in many; but such a night as this,

Till now, I ne'er endur'd.

*Cer.* Your master will be dead ere you return;  
There's nothing can be minister'd to nature  
That can recover him.—[*To Philemon*] Give  
this to th' apothecary,  
And tell me how it works.

[*Exeunt all except Cerimon.*]

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

*First Gent.* Good morrow. 10

*Sec. Gent.* Good morrow to your lordship.

*Cer.* Gentlemen,

Why do you stir so early?

*First Gent.* Sir,  
Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,  
Shook as the earth did quake;  
The very principals<sup>1</sup> did seem to rend,  
And all to-topple: pure surprise and fear  
Made me to quit the house.

*Sec. Gent.* That is the cause we trouble you so early;

'T is not our husbandry.

*Cer.* O, you say well. 20

<sup>1</sup> *Principals*, corner-posts.

*First Gent.* But I much marvel that your lordship, having 21

Rich tire about you, should at these early hours  
Shake off the golden slumber of repose.

'T is most strange,

Nature should be so conversant with pain,  
Being thereto not compell'd.

*Cer.*

I held it ever,

Virtue and cunning<sup>2</sup> were endowments greater  
Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs

May the two latter darken and expend;

But immortality attends the former, 30

Making a man a god. 'T is known, I ever

Have studied physic, through which secret art,

By turning o'er authorities, I have—

Together with my practice—made familiar

To me and to my aid the blest infusions

That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;

And I can speak of the disturbances

That nature works, and of her cures; which  
doth give me

A more content in course of true delight

Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,

Or tie my treasure up in silken bags, 41

To please the fool and death.

*Sec. Gent.* Your honour has through Ephesus  
pour'd forth

Your charity, and hundreds call themselves

Your creatures, who by you have been restor'd:

And not your knowledge, your personal pain,  
but even

Your purse, still open, hath built Lord Ceri-  
mon 47

Such strong renown as time shall never raze.

*Enter two or three Servants with a chest.*

*First Serv.* So; lift there.

*Cer.* What is that?

*First Serv.* Sir, even now

Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest:

'T is of some wreck.

*Cer.* Set 't down, let's look upon 't.

*Sec. Gent.* 'T is like a coffin, sir.

*Cer.* Whate'er it be,

'T is wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight:

If the sea's stomach be o'ercharged with gold,

'T is a good constraint of fortune it belches  
upon us.

<sup>2</sup> *Cunning*, i.e. skill.

*Sec. Gent.* 'Tis so, my lord.

*Cer.* How close 't is caulk'd and bitum'd!—  
Did the sea cast it up?

*First Serv.* I never saw so huge a billow, sir,  
As toss'd it upon shore.

*Cer.* Wrench it open;  
Soft!—it smells most sweetly in my sense. 60

*Sec. Gent.* A delicate odour.

*Cer.* As ever hit my nostril.—So, up with it.—  
O you most potent gods! what's here? a corse!

*First Gent.* Most strange!

*Cer.* Shrouded in cloth of state; balm'd and  
entreasur'd

With full bags of spices! A passport too!—  
Apollo, perfect me in the characters!

[*Reads from a scroll.*]

"Here I give to understand,—  
If e'er this coffin drive a-land,—  
I, King Pericles, have lost 70  
This queen, worth all our mundane cost.  
Who finds her, give her burying;  
She was the daughter of a king:  
Besides this treasure for a fee,  
The gods requite his charity!"

If thou liv'st, Pericles, thou hast a heart  
That even cracks for woe!—This chanc'd to-  
night.

*Sec. Gent.* Most likely, sir.

*Cer.* Nay, certainly to-night;  
For look how fresh she looks!—They were too  
rough 79

That threw her in the sea.—Make a fire within:  
Fetch hither all my boxes in my closet.—

[*Exit a Servant.*]

Death may usurp on nature many hours,  
And yet the fire of life kindle again  
The o'erpress'd spirits. I've read of an Egyp-  
tian

That had nine hours lien dead,  
Who was by good appliances recover'd.

*Re-enter a Servant, with boxes, napkins, and fire.*

Well said,<sup>1</sup> well said; the fire and cloths.—  
The rough and woful music that we have,  
Cause it to sound, beseech you.  
The vial once more:—how thou stirr'st, thou  
block!— 90

The music there!—I pray you, give her air.—  
Gentlemen,

This queen will live: nature awakes; a warmth  
Breathes out of her: she hath not been en-  
tranc'd 94

Above five hours: see how she gins to blow  
Into life's flower again!

*First Gent.* The heavens,  
Through you, increase our wonder, and set up  
Your fame for ever.

*Cer.* She is alive; behold,  
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels  
Which Pericles hath lost, begin to part 100  
Their fringes of bright gold; the diamonds  
Of a most praised water do appear,  
To make the world twice rich.—O, live,  
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair  
creature,

Rare as you seem to be! [*She moves.*]

*Thai.* O dear Diana,  
Where am I? Where's my lord? What world  
is this?

*Sec. Gent.* Is not this strange?

*First Gent.* Most rare.

*Cer.* Hush, my gentle neighbours!  
Lend me your hands; to the next chamber  
bear her.—

Get linen:—now this matter must be look'd to,  
For her relapse is mortal.<sup>2</sup> Come, come; 110  
And Æsculapius guide us!

[*Exeunt, carrying out Thaisa.*]

SCENE III. *Tarsus. A room in the Governor's  
house.*

*Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, and LY-  
CORIDA with MARINA in her arms.*

*Per.* Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be  
gone;  
My twelve months are expir'd, and Tyrus stands  
In a litigious<sup>3</sup> peace. You, and your lady,  
Take from my heart all thankfulness!<sup>4</sup> The  
gods  
Make up the rest upon you!

*Cle.* Your strokes of fortune,  
Though they have hurt you mortally, yet  
glance  
Full woundingly on us.

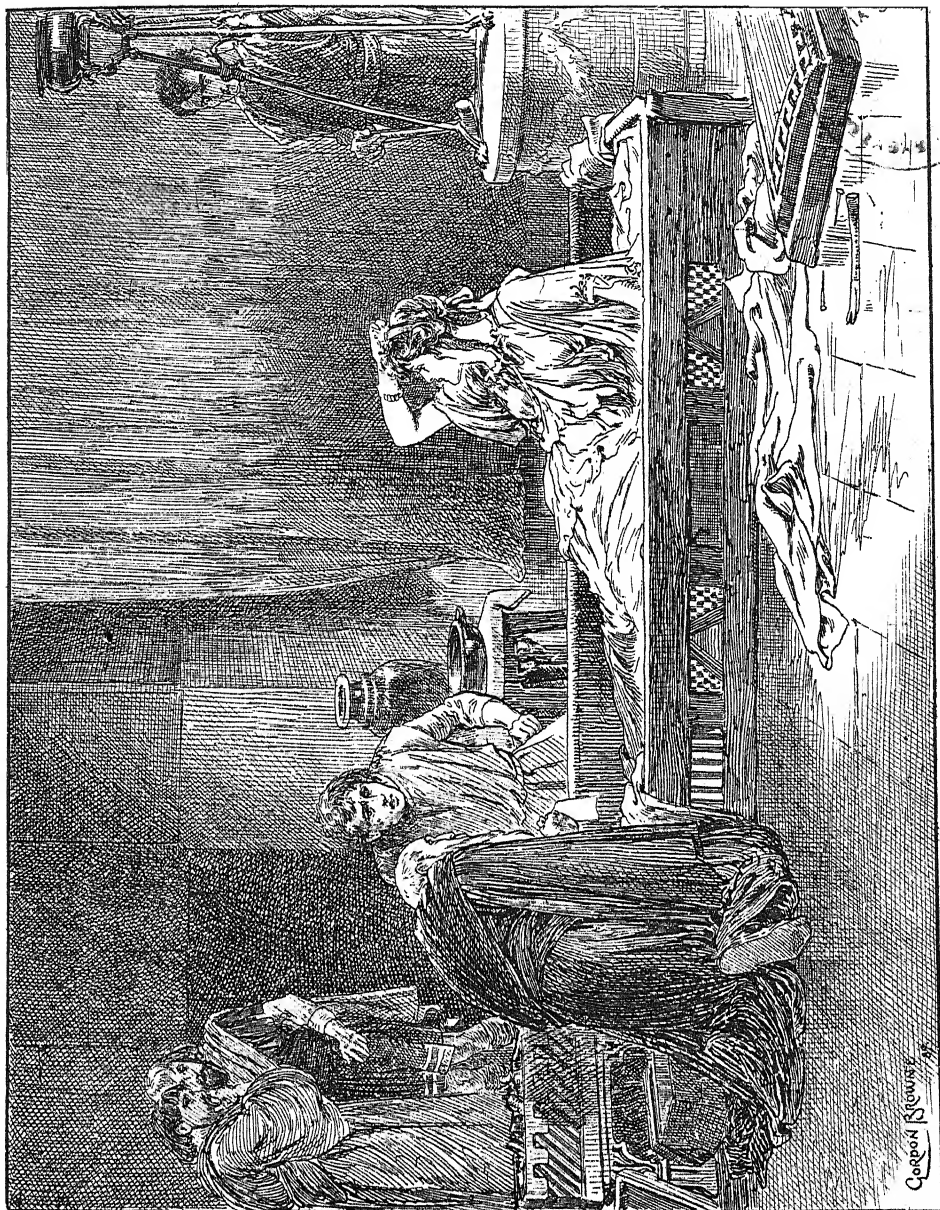
*Dion.* O your sweet queen!

<sup>2</sup> Mortal, fatal.

<sup>3</sup> Litigious, precarious.

<sup>4</sup> Take from my heart all thankfulness, receive my most  
hearty thanks.

<sup>1</sup> Well said, i.e. well done.



PERICLES.  
Act III. Scene II. Lines 12-15.

Thai.

O dear Diana,  
Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is this?

George S. Gougeon



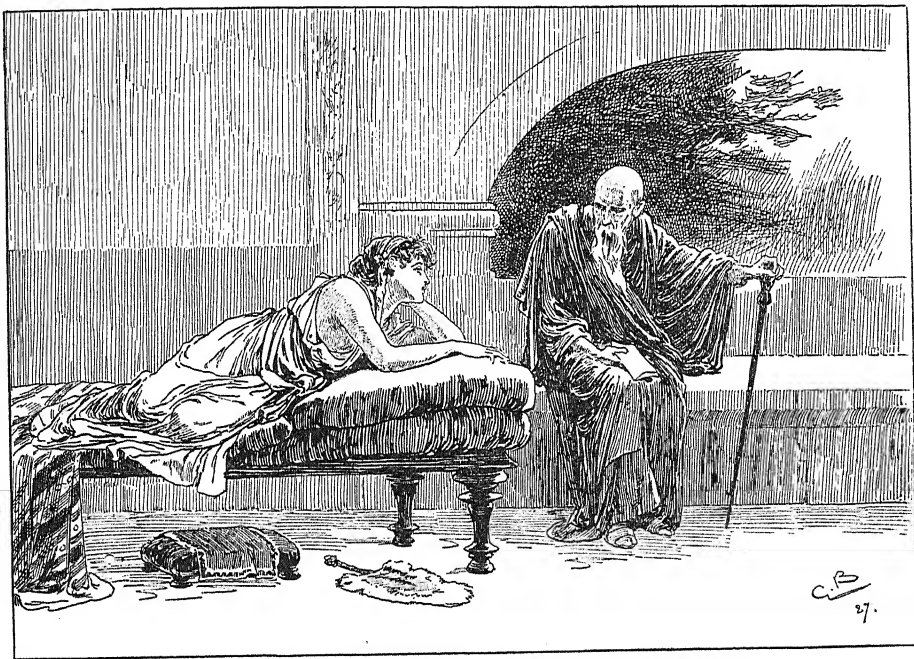
That the strict Fates had pleas'd you had  
brought her hither,  
T' have bless'd mine eyes with her!

*Per.* We cannot but obey  
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar  
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end 11  
Must be as 't is. My gentle babe Marina,—

Whom, for<sup>1</sup> she was born at sea, I've nam'd  
so,—here

I charge your charity withal, leaving her  
The infant of your care; beseeching you  
To give her princely training, that she may be  
Manner'd as she is born.

*Cle.* Fear not, my lord, but think



*Thai.* But since King Pericles, my wedded lord,  
I ne'er shall see again,

A vestal livery will I take me to,  
And never more have joy.—(Act iii. 4. 8-11.)

Your grace, that fed my country with your  
corn,—

For which the people's prayers still fall upon  
you,— 19

Must in your child be thought on. If neglect  
Should therein make me vile, the common body,  
By you reliev'd, would force me to my duty:  
But if to that my nature need a spur,  
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,  
To the end of generation!<sup>2</sup>

*Per.* I believe you;  
Your honour and your goodness teach me to 't,

Without your vows.—Till she be married,  
madam,

By bright Diana, whom we honour, all 28  
Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,  
Though I show ill in 't. So I take my leave.  
Good madam, make me blessed in your care  
In bringing up my child.

*Dion.* I have one myself,  
Which shall not be more dear to my respect<sup>3</sup>  
Than yours, my lord.

*Per.* Madam, my thanks and prayers.  
*Cle.* We'll bring your grace e'en to the edge  
o' the shore,

<sup>1</sup> For, because.

<sup>2</sup> To the end of generation, i.e. throughout my posterity.

<sup>3</sup> To my respect, in my affection.

Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune and  
The gentlest winds of heaven.

*Per.* I will embrace  
Your offer. Come, dearest madam.—O, no tears,  
Lycorida, no tears: 30

Look to your little mistress, on whose grace  
You may depend hereafter.—Come, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *Ephesus. A room in Cerimon's  
house.*

CERIMON and THAISA discovered.

*Cer.* Madam, this letter, and some certain  
jewels,

Lay with you in your coffer: which are at your  
command.

Know you the character?<sup>1</sup>

*Thai.*

It is my lord's.  
That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember,  
Ev'n on my eaning time;<sup>2</sup> but whether there  
deliver'd

By the holy gods, I cannot rightly say.  
But since King Pericles, my wedded lord,  
I ne'er shall see again,  
A vestal livery will I take me to, 10  
And never more have joy.

*Cer.* Madam, if this you purpose as ye  
speak,

Diana's temple is not distant far,  
Where you may abide till your date expire.  
Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine  
Shall there attend you.

*Thai.* My recompense is thanks, that's all;  
Yet my good will is great, though the gift  
small. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

### PROLOGUE.

*Enter GOWER.*

*Gow.* Imagine Pericles arriv'd at Tyre,  
Welcom'd and settled to his own desire.  
His woful queen we leave at Ephesus,  
Unto Diana there a votaress.  
Now to Marina bend your mind,  
Whom our fast-growing<sup>3</sup> scene must find  
At Tarsus, and by Cleon train'd  
In music, letters; who hath gain'd  
Of education all the grace,  
Which makes her both the heart and place  
Of general wonder. But, alack, 11  
That monster envy, oft the wrack  
Of earned praise, Marina's life  
Seeks to take off by treason's knife;  
And in this kind:<sup>4</sup> Cleon doth own  
One daughter, and a wench full grown,  
[Ev'n ripe for marriage-rite; this maid  
Hight<sup>5</sup> Philoten: and it is said]  
For certain in our story, she

Would ever with Marina be: 20  
Be't when she weav'd the sleided<sup>6</sup> silk  
With fingers long, small, white as milk;  
Or when she would with sharp needle<sup>7</sup> wound  
The cambric, which she made more sound  
By hurting it; or when to the mute  
She sung, and made the night-bird mute,  
That still records with moan;<sup>8</sup> or when  
She would with rich and constant pen  
Vail to her mistress Dian; still  
This Philoten contends in skill 30  
With absolute Marina: so  
With the dove of Paphos might the crow  
Vie feathers white.<sup>9</sup> Marina gets  
All praises, which are paid as debts,  
And not as given. This so darks  
In Philoten all graceful marks,  
That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,  
A present murderer does prepare  
For good Marina, that her daughter  
Might stand peerless by this slaughter. 40  
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,<sup>10</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Character, handwriting.

<sup>2</sup> Eaning time, time for childbirth.

<sup>3</sup> Fast-growing, growing up (to Marina's maturity) as quick as thought.

<sup>4</sup> In this kind, i.e. as follows.

<sup>5</sup> Hight, is called.

<sup>6</sup> Sleided, untwisted, floss.

<sup>7</sup> Needle, pronounced "neele."

<sup>8</sup> Records with moan, warbles dolefully.

<sup>9</sup> Vie feathers white, compete about white feathers.

<sup>10</sup> Stead, aid.

Lycorida, our nurse, is dead : 42  
 And cursed Dionyza hath  
 The pregnant instrument of wrath  
 Prest<sup>1</sup> for this blow. Th' unborn event  
 I do commend to your content :<sup>2</sup>  
 Only I carry winged time  
 Post on the lame feet of my rhyme ;  
 Which never could I so convey, 49  
 Unless your thoughts went on my way.—  
 Dionyza does appear,  
 With Leonine, a murderer. [*Exit.*]

SCENE I. *Tarsus. An open place near the sea-shore.*

*Enter DIONYZA and LEONINE.*

*Dion.* Thy oath remember ; thou hast sworn  
 to 't :  
 'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.  
 Thou canst not do a thing i' the world so  
 soon,

To yield thee so much profit. Let not con-  
 science,

Which is but cold, inflaming love in thy bosom,  
 In flame too nicely ;<sup>3</sup> nor let pity, which  
 Ev'n women have cast off, melt thee, but be  
 A soldier to thy purpose.

*Leon.* I'll do 't ; but yet she is a goodly  
 creature.

*Dion.* The fitter, then, the gods should have  
 her.—Here 10  
 She comes weeping for her only mistress'  
 death.—

Thou art resolv'd ?

*Leon.* I am resolv'd.

*Enter MARINA, with a basket of flowers.*

*Mar.* No, I will rob Tellus of her weed,<sup>4</sup>  
 To strew thy green with flowers ; the yellows,  
 blues,

The purple violets, and marigolds,  
 Shall, as a carpet, hang upon thy grave,  
 While summer-days do last.—Ay me ! poor  
 maid,

Born in a tempest, while my mother died,  
 This world to me is like a lasting storm, 20  
 Whirring me from my friends.

*Dion.* How now, Marina ! why do you keep  
 alone ? 22

How chance my daughter is not with you ?  
 Do not consume your blood with sorrowing :  
 You have a nurse of me. Lord, how your  
 favour

Is chang'd with this unprofitable woe !

[*Come, go you on the beach ; give me your*  
 flowers.

Ere the sea mar it, walk with Leonine ;  
 The air's quick<sup>5</sup> there, and it pierces  
 And sharpens the stomach. [*Marina hesitates*]]

—Come, Leonine,

Take her by the arm, walk with her. 30

*Mar.* No, I pray you ;  
 I'll not bereave you of your servant.

*Dion.* Come, come ;  
 I love the king your father, and yourself,  
 With more than foreign heart. We every day  
 Expect him here : when he shall come, and  
 find

Our paragon to all reports thus blasted,  
 He will repent the breadth of his great  
 voyage ;

Blame both my lord and me, that we have  
 taken 38

No care to your best courses.<sup>6</sup> Go, I pray you,  
 Walk, and be cheerful once again ; reserve<sup>7</sup>  
 That excellent complexion, which did steal  
 The eyes of young and old. Care not for me ;  
 I can go home alone.

*Mar.* Well, I will go ;  
 But yet I've no desire to it.

*Dion.* Come, come,  
 I know 't is good for you.—  
 Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least :  
 Remember what I've said.

*Leon.* I warrant you, madam.  
*Dion.* I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a  
 while : 48

Pray, walk softly, do not heat your blood :  
 What ! I must have a care of you.

*Mar.* My thanks, sweet madam.—  
 [*Exit Dionyza.*]

Is this wind westerly that blows ?

*Leon.* South-west.

*Mar.* When I was born, the wind was north.

<sup>1</sup> Prest, ready.

<sup>2</sup> To your content, i.e. to your pleasure (in viewing it).

<sup>3</sup> Nicely, over scrupulously.

<sup>4</sup> Weed, dress.

<sup>5</sup> Quick, fresh.

<sup>6</sup> Your best courses, i.e. the habits best for you.

<sup>7</sup> Reserve, be careful of.

*Leon.*

Was't so?

*Mar.* My father, as nurse said, did never  
fear, 53But cried "Good seamen!" to the sailors,  
galling

His kingly hands, haling ropes;

And, clasping to the mast, endur'd a sea

That almost burst the deck.

*Leon.* When was this?*Mar.* When I was born:

Never was waves nor wind more violent;

And from the ladder-tackle washes off 61

A canvas-climber. "Ha!" says one, "wilt  
out?"*Mar.*

Why will you kill me?—(Act iv. 1. 71.)

And with a dropping industry they skip 63  
From stem to stern: the boatswain whistles,  
and

The master calls, and trebles their confusion.

*Leon.* [Drawing his sword] Come, say your  
prayers.*Mar.* What mean you?*Leon.* If you require a little space for  
prayer,I grant it: pray; but be not tedious, for 69  
The gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn  
To do my work with haste.*Mar.* Why will you kill me?*Leon.* To satisfy my lady.*Mar.* Why would she have me kill'd?

230

Now, as<sup>1</sup> I can remember, by my troth,  
I never did her hurt in all my life:  
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn  
To any living creature:Believe me, la, I never kill'd a mouse,  
Nor hurt a fly: I trod upon a worm 79  
Against my will, but I wept for it. How  
Have I offended her, wherein my death  
Might yield her any profit, or my life  
Imply her any danger?*Leon.* My commission  
Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.*Mar.* You will not do't for all the world, I hope.<sup>1</sup> As, according as, if.



You are well-favour'd, and your looks fore-show

You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,  
When you caught hurt in parting two that fought:

Good sooth, it show'd well in you: do so now: 89

Your lady seeks my life; come you between,  
And save poor me, the weaker.

*Leon.* I am sworn,  
And will dispatch.

*Enter Pirates, whilst MARINA is struggling.*

*First Pirate.* Hold, villain!

*[Leonine runs away.]*

*Sec. Pirate.* A prize! a prize!

*Third Pirate.* Half-part, mates, half-part.  
Come, let's have her aboard suddenly.

*[Exeunt Pirates with Marina.]*

*Re-enter LEONINE.*

*Leon.* These roguing<sup>1</sup> thieves serve the  
great pirate Valdes;

And they have seiz'd Marina. Let her go:  
There's no hope she'll return. I'll swear  
she's dead,

And thrown into the sea.—*[But I'll see further: 100]*

Perhaps they will but please themselves upon  
her,

Not carry her aboard. If she remain,  
Whom they have ravish'd must by me be slain.]

*[Exit.]*

*[SCENE II. Mytilene. A room in a brothel.]*

*Enter PANDER, BAWD, and BOULT.*

*Pand.* Boul't,—

*Boul't.* Sir?

*Pand.* Search the market narrowly; Mytilene is full of gallants. We lost too much money this mart by being too wenchless.

*Bawd.* We were never so much out of creatures. We have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do; and they with continual action are even as good as rotten.

*Pand.* Therefore let's have fresh ones, whate'er we pay for them. If there be not a

conscience to be us'd in every trade, we shall never prosper. 13

*Bawd.* Thou say'st true: 't is not our bringing up of poor bastards,—as, I think, I have brought up some eleven,—

*Boul't.* Ay, to eleven; and brought them down again.—But shall I search the market?

*Bawd.* What else, man? The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.<sup>2</sup> 21

*Pand.* Thou say'st true; they're too unwholesome, o' conscience. The poor Transylvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.

*Boul't.* Ay, she quickly poop'd him; she made him roast-meat for worms.—But I'll go search the market. *[Exit.]*

*Pand.* Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion<sup>3</sup> to live quietly, and so give over. 30

*Bawd.* Why to give over, I pray you? is it a shame to get when we are old?

*Pand.* O, our credit comes not in like the commodity, nor the commodity wages not with the danger: therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 't were not amiss to keep our door hatch'd. Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods will be strong with us for giving over.

*Bawd.* Come, other sorts offend as well as we. 40

*Pand.* As well as we! ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it's no calling.—But here comes Boul't.

*Re-enter BOULT, with the Pirates and MARINA.*

*Boul't.* *[To Marina]* Come your ways,—My masters, you say she's a virgin?

*First Pirate.* O, sir, we doubt it not.

*Boul't.* Master, I have gone through<sup>4</sup> for this piece you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

*Bawd.* Boul't, has she any qualities? 50

*Boul't.* She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes: there's no

<sup>2</sup> Sodden, i.e. overdone.

<sup>3</sup> As pretty a proportion, i.e. as good a competency (as need be).

<sup>4</sup> Gone through, i.e. made a bargain.

<sup>1</sup> Roguing, vagabond.

farther necessity of qualities can make her be refus'd. 53

*Bawd.* What's her price, Boul't?

*Boul't.* I cannot be bated<sup>1</sup> one doit<sup>2</sup> of a thousand pieces.

*Pand.* Well, follow me, my masters, you shall have your money presently.—Wife, take her in; instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment. 60

[*Exeunt Pander and Pirates.*]

*Bawd.* Boul't, take you the marks of her,—the colour of her hair, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity; and cry, "He that will give most shall have her first." Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

*Boul't.* Performance shall follow. [*Exit.*]

*Mar.* Alack that Leonine was so slack, so slow! He should have struck, not spoke; or that these pirates—  
Not enough barbarous—had not o'erboard thrown me 70

For to seek my mother!

*Bawd.* Why lament you, pretty one?

*Mar.* That I am pretty.

*Bawd.* Come, the gods have done their part in you.

*Mar.* I accuse them not.

*Bawd.* You are light<sup>3</sup> into my hands, where you are like to live.

*Mar.* The more my fault 79  
To scape his hands where I was like to die.

*Bawd.* Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

*Mar.* No.

*Bawd.* Yes, indeed shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions: you shall fare well; you shall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears?

*Mar.* Are you a woman?

*Bawd.* What would you have me be, an I be not a woman? 89

*Mar.* An honest woman, or not a woman.

*Bawd.* Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you're a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

*Mar.* The gods defend me! 95

*Bawd.* If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up.—Boul't's return'd.

*Re-enter Boul't.*

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

*Boul't.* I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice. 102

*Bawd.* And I prithee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

*Boul't.* Faith, they listened to me as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

*Bawd.* We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on. 111

*Boul't.* To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers i' the hams?

*Bawd.* Who, Monsieur Veroles?

*Boul't.* Ay, he: he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

*Bawd.* Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he does but repair it. I know he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun. 122

*Boul't.* Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

*Bawd.* [*To Marina*] Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me: you must seem to do that fearfully which you commit willingly, despise profit where you have most gain. To weep that you live as you do makes pity in your lovers: seldom but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere<sup>4</sup> profit. 132

*Mar.* I understand you not.

*Boul't.* O, take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of hers must be quench'd with some present practice.

*Bawd.* Thou say'st true, i' faith, so they

<sup>1</sup> I cannot be bated, i.e. they will not bate me (or remit).

<sup>2</sup> Doit, the smallest coin, worth about half a farthing.

<sup>3</sup> Light, lighted, fallen.

<sup>4</sup> Mere, pure.

must; for your bride goes to that with shame which is her way to go with warrant.

*Boul.* Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargain'd for the joint,— 141

*Bawd.* Thou mayst cut a morsel off the spit.

*Boul.* I may so.

*Bawd.* Who should deny it?—Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

*Boul.* Ay, by my faith, they shall not be chang'd yet.

*Bawd.* Boul, spend thou that in the town: report what a sojourner we have; you'll lose nothing by custom. When nature fram'd this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report. 153

*Boul.* I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I'll bring home some to-night.

*Bawd.* Come your ways; follow me.

*Mar.* If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,  
Untied I still my virgin-knot will keep. 160  
Diana, aid my purpose!

*Bawd.* What have we to do with Diana?  
Pray you, will you go with us? [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Tarsus.* A room in the Governor's house.

*Enter CLEON and DIONYZA, in mourning garments.*

*Dion.* Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?

*Cle.* O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter  
The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon!

*Dion.* I think  
You'll turn a child again.

*Cle.* Were I chief lord of all this spacious world,

I'd give it to undo the deed.—O lady,  
Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess  
To equal any single crown o' th' earth

I' the justice of compare!—O villain Leonine!  
Whom thou hast poison'd too: 10

If thou hadst drunk to him, 't had been a kindness

Becoming well thy fact:<sup>1</sup> what canst thou say  
When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

*Dion.* That she is dead. Nurses are not the  
Fates, 14

To foster it, nor ever to preserve.

She died at night; I'll say so. Who can cross  
it?

Unless you play the pious innocent,



*Cle.* O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter  
The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon!

*Dion.* I think  
You'll turn a child again.—(Act iv. 3. 2-4.)

And for an honest attribute<sup>2</sup> cry out 18  
"She died by foul play."

*Cle.* O, go to. Well, well,  
Of all the faults beneath the heaven, the gods  
Do like this worst.

*Dion.* Be one of those that think  
The petty wrens of Tarsus will fly hence,  
And open this to Pericles. I do shame  
To think of what a noble strain you are,  
And of how coward a spirit.

*Cle.* To such proceeding  
Who ever but his approbation added,  
Though not his prime consent, he did not flow  
From honourable sources.

<sup>1</sup> Fact, deed.

<sup>2</sup> For an honest attribute, i.e. to be accounted honest.

*Dion.* Be't so, then :  
 Yet none does know, but you, how she came  
 dead,  
 Nor none can know Leonine being gone. 30  
 She did distain<sup>1</sup> my child, and stood between  
 Her and her fortunes: none would look on her,  
 But cast their gazes on Marina's face;  
 Whilst ours was blurted at, and held a maw-  
 kin,  
 Not worth the time of day. It pierc'd me  
 thorough;<sup>2</sup>  
 And though you call my course unnatural,  
 You not your child well loving, yet I find  
 It greets me as an enterprise of kindness  
 Perform'd to your sole daughter.

*Cle.* Heavens forgive it!

*Dion.* And as for Pericles, what should he  
 say? 40

We wept after her hearse, and yet we mourn:  
 Her monument's almost finish'd, and her  
 epitaphs  
 In glittering golden characters express  
 A general praise to her, and care in us  
 At whose expense 't is done.

*Cle.* Thou'rt like the harpy,  
 Which, to betray, dost, with thine angel's face,  
 Seize with thine eagle's talons.

*Dion.* You are like one that superstitiously  
 Doth swear to the gods that winter kills the  
 flies: 50

But yet I know you'll do as I advise.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *The same. A public place before  
 the monument of Marina.*

*Enter GOWER.*

*Gow.* Thus time we waste, and longest  
 leagues make short;  
 Sail seas in cockles, have an wish but for't;  
 Making<sup>3</sup>—to take your imagination—  
 From bourn to bourn, region to region.  
 By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime  
 To use one language in each several clime  
 Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech  
 you  
 To learn of me, who stand i' the gaps to teach  
 you,

<sup>1</sup> *Distain*, i.e. eclipse, sully (by contrast).

<sup>2</sup> *Thorough*, through.

<sup>3</sup> *Making*, i.e. voyaging.

The stages of our story. Pericles  
 Is now again thwarting<sup>4</sup> the wayward seas,  
 Attended on by many a lord and knight, 11  
 To see his daughter, all his life's delight:  
 Old Helicanus goes along.<sup>5</sup> Behind  
 Is left to govern it,<sup>6</sup> you bear in mind,  
 Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late  
 Advanc'd in time to great and high estate.  
 Well-sailing ships and bounteous winds have  
 brought  
 This king to Tarsus—think his pilot thought;  
 So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow  
 on— 19  
 To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.  
 Like motes and shadows see them move awhile;  
 Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

DUMB-SHOW.

*Enter, from one side, PERICLES with his Train;  
 from the other, CLEON and DIONYZA,  
 in mourning garments. CLEON shows  
 PERICLES the tomb of Marina; whereat  
 PERICLES makes lamentation, puts on  
 sackcloth, and in a mighty passion de-  
 parts. Then exeunt CLEON, DIONYZA,  
 and the rest.*

See how belief may suffer by foul show!  
 This borrow'd passion<sup>7</sup> stands for true old woe;  
 And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,  
 With sighs shot through and biggest tears  
 o'ershower'd,

Leaves Tarsus, and again embarks. He swears  
 Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs:  
 He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears  
 A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears, 30  
 And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit<sup>8</sup>  
 The epitaph is for Marina writ  
 By wicked Dionyza.

[*Reads the inscription on Marina's monument.*]

"The fairest, sweet'st, and best lies here,  
 Who wither'd in her spring of year.  
 She was of Tyrus the king's daughter,  
 On whom foul death hath made this slaughter;  
 Marina was she call'd; and at her birth,  
 Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o' th'  
 earth:

<sup>4</sup> *Thwarting*, crossing.

<sup>5</sup> *Goes along*, goes with him.

<sup>6</sup> *Govern it*, act as governor.

<sup>7</sup> *Borrow'd passion*, counterfeit grief.

<sup>8</sup> *Wit*, know, take note of.

Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd, 40  
Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd:  
Wherefore she does—and swears she'll never stint—  
Make raging battery upon shores of flint."

No visor doth become black villany  
So well as soft and tender flattery.

[Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,  
And bear his courses to be ordered  
By Lady Fortune; while our scene must play  
His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day  
In her unholy service. Patience, then, 50  
And think you now are all in Mytilen.]

[Exit.

[SCENE V. *Mytilene. A street before the brothel.*

*Enter, from the brothel, two Gentlemen.*

*First Gent.* Did you ever hear the like?

*Sec. Gent.* No, nor never shall do in such a  
place as this, she being once gone.

*First Gent.* But to have divinity preach'd  
there! did you ever dream of such a thing?

*Sec. Gent.* No, no. Come, I am for no more  
bawdy-houses:—shall's go hear the vestals  
sing?

*First Gent.* I'll do any thing now that is  
virtuous; but I am out of the road of rutting  
for ever.

[Exeunt.

SCENE VI. *The same. A room in the brothel.*

*Enter PANDER, Bawd, and BOULT.*

*Pand.* Well, I had rather than twice the  
worth of her she had ne'er come here.

*Bawd.* Fie, fie upon her! she's able to freeze  
the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation.  
We must either get her ravish'd, or be rid of  
her. When she should do for clients her fit-  
ment, and do me the kindness of our profes-  
sion, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her  
master reasons, her prayers, her knees; that  
she would make a puritan of the devil, if he  
should cheapen<sup>1</sup> a kiss of her. 10

*Boult.* Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll  
disfurnish us of all our cavaliers, and make all  
our swearers priests.

*Pand.* Now, the pox upon her green-sick-  
ness for me!

*Bawd.* Faith, there's no way to be rid on't,  
but by the way to the pox.—Here comes the  
Lord Lysimachus disguised.

*Boult.* We should have both lord and lown,  
if the peevish baggage would but give way  
to customers. 21

*Enter LYSIMACHUS.*

*Lys.* How now! How<sup>2</sup> a dozen of virgini-  
ties?

*Bawd.* Now, the gods to-bless your honour!

*Boult.* I am glad to see your honour in good  
health.

*Lys.* You may so; 't is the better for you  
that your resorters stand upon sound legs.  
How now, wholesome iniquity? Have you  
that a man may deal withal, and defy the  
surgeon?

*Bawd.* We have here one, sir, if she would  
— but there never came her like in Mytilene.

*Lys.* If she'd do the deed of darkness, thou  
wouldst say. 33

*Bawd.* Your honour knows what 't is to say  
well enough.

*Lys.* Well, call forth, call forth.

[Exit Boult.

*Bawd.* For flesh and blood, sir, white and  
red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose  
indeed, if she had but—

*Lys.* What, prithee? 40

*Bawd.* O, sir, I can be modest.

*Lys.* That dignifies the renown of a bawd,  
no less than it gives a good report to a num-  
ber to be chaste.<sup>3</sup>

*Bawd.* Here comes that which grows to the  
stalk,—never pluck'd yet, I can assure you.

*Re-enter BOULT with MARINA.*

Is she not a fair creature?

*Lys.* Faith, she would serve after a long voy-  
age at sea. Well, there's for you:—leave us.

*Bawd.* I beseech your honour, give me  
leave: a word, and I'll have done presently.

*Lys.* I beseech you, do. 52

*Bawd.* [To Marina] First, I would have  
you note, this is an honourable man.

*Mar.* I desire to find him so, that I may  
worthily note him.

<sup>1</sup> Cheapen, bargain for.

<sup>2</sup> How, how go, what price.

<sup>3</sup> To be chaste, i.e. of being chaste.

*Bawd.* Next, he's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

*Mar.* If he govern the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honourable he is in that, I know not. 61

*Bawd.* Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

*Mar.* What he will do graciously, I will thankfully receive.

*Lys.* Ha' you done?

*Bawd.* My lord, she's not pac'd<sup>1</sup> yet: you must take some pains to work her to your manage.<sup>2</sup>—Come, we will leave his honour and her together.—Go thy ways. 71

[*Exeunt Bawd, Pander, and Boul.*]

*Lys.* Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

*Mar.* What trade, sir?

*Lys.* Why, I cannot name't but I shall offend.

*Mar.* I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

*Lys.* How long have you been of this profession?

*Mar.* E'er since I can remember.

*Lys.* Did you go to't so young? Were you a gamester at five or at seven? 81

*Mar.* Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

*Lys.* Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

*Mar.* Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into't? I hear say you are of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place.

*Lys.* Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am? 90

*Mar.* Who is my principal?

*Lys.* Why, your herb-woman; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place: come, come.

*Mar.* If you were born to honour, show it now;

If put upon you, make the judgment good  
That thought you worthy of it. 101

*Lys.* How's this? how's this?—Some more;  
—be sage.

*Mar.* For me,

That am a maid, though most ungentle fortune  
Have plac'd me in this sty, where, since I  
came,

Diseases have been sold dearer than physic,—  
O, that the gods

Would set me free from this unhallow'd place,  
Though they did change me to the meanest  
bird

That flies i' the purer air!

*Lys.* I did not think

Thou couldst have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd  
thou couldst. 110

Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,  
Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold  
for thee:

Perséver in that clear<sup>3</sup> way thou goest,  
And the gods strengthen thee!

*Mar.* The good gods preserve you!

*Lys.* For me, be you thoughten<sup>4</sup>

That I came with no ill intent; for to me  
The very doors and windows savour vilely.  
Fare thee well. Thou'rt a piece of virtue, and  
I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.—

Hold, here's more gold for thee.— 120

A curse upon him, die he like a thief,  
That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou dost  
Hear from me, it shall be for thy good.

*Re-enter BOULT.*

*Boul.* I beseech your honour, one piece for  
me.

*Lys.* Avaunt, thou damned doorkeeper!  
Your house, but for this virgin that doth prop  
it,

Would sink, and overwhelm you. Away!  
[*Exit.*]

*Boul.* How's this? We must take another  
course with you. If your peevish chastity,  
which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest  
country under the cope, shall undo a whole  
household, let me be gelded like a spaniel.  
Come your ways. 134

*Mar.* Whither would you have me?

<sup>1</sup> *Pac'd*, broken in, taught her paces (like a horse).

<sup>2</sup> *To your manage*, i.e. to be managed or governed by you.

<sup>3</sup> *Clear*, virtuous (pronounced as a dissyllable).

<sup>4</sup> *Be you thoughten*, i.e. be assured.

*Boult.* I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman shall execute it. Come your ways. We'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I say.

*Re-enter BAWD.*

*Bawd.* How now! what's the matter? 140

*Boult.* Worse and worse, mistress; she has here spoken holy words to the Lord Lysimachus.

*Bawd.* O abominable!

*Boult.* She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.

*Bawd.* Marry, hang her up for ever!

*Boult.* The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snowball; saying his prayers too. 149

*Bawd.* Boult, take her away; use her at thy pleasure: crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.

*Boult.* An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

*Mar.* Hark, hark, you gods!

*Bawd.* She conjures: away with her! Would she had never come within my doors!—Marry, hang you!—She's born to undo us.—Will you not go the way of women-kind? Marry, come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays! [Exit. 162

*Boult.* Come, mistress: come your ways with me. 162

*Mar.* Whither wilt thou have me?

*Boult.* To take from you the jewel you hold so dear.

*Mar.* Prithee, tell me one thing first.

*Boult.* Come now, your one thing.

*Mar.* What canst thou wish thine enemy to be?

*Boult.* Why, I could wish him to be my master, or rather my mistress. 170

*Mar.* Neither of these are so bad as thou art, Since they do better thee in their command. Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st fiend

Of hell would not in reputation change:

Thou art the damned doorkeeper to every

Coystril<sup>1</sup> that comes inquiring for his Tib; To the cholerick fisting of every rogue Thy ear is liable; thy food is such 178 As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.

*Boult.* What would you have me do? go to the wars, would you? where a man may serve seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not money enough in the end to buy him a wooden one?

*Mar.* Do any thing but this thou doest.

Empty

Old receptacles, or common shores,<sup>2</sup> of filth; Serve by indenture to the common hangman:

Any of these ways are yet better than this; For what thou professest, a baboon, could he speak, 189

Would own a name too dear.—O, that the gods Would safely deliver me from this place!— Here, here's gold for thee.

If that thy master would gain by me, Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,

With other virtues, which I'll keep from boast;

And I will undertake all these to teach.

I doubt not but this populous city will Yield many scholars.

*Boult.* But can you teach all this you speak of?

*Mar.* Prove that I cannot, take me home again, 200

And prostitute me to the basest groom That doth frequent your house.

*Boult.* Well, I will see what I can do for thee: if I can place thee, I will.

*Mar.* But amongst honest women.

*Boult.* Faith, my acquaintance lies little amongst them. But since my master and mistress have bought you, there's no going but by their consent: therefore I will make them acquainted with your purpose, and I doubt not but I shall find them tractable enough. Come, I'll do for thee what I can; come your ways. [Exeunt.]

<sup>1</sup> Coystril, blackguard.

<sup>2</sup> Shores, sewers.

## ACT V.

## [ PROLOGUE.

*Enter GOWER.*

*Gow.* Marina thus the brothel scapes, and chances

Into an honest house, our story says.

She sings like one immortal, and she dances

As goddess-like to her admired lays;

Deep clerks she dumbs; and with her needle<sup>1</sup> composes

Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or berry,

That even her art sisters the natural roses;

Her inkle,<sup>2</sup> silk, twin with the rubied cherry:

That pupils lacks she none of noble race, <sup>9</sup>

Who pour their bounty on her; and her gain

She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place;

And to her father turn our thoughts again,

Where we left him, on the sea. We there him lost:

Whence, driven before the winds, he is arriv'd

Herewherehisdaughterdwells; and onthiscoast

Suppose him now at anchor. The city striv'd

God Neptune's annual feast to keep: from whence

Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,

His<sup>3</sup> banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense;

And to him in his barge with fervour hies. <sup>20</sup>

In your supposing once more put your sight

Of heavy<sup>4</sup> Pericles; think this his bark:

Where what is done in action, more, if might,

Shall be discover'd;<sup>5</sup> please you, sit, and hark.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE I. *On board Pericles' ship, off Mytilene.*

*A pavilion on deck, closed. The barge of Lysimachus is lying alongside the ship.*

*Two Sailors, one belonging to Pericles' ship, the other to Mytilene; enter to them HELICANUS.*

*Tyr. Sail.* [*To the Sailor of Mytilene*] Where is Lord Helicanus? he can resolve<sup>6</sup> you.

<sup>1</sup> *Needle*, pronounced "neele."

<sup>2</sup> *Inkle*, thread or wool.

<sup>3</sup> *His*, i.e. the ship's.

<sup>4</sup> *Heavy*, sorrowful.

<sup>5</sup> *In action* . . . *discover'd*, shall be shown in the play, as more should be were it possible. <sup>6</sup> *Resolve*, inform.

O, here he is.—

Sir, there's a barge put off from Mytilene,

And in it is Lysimachus the governor,

Who craves to come aboard. What is your will?

*Hel.* That he have his. [*Exit Mytilenian Sailor.*] Call up some gentlemen.

*Tyr. Sail.* Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

*Enter two or three Gentlemen.*

*First Gent.* Doth your lordship call?

*Hel.* Gentlemen, there's some of worth would come aboard:

I pray ye, greet them fairly. 10

*Enter, from the barge, LYSIMACHUS and Lords.*

*Tyr. Sail.* Sir,

This is the man that can, in aught you would, Resolve you.

*Lys.* Hail, reverend sir! the gods preserve you!

*Hel.* And you, sir, to outlive the age I am, And die as I would do.

*Lys.* You wish me well.

Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,

Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,

I made to it, to know of whence you are. 19

*Hel.* First, what is your place?

*Lys.* I am the governor

Of this place you lie before.

*Hel.* Sir,

Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king;

A man who for this three months hath not spoken

To any one, nor taken sustenance

But to prorogue his grief.

*Lys.* Upon what ground

Is his distemp'rature?

*Hel.* 'T would be

Too tedious to repeat; but the main grief

Springs from the loss

Of a beloved daughter and a wife. 30

*Lys.* May we not see him?

*Hel.* You may;

But bootless is your sight: he will not speak To any.



*Lys.* Yet let me obtain my wish.

*Hel.* Behold him [*The curtain is drawn, and Pericles discovered*]. This was a goodly person,

Till the disaster that, one mortal night,  
Drove him to this.

*Lys.* Sir king, all hail! the gods preserve you!

Hail, royal sir! 40

*Hel.* It is in vain; he will not speak to you.

*First Lord.* Sir,

We have a maid in Mytilen, I durst wager,  
Would win some words of him.

*Lys.* 'Tis well bethought.

She, questionless, with her sweet harmony  
And other chosen attractions, would allure,  
And make a battery through his deafen'd  
parts,

Which now are midway stopp'd:

She is all happy as the fairest of all;

And her fellow maid is now upon 50

The leafy shelter that abuts against

The island's side.

[*Whispers First Lord; who descends to the barge of Lysimachus.*]

*Hel.* Sure, all's effectless; yet nothing we'll omit

That bears recovery's name. But, since your kindness

We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you  
That for our gold we may provision have,  
Wherein we are not destitute for want,  
But weary for the staleness.

*Lys.* O, sir, a courtesy  
Which if we should deny, the most just gods  
For every graff<sup>1</sup> would send a caterpillar, 60  
And so afflict our province.—Yet once more  
Let me entreat to know at large the cause  
Of your king's sorrow.

*Hel.* Sit, sir; I will recount it to you:—  
But, see, I am prevented.

*Re-enter, from the barge, First Lord, with  
MARINA and a young Lady.*

*Lys.* O, here is

The lady that I sent for.—Welcome, fair one!—  
Is't not a goodly presence?

*Hel.* She's a gallant lady.

*Lys.* She's such a one, that, were I well  
assur'd

Came of a gentle kind and noble stock,  
I'd wish no better choice, and think me rarely  
wed.— 69

Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty  
Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:  
If that thy prosperous artificial feat<sup>2</sup>  
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,  
Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay  
As thy desires can wish.

*Mar.* Sir, I will use

My utmost skill in his recovery,  
Provided

That none but I and my companion maid  
Be suffer'd to come near him.

*Lys.* Come, let's leave her;  
And the gods make her prosperous! 80

[*They retire. Marina sings.*]

*Lys.* Mark'd he your music?

*Mar.* No, nor look'd on us.

*Lys.* See, she will speak to him.

*Mar.* Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear.

[*Touching Pericles.*]

*Per.* Hum, ha!

[*Thrusts her away.*]

*Mar.* I am a maid,

My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,

But have been gaz'd on like a comet: she  
speaks,

My lord, that, may be, hath endur'd a grief  
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.  
Though wayward fortune did malign<sup>3</sup> my state,  
My derivation was from ancestors 91

Who stood equivalent with mighty kings:

But time hath rooted out my parentage,

And to the world and awkward casualties<sup>4</sup>

Bound me in servitude.—[*Aside*] I will desist;  
But there is something glows upon my cheek,  
And whispers in mine ear, "Go not till he  
speak."

*Per.* My fortunes—parentage—good parentage—

To equal mine!—was it not thus? what say  
you?

*Mar.* I said, my lord, if you did know my  
parentage, 100

You would not do me violence.

<sup>2</sup> *Prosperous artificial feat*, felicitous and skilful doing.

<sup>3</sup> *Did malign*, dealt malignantly with.

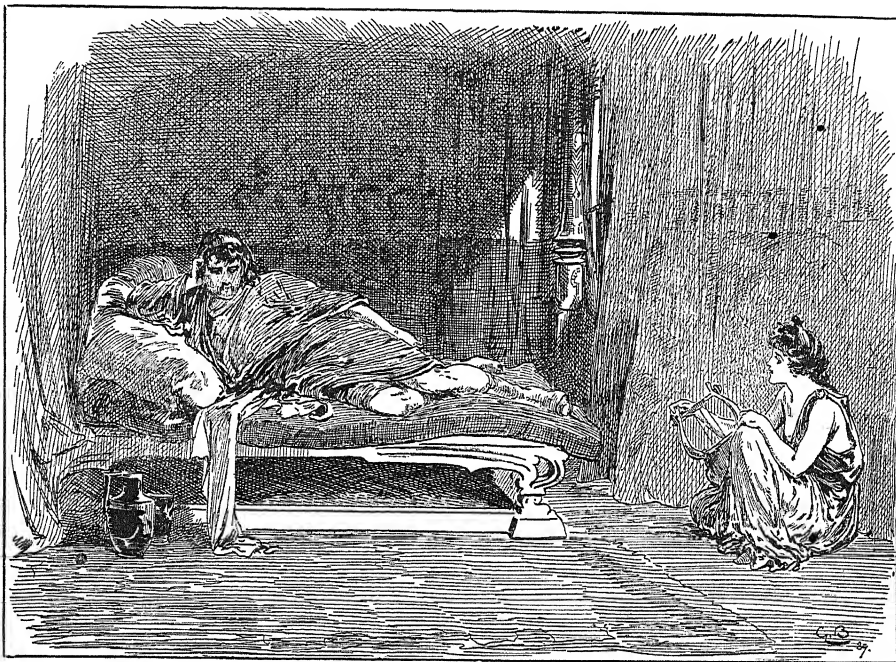
<sup>4</sup> *Awkward casualties*, adverse chances.

*Per.* I do think so.—Pray you, turn your  
eyes upon me. 102  
You are like something that—What country-  
woman?

Here of these shores?

*Mar.* No, nor of any shores:  
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am  
No other than I appear.

*Per.* I am great with woe,  
And shall deliver weeping. My dearest wife  
Was like this maid, and such a one  
My daughter might have been: my queen's  
square brows;  
Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight;  
As silver-voic'd; her eyes as jewel-like, 111  
And cas'd as richly; in pace<sup>1</sup> another Juno:



*Per.* What countrywoman?  
Here of these shores?—(Act v. l. 103, 104.)

Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes  
them hungry,  
The more she gives them speech.—Where do  
you live?

*Mar.* Where I am but a stranger: from the  
deck

You may discern the place.

*Per.* Where were you bred?  
And how achiev'd you these endowments, which  
You make more rich to owe?<sup>2</sup>

*Mar.* If I should tell  
My history, it would seem like lies

Disdain'd in the reporting.<sup>3</sup>

*Per.* Prithee, speak:  
Falseness cannot come from thee; for thou  
look'st 121

Modest as Justice, and thou seem'st a palace  
For the crown'd Truth to dwell in: I'll believe  
thee,

And make my senses credit thy relation  
To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st  
Like one I lov'd indeed. What were thy  
friends?

<sup>1</sup> Pace, gait. <sup>2</sup> To owe, i.e. by your possession of them.

<sup>3</sup> Disdain'd in the reporting, deemed unworthy of belief  
even while they are told.

Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back,—  
Which was when I perceiv'd thee,—that thou  
cam'st  
From good descending?

*Mar.* So indeed I did.

*Per.* Report thy parentage. I think thou  
said'st 130

Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,  
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal  
mine,

If both were open'd.

*Mar.* Some such thing

I said, and said no more but what my thoughts  
Did warrant me was likely.

*Per.* Tell thy story;

If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part  
Of my endurance,<sup>1</sup> thou'rt a man, and I  
Have suffer'd like a girl: yet thou dost look  
Like Patience gazing on kings' graves, and  
smiling

Extremity out of act. What were thy friends?  
How lost thou them? Thy name, my most  
kind virgin? 141

Recount, I do beseech thee: come, sit by me.

*Mar.* My name is Marina.

*Per.* O, I am mock'd,

And thou by some incensed god sent hither.  
To make the world to laugh at me.

*Mar.* Patience, good sir,

Or here I'll cease.

*Per.* Nay, I'll be patient.<sup>2</sup>

Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,  
To call thyself Marina.

*Mar.* The name 149

Was given me by one that had some power,—  
My father, and a king.

*Per.* How! a king's daughter?

And call'd Marina?

*Mar.* You said you would believe me;

But, not to be a troubler of your peace,  
I will end here.

*Per.* But are you flesh and blood?

Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?  
Motion!—Well; speak on. Where were you  
born?

And wherefore call'd Marina?

*Mar.* Call'd Marina

For<sup>3</sup> I was born at sea.

*Per.* At sea! what mother?

*Mar.* My mother was the daughter of a king;  
Who died the very minute I was born, 160  
As my good nurse Lycorida hath oft  
Deliver'd<sup>4</sup> weeping.

*Per.* O, stop there a little!—

[*Aside*] This is the rarest dream that e'er dull  
sleep

Did mock sad fools withal: this cannot be:

My daughter's buried.—Well:—where were  
you bred?

I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,  
And never interrupt you.

*Mar.* You'll scarce believe me;

'T were best I did give o'er.

*Per.* I will believe you by the syllable  
Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave:—  
How came you in these parts? where were you  
bred? 171

*Mar.* The king my father did in Tarsus  
leave me;

Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,

Did seek to murder me: and having woo'd

A villain to attempt it, who having drawn<sup>5</sup> to 't,

A crew of pirates came and rescu'd me;

Brought me to Mytilene. But, good sir,

Whither will you have me? Why do you  
weep? It may be,

You think me an impostor: no, good faith;

I am the daughter to King Pericles, 180  
If good King Pericles be.

*Per.* Ho, Helicanus!

*Hel.* Calls my lord?

*Per.* Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,  
Most wise in general: tell me, if thou canst,  
What this maid is, or what is like to be,  
That thus hath made me weep?

*Hel.* I know not; but

Here is the regent, sir, of Mytilene

Speaks nobly of her.

*Lys.* She would never tell

Her parentage; being demanded that, 190  
She would sit still and weep.

*Per.* O Helicanus, strike me, honour'd sir;  
Give me a gash, put me to present pain;  
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me  
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,

<sup>1</sup> My endurance, what I have undergone.

<sup>2</sup> Patient, pronounced as a trisyllable. <sup>3</sup> For, because.

<sup>4</sup> Deliver'd, related.

<sup>5</sup> Drawn, drawn his sword.

And drown me with their sweetness.—O, come hither,

Thou that begett'st him that did thee beget;  
Thou that was born at sea, buried at Tarsus,  
And found at sea again!—O Helicanus, 199  
Down on thy knees, thank th' holy gods as loud  
As thunder threatens us: this is Marina.—  
What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,  
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,  
Though doubts did ever sleep.

*Mar.* First, sir, I pray,  
What is your title?

*Per.* I am Pericles of Tyre: but tell me now  
My drown'd queen's name, as in the rest you  
said

Thou hast been godlike perfect,  
The heir of kingdoms, and another like  
To Pericles thy father. 210

*Mar.* Is it no more to be your daughter than  
To say my mother's name was Thaisa?  
Thaisa was my mother, who did end  
The minute I began.

*Per.* Now, blessing on thee! Rise; thou art  
my child.—

Give me fresh garments.—Mine own, Helicanus;  
She is not dead at Tarsus, as she should have  
been,<sup>1</sup>

By savage Cleon: she shall tell thee all;  
When thou shalt kneel, and justify in know-  
ledge<sup>2</sup>

She is thy very princess.—Who is this? 220

*Hel.* Sir, 't is the governor of Mytilene,  
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,  
Did come to see you.

*Per.* I embrace you.—  
Give me my robes.—I am wild in my behold-  
ing.—

O heavens bless my girl!—But, hark, what  
music?—

Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him  
O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,  
How sure you are my daughter.—But, what  
music?

*Hel.* My lord, I hear none.

*Per.* None! 230  
The music of the spheres!—List, my Marina.

*Lys.* It is not good to cross him; give him  
way. 232

*Per.* Rar'st sounds! Do ye not hear?

*Lys.* My lord, I hear. [*Music.*]

*Per.* Most heavenly music!

It nips me into listening, and thick slumber  
Hangs upon mine eyes: let me rest. [*Sleeps.*]

*Lys.* A pillow for his head:—

So, leave him all.—Well, my companion friends,  
If this but answer to my just belief,  
I'll well remember you. 240

[*All except Pericles go aside.*]

*DIANA descends.* •

*Dia.* My temple stands in Ephesus: hie thee  
thither,

And do upon mine altar sacrifice.

There, when my maiden priests are met to-  
gether,

Before the people all,  
Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife:  
To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call,  
And give them repetition to the life.

Or perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe;  
Do it, and happy;<sup>3</sup> by my silver bow!  
Awake, and tell thy dream. 250

[*Ascends and exit.*]

*Per.* [*Awaking*] Celestial Dian, goddess ar-  
gentine,<sup>4</sup>

I will obey thee.—Helicanus! •

*Re-enter HELICANUS, LYSIMACHUS, MARINA, &c.*

*Hel.* Sir,

*Per.* My purpose was for Tarsus, there to  
strike

Th' inhospitable Cleon; but I am  
For other service first: toward Ephesus  
Turn our blown sails; eftsoons<sup>5</sup> I'll tell thee  
why.—

[*To Lysimachus*] Shall we refresh us, sir, upon  
your shore,

And give you gold for such provision<sup>6</sup>  
As our intents will need?<sup>7</sup>

*Lys.* Sir, 260

<sup>3</sup> *Happy*, i.e. thou wilt live happy.

<sup>4</sup> *Argentine*, i.e. of the silver moon.

<sup>5</sup> *Eftsoons*, presently.

<sup>6</sup> *Provision*, pronounced as a quadrisyllable.

<sup>7</sup> *Our intents will need*, our purpose will require (to carry away).

<sup>1</sup> *Should have been*, i.e. was said to have been.

<sup>2</sup> *Justify in knowledge*, confirm upon fuller information.

With all my heart; and, when you come ashore,  
I have another suit.

*Per.* You shall prevail, 262  
Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems  
You have been noble towards her.

*Lys.* Sir, lend me your arm.

*Per.* Come, my Marina. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Ephesus. The Temple of Diana.*

*Enter GOWER.*

*Gow.* Now our sands are almost run;  
More a little, and then dumb.  
This, my last boon, give me,—  
For such kindness must relieve me,—



*Thais.* Voice and favour!—  
You are, you are—O royal Pericles!—(Act v. 3. 13, 14.)

That you aptly will suppose  
What pageantry, what feats, what shows,  
What minstrelsy, and pretty din,  
The regent made in Mytilin,  
To greet the king. So he thrived,  
That he is promis'd to be wived 10  
To fair Marina; but in no wise  
Till he<sup>1</sup> had done his sacrifice,  
As Dian bade: whereto being bound,  
The interim, pray you, all confound.<sup>2</sup>  
In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,  
And wishes fall out as they're will'd.  
At Ephesus, the temple see,

Our king, and all his company.  
That he can hither come so soon,  
Is by your fancies' thankful doom.<sup>3</sup> [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *The same; Thaisa, as high priestess, standing near the altar; a number of Virgins on each side; Cerimon and other Ephesians attending.*

*Enter PERICLES, LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS,  
MARINA, and Attendants.*

*Per.* Hail, Dian! to perform thy just command,

<sup>1</sup> *He, i.e.* Pericles. <sup>2</sup> *Confound, consume, regard as past.*

<sup>3</sup> *Thankful doom, kindly judgment.*

I here confess myself the king of Tyre;  
 Who, frighted from my country, did  
 Wed at Pentapolis the fair Thaisa.  
 At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth  
 A maid-child call'd Marina; who, O goddess,  
 Wears yet thy silver livery. She at Tarsus  
 Was nurs'd with Cleon; whom at fourteen years  
 He sought to murder: but her better stars  
 Brought her to Mytilene; 'gainst whose shore  
 Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard  
 us, 11

Where, by her own most clear remembrance,  
 she

Made known herself my daughter.

*Thai.* Voice and favour!—  
 You are, you are—O royal Pericles!—

[*Faints.*]

*Per.* What means the nun? she dies! help,  
 gentlemen!

*Cer.* Noble sir,  
 If you have told Diana's altar true,  
 This is your wife.

*Per.* Reverend appearer,<sup>1</sup> no;  
 I threw her o'erboard with these very arms.

*Cer.* Upon this coast, I warrant you.

*Per.* 'T is most certain.

*Cer.* Look to the lady;—O, she's but o'er-  
 joy'd.— 21

Early in blustering morn this lady was  
 Thrown upon this shore. I op'd the coffin,  
 Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and  
 plac'd her

Here in Diana's temple.

*Per.* May we see them?

*Cer.* Great sir, they shall be brought you to  
 my house,  
 Whither I invite you.—Look,  
 Thaisa is recover'd.

*Thai.* O, let me look!  
 If he be none of mine, my sanctity  
 Will to my sense bend no licentious ear, 30  
 But curb it, spite of seeing.—O, my lord,  
 Are you not Pericles? Like him you speak,  
 Like him you are: did you not name a tempest,  
 A birth, and death?

*Per.* The voice of dead Thaisa!

*Thai.* That Thaisa am I, supposed dead  
 And drown'd.

*Per.* Immortal Dian!

*Thai.* Now I know you better.—  
 When we with tears parted<sup>2</sup> Pentapolis,  
 The king my father gave you such a ring.

[*Shows a ring.*]

*Per.* [*Showing his ring*] This, this: no more,  
 you gods! your present kindness 40  
 Makes my past miseries sport: you shall do  
 well,

That on the touching of her lips I may  
 Melt, and no more be seen.—O, come, be buried  
 A second time within these arms.

*Mar.* [*Kneeling*] My heart  
 Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.

*Per.* Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy  
 flesh, Thaisa;

Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina  
 For<sup>3</sup> she was yielded there.

*Thai.* Bless'd, and mine own!

*Hel.* Hail, madam, and my queen!

*Thai.* I know you not.

*Per.* You've heard me say, when I did fly  
 from Tyre, 50

I left behind an ancient substitute:  
 Can you remember what I call'd the man?  
 I've nam'd him oft.

*Thai.* 'T was Helicanus then.

*Per.* Still confirmation:

Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he.  
 Now do I long to hear how you were found;  
 How possibly preserv'd; and who to thank,  
 Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

*Thai.* Lord Cerimon, my lord; this is the  
 man,

Through whom the gods have shown their  
 power, that can 60

From first to last resolve<sup>4</sup> you.

*Per.* Reverend sir,  
 The gods can have no mortal officer  
 More like a god than you. Will you deliver<sup>5</sup>  
 How this dead queen re-lives?

*Cer.* I will, my lord.  
 Beseech you, first go with me to my house,  
 Where shall be shown you all was found with  
 her;

How she came plac'd here in the temple;  
 No needful thing omitted.

<sup>1</sup> *Reverend appearer*, i.e. you who appear reverend or worthy of respect.

<sup>2</sup> *Parted*, left.

<sup>4</sup> *Resolve*, satisfy.

<sup>3</sup> *For*, because.

<sup>5</sup> *Deliver*, relate.

*Per.* Pure Dian, bless<sup>1</sup> thee for thy vision! I  
Will offer night-oblations<sup>2</sup> to thee.— 70

Thaisa,  
This prince, the fair betrothed of your daughter,  
Shall marry her at Pentapolis.—And now

This ornament,  
Makes me look dismal, will I clip to form,  
And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,  
To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.

*Thai.* Lord Cerimon hath letters of good  
credit, sir,  
My father's dead.

*Per.* • Heavens make a star of him!  
Yet there, my queen, 79  
We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves  
Will in that kingdom spend our following  
days: •

Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.—  
Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay  
To hear the rest untold: sir, lead's the way.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>1</sup> *Bless*, i.e. I glorify.

<sup>2</sup> *Oblations*, pronounced as a quadrisyllable.

[ EPILOGUE.

*Enter GOWER.*

*Gow.* In Antiochus and his daughter you  
have heard

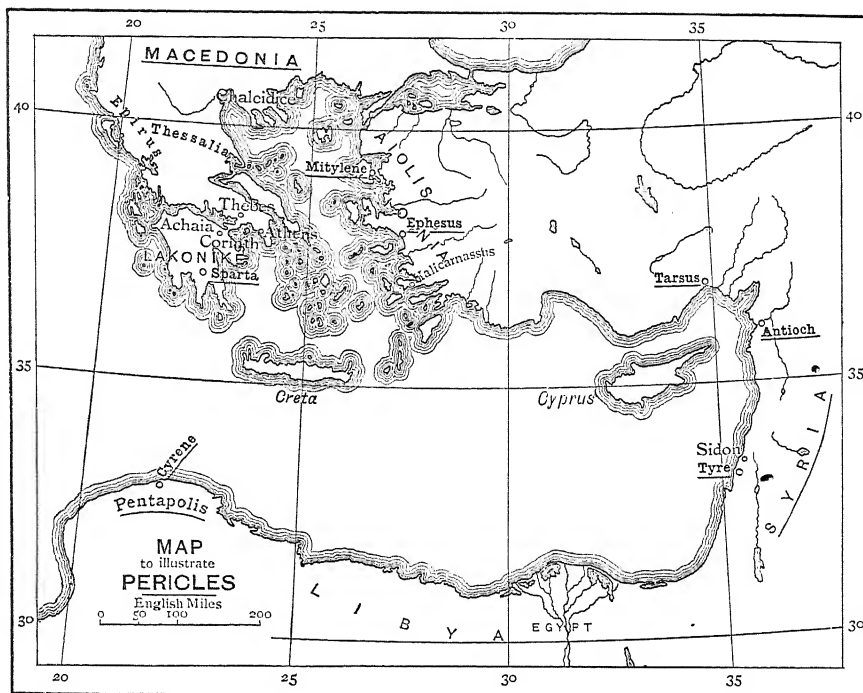
Of monstrous lust the due and just reward:  
In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen,  
Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen,  
Virtue preserv'd from fell destruction's blast,  
Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last:

In Helicanus may you well descry 91  
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty:

In reverend Cerimon there well appears  
The worth that learned charity aye wears:  
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame  
Had spread their cursed deed, and honour'd  
name

Of Pericles, to rage the city turn,  
That him and his they in his palace burn;  
The gods for murder seemed so content  
To punish them,—although not done, but  
meant.

So, on your patience evermore attending, 100  
New joy wait on you! Here our play has  
ending. [*Exit.*]



## NOTES TO PERICLES.

### ACT I. PROLOGUE.

1.—The choruses in this play are distinguished from those of Shakespeare by the dumb-shows which accompany them. Another difference is that most of them, as is the case with this prologue, require a scene; whereas Shakespeare's do not. We are to understand that the presenter of the play is a phantom,—the poet Gower's spirit, which has returned to earth from the *ashes* of the tomb, and is glad for a while to resume a mortal life, provided what follows may bring pleasure. Accordingly, in Gower's last speech before the close of the play (v. 2. 1-4) the hearers are reminded that he will presently be dumb; when he makes a request of them, it is as his *last boon* before leaving the world. But this idea of a re-embodied spirit is not anywhere dwelt on, nor turned to any use in the development of the story. Our Presenter in this play is as much without individuality as his fellows elsewhere, who are either nameless, as the Chorus in *Romeo and Juliet* or Henry V., or are only abstractions, like Time in the *Winter's Tale*, and Rumour at the opening of *II. Henry IV.*

### 2. Lines 1, 2:

*To sing a song that old was SUNG,  
From ashes ancient Gower is COME.*

The false rhyme in this couplet is remarkable, and seems beyond hope of amendment. Steevens proposed *sprung* instead of *come*, but the idea of the phoenix, which this would suggest, is out of place. The author of these choruses of Gower's has in several places treated words ending in *m* and *n* as rhyming together; as in *home* and *drone*, *soon* and *doom*, *run* and *dumb*. We may hence conclude that the rhyme of *sung* with *come* was satisfactory to the writer. In several places, indeed, he seems to have been satisfied with the mere assonance of vowels, as in *labour* and *father* (i. l. 66, 67). These imperfect rhymes mostly occur in Gower's choruses, and some have thought them to be intentional, and meant, like the archaisms in the same choruses, to give an air of antiquity to the lines.

3. Line 6: *On EMBER-EVES and HOLY-ALES.*—The *ember-eves* are the eves preceding the ember-days, or days of fasting and humiliation. The Quartos and Folios give



*holidays*, variously spelt, in place of *holy-ales*, which was suggested by Farmer in order to save the rhyme. The word *ale* was formerly used to denote a festival. See Two Gentlemen of Verona, note 56. *Holy-ale* doubtless means the same as *Church-ale*, or wake.

4. Line 9: *The PURCHASE is to make men glorious.*—*Purchase* was used formerly in a wider sense than that of acquisition by means of money. Compare i. 2. 72:

I sought the *purchase* of a glorious beauty.

And see I. Henry IV. iii. 3. 45, and note 107 on that play. The line means: The use and advantage of this story is to show what men can be and do; i.e. this is a romance of chivalry.

5. Line 11: *THESE latter times.*—Q. 1. reads *those*.

6. Lines 15, 16:

I LIFE would wish, and that I might  
Waste it for you, like TAPER-LIGHT.

Mr. Boyle, in his paper on Wilkins's share in Shakespeare's *Pericles*, quotes the same figure from the play of the Travels of Three English Brothers (1607), the joint work of Day, Wilkins, and W. Rowley:

Our lives are lighted tapers, that must out.  
—Day's Works, p. 18 of play.

7. Lines 17-20:

This ANTIOCH, then; Antiochus the Great  
Built up this city for his chiefest seat;  
The fairest in all Syria,—  
I tell you what mine authors say.

The common punctuation of lines 17, 18 is as follows:—

This Antioch, then, Antiochus the great  
Built up, this city, for his chiefest seat;

the words *this city* being taken as pleonastic. But the arrangement given in the text makes the sentence much more direct. The statement is taken from Twine, *Patterne of Painefull Adventures*. ch. i., who says, "the most famous and mightie king Antiochus . . . builded the goodly citie of Antiochia in Syria, and called it after his own name, as the chiefest seat of all his dominions" (Hazlitt, Shakespeare's Library, pt. I. vol. iv. 1 p. 253).

*Antioch*, in Syria, was founded B.C. 300 by Seleucus. It was the chief of the cities enlarged by Antiochus Soter (B.C. 280-261). Antiochus the Great (B.C. 223-187) is said to have added to it, and it was again enlarged and beautified by his son Antiochus Epiphanes. In reputation and wealth it was inferior only to Rome and Alexandria, until Constantinople arose to overshadow it. It is now Antakieh, in the province of Aleppo.

8. Line 21: *This king unto him took a FERE.*—So Malone, Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 read *peer* or *peer*, which was very likely a misprint for *pheere*. It would, however, be possible to interpret *peer* as meaning a consort of rank suitable to his greatness. *Fere* is the Anglo-Saxon *gefēra*, companion: it translates the word *sociam* of the Latin vulgate in Genesis iii. 12: "That wif that thū mēst forgeāfe to gefēran." This is the usual meaning of *fere*, but it is occasionally found with the sense of "wife." See also Titus Andronicus, iv. i. 89, 90, and note 101 thereon.

9. Line 23: *buxom, blithe, and full of face.*—Compare

1 All the references to Twine are to the reprint in this volume.

Milton, *L'Allegro*, 23, 24; and *Troilus* and *Cressida*, note 76. Shakespeare only uses the word *buxom* in Henry V. iii. 6. 28, where it appears to mean lively or sprightly, which is probably the sense here. It originally denoted obedient, then courteous, complaisant, gentle. The expression *full of face* may be corrupt. Possibly, however, *face* is incorrectly taken to mean beauty; or else *full* may signify plump.

10. Lines 27, 28:

to entice his own  
*To evil should be done by none.*

The omission of the relative pronoun before *should* in line 23 is to be noted. Such omissions, as Mr. Boyle has observed, are very characteristic of Wilkins. See notes 32, 38, 52, &c.

11. Lines 29, 30:

*But CUSTOM what they did begin  
Was with long use ACCOUNT no sin.*

Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3 here read *account'd*, the other Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 *accounted*. Malone made the correction. Wilkins, in his Novel, chap. i., says: "they long continued in these foule and unist imbracements, till at last, the custome of sinne made it accompted no sinne" (p. 14). *Custom* seems, as indicated in the foot-note, to be used adverbially. Perhaps we ought to read:

But *custom* what they did begin  
Was with long use *account*, no sin.

Compare, *inter alia*, Wilkins, *The Miseries of Inforst Marriage*:

Who once doth cherish sin, begets his shame;  
For vice being foster'd once comes impudence,  
Which makes men count *sin custom*, not *offence*.

—Dodsley, ix. p. 125.

12. Lines 39, 40:

*So for her MANY A WIGHT did die,  
As yon GRIM LOOKS do testify.*

So F. 3, F. 4. Qq. have *many of wight*, which was perhaps intended to mean many of valour or of nobility or worth. *Wight* as an adjective commonly means quick, active, valiant; and there was a substantive *wightness*, which denoted agility or strength. But nothing is known of an abstract substantive *wight* having the sense of bravery or boldness.

The *grim looks* are those of the heads of slain suitors, which are supposed to be seen impaled on the gate or wall of the palace. Gower, in narrating this part of the story, says:

And thus there were many deed,  
Here heedes standing on the gate;<sup>2</sup>

—Pauli's edn. iii. 287.

and Twine states that the heads of the suitors were "set up at the gate, to terrifie others that should come, who beholding there the present image of death, might advise them from assaying any such danger" (Hazlitt, p. 255).

## ACT I. SCENE 1.

13.—It may be well, at the beginning of the scene, to throw together slight varieties and obvious blunders in

<sup>2</sup> The references to Gower are to the *Confessio Amantis*, edited by Pauli, 1857, vol. iii. The quotations are not, however, given *literatim* from that edition, but are amended after comparison with some of the MSS. of the poem.

the old texts; weightier questions of reading being taken by themselves.

Line 73, Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 read *gives*; the text is Malone's. Line 127, Qq. read *you for you're*. Lines 151, 152, Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3 transfer *Thaliard* to follow *chamber*.

14. Line 6: Ant. *Bring in our daughter*.—Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 read, "*Ant. Musicke bring in our daughter*." Malone saw that *music* must be a stage-direction which had crept into the text. It remained, however, for Dyce to point out that this "*Music*" was intended to accompany the entrance, five lines lower, of the Daughter of Antiochus; and he conceives that it was set down thus early in the prompter's book, that the musicians might be in readiness. See *Midsummer Night's Dream*, note 229. If the compiler of the text of this play had access to the theatrecopy it must have been by stealth.

15. Line 7: *For THE embracements even of Jove himself*.—The Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 omit *the*, which was inserted by Malone. Some such reading as *Meet for embracements* would perhaps better suit the context.

16. Lines 8-11:

*At WHOSE conception, till LUCINA reign'd,  
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,  
The senate-house of planets all did sit,  
To knit in her their best perfections.*

*Whose* refers, of course, to *daughter* in line 6. *Lucina*, the goddess who brings to light, was regarded as presiding over childbirth. Compare iii. 1. 10, *infra*, and *Cymbeline*, v. 4. 43. The meaning of these four lines is that at the princess's conception and until her birth, in order to make her presence welcome in every place, all the planets held session for the purpose of combining in her those good qualities over which they preside: and this endowment was the gift of Nature (by whom the planets are controlled). Steevens quotes Sidney, *Arcadia*, book ii.: "For what fortune only soothsayers foretold of Musidorus, that all men might see prognosticated in Pyrocles; both Heavens and Earth giving tokens of the coming forth of an Heroicall vertue. The senate house of the planets was at no time so set, for the decreeing of perfectiō in a man, as at that time all folkes skilful therein did acknowledge" (edn. 1598, p. 123). Other instances might be added.

17. Lines 12-14:

*apparell'd like the spring,  
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the KING  
OR EVERY VIRTUE gives renown to men!*

Steevens believed this passage to be corrupt; but it is no more than a repetition of the idea in *graces her subjects*. "Outwardly," Pericles says, "she holds all graces in her control, and inwardly she rules or possesses all virtues that ennoble mankind." On the omission of the relative after *virtue* see note 10.

18. Lines 15-18:

*Her face the book of praises, where is read  
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence  
Sorrow were ever ras'd, and testy wrath  
Could never be her mild companion.*

Compare Sidney, *Arcadia*, book iii.: "a demeanure, where in the booke of Beautie there was nothing to be read but

Sorrow: for Kindnesse was blotted out, and Anger was neuer there" (edn. 1605, p. 244).

19. Lines 27-29:

*Before thee stands this fair HESPERIDES,  
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd,  
For death-like dragons here affright thee hard.*

We may compare Milton, *Comus*, 393-396. The ancients believed that in gardens on a far-off island there grew a tree bearing golden apples, tended by singing maidens called the Hesperides, and guarded by the sleepless dragon Ladon. The name *Hesperides* occasionally means the islands where the gardens were believed to be. In *Love's Labour's Lost*, iv. 3. 341, the word denotes the gardens, while in the present passage the tree is meant. Pericles has already spoken of the princess under the same figure in line 21.

Mr. Daniel proposes to read in line 29:\*

*For death, like dragons, here affrights thee hard.*

The sense would certainly be improved by this reading.

20. Lines 32, 33:

*And which, without desert, because thine eye  
Presumes to reach, all THY whole heap must die.*

*Thy* is Malone's correction. Qq., F. 3, F. 4 have *the*. *All thy whole heap* is a clumsy periphrasis which may perhaps mean "you with all your greatness."

21. Lines 34-40.—See note 12. Wilkins's *Novel* says: "Antiochus then first beganne to persuade him from the enterprise, and to discourage him from his proceedings, by shewing him the frightfull heads of the former Princes, placed upon his Castle wall, and like to whome he must expect himselfe to be, if like them (as it was most like) hee failed in his attempt" (p. 16). The words *Yon sometimes famous princes* might be supposed to signify that impaled heads were actually seen by the audience. Compare i. Prolog. 40, *supra*. But *yon field of stars* (line 37) can hardly denote any visible representation of the sky. The scene passes within Antiochus's palace; and impaled heads and sky must alike be supposed outside the scene.

22. Line 40: *FOR going on death's net, whom none resist*.—For this pregnant use of *for* compare II. Henry VI. note 231. Malone altered *for* to *from*, with some plausibility.

23. Lines 47-49:

*as sick men do,  
Who know the world, see heaven, but, feeling woe,  
Gripe not at earthly joys, as erst they did.*

No better explanation of this obscurely-expressed passage has been given than the following, by Malone: "I will act as sick men do; who, having had experience of the pleasures of the world, and only a visionary and distant prospect of heaven, have neglected the latter for the former; but at length feeling themselves decaying, grasp no longer at temporal pleasures, but prepare calmly for futurity."

24. Lines 55-58:

*I wait the sharpest blow.*

Ant. *Snorning advice*: [giving Pericles a paper] *read the CONCLUSION, then:*

*Which read and not expounded, 't is decreed,  
As these before thee, thou thyself shalt bleed.*

*Conclusion* means *problem*, in which sense Gower has it.

Qq. read (substantially) as follows:

I wayte the sharpest blow (*Antiochus*)  
Scorning aduice; read the conclusion then:  
Which read and not expounded, it is decreed  
As these before thee, thou thy selfe shalt bleed.

F. 3 has—

I waite the sharpest blow (*Antiochus*)  
Scorning aduice. Reade the conclusion then.  
*Ant.* Which read and not expounded, it is decreed  
As these before thou thy selfe shalt bleed.

It is noteworthy that in F. 3 the abbreviated name "Ant.," prefixed to the third of these lines, ranges with the lines preceding as though the speech continued. It was probably inserted only by an afterthought. In F. 4 the line is inset, as is usual when a new speech begins. According to Wilkins's Novel: "Pericles . . . replied, That he was come now to meete Death willingly, if so were his misfortune, or to be made euer fortunate, by enjoying so glorious a beauty as was intrond in his princely daughter, and was there now placed before him: which the tyrant receiuing with an angry brow, *threw downe the Riddle*, bidding him, since perswasions could not alter him, to reade and die" (p. 23).

This bears out the arrangement adopted in the text, which was first proposed by Malone.

25. Line 59: *Of all SAY'D yet, mayst thou prove prosperous!*—*Say'd* is an abbreviation of *essay'd* (or *assayed*), and, as indicated in the foot-note, has the sense of tried or attempted. Shakespeare does not use this verb, though the substantive *say*, meaning taste or "smack," occurs in King Lear, v. 3. 143. The word may have been suggested by the words of Gower:

The remenant that weren wise  
Escheweden to make *assay*;

—See Pauli, iii. p. 287.

and, a little afterwards, speaking of Pericles, Gower says (p. 288):

He thought *assaye* how that it ferde.

The verb *say*, in the sense of attempting or trying, is more than once used by Ben Jonson.

Mason proposed to read,

In all, save that, may'st thou prove prosperous!

He observes: "She cannot wish him more prosperous, with respect to the exposition of the riddle, than the other persons who had attempted it before; for as the necessary consequence of his expounding it would be the publication of her own shame, we cannot suppose that she should wish him to succeed in that." But these judicious considerations never presented themselves to the author of this part of the play. Pericles, as he depicted him, must subdue all hearts. Wilkins in his Novel gives the princess's sentiments thus: "All the time that the Prince was studying with what truth to unfold this dark Enigma, Desire flew in a robe of glowing blushes into her cheeks, and Loue enforced her to deliuer thus much from hir owne tongue, that he was sole soueraine of all her wishes, and he the gentleman (*of all her eyes had ever yet behelde*) to whome shee wished a thriving happiness" (pp. 16, 17).

26. Lines 62, 63:

*Nor ask aduice of any other thought  
But faithfulness and courage.*

This, as Steevens pointed out, is borrowed from Sidney, Arcadia, bk. iii: "Ismenus . . . sawe his maisters horse killed vnder him. Whereupon, *asking aduise of no other thought but of faithfulness and courage*, hee presently lighted from his owne horse" (p. 257, ed. 1613; the preceding editions read "asking no aduise of no thought").

27. Lines 64—69.—The riddle is thus given by Gower:

With felony I am upbore,  
I ete, and have it not forbore,  
My modres fleish, whos husebonde,  
My fader, for to seche I fonde,<sup>1</sup>  
Which is the sone eek of my wif.

—See Pauli's edn. vol. iii. p. 289.

In the old Latin Historia Apollonii Regis Tyri, it stands thus:—"Scelere vehor, maternam carnem vescor, quaero fratrem meum, meae matris filium, uxoris meae virum, nec invenis." Twine translates, with some difference: "I am carried with mischief, I eate my mothers fleshe: I seeke my brother my mothers husband and I can not finde him." The belief that young vipers fed on their mother's flesh was once wide-spread. Professor Boyle has cited Wilkins, Miseries of Enforced Marriage:

He is more degenerate  
Than greedy vipers that devour their mother.

—Dodsley, ix. 522.

The application is made clear in lines 130, 131. The doctrine that husband and wife are one flesh explains how the figure of the viper's brood is applied to an incestuous daughter.

28. Lines 71, 72:

*"As you will live, resolve it you."  
Sharp physic is the last.*

According to Gower, the king repeated the riddle to the prince, and then went on to say:

Heerof I am inquisitif,  
And who that can my tale save;<sup>2</sup>  
Al quyt he shall my doughter have;  
Of his answer and if he faille,  
He shal be deed withoute faille.

—See Pauli, iii. p. 289.

The substance of this is contained in lines 70, 71. This final requirement of a correct solution as the price of his life Pericles calls *sharp physic*; i.e. a bitter potion. The same figure is used with more propriety in the next scene, lines 68, 69.

29. Lines 76, 77:

*Fair GLASS OF LIGHT, I lov'd you, and could still,  
Were not this glorious casket stor'd with ill.*

The words *glass of light* perhaps mean mirror of brilliance or shining beauty. Schmidt interprets them, doubtfully, as "reflection, image of light." Mr. Tyler suggests that, having regard to the words *glorious casket*, the idea may be that of a resplendent and dazzling glass vase. Malone has here a stage-direction that Pericles takes hold of the hand of the princess.

30. Line 81: *You're a fair viol, and your SENSE the strings.*—*Sense*, here, apparently means passion or fleshly appetite, which should in mortals be controlled by reason. For this use of *sense* compare v. 3. 30, and Measure

<sup>1</sup> Attempt.

<sup>2</sup> Solve.

for Measure, ii. 2. 142, 169. Richardson quotes Sidney, Arcadia, bk. i.:

Palmes do reioyce to be ioyned by the match of a male to a female,  
And shall sensieu things be so senceless as to resist sense?

—Edn. 1613, p. 82.

31. Line 87: *touch not, upon thy life*.—Steevens observes that this prohibition comes from the jealousy of Antiochus, who cannot bear to see the object of his passion touched by another. He compares the impatient words in Antony and Cleopatra, iii. 13. 123–125.

32. Lines 96–100:

*For vice repeated's like the wandering wind,  
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself;  
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,  
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear  
To stop the air would hurt them.*

The ellipse of the relative between lines 96 and 97, and in line 100, will be readily perceived. See note 10.

The teller of vicious actions is likened to the *breath* or gust of wind which, as it flies about, blows dust in men's eyes. Those who feel themselves hurt at once recognize that they must prevent a repetition of the deed. This is what the lines seem to mean, but the similitude is loose and inapposite. *To spread* = in spreading; see note 244.

33. Lines 100–102:

*The blind mole casts*

*COPPD hills towards heaven, to tell the earth is THRONGD  
By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die for't.*

"He who complains of the wrongdoing of the great, though but insignificant and feeble, will incur condign punishment." Sherwood's Index to Cotgrave translates *copp'd* by *acresté*, *hupé*, i.e. crested or conical. *Throng'd* means pressed, squeezed, or crushed; compare ii. 1. 77: "A man *throng'd* up with cold;" where the meaning seems to be "shrunken," the parts of the body being, as it were, pressed closely together. Wilkins there writes "overcharged" in the Novel. The English Chronicle, A.D. 1137, describing the *peine forte et dure* (in which a man was tortured by cramming him in a chest of sharp stones), uses the words "threngde the man therinne" (Earle, Two Saxon Chronicles, p. 262). Compare the Scotch use of the word *thring*. Gawin Douglas, Æneid, book iii., uses it to translate the Latin *urgeri*:

The rumour is, down *thring* vndir this mont  
Enclades body with thundir lyis half front.

—Bannatyne Club ed. vol. i. p. 164.

34. Line 113: *We might proceed to CANCEL OF YOUR DAYS*. Qq. read

*We might proceed to counsell of your dayes.*

F. 3, F. 4 have

*We might proceed to cancel off your daies.*

The text follows Malone, *cancel* being a substantive, with its usual sense of suppression; a sense, however, which seems to be confined nowadays to printing. The omission of the article after a verb of motion is frequently found. Compare Abbott, Shakespearian Grammar, §§. 89, 90. The reading of Ff. would make *cancel* a verb. If the reading of Qq. were retained, the line would mean "We proceed to deliberate concerning your life," i.e. concerning its termination.

35. Lines 114, 115:

*hope, SUCCEEDING from so fair a TREE  
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise.*

I do not understand the significance of the word *tree*, and suspect some corruption. *Succeeding* means resulting; compare i. 4. 104, where *succeed* means follow upon.

36. Line 120: Exemnt all except Pericles.—Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3 read *Manet Pericles solus*, which the other copies repeat, with the addition of *Exit* before *Manet*. The exit is not very well managed.

37. Line 128: *By your UNCOMELY claspings with your child*.—Qq., F. 3, F. 4 read *untimely*, but the Novel by Wilkins speaks of "his *vncomely* and abhorred actions with his owne child" (p. 18). This gives a better sense, and I have accordingly introduced the word into the text. *Untimely* would easily arise from a misprint, and can hardly be defended by the words of Pericles to the princess in line 84, *supra*.

38. Lines 134–136:

*those men  
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,  
Will SHUN no course to keep them from the light.*

The text is Malone's. Qq., F. 3, F. 4 read *shew* instead of *shun*. There is again an ellipsis of the relative pronoun before *blush*. (Compare note 10.) The lines recall the familiar passage in the Gospel of St. John, iii. 19, 20.

39. Line 142: Re-enter Antiochus.—This direction was introduced by Malone. Qq., F. 3, F. 4 have *Enter Antiochus*, by which, doubtless, a new scene is indicated. The scene of what has preceded is a hall or reception-room in the palace of Antiochus; the colloquy with Thaliard would naturally be held in a private apartment. In Wilkins the interview takes place in the evening, "Antiochus being now private in his lodging" (p. 18). An interval of some part of a day is needed in order to give time for Pericles to have made his escape. Were it not that to disturb the usual numbering of the scenes would be inconvenient for purposes of reference, I should mark a new scene here.

40. Lines 143–149.—These lines are plainly corrupt. The first sentence cannot be scanned as verse at all. Wilkins says in the Novel: "Antiochus being now private in his lodging, and ruminating with himselfe, that Pericles had found out the secret of his euill, which hee in more secret had committed: and knowing that he had now power to rip him open to the world, and make his name so odious, that as now heaven did, so at the knowledge hereof all good men would contemne him . . . he hastily calleth for one Thaliart, who was steward of his householde, and in many things before had received the imbracement of his minde" (p. 18).

41. Lines 163–167:

*As thou wilt live, fly after; and, like an arrow  
Shot from a well-experienc'd archer, hits  
The mark his eye doth level at, so thou:  
Never return  
Unless thou say "Prince Pericles is dead."*

Editors, generally, have followed the text of Malone—

As thou

Wilt live, fly after: and like an arrow, shot

From a well experienc'd archer, hits the mark  
His eye doth level at, so thou ne'er return  
Unless thou say "Prince Pericles is dead."

But this arrangement is imperfect both in rhythm and in sense. There is no connexion between the hitting of the mark and the never returning unless successful.

Qq. and F. 3, F. 4, which do not mark the exit of the messenger, print these lines as prose. All the old copies except Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3, read in line 165 *so do thou*. This would require *level* to be pronounced as a monosyllable. I suspect that in this and the next line some words have dropped out. We might read:

go thou,

Pursue, and smite him; see thou ne'er return.

Wilkins, in the Novel, says that when the messenger brought news of Pericles' flight, Antiochus "commanded his murdering minister Thalyart to dispatch his best performance" after him, sometime perswading him, at others threatening him, in Tyre to see him, in Tyre to kill him, or back to Antioch never to return" (pp. 18, 19).

#### ACT I. SCENE 2.

42.—Minor differences of text in this scene.—Line 11, all the copies but Q. 1 read *that passions*. Line 20, *him* was inserted by Rowe. Line 55, all the copies but Q. 1 read *planets*. Line 61, Q. 1 reads *heave*. Line 93, for *saves* all the copies but Q. 1 read *fears* (or *fears*). Line 100, all the copies but Q. 5 (so the Camb. edd. say) read *grieve for them*. Line 121, Qq. omit *sure*.

43. Enter Pericles.—This direction was given by Dyce. Qq. have the direction *Enter Pericles with his lords*, and F. 3, F. 4 give the same, adding *Helicanus after Pericles*. This enumeration, at the beginning of a scene, of all the persons who are to appear in it, is not uncommon in the contemporary texts of old plays. Pericles' speech, however, is a soliloquy, as the first line is meant to show, and Q. 1, Q. 2 have, after line 33, the stage-direction, *Enter all the Lords to Pericles*. Q. 3 reads *with for to*; the other Quartos and F. 3, F. 4 omit the direction, but quite wrongly. None of the old texts mark any exit for the Lords: the direction at line 50 was inserted by Malone.

Wilkins, in his Novel, tells us that Pericles had been moping ever since his return from Antioch. The opening soliloquy is indicated, Helicanus breaking in upon it with a rebuke to Pericles. In words which have the flow of verse he tells him "he did not well so to abuse himself, to waste his body there with pining sorrow, upon whose safety depended the lives and prosperity of a whole kingdom; that it was ill in him to do it, and no lesse in his counsell to suffer him, without contradicting it." In the play, naturally, certain councillors themselves come in; but the text fails to justify their entrance: the two short speeches given them are pointless; and Pericles' direction on their exit, "then return to us," is out of place. The passage just quoted shows what is wanted after, or instead of, lines 44, 45. The Novel then continues: "although the Prince bent his brow against him, he [Helicanus] left not to go forward, but plainly tolde him, it was as fit for him being a Prince to heare of his owne errour, as it was lawfull for his authority to command; that while he lived so shut up, so vnseene, so careless of his government, order might be disorder for all him, and what

detriment soeuer his subiects should receiue by this his neglect, it were iniustice to be required at his hands: which chiding of this good olde Lord the gentle Prince courteously receiuing tooke him into his armes, thank't him that he was no flatterer, and, commanding him to seat himself by him, he from poynt to poynt related to him all the occurrents past, and that his present sorrow was for the feare he had of Antiochus tyranny, his present studies were for the good of his subiects, his present care was for the continuing safety of his kingdome, of which himselfe was a member, which for slackness chide him: which uprightness of this Prince calling teares into the olde mans eies, and compelling his knees to the earth, he humbly asked his pardon, confirming that what he had spoke, sprung from the power of his dutie, and grew not from the nature of disobedience. When Pericles, . . . lifting him up, desired of him that his counsell now would teach him how to auoide that danger which his feare gaue him cause to mistrust." Helicanus' advice was "That he should forthwith betake himself to trauel, keeping his intent whither as prinate from his subiects as his iourney was suddaine; that vpon his trust he should leaue the gouernment: grounding which counsel vpon this principle, Absence abates that edge that Presence whets" (pp. 19, 20).

If the arrangement of the Novel be adopted we can see what it is to which lines 94, 95 refer. Lines 50-59 may disappear, though something partially resembling them is suggested after line 95. Lines 65, 66 will be extended, unless we look on them as forestalled by the previous rebuke of Helicanus. Lines 63-65 will come in after line 100, and there is thus something definite to call forth Helicanus' speech, lines 101-108.

The Story of Apollonius, on which the play is based, makes no mention of any deputy of Pericles; Helicanus (Hellenicus in the Latin Historia) is an old man from Tyre, whom Apollonius meets by the sea at Tarsus, and from whom he receives advice like that which, in act ii., Gower, lines 21-25, Helicanus sends by letter to Pericles.

44. Line 1: *this CHANGE of thoughts*.—*Change*, most probably, here signifies perturbation or disquietude. Or it may mean "this new course of my thoughts," *viz.* towards sadness. Many editors, following Steevens and Malone, read *charge*, *i.e.* burden. Perhaps the sentence should be regarded as unfinished, breaking off at the end of this line.

45. Line 3: *BE MY so-us'd a guest*.—So Dyce. Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 read *by me so vnde a guest*. If this reading be retained the sentence lacks a principal verb.

46. Line 8: *Whose ARM seems far too short to hit me here*.—*Arm* is Dyce's correction for *arm*, the reading of all the old editions. On the whole the old reading gives a better sense. Mr. Kinneare compares Richard II. iv. 1. 11, and II. Henry VI. iv. 7. 87.

47. Line 25: *And with TH' OSTENT of war will look so huge*.—Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 read *the stint*. The correction was made by Tyrwhitt.

48. Lines 29-32:

*Which care of them, not pity of myself,—  
Who AM no more but as the tops of trees,*

Which FENCE the roots they grow by, and defend them,—  
Makes both my body pine, and soul to languish.

For *am*, the conjecture of Farmer, all the old copies read *once*. Other corrections have been proposed. With *fence*, meaning guard, compare III. Henry VI. ii. 6. 74:

Where's Captain Margaret, to fence you now?

49. Line 41: *To which that BLAST gives HEAT and stronger glowing*.—For *blast*, the reading of Mason and Collier, Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 read *spark*, which has occurred in the previous line. Malone proposed *breath*, which Mr. Kinnear defends, quoting Comedy of Errors, iii. 2. 28:

When the sweet *breath* of flattery conquers strife;

and King John, iv. 1. 110. *Heat* is found only in Q. 1. The other copies read *heart*.

50. Line 44: *When SIGNIOR SOOTH here does proclaim A peace*.—A was inserted by Malone. I suspect corruption both here and in the next line. (See note 43.) *Sooth* with the sense of "flattery" occurs in Richard II. iii. 3. 136, in the phrase "words of *sooth*." Malone quotes, in illustration of *Signior Sooth*, Winter's Tale, i. 2. 196: "Sir Smile, his neighbour."

51. Lines 61, 62:

heaven forbid

That kings should let their ears hear their faults hid!

The most probable interpretation of the words is that of Holt White: "Heaven forbid that kings should suffer their ears to hear their failings palliated!" Dyce, however, reads *chid* for *hid*, and takes *let* to mean "hinder."

52. Lines 73, 74:

From whence an ISSUE I might propagate

ARE arms to princes, and bring joys to subjects.

There is a very harsh ellipsis here of *which*, or *such as*, before *are*. (Compare note 10.) Shakespeare uses *issue* as a plural in Winter's Tale, iv. 2. 29.

53. Line 83: *Bethought ME what was past*.—*Me* was inserted by Rowe.

54. Lines 84, 85:

tyrants' FEARS

Decrease not, but grow faster than THEIR years.

So Steevens. Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 read *the*, which, however, is less forcible. *Fears* is the reading of F. 4; Qq. have *feare*; F. 3, *fear*.

55. Line 86: *And should he DOUBT IT*.—For *doubt it*, Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3 read *doo't*, the other Quartos and F. 3, F. 4 *think*. The text is Malone's, and is justified by the words "lop that *doubt*" in line 90.

56. Line 92: *for mine, if I may call offence*.—The meaning evidently is, "for my so-called offence."

57. Line 95: *Who now REPROVEDST me FOR IT*.—Q. 1, Q. 2 read:

Who now *reprov'dst* me *for it*;

Q. 3 has *for it*. The text follows the other Quartos and F. 3, F. 4. Malone reads *reprov'st*, which most editors have adopted. But with the light thrown on this scene by the Novel (see note 43) the use of the past tense can readily be justified. Pericles means, "you who only a few moments ago rebuked me."

58. Line 122: *But in our ORBS WE'LL live so round and*

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*safe*.—For *we'll* Q. 1 reads *will*; the other Quartos and F. 3, F. 4 have *we*. Malone made the correction. The idea in this and the next lines is illustrated, as Rolfe points out, by I. Henry IV. v. 1. 17-19:

move in that obedient orb again  
Where you did give a fair and natural light,  
And be no more an exhal'd meteor.

In ancient astronomy the stars, the sun, the several planets, and the moon were supposed to be set in concentric revolving *orbs* or spheres. See All's Well that Ends Well, i. 1. 96-100; Antony and Cleopatra, note 273; and Midsummer Night's Dream, note 64. With the last part of the line compare Jonson, Epigram 98:

He that is *round* within himself, and straight,  
Need seek no other strength, no other height.

—Works, p. 673.

Both in this passage and in the text there may be a recollection of Horace's description of the man that is *sapiens*, or possessed of wisdom:

totus teres, atque rotundus.

—Satires, ii. 7. 86.

Malone thinks, perhaps rightly, that the reading of Q. 1 is the true one, a line having been lost just before this.

### ACT I. SCENE 3.

59.—The whole of this scene is printed as prose in Qq. and F. 3, F. 4. The scene is the court (see line 1), and the fact of Pericles' departure is as yet known to few, or Thaliard would have learned it before reaching the court. There can be hardly any interval between this scene and the last. In Gower and Twine, Thaliard learns from the sorrowing citizens that their prince has suddenly departed, and does not present himself to the "lords of Tyre." The action, indeed, seems foolish, and likely to have aroused suspicion. It is a clumsy expedient for acquainting Heli-canus of Thaliard's mission. In the old story, Antiochus publicly puts a price on the prince's head, and it is this news of which Apollonius is apprised by Hellenicus

60. Lines 4-7: *Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow and had good discretion, that, being bid to ask what he would of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets*.—Steevens remarks: "Who this wise fellow was may be known from the following passage in Barnabe Riche's Souldier's Wishe to Briton's Welfare, or Captain Skill and Captaine Pill, 1604, p. 27: 'I will therefore commend the poet Philipides, who being demanded by King Lismachus, what favour he might doe unto him for that he loved him, made this answer to the King, that your majesty would never impart unto me *any of your secrets*.'"—

61. Line 10: *HUSH! here COMES the lords of Tyre*.—Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 read *Hush't*, another form of *hush* which was occasionally used. Most editors read *come*, with F. 4, instead of *comes*; but the change is unnecessary.

62. Line 22: *And doubting LEST THAT he had err'd or sinn'd*.—Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3 omit *that*, while Q. 4, F. 3, F. 4 omit *lest*.

63. Lines 28, 29:

*But since he's gone, THIS the king's EARS must please,—  
He scap'd the land, to perish at the SEAS.*

Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 read (substantially) as follows:

but since hee's gone, the Kings *seas*  
must please: hee scap'te the Land to perish at the *Sea*.

This is nonsense, and no attempt to make sense of it is likely to be quite satisfactory. Percy suggested for the first line:

But since he's gone, the king *it sure* must please.

Sir P. Perring has proposed:

But since he's gone, the king *this news* must please.

Dyce and Grant White give:

But since he's gone, the king's *ears* *it* must please.

This, however, requires an unusual emphasis on *it*, which is avoided by the arrangement adopted in the text.

*Seas* for *sea*, in line 29, is the correction of Malone.

64. Line 35: *Your lord HAS BETOOK himself to unknown travels*.—Q. 1 reads *betake* for *betook*, and Fl. have *hath* instead of *has*.

65. Line 36: *My message*.—Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3 read *now message*.

#### ACT I. SCENE 4.

66.—Steevens makes the scene "A Room in the Governor's house," and subsequent editors have followed him. In Twine's story, Apollonius, having met Stranguillio (= Cleon) outside the city, comes with him into the market-place, and there offers his corn to the famishing citizens. Wilkins, in the Novel, puts the meeting of Pericles and Cleon in the market-place, where Pericles, after the speech contained in lines 85–96, proffers his corn to the multitude whom he causes to be summoned thither, and then, in words partly borrowed from Twine, asks their protection. If the scene be out of doors, there is room for the discourse to which Cleon refers in line 103. There is nothing hostile to this view in line 8, and line 1 seems inappropriate if spoken in Cleon's own house.

*Tarsus*, a wealthy city in the fertile plain of Cilicia, lay on both sides of the river Cydnus. Here Cleopatra first met Mark Antony. The origin and early civilization of the city appear to have been Semitic, though it was afterwards Hellenized, and became the centre of a philosophical school. The inhabitants had the reputation of being vain, effeminate, and luxurious, more like Phœnicians than Greeks.

67. Lines 7–9:

*ev'n such our griefs are;*

*Here they're but felt, AND SEEN with MISCHIEF'S EYES,  
But like to groves, being TOPP'D, they higher rise.*

For *mischief's eyes* Steevens proposed *misf'ful eyes*; Walker, *misery's eyes*; and Singer, *mistic eyes*, Malone would read *unseen for and seen*: he interprets *mischief's eyes* to mean "the eyes of those who would feel a malignant pleasure in our misfortunes." This, however, hardly fits on to the next line. Mr. T. Tyler proposes *not seen*, making the words mean "not seen with the eyes of despair" (which would prompt to deeds of mischief). The meaning both of this line and the next is certainly obscure. Perhaps we ought to leave out the comma after *felt*. The meaning of the two lines will then be: "our griefs are at this moment neither felt nor seen, except with the eyes of mischief (i.e. by those who look for them with vexatious intent); but if we attempt to disguise them (by talking of the woes of others) they will grow more burdensome, as trees spring to a greater height after being pruned."

Cotgrave translates *desbranchir* by "to *top*, or lop the boughes; to cut or pluck off the branches of a tree." Under *escouppeller* he has "to *top*, or cut off the top of a tree. (v. m.)."

68. Lines 13–15:

GRIEF MAKES *our tongues* and sorrows TO sound deep  
*Our woes into the air*; *our eyes* TO weep,  
Till TONGUES fetch BREATH that may proclaim them louder.  
For the introduction of the words *grief makes* I am responsible. It seems suggested by the previous sentence. Q. 1 has, instead of lines 13, 14:

Our toungs and sorrowes *to* sound deepe:  
Our woes into the aire, our eyes to weepe.

The other Quartos and F. 3, F. 4 read *do* instead of *to* in the first line. This leaves *to weep* in the second line without any principal verb to depend on. Editors have followed Q. 2 in line 13, and in line 14 have adopted Malone's conjecture *do* for *to*. Malone himself preferred *too* in both places. *Our tongues* and *sorrowes* seems to mean "our sorrowing tongues," "the tongues of us who sorrow." Hudson has the following rearrangement:

Our tongues do sound our sorrows and deep woes.

We might read:

Grief makes our tongues to sound our sorrows deep,  
And woes into the air, &c.

For *tongues*, in line 15, Steevens proposed to read *lungs*, and this ought perhaps to be adopted. Compare, however, Richard II. 1. 3. 173:

Which robs my *tongue* from *breathing* native breath.

69. Lines 16, 17:

*That, if HEAV'N slumber while THEIR creatures want,  
They may awake THEIR HELPS to comfort them.*

Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 read *helpers* instead of *helps*. The emendation is Malone's. *Heaven* is often used as a plural noun. Compare Richard II. note 50; Richard III. notes 661 and 508. Rolfe quotes Macbeth, ii. 1. 4, 5:

There's husbandry in *heaven*,  
Their candles are all out.

70. Line 23: *For Riches strew'd herself even in THE streets*.—Q. 1, Q. 2 repeat *her* before *streets*, omitting *the*. The correction was made in Q. 3. *Riches* is properly a singular noun, and so Shakespeare generally uses it.

71. Lines 26, 27:

*Whose men and dames so JETTED and ADORN'D,  
Like ONE ANOTHER'S GLASS to trim them by.*

With regard to *jetted* see Richard III. note 287. Steevens compares Twelfth Night, ii. 5. 35–37: "Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him: how he *jets* under his advanced plumes!" And as to *one another's glass* Malone appropriately adduces Hamlet, iii. 1. 161:

The *glass* of fashion and the mould of form;  
and II. Henry IV. ii. 3. 21, 22:

he was indeed the *glass*

Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.  
Compare note 157 of the latter play; and see Webster, Duchess of Malfi, i. 1:

Let all sweet ladies break their flattering *glasses*,  
And dress themselves in her.

—Works, Dyce's ed. p. 6r.

Apparently *adorn'd* here means *were adorn'd*, or *adorn'd*

*themselves.* The construction is awkward. Wilkins says: "whose people were . . . rich in attire, envious in looks," and "the ornaments of whose attire Art it selfe with all inuention could not content" (pp. 21, 22).

72. Lines 39, 40:

*Those palates, who, not yet two SUMMERS younger,  
Must have inventions to delight the taste.*

Q. 1 reads, instead of line 39:

*Those pallats who not yet too sauer's younger.*

*Summers*, the conjecture of Mason, is justified by the words of the Novel: "the ground of which forced lamentation was, to see the power of change, that this their City, *who not two summers younger*, did so excell in pompe, and bore a state, whom all hir neighbors enuied for her greatnes: . . . whose people were curious in their diet . . . the dignitie of whose pallats the whole riches of Nature could hardly satisfie . . . are now so altered, that . . . in steade of full furnished tables, hunger calles out now for so much bread, as may but satisfie life" (pp. 21, 22). Both Novel and play make Cleon's lament open with an incomplete sentence. The period of *two summers*, here named, does not agree with *several years* in line 18. Some corruption very likely exists in the previous speech.

73. Line 42: *to NOUSLE up their babes.*—There are a number of instances of the verb *nousle* being used with the sense of "nurture." Kington Oliphant, *New English*, i. 453, after observing that the word is formed from *nose*, like speckle from speck, says: "It seems to have been confounded with *nursle* (=train), and was used in this latter sense throughout this [16th] century." Compare Sidney, *Arcadia*, bk. ii.: "olde men long *nursed* in corruption, scorning them that would seek reformation" (ed. 1590, lf. 127).

Marston, *Antonio's Revenge* (second part of *Antonio and Mellida*), 1602, Prologue, has:

*from his birth being hugged in the armes  
And nuzzled twixt the breastes of happinesse.*

Marston probably understood the word to mean cherish, fondle.

74. Line 54: *HEAR these tears.*—Dyce is probably right in thinking that *hear* means *hear of*. Collier gave *heed these tears*.

75. Line 58: *which THOU bring'st in haste.*—So Q. 4 and subsequent editions. Q. 1, Q. 2 read *thee* for *thou*; Q. 3 has *ye*.

76. Lines 65–67:

*some neighbouring NATION*

*HATH stuff'd THESE hollow vessels with THEIR power.*

*Hath* is Rowe's correction for *that*, the reading of Qq. and F. 3, F. 4, as is also *the*, for which *these* was substituted by Malone. It will be noticed that *nation* takes a singular verb, but has the possessive pronoun of the plural form.

77. Lines 69, 70:

*And make a conquest of unhappy ME,  
Where as no glory's got to overcome.*

There is probably some corruption here. *Me* seems un-

suitable. Wilkins says: "hee [Cleon] commanded the bringer [of the news] vpon their landing, to this purpose to salute their Generall, That Tharsus was subdued before their comming, and that it was small conquest to subdew where there was no abilitie to resist" (p. 22).

78. Lines 76–78:

*But bring they what they will and what they can,  
What need we FEAR?  
THE GROUND 's the lowest.*

Q. 1, which Q. 2, Q. 3 follow, reads:

*But bring they what they will, and what they can,  
What need wee leane our grounds the lowest?*

The necessary correction was made in Q. 4.

79. Lines 90, 91:

*Nor come we to add sorrow to your TEARS,  
But to relieve them of their heavy load.*

To mend the sense Walker altered *tears* to *hearts*.

80. Lines 92–94:

*And these our ships, you happily may think  
Are like the Trojan horse was stuff'd within  
With bloody veins, expecting overthrow.*

Compare line 67. The construction would appear to be. "And these our ships you, expecting overthrow, happily (haply) may think are like the Trojan horse (which)," &c. *Bloody* probably means cruel or murderous. The story of the capture of Troy, by means of armed men concealed in the interior of a great wooden horse, is told by Virgil, *Aeneid*, ii. 13–197, 232–267.

81. Line 98:

*And we 'll pray for you.*

Per. RISE, *I pray you, rise.*

Q. 1 reads "*Arise* I pray you, rise." The other Quartos and F. 3, F. 4 adopt this, but read *arise* at the end of the line as well. The text is Stevens's.

## ACT II. PROLOGUE.

82. Lines 7, 8:

*I'll show you those in troubles reign,  
Losing a nite, a mountain gain.*

Malone's interpretation is, "I will now exhibit to you persons, who, after suffering small and temporary evils, will at length be blessed with happiness." This is doubtless the sense, but it seems impossible to explain what is the grammatical construction of the sentence.

83. Lines 11, 12:

*where each man*

*Thinks all is WRIT he SPEKEN can.*

*Writ* probably means scripture,—gospel, as we might say. *Speken* is Grant White's correction for *spoken*, the reading of Qq. and F. 3, F. 4. Another example of the old infinitive in *-en* is *killen* in line 20.

84. Lines 17–22:

*Good Helicane, that stay'd at HOME,  
Not to eat honey like a DRONE  
From others' labours;—for though he strive  
To killen bad, keep good alive,  
And to fulfil his prince's desire,—  
SENDS WORD of all that haps in Tyre.*



For the rhyming of *drone* with *home* see note 2. Wilkins has: "Good Helycanus as proudient at home, as his Prince was prosperous abroad, let no occasion slip wherein hee might send word to Tharsus of what occursents soeuer had happened in his absence" (Novel, p. 24). *Sends word* was suggested by Steevens. Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 read *sav'd* (or *sau'd*) *one*, which is nonsense. Possibly we should read in line 19: "for he doth strive." As it stands, the line is meaningless and ungrammatical.

85. Line 36: *Ne aught escapen but himself.*—*Escapen*, the correction of Percy, is adopted by most editors. It is awkward, however, to have this plural form of the verb, when *aught* is singular. Q. 1 reads *escapend*, the other old copies *escapen'd*, and we might regard *escapend* as the present participle. The old participial ending *-ende* is common in Gower.

## ACT II. SCENE 1.

86.—The district of *Pentapolis* in North Africa was, until the time of the Ptolemies, known by the name of Cyrenaica. In the Latin *Historia Apollonii* the place is called *Pentapoltance Cyrenæorum terræ*. "The parts of Libya about Cyrene" are mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles. Cyrene, the first of the five towns from which the district took its name, was the chief Hellenic colony in Africa. We see from line 68 that the writer of this scene treated the locality as in Greece.

87. Lines 6, 7:

*Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left ME breath  
Nothing to think on but ensuing death.*

The meaning may be, "Has left me life, but yet with inevitable death awaiting me." The early editions have, however, "*my breath*;" and it is by no means certain that this reading is to be rejected. We should have to take *breath* as equivalent to life, soul, mind. See i. 1. 46.

88. Line 12: *What, HO, PILCH!*—Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 read *What, to pelch?* *Pilch*, for *pelch*, was suggested by Tyrwhitt. Compare line 52, where the old editions give *fenmy* instead of *funny*. The word means a coarse leathern coat (see Romeo and Juliet, note 110). *Ho*, for *to*, is Malone's correction. He observes that the first fisherman appears to be the master, and the others servants.

89. Lines 18-24:

Third Fish. *Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men that were cast away before us even now.*

First Fish. *Alas, poor souls, it grieved my heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to us to help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.*

The Rev. W. A. Harrison has suggested a comparison with The Tempest, i. 2. 5-9:

O, I have suffer'd  
With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,  
Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her,  
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock  
Against my very heart! Poor souls, they perish'd!

Malone compares Winter's Tale, iii. 3. 91, foll.: "O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em; now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast, and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you 'd thrust a cork into a hog'shead. And then for the

land-service, to see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cried to me for help." These parallelisms, and some other matters to be noticed, suggest to Mr. Tyler the influence of Shakespeare on this scene, though it would be too much to assert that it was written by him.

90. Lines 25-29: *Nay, master, said not I as much when I saw the PORPUS, how he bound and tumbled? . . . they ne'er come but I look to be wash'd.*—Malone observes, "The rising of porpuses, near a vessel at sea, has long been considered by the superstition of sailors as the forerunner of a storm." He quotes Webster, Duchess of Malfy (1623), iii. 3: "He lifts up's nose, like a foul porpoise before a storm" (Works, ed. Dyce, p. 81).

91. Lines 29-32:

*Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.*

First Fish. *Why, as men do a-land,—the great ones eat up the little ones.*

Mr. Boyle has appropriately compared Day, Law-Tricks, 1607-8, i. 2:

But, Madam, doe you remember what a multitude of fishes we saw at sea? and I doe wonder how they can all live by one another.

Em. Why fools, as men do on the Land, the great ones ente up the little ones. —Works, p. 15 (of play);

and Wilkins, Miseries of Enforced Marriage:

O, the most wretched season of this time!

These men like fish do swim within the stream,

Yet they 'd eat one another. —Dodsley, vol. ix. p. 539.

92. Lines 36-47: *such whales have I heard on o' the land, who never leave gaping till they've swallow'd the whole parish, church, steeple, bells, and all.*

Per. [Aside] *A pretty moral.*

Third Fish. *But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.*

Sec. Fish. *Why, man?*

Third Fish. *Because he should have swallow'd me too; and when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again.*

Here again there is a parallel in Day, Law-Tricks, ii.:

Em. Are you a lawyer?

Ful. I faith Madam, he hath sit on the skirts of law any time this thirte yeares.

Ad. Then he should be a good Trencher-man by his profession.

Lu. Your reason, Adam?

Ad. I knew one of that facultie in one terme eate vp a whole Towne, Church, Steeple, and all.

Ful. I wonder the Bels rang not all in his belly.

Ad. No, sir; he sold them to buy his wife a Taffety gowne, and himself a velvet Jacket. —Works, p. 26 (of play).

On the whole the passage in Pericles is an improvement on that in the Law-Tricks. Girding at lawyers may be observed in our present play just below, lines 122-125.

93. Line 52: *the FINNY SUBJECTS of the sea.*—*Finny* is Malone's reading, *subjects* Staunton's. Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 read "*the finny subject of the sea.*" It would be possible to take *subject* as a collective noun with a plural signification, but Wilkins agrees with the text. His Novel says: "prince Pericles, wondering that from the *finny subjects* of the sea these poore cuntry people learned the infirmities of men, more than mans obduracy and dulnes could learne one of another" (p. 27).

94. Line 55: *All that may men approve, or men DETECT.*—The meaning appears to be "all that may serve to commend men's good actions or make their bad ones apparent." *Detect*, with the sense of discovery, is found in III. Henry VI. ii. 2. 143, and in many other places.

95. Lines 56-59:

*Peace be at your labour, HONEST fishermen.*

Sec. Fish. *Honest! good fellow, what's that? If it be a day FITS you, search out of the CALENDAR, and nobody look after it.*

Knight suggested that the fisherman was "laughing at the rarity of being honest;" but no one seems to have noticed the remarkable parallel with Hamlet, ii. 2. 173-179:

*Pol.* Do you know me, my lord?

*Ham.* Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

*Pol.* Not I, my lord.

*Ham.* Then I would you were so *honest* a man.

*Pol.* *Honest*, my lord!

*Ham.* Ay, sir; to be *honest*, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thousand.

The verb *fit* occurs in Sonnet cxix. 7, 8:

How have mine eyes out of their spheres been *fitted*,  
In the distraction of this madding fever!

It is made, of course, from the noun *fit*, and means "to give a fit or paroxysm." Pericles, the fisherman tells him, must be mad, to talk as if such a thing as honesty existed in the world. But, in accordance with the old idea of *lunacy* (i.e. moon-madness, madness depending on the changes of the moon), the madness of Pericles is regarded as periodical, and depending on a particular day. This day he is advised to search for and expel from the calendar, and no one is then to look for it to bring it back again. Mr. Tyler, by whom the foregoing is written, compares Job iii. 2-6. See also King John, note 131.

Mr. Kinnear, *Cruces Shakespearianæ*, p. 484, guided partly by the readings *scratch it* and *will look*, of Malone, proposes to read:

If it be a *name* fits you, *scratch 't* out of the calendar, and nobody 'll look after it.

*Honest*, he observes, is a term used in addressing inferiors, as by Leonato to Dogberry, "*honest neighbour*;" Bottom to Peaseblossom, "*honest gentleman*;" and Shallow to "*honest Bardolph*." Pericles appeared to the fishermen a naked beggar, and, probably, anything but *honest*. With "a name fits you" the same critic compares Much Ado, iii. 2. 114: "think you of a worse *title*, and I will fit her to it." *Calendar* he interprets as register, catalogue, comparing Hamlet, v. 2. 114: "He is the card or *calendar* of gentry;" All's Well that Ends Well, i. 3, 4, 5: "might be found in the *calendar* of my past endeavours."

96. Line 60: *MAY see the sea hath cast upon your coast.*—Having regard to the numerous imperfect and elliptical lines in this play, this place can scarcely be regarded as of special difficulty. The folios give "Y" may see the sea hath cast me upon your coast." Malone at one time proposed to change the *y* into *you* and *upon* into *on*. This, however, spoils the rhythm. *Me*, for *may*, has been conjectured by an anonymous critic mentioned by the Cambridge editors, and is also proposed by Mr. Kinnear.

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97. Lines 86, 87: *flesh for HOLIDAYS, . . . and MORE'ER puddings and flap-jacks.*—Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 read "Flesh for all day . . . and more; or Puddinges and Flap-iackes." The corrections were made by Malone, the latter on the suggestion of Farmer.

98. Line 94: *are all your beggars whipp'd.*—Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3 read *are you Beggars whipt*. Whipping was the regular punishment for vagrants in Shakespeare's time and long afterwards. Players were liable to be accounted vagrants (see Troilus, note 227), and Mr. Tyler here suggests a comparison with Hamlet, ii. 2. 552-555:

*Pol.* My lord, I will use them [the players] according to their desert.

*Ham.* God's bodykins, man, much better: use every man after his desert, and who should scape whipping?

99. Lines 114-116: *to-morrow is her birth-day; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world to JUST and TOURNEY for her love.*—The princess's birth-day, with its tournament, is an invention of the writer of this part of the play. In the Historia Apollonii, and Twine, *Patrone of Painfull Adventures*, we are told that Prince Apollonius, on entering the city, heard one who invited all persons, citizens and strangers alike, to the gymnasium or "place of exercise." According to Gower, it was the appointed day for every one to "pleye . . . her comun game." Tourneying (obviously an anachronism) is mentioned by Gower and Twine afterwards; but only as part of the festivities at the marriage of the Prince and Princess. The incident of the armour (which occupies the rest of this scene) is also invented, to enable Pericles to take part in the tournament.

100. Lines 119-121: *O, sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully DEAL for his wife's soul.*—Here we have another place which has been regarded as excessively obscure. Knight says it is useless to attempt to explain it, and the editors of the Globe Shakespeare place an obelus before "his wife's soul," to indicate that there is a lacuna. Yet, by the simple emendation of *deal* into *steal*, a fairly consistent sense can be obtained. Pericles wishes to be present at the tournament, but he is in a position of extremity, and knows not how to procure what is necessary for the enterprise. The fisherman answers that, whatever may be the course of Fortune, there are extreme occasions on which a man may lawfully steal, as, for instance, *for his wife's soul*, that is, for her life, or her salvation. "A man may steal for his wife's soul" may indeed have been a current maxim. [This ingenious proposal of Mr. Tyler's is the best elucidation that has been given of the passage; but the question is so uncertain that I have refrained from altering the text.—P. Z. R.]

101. Lines 127, 128:

*Thanks, fortune, yet, that, after all THY crosses,  
Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself.*

Qq. and Ff. omit *thy*. Wilkins, in the Novel, says: "thanking Fortune, that after all her crosses, shee had yet given him somewhat to repaire his fortunes" (p. 29). The correction in the text was made by Delius.

102. Line 129: *And THOUGH it was mine own, part of my heritage.*—If *though* is correct, we have here a long

subordinate clause; the principal verb of the sentence will be *thank*, in line 139. But we might better read:

*I know it; 't was mine own.*

This would seem to be justified by the words of the Novel: "the Armour is by Pericles viewed, and *known* to be a defence which his father at his last will gaue him in charge to keepe" (p. 29).

The *armour* (line 125) seems to be a "corslet," including both back and breast pieces (see line 142) and also arm or shoulder guards, which are apparently indicated by the word *brace* of line 133. Yet it is hard to see how a defence for the arm could be a shield twixt the wearer and death. We may suspect that the right word should be *bruise* or *dint*, showing where the armour had warded off a deadly stroke.

103. Lines 134, 135:

"For that it saw'd me, keep it; in like necessity—  
The which the gods protect thee FROM!—T MAY defend thee." Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 read for the latter of these lines:

The which the Gods protect thee, *Fame* may defend thee

The text is Malone's. Staunton reads *may't* for *'t may*, but either reading is cacophonous. Possibly what was intended was:

The which the gods *avert*, the same may defend thee.

104. Line 137: the rough seas, that SPARE not any man.—So Malone. Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 give *sparers*.

105. Line 151: *I'll show the virtue I have BORNE in arms*.—Wilkins has in the Novel: "telling them, that with it hee would show the vertue hee had learned in Arms" (p. 29).

106. Line 152: *Why, I' ye take it.—For d' ye Q. 1 has do'e; Q. 2, Q. 3 d'i'e*. The others omit the word.

107. Line 158: *you'll remember from whence you had IT*.—So Malone. The old editions all have "had them."

108. Lines 161-163:

*spite of all the RAPTURE of the sea,  
This jewel holds his BUILDING on my arm:—  
Unto THE value I will mount myself.*

Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 read *rapture* for *rapture*, the reading of Rowe. The emendation is justified by the words of the Novel: "a Jewel, whom all the *raptures* of the sea could not bereaue from his arme" (p. 29). *Building* may mean the setting, or *holds his building* may be an artificial way of saying "keeps its place." For *the*, in line 163, the old copies have *thy*. The correction was made by Walker.

109. Line 167: *a pair of BASKES*.—This denotes the skirts, gathered or puckered lengthwise, which were worn appended to the doublet, and reached from the waist to the knee. They were often worn over the armour. The term sometimes denotes the caparisons or housings of a horse.

*Friends*, in the previous line, is Dyce's emendation. The old copies read *friend*; but the fishermen are addressed collectively throughout this scene, and the Second Fisherman presently answers with *We*, not *I*.

## ACT II. SCENE 2.

110.—According to the *Historia Apollonii*, the Prince comes to the notice of King Archistrates at the gymnasium (see note 99), where, after putting off his mean

garments and bathing, he distinguished himself as an opponent to the King at the game of ball (*lusus pilæ*, which Twine interprets as "tennis"). Gower, who does not specify the game, says:

in a large place  
Right even afore the kinges face

The play was pleyd . . . .  
And who most worthi was of dede  
Receive he sholde a certain mede  
And in the cite bere a pris.

—See Pauli's ed. p. 298.

"Apollinus," Gower adds, "fel among hem into game," and of course comes off victorious.

The manner of the entrance of the competitors in this scene may, perhaps, have been suggested by the *Arcadia* of Sir Philip Sidney (books i. and ii.), where similar pageants are described. The choice by amorous or ambitious gallants of fanciful emblems such as these was an Italian custom, which became very fashionable in England in Tudor times. The present anachronistic scene is only introduced for the sake of the parade; and there is no particular reason why Thaisa should have to announce the knights. Simonides could surely see for himself.

111. Lines 14, 15:

*'T is now your honour, daughter, to EXPLAIN  
The labour of each knight in his device.*

For *explain* Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 have *entertain*. Steevens suggested the necessary correction. Schmidt proposes *interpret*, as being more Shakespearian.

112. Line 27: *MAS por dulzura que por fuerza*.—Q. 1, followed substantially by the other copies, reads *Pue Per dolcera kee per forza*. The Novel has "*Pue per dolcera qui per s'fora*: more by lenitie than by force." But when the text tells us the words are Spanish, we can hardly print *que*, which is Italian. The observation and correction are Malone's. The motto seems really to have been taken from a French source. *Plus par douceur que par force* is emblem 28 of Corrozet's *Hecatomgraphie*, Paris, 1540, according to Mr. H. Green, Shakespeare and the Emblem Writers (p. 164). There is only a far-off likeness between this and the proverb *mas vale maña que fuerza*, 'more avails cunning than force,' mentioned by J. Collins, *Dictionary of Spanish Proverbs*, 1823.

113. Lines 29, 30:

*And his device, a wreath of chivalry;  
The word, Me pompe provexit apex.*

The practice of giving a chaplet of leaves to the victor in the Greek athletic contests was followed in the games of the Roman circus. Roman soldiers were rewarded with a crown of olive leaves for conspicuous bravery, and a wreath of laurel or bay was worn by a victorious commander in his triumphal procession or *pompa*. It is this last which the Latin motto seems to have in view. Paradin, *Devises Heroïques* (quoted by Mr. Green, *ut supra*, p. 168), gives this motto when writing of the laurel wreath, which he describes as the highest reward that the Romans could offer to generals, emperors, captains, and victorious knights. Often the wreaths were made of gold. In one shape or the other they were sometimes given as the reward of the victor in a tournament. Lacroix has an engraving (No. 134 in *Military and Religious*

Life of the Middle Ages) from an ivory of the 13th century, showing ladies at a tournament holding out wreaths to successful combatants.

## 114. Lines 32, 33:

*A burning torch that's turned upside down;  
The word, QUOD me alit, me extinguit.*

*Quod* is Malone's reading. Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 read *Qui*, as does the Novel, which interprets the words to mean "that which giues me life giues me death." Mr. Green quotes from Symeon, *Tetrastichi Morali* (1561, 1574), the story of the Signor di San Valiere, who bore this device, with the motto as in Wilkins, "to signify that, as the beauty of a lady whom he loved nourished all his thoughts, so she put him in peril of his life." Dyce defends Malone's reading of *quod* for *qui* by the citation of Daniel's translation of Paulus Jovius, *Discourse of Impresses*, 1585, where *quod* is the word used.

## 115. Lines 36-38:

*an hand environed with clouds,  
Holding out gold that's by the TOUCHSTONE tried;  
The motto thus, Sic spectanda fides.*

As regards the *touchstone*, see Richard III. note 467, and compare King John, iii. 1. 100, and Coriolanus, note 234. This device and motto appear in *Paradin (ut supra)* and in Whitney, *A Choice of Emblemes*, 1586.

## 116. Lines 50, 51:

*by his rusty outside, he appears*

*T' have practis'd more the WHIPSTOCK than the lance.*

Steevens observes (on Twelfth Night, ii. 3. 28) that a *whipstock* is the handle of a whip, round which a strap of leather is usually twisted, and is sometimes put for the whip itself.

The idea of the ill-clad knight may have been borrowed from the following passage in Sidney, *Arcadia*, book i.: "the next commor . . . was no lesse marked than all the rest before, because he had nothing worth the marking. For he had neither picture, nor deuice, his armor of as old a fashion (besides the rustie poorenesse,) that it might better seeme a monument of his grandfathers courage: about his middle he had in steede of bases, a long cloake of silke, which as unhandsomely, as it needes must, became the wearer: so that all that lookt on, measured his length on the earth alreadie" (ed. 1598, p. 63).

## 117. Lines 56, 57:

*Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan  
The outward habit BY the inward man.*

*By*, with the sense "concerning," occurs in Merchant of Venice, ii. 9. 26; see note 180 on that play. Compare Love's Labour's Lost, iv. 3. 150:

*I would not have him know so much by me;*

and 1 Corinthians iv. 4: "I know nothing by myself." The Novel says: "hee tolde them, that as Vertue was not to be approved by wordes, but by actions, so the outwarde habite was the least table of the inward minde" (p. 30).

## ACT II. SCENE 3.

118. Line 3, Qq., F. 3 read *I place*. Line 26, Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3 have *shall* for *do*. Line 111, Q. 1, Q. 2 omit *to*. Line 113, Q. 1, Q. 2 continue the speech to Pericles.

## 119. Line 23:

*Marshal. Sir, yonder is your place.*

*Per.*

*Some other is more fit.*

It is plain from these words, and those of the First Knight, which follow, that Pericles is seated in a place of honour Compare Gower:

*At souper time, natheles,  
The king amiddes all the pres  
Let clepe him up amonge hem alle  
And bad his marshal of his halle  
To setten him in such degre  
That he upon him mighte se.*

*And he, which hadde his pris deserved,*

*Was maad beginne a middel bord,  
That bothe king and queene him syhe.*

—See Pauli's ed. p. 299.

The Novel only says: "all [the Knights] being seated by the Marshall at a table, placed directly ouer-against where the king and his daughter sat" (p. 31).

## 120. Lines 27-29:

*Sim.*

*Sir, sit.—*

[Aside] *By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,  
These eates resist me, he NOT thought upon.*

It is an awkward arrangement that Simonides should have only the three words "sit, sir, sit" to say to Pericles. The next two lines are obscurely expressed, but their meaning, no doubt, is that Simonides' liking for Pericles is so strong that it has taken away his appetite.

Wilkins says: "As it were by some diuine operation, both King and daughter at one instant were so strucke in loue with the noblesse of his woorth, that they could not spare so much time to satisfie themselves with the delicacie of their viands, for talking of his prayses" (Novel, p. 31). The king's sentiments must be regarded as much the same as his daughter's. *But* which Dyce suggests, instead of *not* in line 29, would make the sense clearer. Steevens and Dyce rightly object to the proposal, made by Malone and by Mason, to give these two lines to Pericles, whose thoughts as yet are only employed on his past misfortunes.

121. Line 43: *Where now his SON'S like glow-worm in the night.*—So Dyce. Q. 1, which the other Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 follow, reads:

*Where now his sonne like a gloworme in the night.*

## 122. Lines 62, 63:

*And princes not doing so are like to gnats,*

*Which make a sound, but KILL'D ARE wonder'd at.*

The wonder is because of the insignificance of the gnat which has made so much noise. Steevens's explanation is that the worthless monarch and the idle gnat have only lived to make an empty bluster; and, when both alike are dead, we wonder how it happened that they made so much, or that we permitted them to make it. The parallel is a strained one. Mr. Daniel would read, "but still ne'er wonder'd at," for the latter part of line 63. Mr. Kinnear, in his *Cruces Shaksperianæ*, proposes, "but little are wonder'd at."

123. Line 64: *to make his ENTERTAIN more sweet.*—This is Walker's emendation, adopted by Dyce. Compare i

1. 119. *Entrance*, or *enterance*, is the reading of Qq. and F. 3, F. 4; the meaning being, then, "his coming among us.

124. Line 65: *standing-bowl*, or *standing-cup*, was a drinking vessel having a foot or pedestal. Compare the stage-direction in Henry VIII. v. 5, where "great *standing-bowls* for the christening-gifts" are mentioned. In Elizabethan times they were not uncommon.

125. Lines 81, 82:

*A gentleman of Tyre,—my name, Pericles;  
My education BEEN in arts and arms.*

So, in Troilus and Cressida, iv. 3. 80, the Grecian youths are described as "flowing o'er with *arts and exercise*." Malone, to avoid the elliptical mode of expression, gave *being* instead of *been* in line 82; but harsher ellipses occur in this and the preceding act. In the Novel the words are just as in the text, and the alteration would not better the sense.

126. Lines 87-89:

*A gentleman of Tyre,  
Who ONLY by misfortune of the seas  
Beareft of ships and men, cast on this shore.*

The confused construction is, no doubt, the result of mutilation. This explains the broken line. No satisfactory emendation has been proposed. *Only*, of course, means alone.

127. Lines 94-97:

*Even in your armours, as you are ADDRESS'D,  
Will VERY well become a SOLDIER'S DANCE.  
I will not have excuse, with saying THIS  
LOUD MUSIC is too harsh for ladies' heads.*

In lines 94, 95 we have another incomplete sentence, whether due to the carelessness of author or of transcriber we cannot now say. The Qq. omit *very*, which was inserted by F. 3 *Address'd*, in Shakespeare, means prepared, ready. Here, however, it seems to mean accoutred or dressed, a sense in which *ready* is often used elsewhere. In line 96 Q. 1, Q. 2 have a comma after *this*; the other copies omit the stop, and read *that*. The text is Malone's; but the line is a bad one. Most likely the *loud music* is the noise made by the armour in dancing. Stevens quotes Twine, *Patterne of Painefull Adventures*, where "dauncing in armour" is enumerated among the entertainments at the wedding of the prince and princess (p. 270). In A Briefe Treatise Concerning the Use and Abuse of Dauncing: collected out of the works of the most excellent Deuine Doctour Peter Martyr, by Maister Robert Massonius: and translated into English by I. K. (about 1580), we are told: "Besides these, there was another kinde exercised by younge men in martiall affayres. Forasmuch as they were commaunded to leappe and make much gesture and signes of mirth in theyr Harnes, to thend they might be readier and apter for battell, when the cause of ye common welath so required. This manner of daunsinge was called *Pyrrehichas*, and because it was used in armour, armed, hereof mentio is made in the ciuill lawes, (that is to say) in the digest of punishmentes; *F. de pœnis: L. ad damnum*" (sig. C. liii., verso). The versified Dialogue, from which Malone quotes (Var. Ed. vol. xxi. p. 85), would seem to be based on this Treatise.

Sidney, *Arcadia*, book ii., mentions "the *matachine daunce* in armour (ed. 1598, p. 118), as danced by one of the characters of his story. In this the performers are said to have wielded sword and buckler, and another interpretation of the *loud music* of line 97 is hereby suggested. But all that is meant in the present passage is that the knights dance *without removing their armour*. In Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 the stage-direction, after lines 98 and 107, is simply *They dance*. Malone gave *The Knights dance* for the first, and *The Knights and Ladies dance* for the second direction, and this alteration has been generally followed. I have enlarged the directions in accordance with the view I have just expressed.

#### ACT II. SCENE 4.

128. Lines 7-10:

*When he was seated in a chariot  
Of an inestimable value, and his daughter with him,  
A fire from heaven came, and shrivell'd up  
THEIR bodies, EVEN to LOATHING.*

Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 read *those*, instead of *their*, in line 10. The transcriber perhaps caught the word up from the next line. Stevens made the correction, which is confirmed in the Novel.

Stevens altered lines 7, 8 thus:

*When he was seated, and his daughter with him,  
In a chariot of inestimable value.*

This mends the rhythm, but throws the sentence out of balance. There is probably some mutilation. In the Novel, thirty lines (printed as prose) are occupied with the account which in this speech is condensed into ten. The following passage explains *even to loathing*: "as thus they rode . . . Vengeance with a deadly arrow drawne from forth the quiver of his wrath, prepared by lightning, and shot on by thunder, hitte and stricke dead these proud incestuous creatures where they sat, leaving their faces blasted, and their bodies such a contemptfull obiect on the earth, that all . . . scorn'd now to touch them, loath'd now to look upon them" (p. 33). The death of Antiochus by lightning is mentioned in all the versions of the story. No historical personage of that name met with such a death.

129. Line 15: *To bar heaven's shaft, BUT sin had his reward.*—So Q. 1. Q. 2, which the other copies follow, has

*to barre heauens shaft.*

*By sinne had his reward.*

130. Line 25: *Your griefs! for what? wrong not THE PRINCE you love.*—*Your prince* is the reading of Qq. and F. 3, F. 4. Stevens made the correction. As Dyce points out, the error arose by confusion between *yr* and *ye*.

131. Lines 31-34:

*And be resolv'd he lives to govern us,  
Or dead, GIVES cause to mourn his funeral,  
And LEAVES us to our free election.*

Sec. Lord. Whose DEATH 's indeed the strongest in our censure.

Q. 1, followed by the other copies, reads as follows:

*And be resolu'd he lues to gouerne vs:  
Or dead, giv'e's cause to mourn his funeral,  
And leave vs to our free election.*

2. Lord. Whose death in dead, the strongest in our sensure

The text is Malone's. The Cambridge editors, however, retain the reading of the old copies in lines 32, 33. *Give's* must, in this case, be taken as an abbreviation for *give us*, and the sentence must be regarded as a request. In old texts the omission and insertion of *s* is one of the commonest of typographical mistakes.

132. Lines 35, 37:

*And, knowing this kingdom, IF without a head,—*

WILL soon TO RUIN FALL.

If is Malone's correction for *is*, the reading of the old copies. In line 37 these read *soon fall to ruin*. Steevens made the transposition, and inserted *will*.

133. Lines 37, 38:

*your noble self,*

*That best KNOW how to rule.*

Know is the reading of Q. 1, Q. 2. Q. 3 has *knowes*, which the other copies adopt. Malone read *know'st*, but this hardly agrees with *your self*.

134. Line 41: FOR honour's cause.—This is Dyce's correction. "Try honour's cause" is the reading of Qq. and F. 3, F. 4. Dyce compares *ii. 5. 61*.

135. Lines 40, 50, 52, 53:

*But if I cannot win you to this love,  
Go search like nobles, like noble subjects,*

*Whom if you find, and win unto return,  
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.*

This passage lacks not only grammar and rhythm, but sense also. Something has, perhaps, fallen out to which *love* might refer. Wilkins, in the Novel, merely says: "nothing but this only prevailed with them, that since he only knew their Prince was gone to traue, and that, that traue was undertaken for their good, they would abstaine but for three months longer from bestowing that dignity which they call their loue, though it was his dislike vpon him" (p. 34). Line 50 may have originally read

Go search your noble prince, like noble subjects.

There would thus be an antecedent to *whom* (line 52).

136. Line 56: *We with our travels will endeavour IT*.—It was added by Steevens. For the use, indefinitely, of *it* as the object of a verb, see Abbott, Shakespearian Grammar, § 226; and compare *ii. 5. 23*.

## ACT II. SCENE 5.

137.—According to the old story, Apollonius, after supper at the palace, enchanted every one by his masterly playing on the harp. The princess became his pupil, and fell every day more deeply in love with him. Gower describes her as losing her appetite and keeping her chamber, until the king is in doubt of her life. To the three princes who come seeking her hand, the king—

Seith she is seel, and of that speche  
Tho was no time to beseeche.  
But eche of hem do make a bille  
He bad, and write his owne wille,  
His name, his fader, and his good:  
And when she wiste how that it stood,  
And hadde here billes oversein,  
Thei sholden have answeere ayein.

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The king sent the letters to his daughter, who wrote in answer:

'The shame which is in a maide  
With speche dar nought ben unloke,  
But in writinge it may be spoke.  
So write I to you, fader, thus:  
But if I have Apollinus,  
Of al this world what so betyde,  
I wol non other man abide.  
And, certes, if I of him faile,  
I wot right wel, withoute faile,  
Ye shul for me be doughterles.

Twine says that the king found means to put off the suitors, "for that present, saying that he would talk with them farther concerning that matter another time." According to Gower

He yaf hem answeere by and by;  
But that was do so prively,  
That non of othres counseil wiste.  
They toke here leve, and wher hem liste  
They wente forth upon here wey.

—See Pauli's ed. p. 304, 305.

The very jejune scene with the suitors is omitted by Wilkins in the Novel, but he gives the succeeding portion of the present scene with great elaboration. The childishness of the king's feigned anger has been often noticed. Simonides cannot plead the excuse of Prospero:

They are both in either's powers: but this swift business  
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning  
Make the prize light.

—Tempest, i. 2. 450-452.

The character has been made ridiculous, for the sake of showing off Pericles and Thaisa in the parts of a hero falsely accused and a heroine ready to sacrifice her life for the man she loves. There is a similar scene by Wilkins in The Travels of Three English Brothers: Robert Sherly is ordered off to execution for aiming at the Sophy's crown by an unlawful contract with his niece; a head, supposed to be his, is brought in, whereupon the lady avows her affection and begs the body for burial. The Sophy answers:

Take it, with our best love and furtherance.

And, having loyn'd his body to the head,

His winding sheet be thy chaste marriage bed. [Enter Sherly

—Day's Works, pp. 71-74 (of play).

138. Line 6: *Which YET from her by no means can I get*.—Yet was first inserted in F. 3.

139. Lines 49, 50:

*Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter,  
And thou art a villain!*

Brabantio accuses Othello similarly, but with more apparent justification. (See Othello, i. 2. 63.) Mr. Tyler compares the dissembling of Prospero, when he addresses Ferdinand: Tempest, i. 2. 453-456:

thou dost here usurp

The name thou ow'st not; and hast put thyself

Upon this island as a spy, to win it

From me, the lord on't.

140. Line 62: *not to be a rebel to YOUR state*.—So Walker. Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 read *her* instead of *your*; but the correction is confirmed by the words of the Novel, "affirming, that he came into his Court in search of honour, and not to be a rebel to his state" (p. 39).

141. Line 87: *And for A further grief*.—Qq. and F. 3. F. 4 omit *a*, which was inserted by Malone.

142. Line 89: *Even as my life MY blood that fosters it.*  
—Q. 5, which the succeeding copies follow, has “or blood that fosters it.” But the figure of the love of the life for the blood is not very different from that in i. 2. 110:

*Day serves not tight more faithful than I'll be.*

Compare The Maid in the Mill, iv. 2:

the young men were friends  
As is the *life* and *blood* coagulate  
And curded in one body.

—Beaumont and Fletcher's Works, ii. 599.

### ACT III. PROLOGUE.

143. Lines 1, 2:

*Now sleep yslaked hath the rout;  
No din but snores THE HOUSE ABOUT.*

The reading is Malone's. Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 read for line 2:

*No din but snores about the house.*

144. Lines 5-8:

*The cat, with eyne of burning coal,  
Now crouches FORE the mouse's hole;  
And CRICKETS sing at th' oven's mouth,  
AYE the blither for their drouth.*

*Fore* and *crickets* are Malone's emendations. The old copies have *from* and *cricket*, and, in the next line, *are*, for which *aye* was first substituted by Dyce. A resemblance to this speech of Gower's has been seen by some in A Midsummer Night's Dream, v. 1. 380, &c.

As regards the house cricket, we are told they “live in a kind of artificial torrid zone, are very thirsty souls, and are frequently found drowned in pans of water, milk, broth, and the like. Whatever is moist, even stockings or linen hung out to dry, is to them a *bonne bouche*” (Kirby and Spence, p. 140).

145. Lines 12, 13:

*time, that is so briefly spent,  
With your fine fancies quaintly ECHÉ.*

We may set beside this, but for contrast rather than comparison, the words of the Chorus in Henry V. v. 1-6:

Vouchsafe to those that have not read the story,  
That I may prompt them: and of such as have,  
I humbly pray them to admit th' excuse  
Of time, of numbers and due course of things,  
Which cannot in their huge and proper life  
Be here presented.

The form *eché* occurs in Merchant of Venice, iii. 2. 23, and in Henry V. iii. Prol. 35; modern editors, however, substitute *eke* in both passages. It is found in Chaucer.

146. Lines 15-52.—Gower thus tells the story:

It fel a day thei riden oute,  
The king and queene and al the route,  
To pleien hem upon the stronde,  
Wherens they seen toward the lond  
A ship sailende of greet aray.  
Til it be come they abyde.  
They axen when the ship is come.  
'Fro Tyr,' anon answerde some.  
The cause why they comen for  
Was for to seche and for to finde  
Appollinus, which is of kinde  
Her lege lord.

He was right glad, for they him tolde  
That for vengeance, as god it wolde.  
Antiochus, as men may wite,  
With thonder and lightning is forsmite.  
His daughter hath the same chauce.

'Forthy, our lege lord, we seye,  
In name of al the lond and preye  
That, left al othere thing to done,  
It like you to come sone  
And se your owne lege men.'

This tale, after the king it hadde,  
Pentapollin al overspradde.  
Ther was no ioie for to seche,  
For every man it hadde in speche,  
And seiden alle of oon acord  
'A worthi king shal ben oure lord,  
That thoughte us first an hevinesse  
Is shape now to gret gladnesse.  
Thus goth the tidinge over al.

Appollinus his leve took.

To ship he goth, his wif with child  
wolde noght departe him fro.

Lichorida for her office  
Was take, which was a norrice,  
To wende with this yonge wif,  
To whom was shape a woful lif.  
Withinne a time, as it betidde,  
Whan they were in the see amide,  
Out of the north they syhe a cloude:  
The storme aros, the wyndes loude  
They blewen many a dreful blast.  
The welken was al overcast.

This yonge lady wepte and cryde,  
To whom no comfort mighte vaile,  
Of child she began travaile.

—See Pauli's ed. pp. 308-310.

147. Lines 15-19:

*By many a DERN and painful perch  
Of Pericles the careful search,  
By the four opposing COIGNS  
Which the world together joins,  
Is made with all due diligence.*

*Coigns* was substituted by Rowe for the *crignes* of Qq., F. 3, F. 4. It seems here to mean “quarters;” its literal sense is “corner” (French *coin*). *Dearn*, meaning dreary or solitary, is the reading of Qq. in King Lear, iii. 7. 63. The sentence means “the careful search for Pericles is made over many a lonely and toilsome mile of country, through the four quarters of the world.”

148. Line 29: *The mutiny he there hastes t' APPEASE.*—*Appease* is Steevens's conjecture for *oppress* of the Qq., F. 3, F. 4. It is confirmed by the words of the Novel: “grane Helycannus had not without much labour, appeased the stubborn mutiny of the Tyrrians” (p. 42).

149. Lines 31, 32:

*in twice six moons,*

*He, obedient to their dooms.*

The same imperfect rhyme occurs again, v. 2. (Gower) 19, 20 *Dooms* means judgments or suffrages.

150. Line 35: *YRAVISHED the regions round.*—Q. 1 reads *Irangshed*, which the later editions made into *irony shed*.





though with some uncertainty. *Portage* properly means a toll, or impost paid on reaching port. But we ought, I think, to interpret *thy loss* as the loss of which thou art the cause, the loss through thee, viz. Thaisa's death.

163. Lines 43, 44: *Slack the BOLINS there!—Thou wilt not, wilt thou? Blow, and split thyself.*—*Bolin*, or *bow-line* (literally, "side-line"), is a rope fastened near the perpendicular edge of the square sails, and used to keep the weather edge of the sail tight forward when the ship is close-hauled. They are slackened when the wind is very strong. The person addressed in the next sentence is not certain. From iv. 1. 62 it might seem that someone falls overboard, but whether these words refer to him I cannot say. If they do, we should read "*Thou wilt out.*" Mr. Nicholson, I find, makes the same conjecture.

164. Lines 45, 46: *But sea-room, and the brine and cloudy billow kiss the moon, I care not; i.e.* Let there but be sea-room, and I care not how much the tempest may rage. Compare *Tempest*, i. 1. 8: "Blow, till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!"

165. Lines 47–49: *Sir, your queen must overboard: the sea works high, the wind is loud, and will not lie till the ship be clear'd of the dead.*—Steevens quotes from Fuller's *Historie of the Holy Warre*, book iv. chap. 27: "The sea cannot digest the crudity of a dead corpse, being a due debt to be interred where it dieth; and a ship cannot abide to be made a bier of." Almost the same words as in Fuller's last clause are in the earliest version of the story of our play. The superstition still exists.

166. Lines 51–55: *with us at sea it hath been still observed; and we are strong in CUSTOM. Therefore briefly yield her; for she must overboard straight.*

*Per.* As you thinke meet.—*Most wretched queen!*

Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3, Q. 4, Q. 6, F. 3, F. 4 read (substantially) as follows:

with vs at Sea it hath bin still obserued.

And we are strong in easterne, therefore briefly yeeld'er,

*Per.* As you thinke meet; for she must ouer board straight:

Most wretched Queene.

Q. 5 inserts *this is a lye* before *with us*. This is evidently some marginal annotation, which the printer mistook for a correction of the text. Malone made the transposition, which has since been universally adopted. *Custom*, for *easterne*, is the conjecture of Boswell. There can be little doubt that it is the right word.

167. Line 56: *Here she lies, sir.*—Lycorida most likely draws back a curtain, disclosing Thaisa within a sort of deck cabin, presumably in the after part of the ship. Compare Gower, p. 310:

Of childre she began trauaile  
Wher she lay in a caban clos.  
Hir woful lord for hir aros.

Just in the same way Pericles is discovered to Lysimachus, v. 1. 36. See note 272.

168. Line 61: *Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in THE OOZE.*—So Steevens. Qq., F. 3, F. 4 omit *the*, and read *oare* (or *oar*) instead of *ooze*. The word occurs in *The Tempest*, iii. 3. 100: "my son i' the ooze is bedded."

169. Lines 62–64:

*Where, for a monument upon thy bones,  
AND AYE-REMAINING LAMPS, the belching whale  
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse.*

*And aye-remaining lamps* is the conjecture of Steevens. He interprets: "Instead of a monument erected over thy bones, and perpetual lamps to burn near them, the spouting whale shall oppress thee with his weight, and the mass of waters shall roll with low heavy murmur over thy head." The Quartos and Folios have "The air-remaining lamps," variously spelt. This reading Mr. Tyler proposes to interpret as denoting the stars, the "gold candles fix'd in heaven's air" (*Sonnet* xxi.). *O'erwhelm thy corpse* could then only refer to the *humming water*. Holt White cites Milton, *Lycidas*:

Where thou perhaps under the *humming* tide  
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world.

Milton, he says, afterwards changed *humming* to *whelming*.

170. Line 68: *Bring me the satin coffer.*—The old copies have *coffin*. This is a mere blunder of the scribe or printer, who repeated the ending of the preceding word. The coffer may have contained the "cloth of state," in which Thaisa was to be shrouded. See the next scene, line 65.

171. Lines 75, 76:

*We are near Tarsus.*

*Per.*

*Thither, gentle mariner,*

*Alter thy course for Tyre.*

Pericles means, "alter thy course which has hitherto been for Tyre;" or else he means that the skipper is to divert his course, so as to take Tarsus on his way, and then continue towards Tyre. We may conjecture that the vessel, having been driven out of her course by the storm, had somehow got to the north-west of Cyprus, so as to be nearer Tarsus than Tyre. In such a position the courses for the two places would be quite different. The introduction to this act (lines 47, 48) implies that the storm began from the north, and so Marina says, iv. 1. 52. Gower, p. 310, wrote:

Out of the north they sybe a cloude:

but probably neither author attended much to a geographical or nautical question.

## ACT III. SCENE 2.

172.—Wilkins, in the *Novel*, puts the events of this scene on the next morning (*i.e.* the morning of the next day) after the preceding.

173. Line 26, as Malone: Qq., F. 3, F. 4 have *hold* for *held*. Line 37, *I* was added by Malone. Line 77, Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3 have *ever* for *even*.

174. Lines 8, 9:

*Give this to th' apothecary,*

*And tell me how it works.*

"The recipe that Cerimon sends to the apothecary, we must suppose, is intended either for the poor men already mentioned, or for some of his other patients. The preceding words show that it cannot be designed for the master of the servant introduced here" (Malone).

## 175. Lines 21-23:

*But I much marvel that your lordship, having  
RICH TIRE ABOUT YOU, should at these early hours  
Shake off the golden SLUMBER OF REPOSE.*

Steevens remarks: "The gentlemen rose early, because they were but in lodgings which stood exposed near the sea. They wonder, however, to find Lord Cerimon stirring, because he had *rich tire about him*; meaning perhaps a bed more richly and comfortably furnished, where he could have slept warm and secure in defiance of the tempest." Dyce is of the same opinion; see his Glossary. The passage is, no doubt, mutilated. In the next line the tautology *slumber of repose* must be a corruption.

## 176. Lines 28-31:

*careless heirs  
May the two latter DARKEN and expend;  
But immortality attends the former,  
Making a man a god.*

Careless heirs may *darken* rank and wealth, staining their glory by misuse and excess. As to men being made divine by virtue and cunning, wisdom and art, compare Bacon, *Novum Organum* (129), "Again let a man only consider what a difference there is between the life of men in the most civilized province of Europe, and in the wildest and most barbarous districts of New India; he will feel it be great enough to justify the saying that 'man is a god to man,' not only in regard of aid and benefit, but also by a comparison of condition. And this difference comes not from soil, not from climate, not from race, but from the arts." N. Holmes, in his *Authorship of Shakespeare* (3rd ed. p. 55), recognized a Baconian colouring in this portraiture of Cerimon. This we may allow without in the least assenting to the absurd notion that Bacon composed either *Pericles* or any other work with which Shakespeare's name is usually associated. Dr. Furnivall (Intro. to *Leopold Shakspeare*, p. lxxxviii.) says: "Seeing with what contempt he (Shakespeare) treated the apothecaries in the *Errors* and *Romeo and Juliet*, and how little notice he took of the Doctor in *Macbeth*, we are struck with the very different character he gives to the noble, scientific, and generous Cerymon here. He is a man working for the good of all, the kind of man that Bacon would have desired for a friend." This note is Mr. Tyler's, to whom I am indebted for the subsequent illustrations of this scene from Bacon's writings.

177. Line 36: *That dwell in vegetables, in metals, stones.*  
—Steevens compares *Romeo and Juliet*, ii. 3. 15, 16:

O, mickle is the powerful grace that lies  
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities.

## 178. Lines 41, 42:

*Or tie my TREASURE up in silken bags,  
To please the fool and death.*

Instead of *treasure* the old editions have *pleasure*, but this need not vary greatly the sense. It seems impossible to explain this passage satisfactorily. Steevens seems to think that there is here an allusion to some pictorial representation, for he says: "I have seen, indeed, (though present means of reference to it are beyond my reach,) an old Flemish print in which *Death* is exhibited in the act of plundering a miser of his bags, and the *Fool* (discriminated

by his bauble, &c.) is standing behind, and grinning at the process." This explanation would certainly be attractive, if we could find the print, and ascertain that it was widely known in Shakespeare's time. The mention of the *fool and death* reminds us of Measure for Measure (see note 111 on that play). But the resemblance is merely superficial. Mr. Tyler observes, on the present passage, that the fool, delighting in his treasure, is like an ass bowed down with golden ingots. Death is amused with the whole proceeding, as he takes away for ever the load of heavy riches.

## 179. Lines 46-48:

*but even  
Your purse, still open, hath built Lord Cerimon  
Such strong renown as time shall never RAZE.*

Even this generous liberality is quite Baconian. We read at the end of the *New Atlantis*: "And so he left me; having assigned a value of about two thousand ducats, for a bounty to me and my fellows. For they give great largesses where they come upon all occasions." *Raze* was added by Dyce; in the first three Quartos the line ends with *never*. Q. 4, Q. 5, Q. 6 and the Folios read *never shall decay*.

180. Line 55: *'Tis a good constraint of fortune it belches upon us.*—It is a good thing that fortune has compelled the sea to discharge the chest upon our shore. Malone aptly compares *The Tempest*, iii. 3. 53-56:

You are three men of sin, whom Destiny,—  
That hath to instrument this lower world  
And what is in't,—the never-surfited sea  
Hath caus'd to belch up you.

## 181. Lines 66, 67:

*A passport TOO!—  
Apollo, perfect me in the characters!*

The old copies have "A passport to Apollo." The text is Malone's. It seems likely that the passage is corrupt. *With full bags of spices* is a very unrhythmical passage. In Wilkins's *Novel Cerimon* is described as "inuoking Apollo to his empericke" (i.e. experiment) when taking means to revive Thaisa. This hints that line 67 is out of place, and should, in some shape or other, follow line 88. The text, however, contains an invocation to *Æsculapius* at the end of the scene.

## 182. Lines 82-84:

*Death may usurp on nature many hours,  
And yet the fire of life kindle again  
The oppress'd spirits.*

Compare Bacon, *New Atlantis*: "Wherein we find many strange effects; as continuing life in them, though divers parts, which you account vital, be perished and taken forth; resuscitating of some that seemed dead in appearance; and the like." The queen presents signs of life in the accounts of Gower and Twine, which are not to be found in Shakespeare.

## 183. Lines 84-86:

*I 'VE READ of an Egyptian  
That had nine hours lien dead,  
Who was by good APPLIANCES recover'd.*

The old copies have *I heard*. In Wilkins's *Novel*, which makes *Egyptian* refer to those who recovered persons

apparently dead, Cerimon says: "I have read of some Egyptians, who after four houres death (if a man may call it so) have raised impoverished bodies, like to this, unto their former health" (p. 48). I have introduced the correction into the text. *Appliances* is Dyce's emendation for *appliance*, the reading of Qq., F. 3, F. 4.

184. Line 87: *the fire and cloths*.—In the previous accounts we read of oil and wool for the anointing; thus in the Latin *Historia Apollonii Regis Tyri*, "Calefecit oleum, mafeceit lanam, fudit super pectus puellæ." Twine says: "Then tooke he certaine hote and comfortable oyles, and warming them upon the coales, he dipped faire wooll therein, and fomented all the bodie ouer therewith" (p. 287). Probably the idea is that of a medicated hot-water bath or fomentation. Bacon (*De Augmentis Scientiarum*, i. ch. iv.) insisted on the importance of imitating Nature by artificial bathes.

185. Line 88: *The rough and woful music that we have*.—Such music as would be most likely to waken the dormant sense of hearing. Malone compares Winter's Tale, v. 3. 98, where, when *Paulina* pretends to bring *Hermione* to life, she orders music to be played, to awake her from her trance. So also the Physician, when King Lear is about to wake from sleep after his frenzy (v. 7. 25): "Louder the music there!"

186. Line 90: *The VIAL once more*.—The first three Quartos have *viol*, but the probability is that Cerimon requires a bottle or other vessel of strong perfume. This at least suits what follows, *how thou stirr'st, thou block!* which would scarcely agree with the idea of *viol* as a musical instrument.

187. Lines 93, 94:

*nature awakes; a WARMTH  
Breathes out of her.*

Q. 1 has "Nature awakes a warmth breath out of her." The other old copies have *warne* instead of *warmth*. The text is Malone's.

188. Lines 101-104:

*the diamonds  
Of a most praised water DO appear,  
To make the world twice rich.—O, live,  
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature.*

For *do*, Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 read *doth*. They omit *O* in line 103. Both alterations are Malone's. With lines 99-103 Steevens compares Sidney, *Arcadia*, book iii.: "Her faire liddes then hiding her fairer eyes seemed vnto him sweete boxes of mother of pearle, rich in themselves but containing in them farre richer Jewels" (ed. 1598, p. 351, which, however, reads *fairer liddes*).

189. Lines 106: *Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is this?*—The same words are found in Gower:

Thei leide hire on a couche softe,  
And, with a shete warmed offe,  
Hir colde brest bigan to hete,  
Hir herte also to flakke and bete.  
This maister hath hir every joint  
With certein oil and balsme anoint,  
And putte a licour in hir mouth  
Which is to fewe clerkes couth;  
So that she covereth atte laste,  
And ferst hir ythen up she caste,

And, whan she more of strengthe caughte,  
Her armes bothe forth she straughte,  
Held up hir hond, and pitously  
She spak; and seide: 'Where am I?  
'Where is my lord? what world is this?'

—See Pauli's ed. p. 315.

### ACT III. SCENE 3.

190.—F. 3, in which for the first time this play is divided into acts, makes act iii. begin with this scene.

191. Lines 5-7:

*Your STROKES of fortune,  
THOUGH they HAVE HURT you mortally, yet glance  
Full WOUNDINGLY on us.*

Q. 1, followed substantially by the other Quartos, reads:

Your shakes of fortune, though they hant you mortally  
Yet glance full woundingly on vs.

F. 3, F. 4 have *hate* instead of *hant* (or *haunt*). *Hurt* is Steevens's reading. The arrangement is due to Walker, but the insertion of *have* is Fleay's suggestion. Walker read *although* instead of *though*. I have substituted *strokes*, for which *shakes* is an easy misprint. *Shafts*, the conjecture of Steevens, differs more from the Quarto text, and is less suitable. *Woundingly* was proposed by Mr. Kinnear in his *Cruces Shakspearianæ*. He compares Antony and Cleopatra, v. 2. 103-105:

I do feel,  
By the rebound of yours, a grief that smites  
My very heart at root.

192. Lines 27-30:

*Till she be married, madam,  
By bright Diana, whom we honour, all  
UNSCISSAR'd shall this hair of mine remain,  
Though I show ILL in't.*

*Unscissar'd* is Steevens's correction. Qq., F. 3, F. 4 read *unsister'd*. In the next line *ill* appears to have been proposed independently by Malone and by Dyce. The corrections are confirmed by the following from Wilkins's Novel: "vowing solemnly by othe to himselfe, his head should grow vnscisserd, his beard vntrimmed, himself in all vncomely, since he had lost his Queene, and till he had married his daughter at ripe years" (p. 51). The incident belongs to the oldest versions of the story.

193. Lines 36, 37:

*Then give you up to the MASK'D Neptune, and  
The gentlest winds of heaven.*

*Mask'd* perhaps means fair-seeming. His strength and fury are disguised for the nonce. Malone compares Merchant of Venice, iii. 2. 97, 98:

the guiled shore  
To a most dangerous sea.

But any suggestion of the sea's treacherous and deceitful nature is hardly in place in the present connection.

### ACT III. SCENE 4.

194.—The early Qq. are in confusion here about Thaisa's name. Q. 1, Q. 2 head this scene with the words, "Enter Cerimon, and *Tharsa*." Her first speech (line 4) is assigned to *Thar*; and the other to *Thin*. The right form, however, appears in act v.

195. Line 6: *Ev'n on my EARNING time*.—So F. 3, F. 4.

Qq. wrongly read *learning*; Mason and Grant White suggested *yeaving*. But Shakspeare elsewhere uses the form in the text. See Merchant of Venice, i. 3. 80, 88. Compare note 90 on the same play.

196. Line 14: *Where you may ABIDE TILL your DATE expire*.—*Date* is here used of an appointed term of life. Compare, for example, Sonnet cxxiii. 5, 6:

Our *dates* are brief, and therefore we admire  
What thou dost foist upon us that is old.

Dyce proposed "*bide until*," for the sake of the metre.

## ACT IV. PROLOGUE.

197.—Unlike the subsequent speeches of Gower, the prologue to this act contains no indication of the scene upon which he appears.

198. Lines 3, 4:

*His woful queen we leave at Ephesus,  
Unto Diana there a VOTARESS.*

So Malone. Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3 read, for line 4,  
Unto Diana ther's a votarisse.

This is followed, substantially, by the other old copies. Shakspeare uses *votress* in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, ii. 1. 123, 163. Elsewhere *votarist* is the form which he prefers. Possibly we ought here to read *Ephesus* and *votariss*; thus obtaining a rhyme, which the text lacks.

199. Lines 7, 8:

*by Cleon train'd  
In MUSIC, letters.*

So Malone. Qq., F. 3, F. 4 read "*musicks letters*." See act v. Prologue, and i. 43-46.

200. Lines 10, 11:

*Which makes HER both the HEART and place  
Of general wonder.*

Q. 1, followed substantially by the other Qq. and F. 3, F. 4, reads:

Which makes *hie* both the *art* and place  
Of general wonder.

We have adopted Stevens's emendation. The meaning, he thinks, is "such as rendered her the centre and dwelling of general wonder."

201. Lines 12-14:

*That monster envy . . . .  
. . . . . Marina's life  
SEEKS to take off.*

So Rowe. Qq., F. 3, F. 4 read *seek* (and *seeke*).

202. Lines 15, 16:

*And in this kind Cleon DOTH OWN  
One daughter, and a wench full grown.*

Qq., F. 4, F. 4 read:

And in this kinde, *our* Cleon *hath*  
One daughter and a full grown wench.

The emendation in line 15 is due to Mr. P. A. Daniel; line 16 is arranged as by Stevens.

203. Line 17: *Ev'n RIPE for marriage-RITE*.—Q. 1 reads "*Even right* for marriage *fight*." *Ripe* was substituted in Q. 2. *Rite* is the reading of Collier, Singer, and Dyce. Percy conjectured *rites*. Malone reads *fight*.

204. Line 21: *Be't when SHE weav'd the SLEIDED silk*.—Qq., F. 3, F. 4 read *they* for *she*, a correction which is due to Malone. *Sleided silk* mentioned in A Lover's Complaint, line 48), is, says Percy, untwisted silk, prepared for use in the *sley* or *slay*, i.e. the reed of the weaver's loom. Compare Troilus and Cressida, note 287. *Filoselle* is suggested as a modern equivalent.

205. Lines 23, 24:

*Or when she would with sharp NEEDLE wound  
The cambric.*

Abbott, Shakespearian Grammar, § 465, observes that *needle* is often pronounced as a monosyllable. It rhymes with *feele*, *steale*, and *weele* in Gammer Gurton (see i. 3 and 4, and v. 2 of that play), though in the middle of a line the dissyllabic form also occurs there. A similar elision is found in the word *mell*, used instead of *meddle*, All's Well That Ends Well, iv. 3. 257. Just as *vile* became *wild*, so *neele* was sometimes corrupted to *neeld*; compare King John, note 290.

206. Lines 26, 27:

*made the NIGHT-BIRD mute,*

*That still RECORDS with moan.*

Qq., F. 3, F. 4 misprint *bed* for *bird*. The night-bird is the nightingale, whose "doleful ditty" is a frequent theme. See *Passionate Pilgrim*, Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Music (xxi.), line 383; Lucrece, 1128-1143; Romeo and Juliet, note 138. *Record* occurs, in the same connection, in Two Gentlemen of Verona, v. 4. 5, 6:

to the nightingale's complaining notes  
Tune my distresses and *record* my woes.

Compare Peele, Old Wives' Tale:

hear the nightingale *record* her notes;

—Works, p. 449.

where Dyce quotes Coles, Dictionary: "To *record* as birds: certatim modulari, alternis canere." The *recorder*, a kind of English flute, with a sound somewhat like the human voice, was used for teaching captive birds to *record* or pipe. Cotgrave (quoted by Dyce in his Glossary to Shakspeare) has "Regazouiller. To report, or to *record*, as birds one anothers warbling." The original idea seems to have been that of repetition or imitation. And so Fletcher, The Pilgrim, v. 4:

Hark, hark! oh sweet, sweet! how the birds *record* too!

. . . The birds sing louder, sweeter,  
And every note they emulate one another.

—Works, vol. i. p. 613.

207. Line 29: *VAIL to her mistress Dian*.—Stevens observes, "To *vail* is to bow, to do homage. The author seems to mean—"When she would compose supplicatory hymns to Diana, or verses expressive of her gratitude to Dionysa." Malone and Singer read *vail*.

208. Lines 31-33:

80

*With the DOVE of PAPHOS might the crow  
VIE feathers white.*

The old copies have—

So

The dove of Paphos might with the crow  
Vie feathers white.

This misplacement was rectified by Mason. As regards *vie*, compare note 161. *Paphos* was a shrine of Venus,

who was attended by *doves*; see *The Tempest*, iv. 1. 92-94.

209. Lines 47, 48:

*Only I CARRY WINGED time  
Post on the lame feet of my rhyme.*

With my slowly spoken words I make Time fly with preternatural swiftness. The old copies have *carried* for *carry*, which is Steevens's correction. As to the sense of these and the next lines, Malone aptly compares King Henry V. iii. Prologue, 1-3:

Thus with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies  
In motion of no less celerity  
Than that of thought.

## ACT IV. SCENE 1.

210. Lines 4-8:

*Let not conscience,  
Which is but COLD, inflaming LOVE in THY bosom,  
Inflame too nicely; nor let pity, which  
No'n women have cast off, melt thee, but be  
A soldier to thy purpose.*

Q. and F. 3, F. 4 point all of this scene but lines 23-30 as prose. In lines 4-6 we have adopted Knight's alteration. The reading of Q. 1, which the other old copies follow, is:

let not conscience, which is but  
cold in flaming thy lone bosome, enflame too nicelie,

The repetition of *inflame*, in line 6, is highly suspicious, and probably the whole passage is corrupt. Why should *conscience* be called *cold*? Mr. Kinnear suggests (Cruces Shakespeariana):

let not conscience,  
Which is a coward, but inflaming love  
I th' bosom, thine inflame too nicely, nor  
Let pity, which even women have cast off,  
Melt thee, but be a soldier to thy purpose.

He quotes Richard III. i. 4. 138-143: "[conscience] makes a man a coward . . . 't is a blushing shame-fac'd spirit that mutinies in a man's bosom;" and v. 3. 179: "coward conscience." Malone read *inflame love in thy bosom*, and proposed to omit *inflame too nicely*, which he thought might be a mere duplication.

211. Lines 10, 11:

*Here*

*She comes weeping for HER ONLY MISTRESS' death.*

*Her only mistress* is a strange appellation for the nurse Lycorida. Percy's conjecture, *her old nurse's death*, has been adopted by several editors.

212. Lines 14-18:

*No, I will rob TELLUS of her weed,  
To strew thy GREEN with flowers; the yellows, blues,  
The purple violets, and marigolds,  
Shall, as a carpet, hang upon thy grave,  
While summer-days do last.*

*Tellus* (i.e. the Earth, personified) occurs only in *Hamlet*, iii. 2. 166, along with *Phœbus*, *Neptune*, and *Hymen*, in the Player King's opening speech. The *green* is the grassy hillock above Lycorida's remains. Ff. substitute *grave*, which, however, occurs in line 17, just afterwards. Malone has compared *Cymbeline*, iv. 2. 218-222. There is, in that scene, a marked insistence on the practice of strewing graves with flowers or leaves. The meaning

of *No*, Marina's first word, remains unexplained. The rhythm is imperfect, since the line lacks a syllable at the beginning.

213. Line 22: *How now, Marina! why do you KEEP alone?*—So Q. 1. The other copies have *weep*.

214. Lines 27-29:

*Come, GO YOU ON THE BEACH; give me your flowers.  
Ere the sea mar it, walk with Leonine;  
The air's quick there.*

The words *go you on the beach* are a conjecture of Mr. Fleay's. It is plain that something has been lost, to which it and *there* must refer. Q. 1, F. 3, F. 4 arrange as follows:

Come give me your flowers, ere the sea marre it,  
Walke with Leonine, the ayre is quicke there.

The rhythm, with such an arrangement, is assuredly not Shakespeare's. Malone, taking a similar view to Mr. Fleay, had already proposed:

*Walk on the shore with Leonine.*

Halliwell substitutes "*On the sea margent*" for "*ere the sea marre it*."

215. Line 36: *Our paragon to all reports thus blasted.*—The loveliness thus blasted of one whom all reports had previously represented as a paragon of beauty.

216. Lines 40-42:

RESERVE

*That excellent complexion, which did STEAL  
THE EYES of young and old.*

Malone observes that to *reserve* is here to guard, to preserve carefully. So in Shakespeare's 32nd sonnet, 7:

*Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme.*

This sense of the word is taken from the Latin. With the sentiment of *stealing the eyes* Malone compares the use of the phrase in Sonnet xx. 8.

217. Line 52: *When I was born, the wind was NORTH.*—So the prologue to act iii. lines 47, 48. See note 171.

218. Line 53: *My father, as nurse SAID, did never fear.*—So Malone. Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3 have *ses*, the other old copies *sailh*.

219. Lines 63, 64:

*And with a DROPPING industry they skip  
From STEM TO STERN.*

*Dropping* is perhaps to be understood of constant falls in going the length of the ship. Collier, however, conjectured "dripping." The old copies, instead of *from stem to stern*, have *from stern to stern*, which Malone corrected.

220. Line 79: *I trod upon a worm.*—The three later Quartos and the Folios insert *once after worm*.

221. Lines 80-82:

*How*

*Have I offended HER, wherein my death  
Might yield her any profit.*

*Her* was inserted by Fleay, whose arrangement of this speech is here adopted.

222. Line 97: *the great pirate VALDES.*—Who this individual was is not stated by the commentators. Malone thinks there is here a scornful reference to Don Pedro de

Valdes, a Spanish admiral who was taken by Drake in the combat with the Armada in 1588.

## ACT IV. SCENE 2.

223. Line 22: THEY'RE TOO *unwholesome*.—Qq., F. 3, F. 4 read "*ther's two unwholesome*." The text is Malone's.

224. Line 23: *Three or four thousand chequins*.—*Chequin* is the Italian *zecchino*, which Florio calls "a coin of gold current in Venice." It was in use in various parts of the Levant, and the Imperial Dictionary says was worth 9s. 4d. In the form *sequin* the word is familiar to readers of the Arabian Nights. The author of this scene may have meant to suggest Turkish manners by the use of the word. The *Transylvanian*, mentioned just before, belongs to a district on the border of the Turkish empire, and Mytilene was, and still is, in Asiatic Turkey.

225. Lines 33-35: *our credit comes not in like the commodity, nor the commodity wages not with the danger*.—That is, while we make profit by our trade we lose in reputation; and the profit is no equivalent for the danger, i.e. the terrors of the law.

226. Lines 36, 37: *'twere not amiss to keep our door hatch'd*.—It would seem from the context that the Pander means "it would be well to keep the door closed," i.e. to cease our traffic. For *hatch* as a substantive see King John, note 237. Halliwell (quoted by Skeat, Dictionary, *sub voce*) says that the verb *hatch*, in provincial English, means fasten; and Skeat compares the Anglo-Saxon *haca*, meaning a bolt, bar, or fastening.

227. Line 47: *I have GONE THROUGH*.—To *go through* is to strike a bargain. Compare II. Henry IV. i. 2. 43-47: "The whoreson smooth-pates [merchants] . . . if a man is *through* with them in honest taking up [purchasing on credit] then they must stand upon security." Boulton's next words show that he had contracted to buy Marina at an agreed price, and to clench the bargain had paid a deposit or *earnest*. Wilkins says, "hee forthwith demanded the price . . . and in the end went thorow, and bargained to haue her . . . and so presently hauing giuen earnest he takes Marina" (Novel, p. 60).

228. Lines 52, 53: *there's no farther necessity of qualities can make her be refus'd*.—The meaning is, no other quality is requisite, for want of which she would be rejected.

229. Line 80: *To scape his hands where I was LIKE to die*.—*Like* is omitted in Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3.

230. Lines 137-139.—This speech is given to Marina by Qq.

231. Lines 154, 155: *thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels*.—Whalley quotes Marston, Satires, book II. satire vii.:

They are nought but eels, that never will appeare,  
Till that tempestuous winds, or thunder, teare  
Their slimy beds.

—Ed. 1764, p. 204.

232. Lines 155, 156: *as my giving out her beauty STIR up the lewdly-inclined*.—So Malone. Qq., F. 3, F. 4 read *stirs*.

233. Line 160: UNTIED I still my VIRGIN-KNOT with

*keep*.—Malone calls this a classical allusion, and compares The Tempest, iv. 1. 15: "If thou dost break her *virgin-knot*." Literally, the *virgin-knot* is the knot of the lower girdle which was anciently worn by maidens round the hips, and untied by the bridegroom on the marriage night.

## ACT IV. SCENE 3.

234.—Twine's account, Patterne of Painefull Aduentures, chap. xii., is as follows: "Stranguillo himselfe consented not to this treason, but so soone as hee heard of the foule mischance, beeing as it were a mopte, and mated with heauiness and griefe, he clad himselfe in mourning aray, and lamented that wofull case, saying, 'Alas in what a mischief am I wrapped? what might I doe or say herein?' . . . Then casting his eyes vp towards heauen, 'O God,' said hee, 'thou knowest that I am innocent from the blood of silly Tharsia, which thou hast to require at Dionysiades handes:' and therewithall he looked towards his wife, saying: 'Thou wicked woman, tell me, how hast thou made away Prince Apollonius' daughter? thou that liuest both to the slaunder of God, and man?' Dionysiades answered in manie wordes euermore excusing herselfe, and, moderating the wrath of Stranguillo, shee counterfeited a fained sorrowe by attiring her selfe and her daughter in mourning apparell" (Hazlitt, pp. 294, 295). The poisoning of Leonine (line 10) is a refinement upon the earlier story. It will be seen that all but the bare suggestion of the characters of Cleon and Dionyza is original.

235. Lines 11, 12:

*If thou hadst drunk to him, 't had been a kindness  
Becoming well thy FACT.*

That is, if you had poisoned yourself by drinking Leonine's health from the same cup, it would have been in keeping with this ingratitude of yours (towards Pericles). Qq., F. 3, F. 4 give *face for fact*, the reading of Dyce, who cites II. Henry VI. i. 3. 176, 177:

a fouler fact

Did never traitor in the land commit,

Macbeth, iii. 6. 10:

To kill their gracious father? damned fact!

236. Line 16: *She died at night; I'll say so*.—This is from Gower, who says that Dionisè—

wepeth, she sorweth, she compleigneth,  
And of seknesse, which she feigneth,  
She seith that 'Thaise sodenly  
By nighte is dede, as she and I  
To-gider lien nigh my lord.'

—See Pauli's ed. p. 326.

237. Line 17: *Unless you play the PIOUS innocent*.—*Pious* is Collier's reading, after the conjecture of Mason. Q. 1, Q. 2, Q. 3 read *impious*; the other Qq. and F. 3, F. 4 omit the word. Wilkins's words are: "'For Pericles' quoth she, 'if such a *pious innocent* as your selfe do not reneale it vnto him, how should he come to the knowledge thereof, since that the whole City is satisfied, by the monument I caused to be erected, and by our dissembling outside, that she died naturally; and for the gods, let them that list be of the minde to think they can make stones speake . . . for my parte I haue my wish, I haue my safety, and feare no daunger till it fall upon me'" (p. 59).